



Book No.

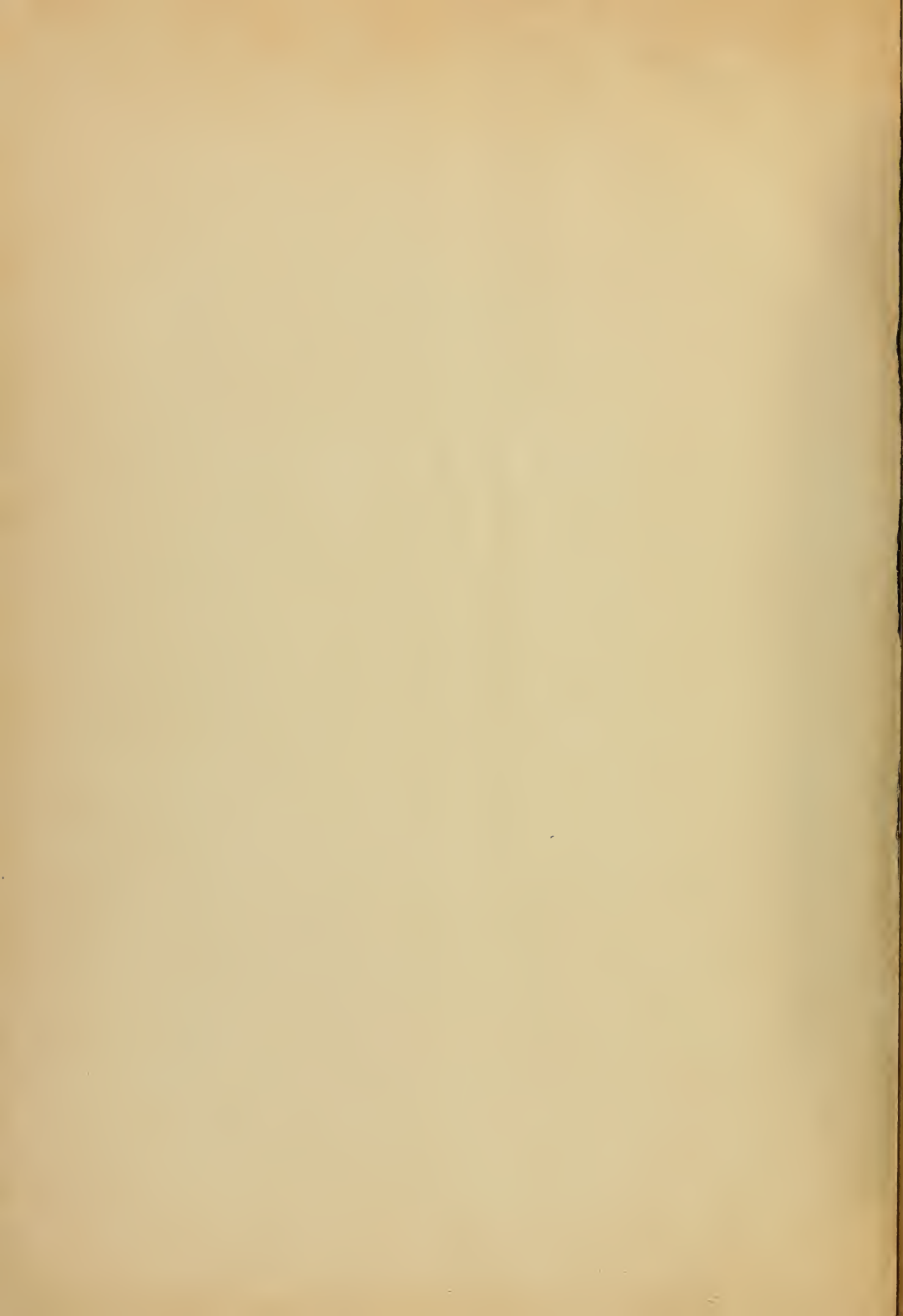
ACCESSION

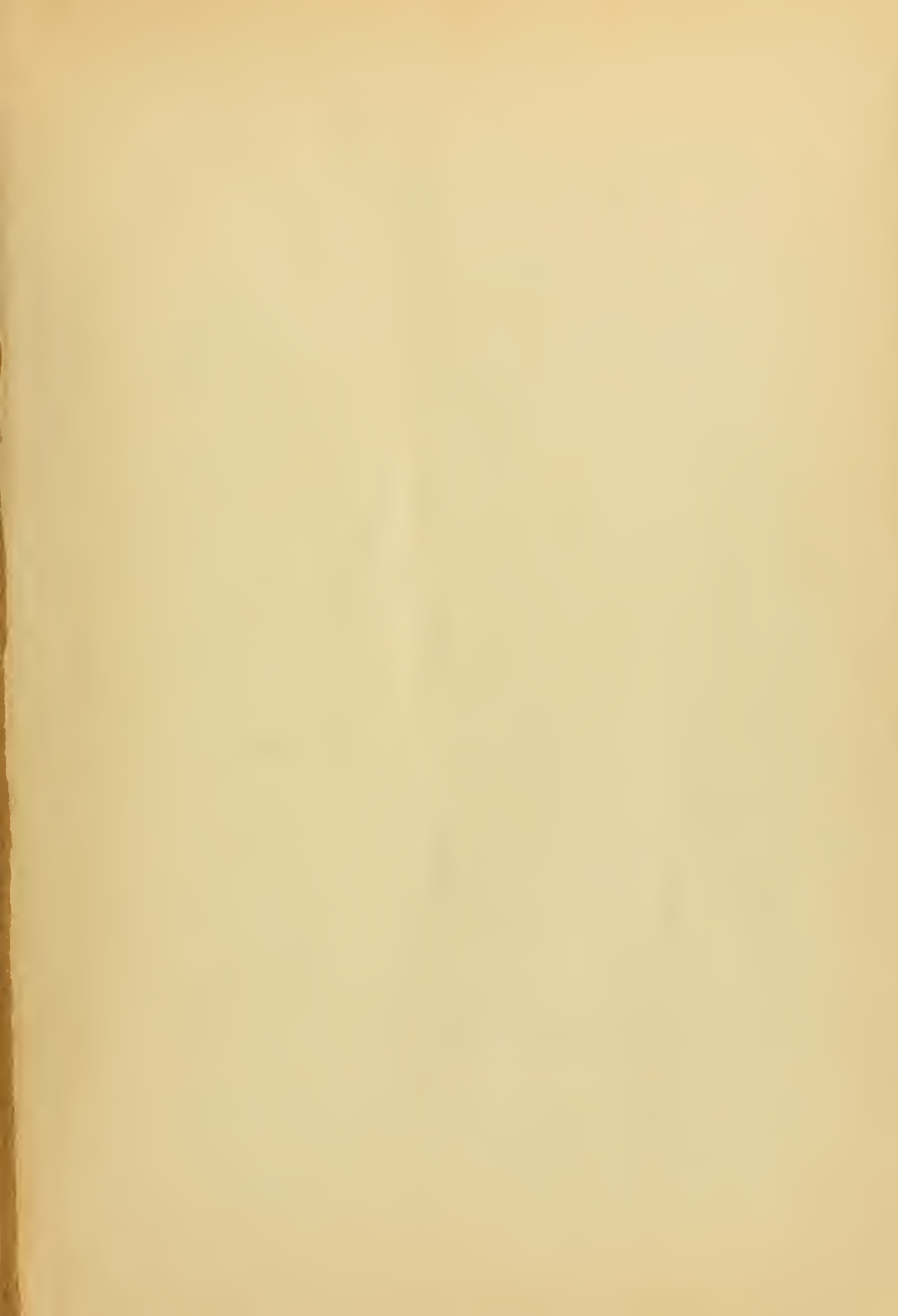
f51 Ov2⁹¹

397803

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY

FORM 3427-5M-8-38





INDEX TO THE OVERLAND MONTHLY and OUTWEST MAGAZINE Volume 91, January to December, 1933, Inclusive

A

Alcott, Louisa M., Letter From, to Viola Price Franklin	106
America in Transition— <i>Alvin Edward Moore</i>	85
Art Foundation, Western, Launched	58
Artist, An Unusual Western	76
Art of Max Wierczorek, The Personal — Everett Carroll Maxwell	90
Art Parade, The— <i>Everett Carroll Maxwell</i>	75
Art, The, of Jean Mannheim— <i>Everett Carroll Maxwell</i>	125

B

Banning, Capt. Wm., and the Art of Stage Coaching— <i>Carroll O'Meara</i>	167
Barbadoes, Cyril Clemens	156
Beautiful World, Our— <i>Clarence L. Gates</i>	73
Birds, City (Illus.)— <i>Ernest McGaffey</i>	169
Books Around the Fire Place — <i>Laura Bell Everett</i>	142
Book Reviews 36, 64, 94, 109, 126, 141, 159, 172	
Boston Looks At El Dorado — <i>Donald L. Cherry</i>	43
Bottle-neck in California Traffic, The First (Illus.)— <i>H. Warren Johnson</i>	9

C

California's New International Tourist Attraction— <i>Harry C. Peterson</i>	133
California, The Unsung Romance of— <i>Thos. S. Gamble</i>	39
Cartoons Contribution to Children, The — <i>Walt Disney</i>	138
Ceremonial of the Dead— <i>Thomas Welles</i>	104
Childhood Memories— <i>Jack Benjamin</i>	12
Chiquita and Jose, For— <i>Thomas Welles</i>	59
Choric Verse Speaking— <i>Katherine Lois Putnam</i>	151
Comstock Lode, The Tragedy of the— <i>Minna Irving</i>	105
Consider the Lillies— <i>Lorena M. Gary</i>	163
Copyright Material in Books, Illegal Use of	103

D

Diary of a Hard Luck Salesman — <i>Harry R. Daniel</i>	91
"Dit"— <i>Steve Fisher</i>	91
Drama, The Trend of Experimental— <i>Everett Carroll Maxwell</i>	46

E

Educational Organization in the New Order— <i>Roy W. Cloud</i>	121
Education, The Emergency In — <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	5
Education, The Preservation of Public— <i>Vierling Kersey</i>	122

F

Flight From Reality— <i>Jack Benjamin</i>	166
Flippant Philosophy— <i>M. S. Merritt</i>	31
Fur Trade of 1800, The California— <i>Hampton Hutton</i>	53
Frontispieces 50, 66, 82, 98, 114, 130, 146, 162	

G

Germany in Transition— <i>Felix Flugel</i>	69
Gobbler, The— <i>Beatrice Chapel</i>	41

H

Historic Sesquoc Chapel and Cemetery (Illus.) <i>Marion Parks</i>	13
History, Then and Now— <i>Jack Benjamin</i>	74
Honesty's Best— <i>Eleanor Gray</i>	17

I

Illustrations, Frontispieces,	50, 66, 82, 98, 114, 130, 146, 162
Inevitable Ending— <i>Eugenia T. Finn</i>	11
It's A Cinch— <i>Steve Fisher</i>	171

J

Japanese Feast of the Departed, The — <i>Carl Holliday</i>	157
--	-----

K

King's Grant, The— <i>Minna Irving</i>	19
--	----

L

Landmarks and Historical Museums — <i>Harry C. Peterson</i>	88
Literature, What Kinds of, Do The People Want?— <i>Ben Field</i>	123
Literary Creation, The Tortures of — <i>Jack Benjamin</i>	115
Lola Montez in America— <i>Doris Coombs Baker</i>	149
Literary West, The 36, 93, 109, 126, 141, 158, 172	

M

Machine and Economic Progress, The— <i>Felix Flugel</i>	37
MacDowell Colony, The, At Peterborough, N. H.— <i>Ben Field</i>	110
Mail Box, Our— <i>Hattie Bashien</i>	104
Mail Box, Our— <i>John Lutz</i>	104
McGoarty, John Steven— <i>Ben Field</i>	68
Markham's, Edwin, Message to Writers of the West (With Portrait)	146
Markham, Edwin, Dean of American Poets— <i>Ben Field</i>	146
Mark Twain and Jane Austin— <i>Cyril Clemens</i>	21
Mark Twain, Boy and Philosopher, Oh, Youth! (With Portrait) — <i>Lorena M. Gary</i>	154
Motion Picture, The, As An Educator— <i>B. P. Schulberg</i>	120
Myth That Will Not Down, A — <i>Black Wheeler</i>	106

N

National Recovery Act— <i>George Creel</i>	100
--	-----

O

On Location— <i>Maurice Kusell & M. S. Merritt</i>	15
Optimist, The— <i>Ross Eaton Carpenter</i>	152
Oriental Outlook, The	47
Ownership, Circulation, etc., Statement of	96, 145, 157

P

Pacific Era, The— <i>Guy Talbott</i>	117
Paris Inn, The (Portrait)	173
Philosophical Titbits— <i>Jack Benjamin</i>	40
Popular Improprieties— <i>Lorena M. Gary</i>	101
Pony Express Museum, The— <i>Thomas Welles</i>	44

Q

Queer Money— <i>Vivian Stratton</i>	63
---	----

R	
Radio Station KGGC (Illus.)	140
Radio, The Influence of the — Joy Elmer	103
Morgan	136
Raid, The—Charles Hilton	107
Resemblance—Noureddin Addis	62
Rodeo—Joy O'Hara	70
Roosevelt, President Franklin D., Speaks	71, 89
San Pasqual, The Battle of—Lucien M. Lewis	112
Scholastic Competition	137
School Masters and Scout Masters—E. B. DeGroot	77
Schools, The—Minneapolis Convention	158
Shanghai Butterfly—Steve Fisher	87
Southern California's Automobile Highways (Illus.)—Ernest McGaffey	57
Southern California, How the Cities of, Were Named—Thomas S. Gamble	119, 135
Steamboat Days on the Colorado—Margaret Romer	155
Similes, Professionally Amorous—Geo. Keefer	34
Stevenson, Robert Louis, Note and Portrait—Frontispiece	153
Suppressing the Red Menace—Leander Pitman	25
Stage and Screen—Maurice L. Kusell	

T	
Tamapais Mountain Play	64
Thrift Activity in Los Angeles Public Schools —A. J. Gray	131
Treasure—Donovan Marshall	55
Unemployed, The, of Southern California Do Not Go Hungry—Rolland Moore	165
Unexpected, The—Ona M. Rounds	125

V	
Valley of the Shadow (Illus.)—Ernest McGaffey	139

W	
War Shadows—Rodney Chamberlain	118
Western Cities Atmosphere—Ben Field	170
Write, How Does One Learn To—Stewart Edward White	151

VERSE — MELODY LANE

A	
A Christmas Greeting—Beulah May	164
A Gypsy Tune—Beulah May	84
A Mission of California—Betty L. Whitsell	148
An Invitation—Roland Cooke	164
A Quiet Way I Choose—V. James Chrasta	52

B	
Ballads of the Golfer's Tee—Ben Field	42
Barter—Hertha D. Luckhardt	108

C	
California Autumn—Dora E. Birchard	132
California's Mystic Sea—Ben Field	108
California Names—Margaret R. Richter	150
California Beautiful—M. Victor Staley	164
Central America—Carlton Kendall	116
Contentment—Helen Miller Lehman	52
Coquette—Lori Petri	2
Cowboy Ballads—Joy O'Hara	2

D	
Day in November—Virginia Brasier	148
Down the Street—Kate Kirkham	116

E	
Exhilaration—Laura J. Larson	167

G	
Genius—Lori Petri	58
Genius—Carl Holliday	52
Graduation—Valois Van Gilder	148

I	
Indian Summer—Ernest McGaffey	164
In California—Carl Holliday	108
In Memory of Madge Morris—Ben Field	116
Idaho—Agnes Salmon	108

L	
La Brea Olympics of Centuries Ago — Ben Field	132

M	
Maturity—Jay Roderic De Spain	164
My Prayer—Elsie Janis	116
Montana—Clyde Say	132

N	
Nostalgia—Dora E. Birchard	2, 84

O	
Of Beauty—Helen Maring	84
On A Wood Path—Stanton A. Coblentz	148

P	
Perishable—Nell Griffith Wilson	58
Progress—Joy O'Hara	116
Plains of the Old West—Clara I. Von Ravn	116

Q	
Quiet Heart—Cardinal Le Gros	92

R	
Review—Caroline D'Aguilar Henderson	116
Rodeo—Harry C. Kennedy	52
Rubaiyat to the Magazine Editor—Geo. Keefer	115

S	
Sanctuary—Jay Roderic De Spain	116
Sailing Vessel—Helen Maring	52
Sequoias—Stanton A. Coblentz	84
Since Dawn I Have Watched You—Marion Isabel Angus	132
Sky Pilot—Arthur Truman Merrill	132

T	
The Columbia Is Singing—Berenice M. Rice	84
The Wisdom of the Woods—Stanton A. Coblentz	52
To A High Senior—Valois Van Gilder	112
To Her—Virginia Keating Orton	116
Three Indian Whys—Lilian White Spencer	164
Times of Silence—Virginia Brasier	148
The Spirit of Home—Elizabeth Vore	120

V	
Valeria—Ernest McGaffey	148

W	
What Price Fame—Ben Field	2
Woman-By-The-Sea—Berenice M. Rice	132
Woodland Spell—Stanton A. Coblentz	2

Y	
Yucca—Edith Boyden Holway	84

BOOK REVIEWS

NOTE: Title of book is followed by name of author, publisher and reviewer.	
At War With Passion—Benet Costa	
Wetzel Publishing Co. — Mabel Moffitt	173
Buckaroo—Eugene Cunningham	
Houghton Mifflin — Ben Field	126
Buck Privates On Parnassus—Ona M. Rounds	
Meador Publishing Co. — A. H. Chamberlain	159

Carcassone East and West— <i>Ben Field</i>	
Overland-Outwest Publications	141
English Roads and German Rivers— <i>Cornelia Stratton Parker</i>	
Liveright	
Laura Bell Everett	159
Gambler's Wife— <i>Malinda Jenkins</i>	
Laura Bell Everett	109
German Summer— <i>Cornelia Stratton Parker</i>	
Liveright	
Laura Bell Everett	159
Human Chips— <i>Boris V. Monomack</i>	
Overland-Outwest Publications	141
Interpreting Education— <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	
Overland-Outwest Publications	126
Land of the Maple Leaf— <i>James Franklin Chamberlain</i>	
Overland-Outwest Publications	172
Lardy The Great— <i>Reed Fulton</i>	
Doubleday Doran	
Lotus J. Costigan	64
Lights Along the Road— <i>Jack Greenberg</i>	
Henry Harrison	
A. H. Chamberlain	126
Marquee Ballyhoo— <i>Maurice L. Kusell & M. S. Merritt</i>	
Overland-Outwest Publications	141
Modern American Poetry— <i>Edward Moses</i>	
Galleon Press	
Ben Field	173
Rainbow's End— <i>Ona M. Rounds</i>	
Overland-Outwest Publications	141, 172
Romantic Rebel— <i>Hildegard Hawthorne</i>	
Century Company	
Laura Bell Everett	36
Singing Years, Edited by <i>Byrd Weyler Kellogg, et al</i>	
Sonoma Press Democrat	
A. H. Chamberlain	172
Smoky Pass— <i>Aubrey Boyd</i>	
E. P. Dutton	
Laura Bell Everett	36
Songs of the Redwoods— <i>Stanton A. Coblenz</i>	
Overland-Outwest Publications	141
Sunland Song— <i>Bailey Millard</i>	
Harr Wagner Pub. Co.	
Ben Field	109
The Canyon of No Return— <i>W. D. Hoffman</i>	
A. C. McClurg	
Laura Bell Everett	36
The Chrysalis of Romance— <i>Inez G. Howard</i>	
Times Mirror Press	
A. H. Chamberlain	94
The Gold of Fiddler's Gulch— <i>Ernest Klette</i>	
Overland-Outwest Publications	141
The Inherent Function of Money— <i>Wm. Brown</i>	
McAllister Pub. Co.	
A. H. Chamberlain	173
The Spectre of Masuria— <i>Charles S. Strong</i>	
Caxton Printers	
Jean Markell	112
Threads and Shadows, compiled by <i>Jas. Neill</i>	
Northe Herald-Silhouette Press	
Ben Field	173
Touring Utopia— <i>Frances Thoresa Russell</i>	
The Dial Press	
Felix Flugel	109
Travel Tree— <i>K. Ethel Hill, Euylena Munn</i>	
Miller and Beulah May	
Fine Arts Press, Santa Ana	
Ben Field	173
Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox	
Published by the author	36
Visions In Verse— <i>Philmer A. Sample</i>	
Kingsport (Tenn.) Press	
Laura Bell Everett	111

FRONTISPIECE ILLUSTRATIONS

An Old World Glimpse of Glenwood Mission Inn	98
Bishop Rock, Etching by <i>Arthur Millier</i>	130
Doorway of Mission San Buenaventura	
Drypoint by <i>Harry J. Coulter</i>	66
On The Redwood Highway in California	50
Redwoods, Etching by <i>A. Ray Burrell</i>	82
Spanish Galleon, Oil, by <i>Ducan Gleason</i>	162
Stevenson, Robert Louis	34
The Last Tree, Etching by <i>Mildred Bryant</i>	
Brooks	114
The Range, Painting by <i>Frank Tenny Johnson</i>	146

AUTHORS INDEX

A	
Addis, Nouredin	107
Alcott, Louisa M.	106
Angus, Marion Isabel	132
B	
Baker, Doris Cooms	104
Bashien, Hattie	104
Benjamin, Jack	12, 40, 74, 115, 166
Birchard, Dora E.	2, 84, 132
Brasier, Virginia	148
C	
Carpenter, Ross Eaton	152
Chamberlain, Arthur H.	5, 126, 159, 172
Chamberlain, Rodney	118
Chapel, Beatrice	41
Cherry, Donald L.	9
Chrasta, V. James	52
Clemens, Cyril	21, 156
Cloud, Roy W.	121
Coblenz, Stanton A.	2, 52, 84, 148
Cooke, Roland	164
Costigan, Lotus J.	64
Creel, George	100
D	
De Spain, Jay Roderic	116, 164
De Groot, E. B.	137
Disney, Walt	138
E	
Everett, Laura Bell	36, 109, 111, 142, 159
F	
Field, Ben	2, 42, 68, 108, 116, 123, 126, 132, 146, 170, 173
Finn, Eugenia T.	11
Fisher, Steve	91, 158, 171
Flugel, Felix	37, 69, 109
Franklin, Viola Price	106
G	
Gamble, Thomas S.	39, 57
Gary, Lorena M.	101, 154, 163
Gates, Clarence L.	73
Gray, A. J.	131
Gray, Eleanor	17
H	
Henderson, Caroline D'Aguiar	116
Hilton, Charles	136
Holway, Edith Boyden	84
Holliday, Carl	52, 108, 157
Hutton, Hampton	53
I	
Irving, Minna	19, 105
J	
Janis, Elsie	116
Johnson, H. Warren	9
K	
Keefer, George	115, 155
Kendall, Carlton	116
Kennedy, Harry C.	52
Kersey, Vierling	122
Kirkham, Kate	116
Kusell, Maurice	15, 25
L	
Larson, Laura J.	167
Le Gros, Cardinal	92
Lehman, Helen Miller	52
Lutz, John	104
Lewis, Lucien M.	71, 89
Luckhardt, Hertha D.	108

M	
Maring, Helen	52, 84
Markham, Edwin	146
Markell, Jean	112
Maxwell, Everett Carroll	46, 75, 90, 125
Marshall, Donovan	55
May, Beulah	84, 164
Merrill, Arthur Truman	132
Merritt, M. S.	15, 31
Moffitt, Mabel	173
Moore, Alvin Edward	85
Moore, Rolland	165
McGaffey, Ernest	87, 139, 148, 164, 169
Morgan, Joy Elmer	103

O	
O'Hara, Joy	2, 62, 116
O'Meara, Carroll	167
Orton, Virginia Keating	116

P	
Parks, Marion	13
Peterson, Harry C.	88, 133
Petri, Lori	2, 58
Pitman, Leander	153
Putnam, Katherine Lois	151

R	
Rice, Berenice M.	84, 132
Richter, Margaret R.	150
Romer, Margaret	119, 135
Roosevelt, President Franklin D.	70
Rounds, Ona M.	125

S	
Salmon, Agnes	108
Say, Clyde	132
Schulberg, B. P.	120
Spencer, Lilian White	164
Staley, M. Victor	164
Stratton, Vivian	63

T	
Talbott, Guy	117

V	
Van Gilder, Valois	112, 148
Vore, Elizabeth	120
Von Ravn, Clara Iza	116

W	
Welles, Thomas	44, 59, 104
Wheeler, Black	106
White, Stewart Edward	151
Whitsell, Betty L.	148
Wilson, Nell Griffith	58

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1934

Robert Louis Stevenson (with portrait)	3
Desert Design—Wood Block Print (Frontispiece) Harry Douglas	4
John Kanst A Pioneer in Art (with portrait) Leetha Journey Probst	5
Gem's from Colton's Journal (with portrait) Frances B. Hack	7
Early Tax Laws of Hawaiian Islands, Fred Lockley	9
Gone Modern, A Short, short story, Donovan Marshall	10
George Wharton James (with portrait) Bessie I. Sloan	11
A Neglected Humorist, Cyril Clemens	12
The Return of Luck, Eleanor Grey	13
Melody Lane	14

The Dogs of Niagara, Ben Field
 Welcome to the Woods, Stanton A. Coblentz
 In A San Diego Garden, Winifred Heath
 Roads, Virginia Keating Orton
 I Came Upon A Field, Louis Mertens
 Joaquin Miller, Evelyn Bacigalupi
 San Francisco Chinatown, Patricia Clements
 Until You Came, Nell Griffith Wilson

The Importance of Thrift Education, C. W. Conrad	15
My Garden (Verse), Ona M. Rounds	16
The Literary West	17
Dr. Plummer Honored	
Orra E. Monnette, League President	
Our Edwin Markham	
Catalina Island Goes Back To '49	
Literature Medal Award	
Rupert Hughes on "Literary" Magazines	
Bret Harte's Pen Pictures	
Touring Topics versus Westways	
San Francisco Chapter	
Mrs. Elizabeth Vore	
The Bookworm and His Books, Laura Bell Everett	19
Notes on Books	21
The Joys of Civilization, Jack Benjamin	23
Franklin D. Roosevelt (Verse), N. J. Herby	23
The New Star (Verse), Mary Hester McCoy	23
Flippant Philosophy, M. S. Merritt	24
Index to Volume 91, January-December, 1933, inclusive	27

OVERLAND MONTHLY

—AND—
OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Established 1868



by BRET HARTE

Featuring:

Emergency in Education

An interpretation of the school. Education
is a function of the state and the
most important activity
of American life.

JANUARY 1933

25¢

Vol. 91

No. 1

Two New Books by Western Authors

MARQUEE BALLYHOO

By

MAURICE L. KUSELL and M. S. MERRITT

A Stirring American Novel, Gripping in Intensity and Dramatic in Flavor.
Saturated with Human Interest. A Book Destined to Become a "Best Seller."

FULL CLOTH, COLORED JACKET, 288 PAGES

PRICE—\$2.50

1 1 1

CARCASSONNE

EAST AND WEST

By BEN FIELD

A Book of Verse by one of California's Best Known and Beloved Literary Group.
Mr. Field is National President of the League of Western Writers and Poetry
Editor of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine.

CARCASSONNE IN TWO LIMITED EDITIONS:

LIBRARY EDITION AND POCKET OUTDOOR EDITION

FULL CLOTH — 112 PAGES

Price of Either Edition—\$1.50

APPROPRIATE AS A GIFT BOOK

AT BOOK STORES OR
ORDER EITHER BOOK DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHERS

ADDRESS

Overland-Out West Publications

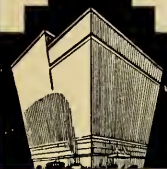
H. W. HELLMAN BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



Again the White Spot of the Pacific Coast HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

700 ROOMS · NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM **\$2.50** WITHOUT BATH FROM **\$1.50**



E.C. EPPLEY .. President
CHARLES B. HAMILTON
Vice President & Managing Director

CORNER FIFTH &
SPRING STREETS

LOS ANGELES

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of
The Eppley Hotel Cos 20 Hotels in the Middle West,
Louisville, Ky. and Pittsburgh, Pa., and the
Hamilton Chain of Hotels in California.

CHICAGO OFFICE • 520 N. Michigan Ave. • Phone Superior 4416

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

is the "Supreme Authority"

EVIDENCE

Hundreds of Supreme Court Judges concur in highest praise of the work as their authority.

The Presidents and Department Heads of all leading Universities and Colleges give their indorsement.

The Government Printing Office at Washington uses it as the standard authority.

High Officials in all branches of the Government indorse it.



G. & C. MERRIAM
COMPANY
Springfield, Mass.

2,700 pages;
450,000 entries, including thousands of NEW WORDS;
6,000 illustrations,
America's Great Question-Answerer.
Send for free illustrated booklet.



SAN FRANCISCO

New HOTEL OLYMPIC



An Hotel of supreme excellence designed to appeal to people who appreciate beauty and richness at moderate cost.

Single \$2.00 - \$2.50
Double 3.00 - 3.50
Twin Beds \$4.00

Our own Drive-In Garage. Each room with bath, shower, radio. Coffee shop and dining room. Breakfast 35c, lunch 40c, dinner 50c.

230 EDDY

ST.

SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES

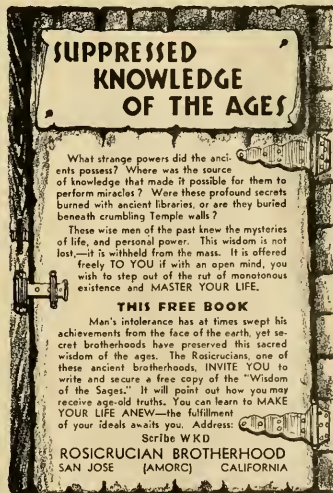
What strange powers did the ancients possess? Where was the source of knowledge that made it possible for them to perform miracles? Were these profound secrets buried with ancient libraries, or are they buried beneath crumbling Temple walls?

These wise men of the past know the mysteries of life, and personal power. This wisdom is not lost—it is withheld from the mass. It is offered freely TO YOU if with an open mind, you wish to step out of the rut of monotonous existence and MASTER YOUR LIFE.

THIS FREE BOOK

Man's intolerance has at times swept his achievements from the face of the earth, yet secret brotherhoods have preserved this sacred wisdom of the ages. The Rosicrucian, one of these ancient brotherhoods, INVITE YOU to write and secure a free copy of the "Wisdom of the Ages." It will point out how you may receive age-old truths. You can learn to MAKE YOUR LIFE ANEW—the fulfillment of your ideals is at hand. Address:

Scribe W.K.D.
ROSIKRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA



◆ MELODY LANE ◆

COQUETTE

By LORI PETRI

AS I skimmed the valley road last night,
Diana followed, in glowing flight,
Thru plum-blue meadows late reaped of light.

She fled on before, she matched my pace.
She dallied behind, and dropped a lace
Of pine-tree shyness before her face.

For miles, with delicate, dodging cheek
She played, from peak to conniving peak,
A glamorous game of hide-and-seek,

Then thinking at last, without a doubt,
On mortal's vows, she slipped, in a pout
To a cave of cloud, and shut me out.

WOODLAND SPELL

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

THIS picture-quiet grove and dreaming vale,
These trancebound hills that gaze above the
years,
Are like the slumberers in a fairy tale
Before the unlocker of the charm appears.

Almost it seems that stone and cliff and tree
Patiently drowse beneath the ages' tread.
Expectant of a timeless harmony
With some inscrutable glory far ahead!—

With some divine awakening!—Oh, may fate
Grant that these eyes, or eyes like these, may
scan
That revelation which the woods await
In a vast peace unreachable by man!

NOSTALGIA

By DORA E. BIRCHARD

I AM homesick for the gray light
On San Francisco Bay,
For the silver, morning mist-veil
Of very early day:
For the barking of the ferries
At each other as they pass,
Splintering the dimpled surface
Like a crash of shimmering glass.
O the towers of San Francisco!
Piercing upward through the mist,
To the wavering empyrean,
Ivory, pearl and amethyst.



COWBOY BALLADS

By JOY O'HARA

SUNG by smoky fires,
Or sunny, windswept hills,
Cowboy ballads always
Are packed with honest thrills.

Songs of sun and sagebrush,
Chants of hill and range!
With a glamor somehow
That years can never change!

Townfolk's songs of cowboys
Are pale and weak as whey.
They lack that magic something
Their own crude songs convey.

To paint in living colors
A story of old west,
It takes a singing cowboy,—
And homesick ones are best!

WHAT PRICE FAME

By BEN FIELD

HOW many centuries bridge the happening time
Since you marched up to Orleans, Jeanne?
I've never done, like you, deeds brave, sublime,
But sit behind a desk till day is gone.

Yet have I marched the quick, highroad to war
And sailed bold seas with bloody pirate ships—
My adventures, where books and stories are,
And tales oft told by reminiscent lips.

Aye, I have sacked many a fearful town,
Or carried swift the fight for God and king.
And I have seen the gallant ships go down,
The while my work-day hours sped on the wing.

But what would hap to you, O warriors great,
If writers ne'er had put you in a book?
Your deeds were all ignored, forgot this late,
Your names for common, simple men mistook.

Overland Monthly

Founded by BRET HARTE in 1868

and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Vol. 91

JANUARY, 1933

No. 1

Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE at any library in the United States. The Magazine is also included in the INTERNATIONAL INDEX.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly." To insure return of manuscripts, there should always be enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

CONTENTS

Melody Lane	2
Cow Boy Ballads.....Joy O'Hara	
Coquette	Lori Petri
Nostalgia.....Dora E. Birchard	
Woodland Spell.....Stanton A. Coblenz	
What Price Fame.....Ben Field	
The Emergency in Education.....Arthur H. Chamberlain	4
The First Bottle-Neck in California Traffic.....H. Warren Johnson	9
(Illustrated)	
Inevitable Ending.....Eugenia T. Finn	11
Childhood Memories.....Jack Benjamin	12
Historic Sisquoc Chapel and Cemetery.....Marion Parks	13
(Illustrated)	
On Location.....Maurice L. Kusell and M. S. Merritt	15
Honesty's Best.....Eleanor Gray	17
The King's Grant.....Minna Irving	19
Mark Twain and Jane Austin.....Cyril Clemens	21
Stage and Screen.....Maurice L. Kusell	25
Flippant Philosophy.....M. S. Merritt	31

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted

Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year

25c per copy

OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS

The Emergency in Education



NEVER since the beginnings of the public school system in this country has education been faced with so critical a situation as is the case at the present moment.

Throughout the nation the wheels of industry are silent. Mines, mills and factories are closed. The products of the soil can not be marketed to advantage and once prosperous farms are being abandoned. Several million men and women are out of employment. In practically every community those able to do so are finding it necessary to assist the army of the less fortunate.

The need for economy—drastic economy—is everywhere apparent. Individuals are forced to practice the most rigid thrift. In federal, state and local governmental departments, the balancing of budgets is dependent upon the levying of additional taxes or the curtailment of activities. With one-third the tax income now used for governmental purposes, there is need for a halt in this direction.

Incomes are curtailed. Salaries of men and women in professional, business and clerical lines are suffering reduction. The teachers in the schools are working under reduced incomes and salary cuts. In many localities the teaching force has been reduced, thus increasing the size of classes and making less effective the work of the schools.

California has for many years occupied a leading place among the states in the efficiency of its educational system. Legislative enactments have provided financial support for the schools. Through constitutional amendment the state has gone a long way in guaranteeing equal educational opportunities for boys and girls in city and country alike. The schools are safeguarded through provisions for fixed charges for their support.

Much of the forward-looking legislation in this state was enacted during the long period when the present writer served as the Executive Secretary of the educational forces of California. He would regret exceedingly should this state suffer a period of reaction. The schools belong to all the people, and should, in the interest of the pupils, be exempt from all political influences. Legislators, lawmakers, boards of education should, in their efforts to secure economy, seek the advice of all community interests.

Economies must be practiced. Money can be saved in the carrying on of the school system. There are wastes and leaks that should be stopped. But care must be exercised lest in the effort to secure economy, there be permanent injury to the institution that more than any other is responsible for our material and social progress. Education is a matter of state concern and the most important function of the Government.

The accompanying discussion is intended primarily for the layman. It is devoid of argument. It seeks to present to the tax payer, the parent, the legislator, the underlying values of education. Only as these are understood and appreciated can reductions in the educational budget be made with justice and equity.

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Editor, Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine.
Secretary, California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation.

The Emergency in Education

By ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

THE American Public School is one of our most valued institutions. It reaches every boy and every girl in the land. To it go the sons and daughters of rich and poor alike. It is the most democratic of institutions. The school should offer equal educational opportunities to all. Today America is literally *going to school*. A college education is now as common as was a high school education three decades past. Graduation from a secondary school today is had by as large a proportion as completed the eighth year of the "common school" of a half century or less ago.

Important as public education is generally agreed to be, the average man of affairs knows all too little of the present day school—what is taught, or why or how. The curriculum has, during the past few years, undergone marked changes. If the average man realizes this, he can not tell *why* this is so. The school program has been enriched through the addition of new subjects. The average man knows that in the material world, undreamed of changes have been brought about. Our social structure is under revision; political philosophies are in a state of flux; industrial and economic life seeks new foundations and new aims. Our material progress has, without doubt, outstripped the advances made in true cultural growth and intellectual and spiritual development. But the average man does not grasp the need for a corresponding change in education, nor does he realize what prompts the call for new subjects in school to meet these changed conditions.

Present methods of instruction differ widely from those in force in earlier days. Text books are more scientific and scholarly. School equipment is more satisfactory and

diversified. School buildings in arrangement, quality and utility are far beyond anything known in previous years. School grounds in extent and beauty, take on the character of public parks. The school age limit has been extended up and down; compulsory school laws are more rigidly enforced than formerly; the many rather than the few now attend school—all this makes education more costly than it was in the past.

Is public education costing too much? Are taxes for school purposes too high? Are we training too many young men and young women at public expense? Are fundamentals neglected? Do we give over-emphasis to fads and frills? Are the graduates of the schools entering life's pursuits without a thorough grounding in those branches of knowledge that should be common to all? And what of character education and training in citizenship and in initiative and patriotism and business acumen and desire for service and community cooperation and leadership?

Today the application of science to the arts and industries has lessened the demand for hand labor. Combinations in business, consolidations, chain and branch stores, standardization in industry, all have worked in the interest of efficiency and economy even though fewer men and women are employed than formerly. Labor saving devices that do the work of many men have, for the time at least, thrown out of employment several million laborers, mechanics, engineers, tradesmen, clerks, stenographers. Indeed, the almost universal introduction of the machine seems to be fast superseding hand labor. Large numbers of well trained young men and women, who have made honorable records in their college and uni-

versity years, are now unable to find employment in their chosen fields. Everywhere there is discussed the question whether the secondary and higher schools are rendering a needed or justified service in placing their facilities at the disposal of all the youth of the land. Is injustice done these students, in holding out to them the advantages of an education when they find themselves cast adrift at the completion of their university careers?

Such are the questions that thoughtful men and women are asking today. Education need not be *sold* to the average American citizen. Rather, education must, in its modernized form, be *interpreted* to him. The place of the modern school in a changed and changing social order, must be understood and appreciated. Not only should those preparing to teach be thoroughly familiar with present day conditions and the demands upon the modern school. Further than that, every opportunity must be taken by representative citizens to bring to the men and women of the community an appreciation of the ideals and ideas of the present day school. Those qualified to do so should present the changed conditions of today, the plans and purposes animating the school organization, the meaning and value of the curriculum, and the actual results achieved.

The question of taxation for public education, of school expenditures, and of returns on the investment, must be placed squarely before all the people.

The cost of government—local, state and national, is today far greater than it has ever been before. More than 30 cents of every tax dollar is required in taxes to carry on the agencies of government. Our national income is decreased. It is the dramatic drop in national income that is largely responsible for the drastic increase in tax demands.

The country is now faced with the necessity for the strictest economy. With all the

uncertainty before our people, this fact stands out beyond possibility of any divergence of opinion. In this emergency the schools must undoubtedly suffer along with all other social and human agencies. But in our efforts to lighten the tax burden, we must use caution lest injustice be done the institution that has made for social progress, for intellectual freedom and the development of democracy. We must not be stampeded into cutting the ground from under our feet.

President Glenn Frank, of the University of Wisconsin, says in this connection:

"It is possible to be quite as short sighted in administering economy as in allowing extravagancies. And just because there is this possibility of short sightedness in the administration of necessary economy, a grave national danger lurks in our current concern for economy. We can so easily economize blindly or let limited interests dictate the schedules of retrenchment. We dare not be gullible. Alongside the foresight, intelligence and sincerity behind the insistence that we establish a sounder relation between our income and our outgo, there is much blindness, blundering, self-interest and sheer insincerity in the almost hysterical campaign against public expenditures now sweeping the nation. By all means let us give prudence a permanent seat in our public counsels. By all means let us stop waste. But let us be sure that it is real waste that we are stopping. Real economy may mean national salvation. Bogus economy may mean national suicide."

Great concern is expressed at the constantly soaring tax levies. Such concern is justified. It is significant, however, that those who have achieved financial prosperity, or who have no children to educate, or whose children are in private or tuition schools, are usually those who advocate most drastic curtailment in expenditures for the public schools. These are the ones who frequently profit most from the tax levies and who can best afford to pay their proportionate share. It is these who cry loudest for lower taxes. Unless in periods that are economically unbalanced, seldom do we hear complaint of high taxes from those of small income and few earthly possessions. These

are the parents with the largest families, whose children are educated in public schools, and who presumably can least afford the so-called "burdens" of taxation.

"Thousands upon thousands of honest Americans who have always been the friends of education, have been bewildered by propagandists during the last few months. There is, make no mistake about it, an organized drive of national scope to cut educational support below anything that even this difficult time requires. If the bewildered friends of education are not enlightened, the propagandists will be able to get away with a high-handed scuttling of the educational ship instead of buckling down to the unpopular task of fundamental governmental and economic readjustments, which in cutting costs might reduce the supply of pork." So writes Glenn Frank.

It must be recognized by all that we are today passing through a period of social and economic readjustment. Everywhere we are calling a halt upon extravagance and unnecessary expenditures. The people must be relieved from an excessive tax burden. The country has been brought up with a shock. During recent years there has been spending with no adequate returns on investment. Without thought for the morrow, people have lived up to their incomes in the purchase of luxuries and non-essentials. They have gambled in stocks. They have bought on "margin." They have not distinguished as between speculation and investment. Individuals and governments have squandered private and public monies recklessly. We now seek a radical reduction in expenditures, a consequent lessening of the tax burden, and a return to rational living and common sense thrift.

It needs to be observed also that the public school is always the first of our democratic institutions to receive the attacks of those who contend that the costs of government are too high. It is as well the first to suffer when reductions are effected. It can not well be denied that the demands of our modern life call for tax levies that are indeed high, especially in comparison with those of past times. But taxes, when used

properly for school purposes, yield results. We must see to it that money used in the support of schools, whether little or much, is used to the best advantage.

In periods of low economic pressure, when the demands for labor in industry are at a low ebb, the school attendance is increased. Such is the case in the present period. With this increase in attendance, and faced with the new social order, more exacting demands are to be made upon the schools than ever before. Indeed, education in its most far-reaching applications, is the only hope of democracy. To lose the momentum gained during recent years, to be forced to mark time or to move backward, would be to retard our development and impede our progress. The releasing of hand labor through the mastery of the machine, and the shortening of working hours, has opened up avenues of leisure that now promise to develop serious problems that only the school can handle. The public school as never before is faced with a responsibility it can not discharge if, through lack of funds, teachers are poorly paid, the teaching corps is materially reduced, classes are too large for satisfactory work, and equipments and surroundings are such as to handicap the boy and girl in the period of development.

Already in many localities throughout the nation, the schools have been badly crippled through reduction of personnel. Thousands of teachers have lost their positions, thereby adding to the ranks of the unemployed and reducing the efficiency of the school through unduly enlarged classes. The Citizens Conference on the Crisis in Education, meeting in Washington as this is written, has taken account of this danger. President Hoover points out the necessity for the practice of economy and the discarding of all unnecessary expenditures and says significantly:

* * * "in the rigid governmental economies that are requisite everywhere, we must

not encroach upon the schools or reduce the opportunity of the children through the schools to develop adequate citizenship."

The morale of the school must not be weakened.

"A wholesale horizontal cut applying to all departments and activities is one of the least desirable ways of reducing," says Carl H. Milam, Secretary American Library Association. "The continued existence of a democratic society depends upon the maintenance of those educational, cultural and social institutions which have been created to promote general education and wholesome living. The service of such institutions must not be destroyed."

Every effort must be made by those in charge of the educational program to practice economy and reduce school budgets. There must be elimination of all unnecessary features. Let us stop all waste. Salaries of teachers in common with those in other activities must suffer temporary reduction. But no public activity transcends in importance the training of the youth. The integrity of the school must be preserved.

The Critics Examine the Schools

TODAY the schools are subjected to searching investigation by the public. Such investigation is timely and will result in benefit to the school and public alike. The school is the target for much criticism. Criticism that leads to constructive results will strengthen rather than weaken the foundations of education.

Doubt is expressed in many quarters as to the efficiency of the schools. To the man in the street, the schools fail to meet life's conditions. One says they give over-emphasis to non-essentials. From another direction comes the stinging rebuke that they cast all students in the same mold, whatever their likes or dislikes, their needs, their aptitudes, or abilities, or tendencies. Others criticize the alleged lack of organization or system, the stereotyped methods, the domination of the lower schools by the higher. Academic and book training is, say some, given at the expense of the vocational mo-

tive and practical work. Claim is made that the school system is inadequate, infested with "fads and frills," lacking in fundamentals, unsuited to the needs of a modern democracy. The increased cost of education is entailing a serious burden upon the tax payers, say the critics. Boys and girls are permitted to enter life's pursuits with preparation entirely inadequate to meet the problems that confront them. Many go so far as to contrast the schools of the present with those of the "good old days," to the discredit of the modern educational system.

A statement to any intelligent group of laymen that the modern school does not meet actual life conditions is likely to find ready agreement. The claim that courses of study give attention to frills rather than to fundamentals, and that boys and girls are not as well trained today as was the case a half century ago, will weigh heavily with many men and women. Those who insist that too much money is spent on education and that our onerous tax burden is the result of useless expenditures for school purposes, find hearty support in their contention, frequently without question or reservation. Therein lies one of the greatest dangers to the cause of education and to our future prosperity.

The critics of the school are prone to use certain typical phrases that have a pleasant sound to the man who complains of the high cost of education. These complaints are usually of a general nature rather than specific, and lack force, when taken by themselves—when not applied. We frequently hear it said that: "Something is wrong with the school system." Or perhaps, "The school trains only the few"; or again, "Education should fit for life but it does not." "Our school system is too complex," is another form of the criticism. "We need efficient schools, they are now superficial";

Read further on Page 22

The First Bottle-Neck in California Traffic

By H. WARREN JOHNSON

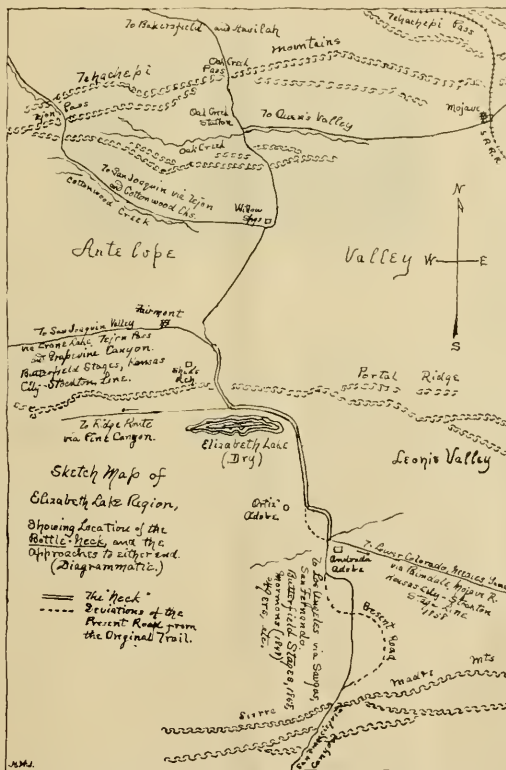
IF history is a succession of pageants, few states can present more colorful ones than those telling the story of California's development. The dramatic muse has staged imposing processions through the state's portals,—its passes and sea-ports. This article is an attempt to call attention to that which passed Elizabeth Lake, a small body of water some 40 miles north of Los Angeles, west of Palmdale, and on the original route between southern and northern California, in the middle of the last century. It perhaps rivaled all others in its brilliancy and variety.

The great central valley of the state was a terra incognita to the early Californians, immigrating from Mexico. Spelled "terror," the term would more adequately convey their idea of that section. Walled about by mountains infested by fearless grizzlies, and inhabited by Indians more ferocious than the bears, every prudent Californian was content to remain in ignorance of what might lie therein. Not until the advent of Americans did any white man set foot in that district. Nevertheless, it had its "highways,"—the narrow footpaths of the wild things, leading to "water-holes." Appropriated by the Indians, these trails were later followed by trappers, explorers and other "pathfinders." In a more or less arid country, trails were assuredly determined by the presence of portable water. Between two points, not the shortest route, but the best watered, was the one sought. Thus the streams coursing down the eastern sides of the San Bernardino Mountains into the desert; the beautiful meadow (Leonis Valley) west of

Palmdale; Elizabeth Lake, with its tributary streams; Fremont's "Rock Springs" north of the lake; Willow Springs, farther north; Oak Creek, a few miles farther and some twelve miles west of Mojave; and Tehachapi Creek beyond—these wormed a chain

threading its way through San Francisco Canyon (locally "Squito Canyon") it met the older one at a small creek a mile east of the lake. The Andrada adobe, described below, is situated at the junction of the two trails, and the eastern end of the "bottle-

neck." After running along the shore of the now dry lake of that time, the road turned abruptly north into Antelope Valley. The western end of the "neck" is indeterminate, but would seem to be near Fairmont. Somewhere here, a westward branch left the original trail, passing by Crane Lake, and entering the San Joaquin through the Grapevine Canyon and present Tejon Pass, more or less identical with the road used today. A second westward branch was given off near Willow Springs, and following up Cottonwood Creek, crossed the Tehachapis through the original Tejon Pass to the headwaters of Tejon Creek, a short distance north, which it followed into the San Joaquin Valley. This is now a good road, the property of the Southern California Edison Company. A third branch left the old trail at the crossing of Oak Creek, passing eastward to the "Sink of the Tehachapi" and thence to the mining region in Owens Valley, east of the Sierras. From Oak Creek, the original



Sketch map of Antelope Valley and the Elizabeth Lake Region, showing the "Bottle Neck" and travel lanes.

of "water-holes" which located the original trail from the lower Colorado basin into the great valley.

The other trail, which soon became the more traveled route, joined this original one near Elizabeth Lake. Leaving Los Angeles via Calhenga Pass it crossed the Santa Susanna Mountains near Newhall tunnel and

trail pushed on over a rather steep grade (Oak Creek Pass, Old Tehachapi Pass) to the headwaters of Tehachapi Creek, which it followed into the San Joaquin, and into the Kern River district.

The location of the old trail across Antelope Valley is also indeterminate. Except through Willow Springs, and

through the hilly section south of Oak Creek, it is doubtful if any portion of it is traversed today. Thus, over the comparatively short section, between the Andrada adobe and Fairmont, passed for nearly 40 years all the land traffic between southern and northern California. When one considers the remarkable activities of those times, which witnessed the transition from Latin to Anglo-Saxon domination, the Great Migration of the '50s, the end of one war and the beginning of another, he is impressed with the variety and significance of many of the units that passed through this "bottle-neck."

AS might be expected, the trappers led the procession. Jedediah Strong Smith, the first cross-country visitor to appear in California, arrived through Cajon Pass, near San Bernardino, in the fall of 1826, an unexpected and very unwelcome guest. The Spanish authorities held every American as a persona non grata. A few quasi-pirates and privateers under no flag, but hailing from Atlantic ports, landed on this coast fifteen years before Smith appeared, some of whom met with a very uncordial reception. Smith's party was the first to enter through this back-door. Although hospitably entertained at San Gabriel Mission by the good Father Sanchez, Governor Echeandia wasted neither time nor diplomacy in telling Smith that he must "stand not upon the order of his going, but go at once" and by the way he had come. Accordingly, in January he led his people back through the Cajon, but instead of going east, as told, he turned northward. Sooner or later, he must have found signs of a trail along the western border of the desert, leading in the general direction he wished to go. To an experienced trapper and woodsman like Smith, that dim, shadowy track meant water ahead, and he followed it. After some days, it brought him into Leonis Valley and through the "neck." Beyond that, his trail is uncertain, but he passed into the San Joaquin, probably through Old Tejon Pass (Cottonwood Creek) or Old Tehachepi Pass (Oak Creek).

Other trappers followed. One who, perhaps, made a more lasting impression than Smith, because he lived longer, was Ewing Young, from Tennessee. His party went through here

in 1830. With it, was a boy of twenty-one, making his first entry into the Coast country. His name was Kit Carson. Young eventually settled in Oregon, engaging in the cattle business. He made frequent trips to these "cow-counties" in southern California in after years, and drove much stock over this route.

Probably the most widely-known American to pass this way was John C. Fremont, returning east from the lower Columbia River by way of California. In April, 1844, he came south up the San Joaquin, crossed the Te-



A Butterfield Stage on its way through the valley. Attacks by Indians were frequent.

hachepis by way of Oak Creek Pass, and camped for several days in Antelope Valley, at a place he called "Rock Springs," a short distance north of Elizabeth Lake. It is quite possible that Shea's ranch buildings now occupy the site of this camp. Fremont was persuaded to follow this trail by an Indian boy who happened into the camp near Caliente on the northern side of the Tehachepis, and who was on his way to the San Fernando Mission.

Fremont had planned to go due east from this camp into Utah, where he would strike the Old Spanish Trail eastward, a course that would have taken him into Death Valley, where the party must have perished from thirst. Fortunately, the boy, speaking Spanish, convinced Fremont that that route was impossible, that his way lay along Elizabeth Lake. Leaving Rock Springs, the boy led the outfit along the lake side, and as far as the site of the Andrada adobe, where he left it to pursue his way south to the Mission. Fremont, following the guide's parting instructions, proceeded east through Leonis Valley and over the south-east route till he found the Old Spanish Trail where it emerges from Cajon Pass. His was probably the most im-

posing aggregation that had yet traveled the "bottle-neck." In marching order, over favorable terrain, it extended a quarter of a mile.

Other than stockmen, few travelers are mentioned here during the next three years. In the summer of 1847, some 200 Mormons toiled up 'Squito Canyon on their way to Salt Lake. These people, nominally a part of General Kearny's "Army of the West," had been recently mustered out of a service in which they had never seen any real fighting. Arriving at the western end of the neck, they turned due west, fol-

lowing the route past Crane Lake and down the Grapvine Canyon, which seems to have become the popular one, into the San Joaquin. "On the first of August," writes one of them, "we traveled 14 miles, and camped in a beautiful valley (site of 'Fort Tejon') where we found, cut in the bark of a tree, the name of 'Peter Lebeck,' who was killed by a grizzly bear on the 17th of October, 1837. The skull and bones of the bear, which was killed by Lebeck's companions, were still lying on the ground."

HITHERTO, almost no Californians, and few Americans, save trappers, had any interest in Alta California outside the Coast belt. In February, 1848, about two weeks after the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo made this region a part of the United States, the discovery of gold in quantity, in the High Sierras, marked the advent of a new era, with new ideas, reactions, problems. The "Gold Rush" was about to begin, and was in full swing a year and a half later. Of those who left the Missouri River for the mines, many came by way of Old Santa Fe (N. M.). From that point, by any one of three routes, they duly appeared in the Colorado Desert, at Yuma or near Needles. Those arriving at the former place usually crossed the San Bernardino Mountains to Los Angeles, thence north by Elizabeth Lake. The others (at Needles) continued on the Old Spanish Trail to the vicinity of Cajon Pass, where they turned north over the route traveled by Smith, Fremont and others. This brought them to the "neck," where they may have been rejoined by their confreres coming from Los Angeles.

Probably these last were the first to bring wheeled vehicles through 'Squito

Read further on Page 16

Inevitable Ending

By EUGENIA T. FINN

DANIEL STEEL was dead by his own hand. The news flashed over every wire. It was announced by radio and papers carried headlines. Daniel Steel, one of the outstanding and most successful novelists of the day, prominent clubman and ex-soldier, a suicide. Impossible!

The police looked for clues of a cleverly planned murder, but bullet wound, powder marks, fingerprints, all pointed to one and the same hand . . . his own. The body had been found on the floor of a room in Stone's apartment surrounded by scattered sheets of manuscript. There was apparently no motive and all possible theories were discarded one by one.

Bob Brendon the dead man's closest friend (he had no living relatives) was mystified. Hurrying to Stone's apartment in answer to the houseboy's frantic summons, Bob paced back and forth in desperation. One close examination of the body was enough to convince Bob that no physician could restore life. Of course, detectives, coroner, undertaker, friends, must be notified as quickly as possible but the thing did not seem logical.

"He had no reason for doing such a thing! No reason on earth."

The houseboy shook his head dolefully. Bob went on, arguing with him, self.

"Dan had plenty of money. His books have been best sellers for years. He never invested wildly. He wasn't married but there never has been any woman mixed up in his life. He was the cleanest, the most honorable man I knew. I've known him fifteen years."

The houseboy had no words at his command. Having served Daniel Steel long and faithfully, his grief was genuine. Silently he pointed to the papers on the floor.

"He must have been writing all night, or until this . . . this thing happened." Bob ruminated as he carefully picked up one or two sheets of manuscript. "This looks like part of a story. Well, no use letting that lay around. It has nothing to do with this . . . this accident. Gather it up carefully. Kato.

His publisher will be glad to get it, if it's finished."

AND then it was all over; the whole ghastly business; and there was nothing for Bob to do but go over Daniel Steel's papers and personal affairs. If a will had been written up, none had, as yet, been found.

Bob had tucked the closely written sheets of manuscript into the files with Dan's other carbon copies where it had a better chance of escaping prying eyes. Now he seated himself at Dan's old desk and drew the papers out of their hiding place. He found them numbered in Dan's methodical and painstaking way, and as he sorted and rearranged the sheets Bob thought of Dan and his work. Dan loved writing. He would catch a suggestion for a story in a flash but he carried the idea around with him for weeks, even months, before a line went on paper. Many a time as the two men sat smoking, Dan would discuss certain situations containing the germ of a story and then describe the kind of man who would get himself into just such a situation. He was fond of quoting:

"Give to each character one predominating characteristic and see that it affects each person in your story."

Dan's special characteristic, Bob thought, had been consideration for others. He recalled the many times that work was pushed aside in order that the necessary time and attention might be given to some less successful aspirant for literary honors. Dan seemed to have infinite patience, in spite of a natural impulsiveness that had a tendency to rush him at times.

Still smoothing and sorting the papers an odd thought crept into Bob's mind. How would Dan have described himself? Would he have taken note of his own tolerant consideration and specifically stressed that, or would he have pictured that impulsiveness that was, after all, an important side of a man's character. Of course, one of the two sides must have been the stronger and yet might not each human type be a composite mixture of the good and

evil of many generations? Dan, he knew, would have said:

"But that allows no room for individualism, old chap. I am what I am because of myself. I shall never meet any situation as you would meet it, because no two people can ever see through the same keyhole at the same time and that is about all the viewpoint this life affords us."

"For God's sake, tell me what you saw through your keyhole that prompted you to find a way out?" Bob was not conscious of having spoken aloud.

"THERE can be but one inevitable ending to such a situation. No man could continue living with this knowledge in his heart."

It was as if Dan had spoken. Bob wheeled around in the desk-chair, scattering the papers once more in every direction. There was no one in the room. It took a few seconds before he could realize that the words had actually appeared before his eyes. They were written on one of those pages now lying on the floor at his feet. Frantically, he began to search. It seemed hours now before he could get them properly arranged in numerical order. Then avidly he began to read.

It was a love story, as yet untitled. That was a change, for Dan usually wrote adventure stuff with just enough romance thrown in to make it salable. Dan was no sentimentalist, either in real life or fiction.

The woman in the story was married to an invalid much older than herself; the marriage being apparently the result of loneliness and compassion for a suffering human being, at least on the part of the woman. Love, in the accepted marital sense, never entered the bargain. Neither husband nor wife believed that their union would be of long duration and she devoted every whit of time to ease his failing strength.

It was during the third year of their wedded life that the "other man" en-

Read further on Page 30

Childhood Memories

By JACK BENJAMIN

THE memories of days gone by—of our childhood—often return as though in a dream and caress us with their wistful and melancholy beauty.

Even the mightiest monarch in his idle moments turns to the days when his childish pranks elicited stern reproof rather than to the occasions when he won a victory over his wily prime minister. Both to king and peasant . . . childhood will remain forever a garden of delightful thoughts.

IF Mr. Duffus had not been engaged in the forementioned reflections he, undoubtedly, would not have met with the tragic-humorous incident that was destined to follow.

Mr. Duffus rose, had breakfast and then looked out of his window upon a very bright day. A certain happiness was in the air. Having nothing of special importance to do, he decided to visit a scene of his childhood—Hinkey's meadow. Mr. Duffus was aware that it was a meadow no more, not for many, many years . . . that it had vanished like a buried city of long ago; and that upon its site stood a mountain of architecture capable of housing some ten thousand people. But to Mr. Duffus it was a place which once had echoed with his happy cries and laughter. He decided to visit it at once.

Mr. Duffus left his house intoxicated with the thought that he would soon stand on the site of Hinkey's meadow—or as close to it as possible. He followed the avenue, took a street-car, got off and walked two streets until he reached another avenue. At this corner rose a towering building whose pent house seemed to pierce the very skies.

Mr. Duffus gazed upon all this and sadly mused that this had once been the site of Hinkey's meadow.

But modern civilization does not allow much time for musing at a corner. Mr. Duffus' attention was suddenly attracted by a large crowd of women who stood in front of the building that covered his old playground.

What a mob, he said to himself. Wonder what's the matter? They seem to be coming from all directions. I must find out what the cause of this gathering is.

Mr. Duffus approached the crowd and noticed that each woman seemed to be laboring under intense excitement. Each one wanted to push her way through, so as to have a position in the front of the crowd. All of them had a very determined—in fact—a warlike expression. Sort of do-or-die frown. . . .

He went up to one of the women and said: "Pardon me, madam. What happened here?"

But, as a reply Mr. Duffus received a withering look, and the woman whom he had addressed proceeded with her efforts to shove her way through the packed mass of struggling humanity.

Mr. Duffus decided that he didn't care to find out the cause of this commotion and tried to turn about and leave the crowd. To his great dismay, he found that he was surrounded. He could not move an inch.

Looking over the heads of the women, he observed that policemen were trying to keep the crowd in some semblance of order. And though the brave lads shouted until they were blue in the face and tried heroically to get the women on to the sidewalk so that they would not be diminished by passing automobiles, the total efforts of the police brought no results. The "weaker sex" held its own. . . .

BUT Mr. Duffus' gaze travelled about. He soon spied a sign: "Gingham's Dress Shop," and the appended information that a gigantic sale was to be held today. He thought that he would wait until the crowd moved a little and then he would have no trouble going his way.

The crowd came to action with explosive suddenness. The doors had been opened and the shoppers surged into the store. It was as though a dam had been removed. Mr. Duffus found himself swept into Gingham's shop. The man who had opened the

doors could be seen lying prone. The first few bargain hunters had thrown him down; the others took him for a "Welcome" mat.

Dresses . . . dresses everywhere . . . on racks. All colors, models, sizes. All at low prices.

Mr. Duffus was pushed in all directions and found himself in everybody's way. The store was packed tight with women.

The dresses disappeared from the racks in short time. The iron frames which a few moments ago were loaded with feminine apparel were now as barren as a field visited by a hungry locust brigade. The tactics used by the shoppers in picking their dresses made football look like a kindergarten pastime. The fighting soon became desperate. Individual encounters took place whenever a shopper saw a dress she desired in another woman's hands. A tug-of-war ensued and the dress, or whatever was left of it, went to the winner.

Suddenly, Mr. Duffus was knocked down. He tried to rise, but found it impossible. A mass of closely packed women stamped over his prostrate form, and his abdomen felt as though two or three squadrons of galloping cavalry were holding their annual maneuvers over it. . . .

AFTER quite some struggling, Mr. Duffus managed to get up, but he was so weakened that he had to cling to the nearest rack for support. He looked around wildly for the nearest exit. His clothes were in shreds . . . His face scratched beyond recognition . . . The extent of his internal injuries still a matter of grave conjecture. His necktie flopped over the rack. A woman saw it from the opposite side and thought it was part of a dress whose color she admired. She began to pull at the tie. Mr. Duffus felt life rapidly disappearing and had a series of visions such as drowning persons experience during their last moments. When the image of Hinkey's meadow floated by he found no special relish in its beauty.

Read further on Page 15

Historic Sisquoc Chapel and Cemetery

Made Memorial to Benjamin Foxen through generosity of Security First National Bank of Los Angeles.

By MARION PARKS

IF you are given to wandering in old cemeteries—even if not—passing by that way, you must have seen and wondered at a diminutive frame chapel with a solitary cypress and a wistful cemetery behind it, which stands like a sentinel drowsy with long waiting at the head of Foxen Canon, fifty miles north of Santa Barbara and something less south from Santa Maria.

It is the Sisquoc Chapel. In the cemetery where weeds crowd at the markers and flowers long-wilted lie on nameless mounds, rest the bones of a Californian hero, and around him, descendants of the founders of California.

Here Benjamin Foxen is buried—that unrewarded hero who on Christmas Eve, eighty-seven years ago, saved John C. Fremont from ambush and disaster, and made his inevitable conquest of Santa Barbara a victory free of blood-stain. Recognition came late, too late for Benjamin Foxen to know of it, when years after his death the beautiful marble monument was raised over his grave in the little Sisquoc Cemetery, and other markers were placed on the trail he blazed for Fremont through San Marcos Pass.

Last month a new chapter in the strange story was written. On the anniversary of that famous Christmas exploit, the Sisquoc Chapel and its cemetery were made a memorial to Benjamin Foxen through gift of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, which transferred the property to the Santa Maria Cemetery Association. By curious mischance, untraceable through the course of many years, the deed to the land had never been recorded. Thus it had remained privately owned and publicly forgotten through a quarter-century of abandon-

ment, until the recent gift was made by the bank.

Where a hero rests is sacred ground; and in this cemetery one is aroused by that potency of suggestion which has inspired the poet, the dreamer and the historian in such places through all time. Dead for centuries be those whose names are written there, they are still held to earth by the threads of remembrance, and the grave-marker is the bobbin to which these are fast-

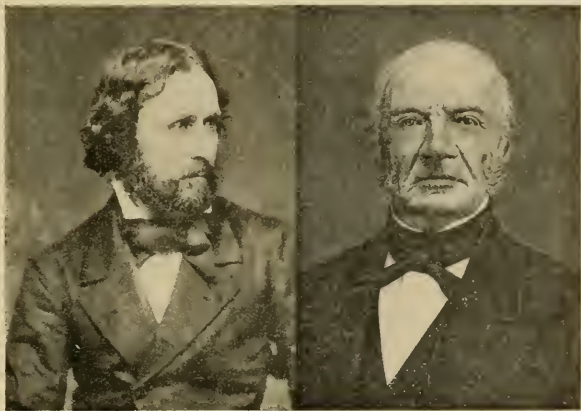
Nipomo near San Luis Obispo by another Gringo ranchero, William Dana. Knowing how much he risked in the act, which was bound to destroy his congenial relationship with his Spanish-Californian contemporaries, Foxen led Fremont to the San Marcos Pass and helped him to break a road over the steep mountain barrier where wagons had never traveled before. In the meantime, confident that they commanded the only entrance to Santa

Barbara from the north, the Californian forces awaited in ambush the coming of Fremont at Gaviota Pass. Powder was ready for blowing up the rocks and blocking the narrow entrance, while from the cliffs above it was planned to cast down great masses of loose stone upon Fremont and his men.

Through rain and storm Foxen led Fremont over San Marcos to circumvent this tragedy. They pulled the wagons, cannon and mules up the steep mountainsides with ropes. It was Christ-

mas Eve, but there was no time to think of festivals, and they made camp soaked through with the cold rain. In two days the perilous and difficult feat was accomplished, and on December 27 Fremont marched into Santa Barbara and raised the Stars and Stripes.

Benjamin Foxen had left him at the summit of the pass and returned to the adobe ranch house in Foxen Canon. His son Guillermo, then a boy of 17, went on to conduct Fremont the rest of the way into the town. Straight to the home of another Gringo, the famous Alpheus B. Thompson, one-time Hawaiian merchant through whose influence Benjamin Foxen had come to California some twenty-five years before, the boy led the American forces. The site of that handsome old



Gen. John C. Fremont (left) and Benjamin Foxen, who guided the American force through San Marcos Pass, while the Spanish awaited at Gaviota Pass.

ened. You have but to unwind them a little way and the past is awakened and echoes of other days set astir.

The deserted chapel and the marble shaft over Foxen's grave at Sisquoc seem sentinels over a region of peculiarly romantic tradition. They stand commandingly situated on a mesa at the head of the beautiful canon that witnessed the stirring events of the ranchero's long lifetime; where he dispossessed the grizzly bear and the coyote to establish his rancho back in 1837.

FROM this rancho, named the Tinaquaic, Benjamin Foxen conducted Fremont into Santa Barbara. The American officer with his battalion had been directed to him from the Rancho



Gaviota Pass, where the Californians expected to annihilate Fremont and his followers.

residence where the flag was raised is shown today on State Street by a bronze marker. In after years, the son Guillermo was laid to rest beside his father in the Sisquoc Cemetery.

REPRESENTING the broken mast of a ship, the monument marking the resting place of Foxen, the "Gringo Don," appropriately symbolizes his picturesque life. He was born in England in 1784, and grew up to be a sailor. Coming to California in the early Pacific trade in 1820, he settled at Santa Barbara and there married a Spanish-Californian girl, Eduardo del Carmel Osuna. She was a descendant of one of the soldiers who accompanied Fray Junipero Serra on the first expedition into California. She too, was buried beside her husband "Don Julian," and the romance conjured up in the remembrance of her quiet and self-effacing life is a delicate, yet colorful one.

Giving up the sea and his trading, with his marriage, Don Julian turned ranchero. But the salt never quite got out of his blood. The brand he chose for marking his cattle was an anchor. In front of the rambling adobe ranch house he had a big maritime telescope balanced in a forked stick, with which he kept track of affairs at a distance.

Foxen paid dearly for the assistance he gave the Americans, which seemed traitorous to his Californian contemporaries and relatives-by-marriage. His former friends denied him. His erstwhile associates set about a sys-

tematic persecution—and Fremont did not so much as mention him in his Memoirs. For years things were made disagreeable for him. His ranch was burned; his cattle run off. It finally wound up in the shooting of a **paisano** who was stealing Foxen's chickens. Don Julian had to stand trial for manslaughter and was sentenced to four years in prison. Where or whether he served it, I do not know. But the story goes that in conducting him to the North, the Sheriff so far regarded his honor as to permit unaccompanied excursions away from the road, when

both rested from the trip and went hunting.

In later years Benjamin Foxen was called upon again for service. Twenty years after he had helped Fremont to open a road for cannon over the San Marcos Pass, he was asked to show the way for a stage-coach road over the same route. Foxen Canon then became the main highway and the Rancho Tinaquic a stage-coach stop. The horses that Don Julian bred on the rancho for the stage-coach travel became famous. He sold them into San Francisco for use on the old horse-car lines.

The Sisquoc Chapel was built at the side of this old main-traveled road in 1876, two years after the death of Don Julian. A few years afterward his remains were removed from the unmarked hillside grave near the old ranch house to this cemetery.

Land was contributed and funds largely given for building the chapel by Foxen's daughter Ramona and her husband Fred Wickenden, the latter a pioneer of Gold Rush Days. Building of the little church for the sixty-five families of the Sisquoc community was inspired by the Rev. J. B. McNally during his ministry at Mission Santa Ynez. In the same year he also secured the erection of churches at Lompoc and Guadalupe. The three buildings were exactly alike, but that at Sisquoc alone remains unaltered, although the two sister structures still continue in use today.

Read further on Page 29



San Marcos Pass, through which Fremont escaped to Santa Barbara, led by Benjamin Foxen.

On Location

By MAURICE L. KUSELL and M. S. MERRITT

ARRANGEMENTS with the hotels had been made to house the unit from the Apex Studios.

George Jarviss, business manager, for the picture company, had okayed all the locations by long distance. Only one more location had to be arranged for—the Golden City National Bank.

Approaching the president of the bank, Jarviss introduced himself:

"Mr. Burroughs, I'm the business manager for the Apex Film Studio of Hollywood. My company will be here on location, to shoot a number of scenes for our new picture, "Gangster's Heaven."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Jarviss—" Burroughs said, rubbing his hands avariciously.

"Of course, we'll spend quite a bit of money in your little town," Jarviss went on to explain.

"Well, anything I can do to assist you and your company, I'll only be too glad to."

"That's just the point. You see Mr. Burroughs, we have a bank hold-up in one of our sequences. Naturally, being here on location, we should like to use your bank for a few scenes. In these scenes the gangsters rob your bank in broad daylight."

"Oh course, of course," Burroughs acquiesced readily. "And it's not bad publicity for the bank in the surrounding country."

Jarviss held out his hand, "Thank you, Mr. Burroughs, your help will be greatly appreciated."

Jarviss was relieved. The last detail had been taken care of. Now he could relax until the company arrived.

NEWs of the film company's visit to Golden City was quickly relayed from mouth to mouth for miles around. Ranchers came to experience the thrill of seeing pictures made for the first time. Hundreds of villagers lined the streets and sidewalks, awaiting the appointed hour.

George Jarviss, in his hotel room, heard the usual commotion of the company shooting scenes. He decided to go down and watch. Presently he was pushing through the crowd.

Sidney Ainsworth, the director, was

painstakingly rehearsing the hold-up scene.

"Now Pat, remember, when you approach the teller in the rear of the bank—go behind the counter, poke your guns in his ribs. Order him to go into the vault for the big money. I'll have the camera follow you from the machine here, see?"

"Okay, chief."

"O Mr. Burroughs," Ainsworth cried, "May I use one or two of your tellers in this scene?"

"Surely, Mr. Ainsworth." Calling to his cashier and chief teller, he said: "Joe, you and Mr. Bryant, do whatever Mr. Ainsworth says."

"All you have to do, boys, is to go inside the vault, when Mr. McQuire, the gangster, tells you to," explained Ainsworth.

"Should we act scared?" Joe asked.

Ainsworth thought a moment. "Mum! Yes, I guess so." Then he called: "Are you boys in the camera car set?"

"Okay, chief," replied the cameramen.

"All right, now don't forget. Now McQuire, you and your men hold-up the bank. Dash in the vault for a second; run out of the bank. Hop in the touring car, here, and start down the street. The camera car will be in front of you shooting the action. If it's good we won't have to do it the second time. Let's go. In the bank, boys. Camera!"

RUNNING in the door, the actors rushed up to the tellers; pushed them inside the safe with their pistols. The director watched. Next moment they were running out of the doors again. Into the waiting machine they dashed as the camera car started ahead of them down the street.

"Great scene, Mr. Reston, eh?" Burroughs slapped the mayor of the town on the back.

"I never knew how they made those movies till now," the mayor replied.

Every eye watched the speeding cars disappearing down the main street, away from the bank.

Jarviss stood by, wondering. Bur-

roughs seeing Jarviss, went over to him and shook hands.

"That was a fine scene your company just took, Mr. Jarviss."

"Pardon?"

"I said that was a great scene your company just took."

"That wasn't my company. Some other studio must be here on location, too. But I didn't recognize any one—I—"

Just then the cashier came running breathlessly out of the bank.

"Mr. Burroughs! Oh, oh—Mr. Burroughs, they—those men—" He pointed frantically in the direction of the speeding cars.

"Come, come, Bryant! What's the matter?"

"Those men—backed Joe and myself into the vault and took all the cash. And I—I don't know how many thousands of dollars worth of bonds."

Burroughs was in a quandary trying to understand the man.

"You—you say they robbed the—Mr. Jarviss, are you sure that wasn't your company?"

"Certainly I'm sure it wasn't my company. They don't get here until next week."

"Oh, my God! Then they were real bandits, and the bank's been cleaned out! My God! Robbed. And the whole town here cheering the robbers on."

He fell in a heap into the cashier's arms, who was staring at Jarviss blankly.

Childhood Memories

Continued from Page 12

The woman pulling at his tie now made one, great effort. This saved Mr. Duffus' life, because the tie tore in half and he found himself once more lying prone on the floor.

Somehow or other, Mr. Duffus managed to stagger out of "Gingham's Dress Shop." When he found himself outside, he made a dash for a taxi. All that he could gasp out before he lapsed into unconsciousness was "the nearest hospital."

And thus ended Mr. Duffus' visit to a scene of his childhood.

The First Bottle Neck

Continued from Page 10

Canyon. Advised to enter the San Joaquin by way of Cottonwood and Tejon Creeks, they proceeded to remake that trail into a wagon-road, the first across the Tehachapis, and midway between the Grapevine and Old Tehachapi Passes. Its use by whites would seem to begin with these Forty-niners. It was probably not much of a road. In 1853, Lieut. Williamson, for the War Department, seeking a feasible way for a railroad out of the San Joaquin, stigmatized it as the "worst road he ever saw." He immediately built a much better one through the Grapevine. A year later the Department established a military post (Fort Tejon) on this highway, selecting the site where the unfortunate Lebeck staged his bout with the grizzly—a level tract flanked by mountains rising two or three thousand feet above it, the last place a commander would choose for defensive purposes. But it was not built with that objective. Its functions were like those of a police station. With the outbreak of the Civil War, its staff was needed elsewhere and it was abandoned.

For obvious reasons, most of the traffic by Elizabeth Lake was soon using this route. Old Tejon Pass, between the sources of Tejon and Cottonwood creeks, became obsolete, and its name, attracted by that of the fort, was transferred to the pass at the head of that canyon, a short distance east (above) Lebeck. Five years later, Lieut. Beale acquired all the region, some 200,000 acres, between the Grape-

vine and Tehachapi Pass. His California home, on the lower Tejon Creek, was known as "The Tejon," and the old Tejon Pass was his route to Los Angeles.



Francisco Lopez "el Rico," distinguished Californian ranchero and one-time owner of much of the land in vicinity of Elizabeth Lake and San Francisquito Canon.

OUT of the east, most appropriately, came one morning into Leonis Valley a herd of strange animals, unlike anything hitherto seen west of the Rockies. They were Bactrian camels on their way to Fort Tejon. The idea of utilizing these "ships of the desert" in the far west originated with the above named lieutenant. His brother officers scouted it,

but Jefferson Davis, President Buchanan's Secretary of War, cordially approved it, and at length obtained an appropriation for trying the experiment. In 1856 there arrived at Galveston from Syria 77 of these camels with two native caretakers. These worthies refused to continue with their charges after they were landed. One must sympathize with the camels in their plight. In a strange country, in the hands of a queer people who were always hurrying hither and thither, who screamed strange noises in their ears, and knew nothing of their needs or habits, their waking hours must have been a constant terror.

Fortunately, Beale, who, it is said, had learned enough of the Syrian language to be understood by them, was placed in charge of the first and only "camel corps" in the U. S. Army. Some were assigned to Albuquerque, some to the Gadsden Purchase, and others to Fort Tejon, whence they made frequent trips past Elizabeth Lake on their way to Los Angeles for supplies. Although the most docile, efficient and harmless beasts that ever came into the southwest, they were the innocent cause of disruption of business and of property damage whenever they appeared in Los Angeles streets. Horses became unmanageable, cattle stampeded, women and children fled to shelter. American teamsters were raised with the brainy and rebellious mule, and preferred an animal that has to be "broken," fought into subjection; one that constantly challenges their mastery. An animal that willingly knelt to receive his load, and in every way was doing his best to serve, was an incomprehensible freak, only to be hated and despised.

This unpopularity was insidiously fomented and cultivated by the mule trust at St. Louis and at Washington, as well as in the southwest. When Davis left the War Department, the camels lost one of their two friends. Lieut. Beale had used them successfully in his surveys along the 35th parallel (route of the future Santa Fe R. R. between Santa Fe and the Colorado River), and brought forward many reasons why they were superior to mules especially in the desert. But when Fort Tejon was dismantled

Read further on Page 20



The Drum Bar Barracks at Wilmington, military headquarters during the Civil War. Note Union Uniforms and one of the camels which Jefferson Davis imported from Arabia in the fifties for desert freighting.

"Honesty's Best"

By ELEANOR GRAY

JUST one year previously Haywood Stone used regularly to escort his employer's daughter, Dorothy Tilton, to the polo games at Burlingame. Now he came to seek employment at the grounds.

A red-haired small boy attendant at the course looked after him and remarked.

"Gee! What that fellow needs is to get thrown from the back of a frisky pony. I bet he never had a thrill in his life, the poor fish. He's never earned an exciting dollar or anything—not him!"

But the boy wronged Haywood; that was just what he had done. Moreover, he was no "fish." From his earliest years he had earned his living in the most exciting place of San Francisco, the stock exchange on California Street. His chances of "going big" eventually with the firm for which he worked in the Exchange were very good. Then the stock crash of '29.

"I'm going to get sunstruck, Sir, if you haven't some job I can fill around here," he said to the manager of the polo grounds, as he entered the office of the Burlingame club.

The man laughed. Then, as if something deterred his further merriment, he said, "Pardon me. I didn't mean that your being out of a job is funny."

He mopped his forehead.

"Say, we get 'em all down here at present—pitchers in home-town baseball teams, writers, college students who've been raised on Shakespeare and Arnold. Couldn't possibly feed 'em all—let alone pay them for work."

"Maybe I'm a little different from them, Sir," Haywood said as he looked straight into the man's eyes. "In my kid days I could manage horses mighty well on the ranch in Wyoming. Now that I can't get a job in the stock game, thought I'd do anything honest I could get to butter my bread for awhile anyhow."

"Sorry, but that's our line-up in work at present."

"Very well," Haywood said, "I'll have to see what I can do somewhere else."

As he left the polo grounds, drops of moisture rolled down his face. He felt utterly and despairingly alone. Besides, he was so hungry that if he had

not been "born honest," he could have stolen pennies from a blind man's cup to buy something to satisfy his gnawing appetite.

Then pulling himself together he thought, "Even if I feel as if I'm a hundred years old with not one good year as my batting average, I intend to turn my nose up with optimism anyhow. I'll make a bee-line for the city again, and try my luck."

He had left the city two weeks before thinking to find something in the smaller places adjacent to San Francisco.

Even though he had eaten nothing since breakfast, wearily he continued to walk. He was penniless now. All his savings had been used up in living expenses since the slogan "Unmarried men first to be fired," had forced him out early in the stock debacle.

ABOUT nine o'clock that night he reached the ocean beach. He was weak and exhausted. He thought how often in times not so long past he had enjoyed himself out there in the company of Dorothy. It had been her pet hobby to get enjoyment out of walking, riding horse-back, or driving there.

He recalled now the girl's gay laugh as they walked far out on the edge of the water. Often a wave would break into white, fleecy bubbles, and drench them thoroughly. These truly had been ecstatic moments for him and her, too.

Entering a restaurant, he walked up to the quick-lunch counter. The waitress dropped her casual air as she fixed her eyes upon him.

"Do you need anyone to help around here, I'll do anything?" he buoyantly asked.

Staring at Haywood, her mouth slightly open, and showing an intriguing dimple as she leaned over the counter, the girl replied.

"Oh, Lord, no. Why nobody's got carfare to even come out here on week days these times—only the owners of the side-show, the employees, the freaks, and sea gulls pass here. The Greek up the road gets all the folks

from the shows and the other strays ones who drive out later. He's got the only place they can get a bite, if they're cold or want a sandwich. Why don't you try there?"

"No harm in trying, anyhow," Haywood, undaunted, remarked.

As he started gravely to walk up the road toward the restaurant owned by the Greek, he glanced out over the great ocean. He wondered about the distant horizon, that endless wonder, where sky and sea mingle into an alluring darkness. The clouds appeared to rise out of the sea above the horizon. The ocean waves broke, too, into long, splintered, flinty wavelets and bubbles. He would not be like one of the tiny bubbles dashed by the force of the irresistible tide against the rocks. All the grandeur and power somehow made him feel stronger.

At any rate he would not be so ashamed to ask a man for a meal. Asking a pretty girl for one was too agonizing for him. The night was dark as he trudged up the beach. He was so hungry that he felt that the breath of life itself would be soon snatched from him, if he did not get something to eat.

The stars overhead appeared brighter than ever to him, though. He thought of a line he had once learned.

"The darkest night the world has ever seen did not put out the stars!" It always made him feel brave to look at the stars. Earth always had been "crammed with beauty" for him.

As he neared the restaurant shack kept by the foreigner, he ceased his dreams. He heard the whirring of the engine of a machine. Coming closer to the place, he saw the owner jump into his car and speed away.

Going up to the door of the restaurant, he looked in. Then he looked through a side window. Evidently the man had left suddenly. All the dishes were piled high, and the place was in surely would be no robbery in opening this window with the broken latch, going in, and feeding himself. Then by making the place spic and span he figured to pay for what he had eaten. He decided to write a note and explain his predicament to the proprietor.

AFTER he had cooked some ham and eggs, coffee, and toast and had eaten them, his appetite abruptly became satisfied. He felt like an imprisoned man who had suddenly been released. Then he began to wash the dishes. The hot water was covered with fluffy bubbles. He was spashing the multitude of dishes when the policeman on the beat looked in the window by which Haywood had entered.

Raising the unlatched window, the officer called in,

"Closed shop early tonight."

Stone looked up and smiled in a queer, uncertain way as the officer continued.

"Oh, you're the new cook, eh?"

Danger made the shack kitchen feel like home to Haywood. His fatigue was gone as he worked.

The policeman's voice broke the strain for him.

"Smell's great, anyhow. Cleaning up for a change. Needed it badly enough. Busiest and dirtiest place at the beach! Strange how people never think about kitchens when they're hungry."

Tactfully he then added, "You must be good to please old Harris."

Haywood smiled broadly.

"Suppose you fix me a ham an'—I'll boost you to the boss. He left you lots to do when he went. Didn't he?"

Haywood was tremulous as he thought that he could not ask the policeman to pay for what he ate.

As the officer of the law took his place at the counter, a bunch of freaks from the side-shows, seeing him eating, pounded at the door for entrance. Stone opened it. Entering they seated themselves next to the policeman who remarked,

"Well, alligator, what do you want to eat for? Aren't you swallowing humans all day? So the spieler says."

Then the rajah, tall, swarthy, and sinister, the teller of fanciful and weird tales to the idlers at the beach, took his place in the line at the counter.

Hawkers, haggard, grim-lipped, and dog-tired, looked queerly at Haywood as he snapped the orders like an automaton.

"Ham an', coffee, sinkers," he repeated alertly.

As they finished eating, Haywood garnered up the money. More disturbing thoughts entered his head when he found that he had a sum of money which did not belong to him on his hands.

While he was deciding what was the safest way to take care of it for the proprietor, the girl from the restaurant down the road entered. She saw Haywood waiting on the customers as he passed the door and came in to congratulate him upon finding employment.

Her eyes twinkled as she spoke.

"Gee, you got work all right. I see."

"Yes." Haywood laughed. There was a queer, searching tone in his voice. His lips suddenly became dry.

"Well, why look as if you'd got your death warrant instead," she teasingly added.

Her voice, however, strengthened and cheered him.

"Worse than that, Miss. I'm in an awful jam. I was starving when I left your place. Reached here just in time to see the boss drive away. I glanced in the side window, saw it had a broken latch, also saw a ton of dishes to clean up. So I thought to clean up the place and pay myself by eating a meal.

"Then the policeman hailed me as the cook, ordered a meal. To add to my agony, this mob piled in on me next. I'm in an awful fix. I've got ten dollars cash which my unwanted customers just left me. What to do with it is what's bothering me."

"Oh, give it to the cop. He'll probably never give it to Harris, anyhow, but then that's not your business. I know Connolly, and I'll tell him you've got to go to your grandmother's funeral."

The thought was mother of the deed with the girl.

"Here, Connolly, the cook can't be here tomorrow. Got to attend his mother-in-law's funeral. He wants you to take care of this chicken-feed for Nick, so that it won't get lost."

"There's scads of it, too. Isn't there?" the policeman commented as he took the change.

"Well, honesty's best," he added, as he counted out the money.

JUST as he was putting the night's proceeds into his pocket, to the utter surprise of Haywood and the girl, Harris entered his establishment "What's up, Officer?" he inquired surprisedly.

"What's up, Nick? What do you see? Here your cook just gave me this money to keep for you until the morning. You must have heard me counting it, and showed up just in time to grab it. You foreigners can hear the

jingle of the coin miles away. Can't you? Don't you know that I think honesty's best always and that I'd take care of it for you you big hunk of cheese?"

The Greek restaurant keeper was dazed with astonishment. As he listened, his mouth wide open, too.

"Why, I ain't got no cook."

"The heck you haven't. Then who's this bozo that's been cooking this here food tonight?"

At this point, Haywood spoke

"It's all my fault, officer. I was hungry. I intended to ask this man for work. He just left as I came up the road."

Then he told his intention of trying to pay for his meal.

"You did, you thief. You find out that my brother—he was coming from New York tonight. You know that I get a crowd at this hour, and you thought to skin me out of my money. You did!" intercepted the shopkeeper angrily.

The policeman decided to quell the wrath of the foreigner.

WHILE the officer was talking a machine stopped in front of the restaurant

Almost immediately a well dressed, personable man inquired, "May we get a cup of hot coffee?"

As he turned to glance around the place, he added, "Why, Haywood, what—you the cook here? Never knew you were a chef."

Haywood, laughingly, answered, "No, neither did I, either, Mr. Tilton."

The words jerked from Stone's lips.

"You know this man Sir," queried the policeman as he glanced at the prosperous looking man and the party accompanying him.

"Indeed, yes, mighty well, too. He was one of my most up-and-coming boys until the stock market episode a while ago."

"Now you see, Harris. You had some money-making cook handed you out of a clear sky," commented the officer.

"Oh, yes, yes. But I don't like no man to come into my place when I'm not here, when I have to go to meet my brother."

"What—" the prosperous looking man repeated, "come into your place when you're not there—"

At this juncture Haywood spoke.

"It's just this way, Mr. Tilton. I was starving I walked all the way

Read further on Page 29

THE KING'S GRANT

By MINNA IRVING

THE grounds of Castle Hill, the ancestral home of the famous novelist Amelie Rives, Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy, have been opened to the public for the first time in its history. It is 14 miles from Monticello, with which it is closely associated.

In these days of general restlessness it is rare to find a residence in this country constructed two centuries or more ago and still occupied by the family that built it. Ever since a Rives wedded the granddaughter of the man who built Castle Hill, a Rives has always lived there.

When Virginia was a virgin wilderness and Jamestown a stockaded village, King George II granted to Nicholas Meriwether 15,000 acres of forest. Meriwether cleared a commanding elevation in the heart of it and built a house, sending abroad for the furniture. He lived but a short time to enjoy it with his young bride. Dr. Thomas Walker married Meriwether's widow in 1741 and so came into possession of the property.

Being of an adventurous spirit like most sturdy pioneers of the period, Dr. Walker led an exploring expedition into Kentucky in 1750, twenty-four years ahead of Daniel Boone. During his absence an Indian war-party attacked and burned the house, and Mrs. Walker with her servants escaped the tomahawk by hiding in the woods.

On his return Dr. Walker built the present house on the site of the old one, but on a much more ambitious scale than the original; in 1765 he added the north front as it now stands.

He was noted far and wide for his hospitality and his mint-juleps, which he always mixed himself. Castle Hill has sheltered many a guest whose name has been indelibly written on the pages of American history. Logan, the celebrated Indian chief, smoked the pipe of peace at its cheery fireside, and his steadfast friendship protected the place from further raids by the red men. Jefferson rode over from Monticello as often as his gubernatorial duties permitted, and regarded Castle

Hill as his second home. James Madison and the charming Dolly, afterward mistress of the White House, were frequent visitors, and Lafayette passed several days there in splendid entertainment. There were plenty of good horses to ride, fishing in the clear streams, shooting in the woods where wild life abounded, and when the candles were lighted, dancing to the music of negro fiddlers, while a well-stocked cellar of liquid refreshment augmented the merriment.

The doctor's juleps and a memorable breakfast served by Mrs. Walker played a significant part in the Revolution by saving a future President from capture by the British.

Governor Jefferson and the Virginia Assembly were at Monticello when in the gray of dawn a spent horse and mud-splashed rider turned in at the entrance gates of Castle Hill, between the towering hedges of tree-box. Captain Jack Jouett of the Continental Army was stopping for a fresh mount in his headlong ride to warn Jefferson that Colonel Tarleton was on the way to seize him.

Captain Jack had hardly resumed his breakneck flight when Tarleton arrived, demanding breakfast for himself and his troopers.

Dr. Walker received him with the greatest cordiality, ordered a bountiful meal in the kitchen for the soldiers, and proceeded to mix particularly delectable mint-juleps for the officers while Mrs. Walker prepared an elaborate breakfast. Such a breakfast was never before set out at Castle Hill, not even for the Marquis Lafayette—nor one that took more time to do it justice. There is a partial record still preserved of the good things that saved the day for Jefferson; baked ham, brown spare-ribs, delicious cornbread, mounds of sweet potatoes, and hot short-cakes with honey. Tarleton declared that he had not tasted such viands in many a long day. When finally the redcoats departed after an-

other round of juleps the morning was far advanced, and Monticello deserted.

Of course no blame could possibly be attached to the good doctor for having so royally entertained His Majesty's officers.

The march of time has reduced the "king's grant" from 15,000 to 3,000 acres, but the venerable forest in which Mrs. Walker found refuge when the savages pillaged and destroyed her home still surrounds Castle Hill with the peace and seclusion of the primeval wilderness. Hedges of box over 40 feet high and more than 200 years old guard the entrance and enclose the drives in walls of vivid green. Hoary oaks that extended their branches above the Indian council-fires before the white man came, shadow the roof or drop their acorns in the woods. Tulip and silver poplars, silver firs, spreading horse-chestnuts, Norway spruce, ash, elm, acacia and magnolia still embower Castle Hill as they did when Nicholas Meriwether carved a home from the depths of the forest. But the chief glory of the place is the ancient and magnificent oaks.

Judith Page Walker, the daughter of the doctor's son Francis, married William Cabell Rives, who added a south front to the house in 1824, and since then it has been practically unchanged.

The house is in true Southern style, two stories, with the deep roof with row of dormer windows forming the second story, and ivy and blossoming vines draping the white pillars of the portico.

Dignified, hospitable, eloquent of the traditions of a hard-riding, God-fearing race that was rooted in England but expanded and flowered in the New World, you come away from Castle Hill feeling you have been in close touch with the noble men and women of a glorious past—the men and women who made Virginia what it is, a state which has contributed more than its quota of illustrious names to the nation.

The First Bottle Neck

Continued from Page 16

1861, the experiment was ended. Beale bought as many as he could care for, and on his ranch they spent the rest of their days free from torment. Of others less fortunate, some were tried out by local express companies; some were used in Carson Valley as late as 1870; a few were turned loose in the great desert where they or their descendants are said to have been occasionally seen many years afterward. Greek George, commonly mentioned with them, is not named in Beale's account.

DOUBTLESS the most thrilling and spectacular feature of the pageant was the Overland Mail, the Butterfield stage line. While not the first cross-country carrier in government service, it was the first to be adequately equipped and favored with high executive ability. After years of opposition from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the Butterfield people were awarded a contract in the fall of 1857, permitting them to carry first-class mail only, and passengers, between the Mississippi River and San Francisco, over a route selected by the Postmaster-General, Aaron V. Brown. The first coach appeared at the "bottle-neck" in October, 1855. It had left Tipton, Missouri, the terminus of a short railway westward from St. Louis, about four weeks previous. North of Los Angeles, its route lay through Cahuenga Pass, San Francisquito Canyon, the "neck," past Fort Tejon to Bakersfield, Visalia, Pacheco Pass, Gilroy, to San Francisco. Passengers were required among other conditions,

to board themselves en route, conveniences for which were provided at relay stations 15 miles apart, more or less, according to the nature of the terrain traversed.

Few of these relay stations remain, even as vestiges. There are two adobes near the eastern end of the "neck," but, according to Miss Marion Parks, an accepted authority on the adobes in southern California, neither was ever used by the stage lines. The eastern one, however, mentioned above as the Andrada adobe, stands on the site of the Lake Station, which was built in the Fifties by Pedro Andrada. It was the first of three erected by him on this spot, the present one built in 1885, being the third. It is now occupied by his grand-daughter. The nearby creek probably determined the location. A short distance west, on the Burns ranch, is the second adobe, built by one Ortiz, a mule-driver employed by Lieut. Beale, on land given him by his employer. It is presumably much older than the Andrada house, and from what we know of Ortiz's affairs, was probably erected when business was booming here, just

before the outbreak of the Civil War.

In April, 1861, the last Butterfield stage thundered past Elizabeth Lake. The outbreak of the war between the States sounded the knell of the company's career. The Confederates confiscated as much of its outfit as lay in their territory. Another company purchased the remainder and established a line over the central route, via Salt Lake and south of the Humboldt River. Beginning July 1st, this line gave daily service, something hitherto unattainable because of the dominance of the South in the Congress of the United States.

Other stages passed through here, some of which need only be mentioned. Wells-Fargo operated a line between "Los Angeles and the Tejon" (Fort Tejon) in 1855. Alexander & Banning's line was making regular trips from Wilmington via Elizabeth Lake, Oak Creek Pass, and Caliente to Havi-lah and the Kern River region. Another line followed the same road as far as Oak Creek, where it turned east and entered the Owens Valley, to Independence. Another line whose career was brief but thrilling, deserves more than passing notice. It was to run monthly between Stockton and Kansas City, and was established by Postmaster-General Brown early in Buchanan's administration. West of Santa Fe, it ran through a totally uninhabited and unknown desert section, over the trail surveyed by Beale along the 35th parallel in 1857, and later utilized by the Santa Fe Railway. Brown felt that a mail service, like a railroad, would justify its cost, even some loss, by attracting immigration along its course. This route was designed to advertise the desert section just mentioned, and was a third shorter than the Old Spanish Trail through

Read further on Page 24



Old Geronimo Lopez adobe, for years stage-coach station at head of San Fernando Valley. Site of the home is now covered by the San Fernando Reservoir.



First sketch of Mission San Fernando. San Fernando Valley and Mission buildings as they appeared when first road makers saw them. Sketch made by first surveying party in 1852.

Mark Twain and Jane Austin

By CYRIL CLEMENS

An Imaginary Meeting on a Transatlantic Steamer.

Scene: The promenade deck of the steamer, the passengers are seated on deck chairs. Jane Austin and Mark Twain are seated side by side.

JANE AUSTIN to Mark Twain: I am told that you said any library was good provided only it didn't have any of my books.

Mark: Yes, that is right!

Jane: Why do you have such a dislike for my works?

Mark (pulling hard at his cigar): They don't give the reader anything. It is like raising a beer mug to your lips and finding plain water.

Jane: But people say I did what I set out to do: portrayed the lives of humdrum people in an accurate and in all modesty, clever, manner. I was not as fortunate as you, and all my life has been passed in an extremely circumscribed sphere. I am not one of those writers who can produce a folio on the moon after having paid two-penny to look through a telescope.

Mark (brusquely): Women should never attempt a novel. See what a failure George Eliot made of *Romola*. Because a pen resembles a manicuring stick, women think that it is their own property.

Jane: But I had an artistic urge which I had to express in some manner.

Mark (pleasantly sarcastic): Couldn't you have expressed yourself in an extra fine chocolate cake?

Jane (somewhat offended): Do you think cooking requires any exercise of the brain? I have stood my turn over the hot stove, and can assure you that there is not a speck of inspiration in it. I had to express myself artistically!

Mark: Because you want "to express yourself artistically" as you term it, that is no reason for writing books that bore us to tears. You must think of the poor people who grab up one of your books at the last minute without realizing you are the author. But perhaps you do them a blessing, for they will have had a refreshing sleep before the journey is over.

Jane (in a womanly outburst): What do you think your books do to people?

Mark: Make them call the author

a darn fool. But why do you have so much ado about nothing in your books? Why give so many insignificant details when you can come to the heart of the matter at once?

Jane: It is the little strokes that count— that make the picture tangible for the reader. Compare, for instance, my Mr. Collins with your Colonel Sellers.* If we had attempted to describe these men in a few words, the reader would not feel that he knew them. The nuances are the most important element in any description, and these can never be "put over" by the thunder and lightning method.

Mark: That is all very true, but you fail to discriminate. Colonel Sellers actually does things and attempts much more, but your characters seem to advance no further than a treadmill. You no sooner, for instance, bring Mr. Bennet* upon the scene than you inform the reader that he went into the library to have a quiet read. So it is with all of your characters.

Jane: There are many people in the world who do nothing.

Mark: That cannot be gainsaid, but why inflict such individuals upon an unoffending reader?

Jane: Because they are human, and literature embraces all humanity. The man who spends his day in eating, sleeping, and reading or talking a little, will bleed just as much as Napoleon if you stick a knife into him. In other words both are equally human. Human nature has a wardrobe of all patterns and sizes.

*Mark Twain told the author's father that Colonel Sellers was his favorite character, and the only one he would recognize on the street.

*The father of the girls in "Pride and Prejudice."

Mark: Nature embraces the whole human managerie, that is true. But that is where literature has the advantage over Nature, it can choose the material it wants to deal with.

Jane: But only very little choice was given to me: I knew so few people. Therefore if I want to describe any characters at all I must take those which most people would call, as you do, dull and insipid. Nothing wildly exciting happened around Basingtoke. Therefore my reader cannot expect to be lifted out of his seat with excitement. But perhaps you mean to imply that I should not have written at all?

Mark: I think you could have said all you had to say in little sketches and short pieces. A novel is a rather heavy undertaking for a woman!

Jane: You will admit, no doubt, that women are loquacious? How can we say what we have to say in such a brief space? Do you not know that writing briefly is no child's play? Do you imply that I should not have written at all?

Mark: Perhaps you would have been happier if you had restricted yourself to short pieces. You had hardly enough to write about, at least, to write novels.

Jane: Do you like Mrs. Radcliffe? Perhaps you think I should have followed her example and written about persons and things that I know nothing whatever about?

Mark: I am unacquainted with Mrs. Radcliffe, but I feel that we are arguing at cross purposes. You seem to take it for granted that your true vocation was writing novels, and I feel that you are making a mistake.

Jane (having a sudden inspiration): Do you believe in woman's suffrage?

Mark: Decidedly not!

Jane: Then that explains your attitude! Please excuse me, I have some letters to write.

Mark (pulling out his cornucopia as Jane leaves the deck: Explains it: I wish it did!

The Emergency in Education

Continued from Page 8

"The essentials rather than the fads must be emphasized." Such is the type of criticism heard most frequently. The critics usually fail, on the other hand, to speak of the changing conditions in our economic structure, our industrial situation, our civic development, our social life. They seem not to realize how different is the life today from what it was formerly. They should know that the school program must be modern in its makeup and scientific in its application, thus to meet the new forces that enter into this developing democracy.

The public school has, nevertheless, a tremendous hold upon the imagination of our people. Many of these same critics of the educational system are, in the final analysis, strong proponents of the public schools. It is gratifying to note the willingness with which the average citizen customarily votes for an issue of bonds for school purposes. The business man, the citizen will, as soon as he is convinced of the need and justice of the cause, vote money for the support of schools to an extent almost unbelievable. Citizens generally are in hearty sympathy with the American public school. Frequently, however, they do not fully appreciate the need for courses of study or methods of procedure that differ radically from those in force in the earlier days. People are ready to admit the value of proper training and are willing to finance the school; but until the meaning and significance of the school of the present is interpreted to the people, many are not fully convinced of its efficiency.

It may be said that today, the nation is literally going to school. Since the dawn of history, wars have sapped the strength of the people, drained their treasuries, and left behind them burdens of debt and untold an-

guish in human wreckage. The World War did this to an appalling degree. But an outstanding result of the war is a nationwide appreciation of the value of an education for every American boy and every American girl. The depression, too, and the swelling ranks of the unemployed, have tended to add materially to school attendance.

It is no easy matter to bring anew before our millions of people those lessons discovered to us by the War. If we are still a nation of "sixth graders," as some contend, then must the schools reach out and raise the people to a higher educational level of intelligence. Not more than 40 per cent of children in the United States complete the first eight years of school. As bad as are the conditions in this regard in the cities, the darkest blot is in the rural districts. It is not possible to develop an intelligent citizenship from half-trained minds. An uneducated electorate is a menace to society and a barrier to the development of our much vaunted democracy. More than six years of schooling are necessary in which boys and girls may develop appreciation of the problems of government and of true citizenship.

A prominent theologian, quoted in a metropolitan daily, pays his respects to our school system. He says: "A shortcoming of the modern school is its failure to encourage the spirit of individualism and the free expression by pupils in the schoolroom, of their thoughts and feelings. Our schools," says he, "should not be institutions in which boys and girls are taught to repeat parrot-like, the words of their teachers."

It is such criticism as this, by those whose general educational level is high but whose knowledge of the school is meager, that does great harm. The critic is, of course, hon-

est and sincere in his belief, but his criticism in this instance is about as wide of the mark as it could well be. If there is one phase of the modern school that distinguishes it from its predecessors, it is that today the tendency is to "encourage the spirit of individualism, and the free expression of pupils." It was a deserved criticism of the school of the past that it did not do this.

And again. In the older days there was much rote work. Children were called upon to memorize. Pupils recited in concert. They learned their lessons from the book. If in the recitation they could repeat parrotlike the words of book or teacher, it was presumed they were being "*educated*." The spirit and genius of the present-day school is entirely different. Thought and expression are given preference over memory and concert work. The individual is made the center and is the object of chief concern. Ability to *think* and to *do* is considered more essential than ability to memorize. Modern psychology teaches that to know where to go for information when needed will lead to better results than will come from storing the mind with many unrelated facts.

Education is much more than information.

Another typical instance of unwise adverse criticism is found in the statement of a mother who, in speaking of inadequate third grade training, says: "They *are not* teaching the children a thing except to cut paper and play." Statements of this nature are often featured in headlines. A severe arraignment of the school is considered "news" by the public press. All too infrequently do we find space allowed for discussion of the marked developments in education, the points at which the modern school excels and the fact that present-day education is much more practical and effective than was that of our fathers. It is no arraignment of the school of the past to point

out that inadequate in many regards as is our present-day system of education, it is nevertheless better adapted to our day and generation than was the school of those former generations to the needs of the earlier time.

A representative lay-writer contends that the the graduates of our schools are sadly lacking in knowledge of fundamentals. Admittedly the schools leave much to be desired. But despite this fact, the young people who come from our schools today are, in many instances, better prepared in the fundamentals than are those successful men and women by whom they are employed and who are themselves the product of the "good old school." With equal truth it may be admitted that as yet sufficient attention is not given to what are called "elementary things." It is not so much a question of knowledge *per se*, that should be the aim of the school, as it is ability to know where to seek information when it is required. It is unnecessary and unwise to burden the mind with endless details. The student should know how to study and be so trained as to persistently and logically "run down" the information of which he is at the moment in need.

The school has a broader task than to deal merely with the intellectual life of the child. The mentally deficient, the physically unfit or the morally defective child must each receive special treatment. The home must not shirk its responsibility in this regard. Any backward, abnormal or "problem" child, is the result of heredity or environment, or both. It is important that the home and the school cooperate in all matters relating to the child's welfare,—physical, intellectual, spiritual, social. The teacher must not rely entirely upon the specialist in these matters. Character training is always of more importance than is ability to straighten out a tangled sentence, or to

Read further on page 27

The First Bottle Neck

Continued from Page 20

Utah between the same points. From the Colorado westward, it followed the latter trail towards Cajon Pass, but left it east of the pass, to turn northward on the path followed by Smith and Fremont, joining the road from Los Angeles at the Andrada adobe. From this point, the Stockton-Kansas City stages traveled the same route as the Butterfield line as far as Visalia, where they turned north to Stockton.

THE first coach from this western terminus left Stockton November 1st, 1858. One left Kansas City a month earlier. It carried one letter and seven passengers. Arriving at Fort Tejon, the travelers were regaled with blood-curdling tales of attacks by Indians of the Mojave. Nevertheless, they pushed on by Elizabeth Lake and out into the desert. By day expecting an assault by savage men from the desert on one side and by night by savage grizzlies on the other, their nerves were well-nigh worn to a frazzle. After much argument the driver took the party back to the fort, and asked for an escort. The Commandant declared he had no authority to furnish one for such a purpose. During the discussion, the coach from Kansas City rolled in, and soon after, both stages set out for Stockton. The tales had little or no foundation. Not until May did the next coach from the east arrive. With four others from Stockton, they carried all the business during the nine months of operation. Two letters and twenty-six papers westbound and seven letters and some papers eastbound comprised the entire mail. The cost thus far was \$80,000; the revenue, \$2,750.

Brown died before the line had rounded out its first year. He was succeeded by Judge Holt, of Kentucky. The latter had scant sympathy with Brown's policy; one of his first official acts was the cancelling of that contract. Aaron V. Brown was in office exactly two years, but he accomplished much. On the Pacific Coast he was very popular, and was said to be the first man in any administration to get the western viewpoint. Of six postal routes serving the Coast, four had been established by him as follows:

Butterfield Overland Mail.

San Antonio-San Diego.

New Orleans-San Francisco.

Stockton-Kansas City.

Though a law partner of President Polk in Memphis, he was out of touch with the policy of his southern confederates.

WITH the advent of the Sixties, the procession began to straggle,—the distance between successive units lengthened. The causes are neither numerous nor far to be sought. The Coast Belt was becoming Americanized. The exactions of business were more pressing, competition forced economy of time. Speedier transit between northern and southern parts of the state was a necessity, and the coastal communities found set traffic altogether too slow. The chief hindrance to the building of a good coast road had been the rough terrain through Santa Barbara County, entailing an expense which the county alone was unable to bear. The legislature had never yet appropriated one dollar for road construction in any county. Sacramento and El Dorado Counties had vainly tried for years to obtain state aid in building a road across the High Sierras into Carson Valley. However, in 1860 (the watchdog of the treasury must have been napping), the Legislature appropriated \$15,000 toward construction of a highway through Santa Barbara County, provided the county would raise and expend an equal amount for the same purpose. Thus was the Gaviota road financed.

The completion of this project was the beginning of the end of the prosperity that Elizabeth Lake had hitherto enjoyed, and a few years later, when the shrill whistle of a locomotive first echoed through the Tehachapis, those who heard it knew that the final curtain would soon be rung down on the great drama that had been staged at the lake. But the climax had already passed, and the inevitable denouement had begun. The former must have been reached about 1856, when gold was being mined on Kern River and in Owens Valley. At that time, the traffic must have been notable. Ten-

mule ore-wagons from both regions made their creaking way along the lake night and day. Returning more or less empty they went through at a gallop, for this roadway, doubtless, the best of the routes, irresistibly invited speed.

Not all the passing was vehicular. There was other freight—food, clothing, mining tools, machinery, tents, gambling paraphernalia, etc., much of which went through on pack animals. The camel trains, on their way to and from Los Angeles must have added a strange Oriental note to the colorful procession. The Kern River and Owens Valley stages rumbled through on schedule, with full complement of passengers consisting of miners, with gamblers and other camp-followers who preyed on them. And lastly, the Overland stage. When, after the long pull up "Squito Canyon, the driver stopped his horses at the crest for a few moments and wound his horn before starting down the short grade that ended at the Stage Station below, every pulse in the valley quickened in welcome. "There he is!" For be it known, no European potentate was ever held in greater awe and admiration than were these drivers of the cross-country stages. No ruler ever carried himself more proudly or received deference more regally than they, when they condescended to mingle with the denizens who flocked to the stations in anticipation of their arrival. They were the heroes of their time.

With the advent of the railroad, Oak Creek Pass (Old Tehachepi Pass) well-nigh disappears from the picture, and not a trace of the station there can be found. Winter rains and cloud-bursts have completely effaced it. The Pass is easily accessible from Tehachepi, and the view from it is well worth the little time required for the trip. Gradually the passing through the "bottle-neck" dwindled. The main arterial currents now sweep distantly around it, and, "far from the maddening crowd," the small remnant of the former bustling community of Elizabeth Lake dozes beneath its magnificent old trees, and dreams of the glories that were hers in the days "before the war."

STAGE AND SCREEN

By MAURICE L. KUSELL

GRAND GUIGNOL

Hollywood Music-Box Theatre

Presented by Geo. K. Arthur and Associates

Directed by Robert Vignola and Donald Crisp

"**G**RAND GUIGNOL" offers to those who have thrilled to such hair-raisers in the past as "The Rear Car," "The Bat" and others, four super-horror playlets. Excellently directed, with a cast of capable actors. Here is: Tragic brutality, as a sailor commits murder and frantically dismembers the body to secrete it in his sea-chest, cluding Scotland Yard, as he puts to sea . . . Sanguinary melo-drama in a mad-house . . . Gruesome pathos as a condemned man awaits the hour of execution in the death cell . . . Morbid comedy, with a mother-in-law, waiting for her daughter's husband to pass on, so that she may live in luxury.

Witness a performance of these chill inducers. Then walk down a dark street without turning to see just what that menacing shadow is!

"Grand Guignol" was first introduced during the fifteenth century in France, in the form of Punch and Judy shows. They won such success that the originator . . . Guignol, abandoned the puppet performers in favor of living actors. Five hundred years later finds this type of theatrical presentation still popular in Paris. Strange that among the sundry stage offerings that have been presented in the West, that some enterprising producer has not staged "Grand Guignol" until now.

'FRISCO JENNY

Warner Bros. Production

With Ruth Chatterton, James Murray, Louis Calhern, Helen Jerome Eddy, Donald Cook, Pat O'Malley

She was a good gal, but the 'Frisco quake done her wrong. Ruth Chatterton as Jenny, is the daughter of a saloon and dance hall proprietor along the old Barbary Coast. She is in love with the "honky-tonk" ivory tickler. They are about to be married when the big quiver comes along and kills the piano-player and Jenny's Dad. This leaves little Jenny alone in the fire-swept city, with no one but a Chinese girl (Helen Jerome Eddy), to face the

world and the birth of Jenny's che-ild out of wedlock. From here the picture goes from bad to worse. And from worse to San Quentin, as the years roll along. The baby is adopted by an influential family. Years later he becomes the district attorney for San Francisco. Jenny, too, prospers as a vice queen. She commits a murder to shield her son's good name. He prosecutes her, not cognizant that she is his mother. He wins a death verdict against her. The last few feet of film unroll as Jenny sobs against the bars worthy of the Chatterton talent. Not of the death cell. A story wholly unrecommended for juveniles.

✓ ✓ ✓

CHILD OF MANHATTAN

Columbia Picture

Directed by Eddie Buzzell

With Nancy Carroll, John Boles, Buck Jones

A billionaire finds real love in a tents-a-dance girl. A Cinderella theme with a heart-of-gold-cowboy tossed in. John Boles as the billionaire loves the dance hall girl, but doesn't care to marry her. Afraid of notoriety. Until . . . he accidentally discovers she is about to become a mother. Then he can't wait to get to the church with her. The baby does not live, so the dance hall lady travels to Mexico to secure a quiet divorce, that her chivalrous husband may have his freedom. In a speak-loudly just across the Mexican border she meets an old sweetheart, who has been rising steers for table use. He wants to marry her immediately. She tells him of her clandestine past and marriage to the moneyed man. But as he hasn't been any too pure either, he is still stuck to marry her. Believing that the ex-husband doesn't love her any more she condescends to marry the beef puncher. On the day of her wedding to the cow hostler, the billionaire arrives and prevents the marriage. The westerner being the type of chump that wants the girl happy, regardless of his own heartaches, gives her up to the other man, and goes back to his cows. Everything works out beautifully. Fade-out is a clinch with Nancy getting the man she loves and his bank roll.

ROCK-A-BYE

R.K.O. Picture

Directed by Geo. Cugar

With Constance Bennett, Paul Lukas, Joel McCrea

Originally this story was to be released as a vehicle for Gloria Swanson. After several slips and changes we see Constance Bennett in this opus. Shouting through sequence after sequence. As a temperamental stage star who has risen from the gutter, and doesn't seem quite able to stay out of it, is the role enacted by Dick Bennett's daughter. Miss Bennett climbed upon a high pedestal with her performance in "What Price Hollywood." If she hopes to remain on top of it she will have to begin to act again, and not rely upon lung power to put her scenes over. Paul Lukas as her theatrical producer-manager, is undeserving of such a trite part. Joel McCrea as a young playwright, gets his break for a New York production of his play because Connie falls for him. He is the "beeg lofer" in this screen story but falls short of burning the "fem" audience. High spot of the picture is the two-year-old baby girl. She is a natural actress at this early age. To find Miss Bennett in any scene in which this baby appears, would require a snow shovel.

✓ ✓ ✓

SON-DAUGHTER

Produced by M.G.M.

Directed by Clarence Brown

With Helen Hayes, Ramon Navarro, Lewis Stone, H. B. Warner, Warner Oland, Louise Closser Hale

The screen feels the Pearl Buck influence. Stories of this type require the utmost skill in handling. Casting such a production, regardless of what amount of talent an actor may have, should be considered delicately. The language of the Chinese has many dialects. So have the actors who portray Chinamen in this otherwise splendid picture. Helen Hayes gives a remarkable performance as the sacrificing daughter of a Chinese doctor, who bemoans to the Gods that she was not born a son. Ramon Navarro plays a young Oriental Prince with a Mexican accent. The entire cast with the exception of Helen Hayes, is bumped off in tong-war fashion. Leaving the little

Read further on Page 30

Historic Sisquoc

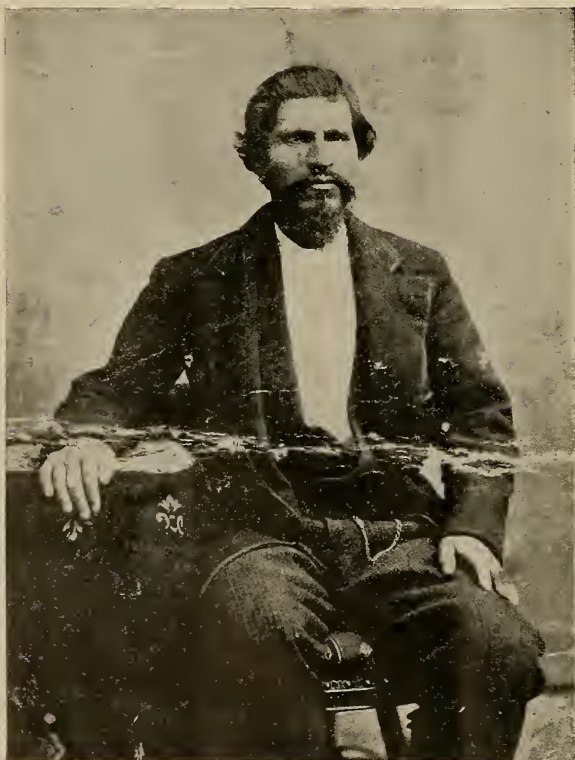
Continued from Page 14

The lumber that went into the Sisquoc Chapel, it is told, was of the finest quality, carefully selected. Certain it is that it was taken there from San Luis Obispo where it had been brought through old Port Hartford, and the cost of hauling it was \$40 per thousand.

Long is the chronicle of the little chapel. There a daughter of Foxen was confirmed by the celebrated Bishop Tadeo Amat. The steep driveway ascending to it has been worn deeply by the feet of mourners and solemn processions into the cemetery. Services were held there once each month in the old days, the padre coming from Mission Santa Ynez, twenty miles away, with a horse and buggy, sometimes accompanied by a choir of Indians from the Mission. Behind his



General Fremont's headquarters at Santa Barbara (1846). House built for Dona Francisco by Captain A. B. Thompson in 1835.



Tiburcio Vasquez, last of the famous Californian banditos, who terrorized the state for a decade and was captured at Los Angeles, often traversed this route on his way to mountain "hide-outs" in the Lake Elizabeth region.

pony "Maggie Moore," the genial Father McNally would jog over from the Mission Saturday afternoon to remain until after the service and the grand country dinner that would follow at one of the hospitable ranches of the valley.

THESE old-fashioned times came to a close in 1908, and the chapel ceased to receive the periodic visits of the faithful. Honey-bees became its only wardens, and woodpeckers were left to drill undisturbed into the costly lumber.

Rev. Mathias Ternes conducted the last services held there. At that time the road through Foxen Canon was still the highway, and the prominent position of the chapel became its undoing as a place of worship. For the automobile had been invented. Customarily the horses of the congregation were left at the foot of the mesa below the church. When the charging red automobiles of 1908, bearing the vanguard of the modern Sunday tourists, got up in linen dusters and goggles, first appeared, at the sound of one of them Father Ternes would behold the entire male portion of his congregation melt away before his eyes, to the accompaniment of shouting as the men ran down the hill to hold their horses.

But now automobiles no longer snort and it is a peaceful and retired road that runs through Foxen Canon. The very isolation of the Sisquoc Chapel enhances its quaint charm and invests

Continued from Page 14

The Emergency in Education

Continued from Page 23

locate the City of Tampico or the Bay of Biscay in their proper geographical zones. The modern teacher can tell more "human interest" stories than the ordinary citizen can imagine. This is because she touches the child at every point and realizes that to be properly educated, he must not be cut up into physical, mental and moral segments.

The military authorities at Washington were, during the War, outspoken in their criticism of lax methods in the school system. They characterized educational work as lacking in thoroughness. They denounced in no uncertain terms the inadequate training afforded young men and women. They censured what they claimed was an existing tendency, which results in inability or unwillingness of high school and college graduates to carry out orders or give commands or to execute a piece of work in a proper manner and at a required time. Large numbers of college graduates who, during the early months of the war, were seeking commissions in the various branches of our military service, failed in their academic examinations, and in their physical tests as well. In explanation of the cause of failure of so many men one military authority says: "They are mentally and physically slouchy." He further declares that the college man of today is "pushed" through school, that he has been spoiled by lack of proper discipline. His inability to stand upon his feet and talk and to give commands is attributed to the fact that his tongue is tied with indecision and "sloppiness." These men, says our critic, "cobbled" through school and have no self-dependence.

How much of truth is there in this arraignment of the school? Reply may perhaps be made that the critic is thinking in

terms of war, rather than of peace-time conditions; that the schools do not exist primarily as a training ground for men or officers for the field. Granting this, and appreciating fully that the military authorities may speak in exaggerated terms, we are now confronted by a condition rather than by a theory. This country needs and needs now, young men and young women of initiative; those who are decisive, self-dependent, clean cut; who know how to command because they have been taught to obey. We need men and women who know how to do things, and who do things a little better than they have ever been done by any one, at any time, anywhere. If we are to have such men and women we must expect the schools and colleges to train them. And the schools and colleges can not do this properly without the cooperation of the home, the sympathetic understanding of the public and the financial support of the community and state.

There is no need to dwell further upon the emergencies of war, or criticism of military authorities. If college men "flunk" in army examinations; if they have not "self-dependence"; if they can not stand upon their feet and give commands, then these same characteristic weaknesses are observed when these young men seek to enter other fields of endeavor. Schools are turning out far too many graduates whose diplomas, while attesting to knowledge of subject matter, are not a guarantee of self-dependence, of qualities of leadership, of ability to think or to do. Lack of "discipline" on the part of these young men results from manifest weaknesses in home training and in the educational system rather than from lack of organized military training in the schools.

The cost of government has reached

extreme limits. Taxation is excessive. People are breaking under the load, and while feverish efforts are made to balance budgets, the conduct of federal, state and local activities seems to require further levies. Business men are turning their shafts of criticism upon the school as one of the worst offenders in its demands for tax money. To reinforce the clamor for retrenchment comes the claim that boys and girls are not as well trained to meet life's conditions as they formerly were. In short, that too great a proportion of the tax dollar is spent for education. And young men and young women, backed by the best education the schools can supply, are without employment. There are many such critics today—business and professional people, intelligent and well-read. What answer can be returned at such a time as this when the best minds are groping for a solution to our economic and social problems?

It is obvious that when economies are necessary in personal and business activities and throughout governmental channels, the schools too should look toward retrenchment. Reduction in expenditures should be made where savings can be effected so not to impair seriously the effectiveness of the educational process. Of the many who point to the schools as the great offenders in absorbing the peoples' tax money, few indeed have figured the exact amount in dollars and cents of their tax increase should a proposed bond issue for school purposes be voted. Moreover it will usually be found that the amount of the tax increase on the basis of such bond issue, would not equal

the amount the average individual would spend thoughtlessly for nonessentials or luxuries. The point is, we sometimes talk glibly about the excessive costs of schools, but this talk is usually in general terms; not based upon specific cases. We must so interpret education to the public that the average citizen will think of the cost of education, not in an isolated sense, but in comparison to costs as applied in other activities of life, and as to the return upon investment.

The foregoing are typical criticisms of a general nature to which the schools of today are subjected. Criticisms are needed, but to be effective and helpful, such criticisms should be constructive. In the country at large there are reactionary elements constantly offering criticisms in general terms. Usually these critics do not particularize.

We have no doubt that, inadequate as may be the training given by the school, its product will much more nearly meet the requirements of the government and the demands of society than will that of the non-schooled type. The graduates of our schools are constantly giving such accounts of themselves as to cause just pride in them and in our institutions of learning. The spirit of the criticisms should however be welcomed by the progressive educational forces. Such criticisms should make for improvement in an already excellent school system. The schools should meet more nearly than they do the demands imposed by our modern life. To do this, they must have the continued financial support of community, county and state. (To be Continued.)

The New International 11-Tube All-Wave Radio only.....

\$55.95

The New International all-Wave 11-tube Super Heterodyne DeLuxe contains all the new 1933 features with a tuning range of 15 to 550 meters, super phonic tubes; just switch the knob for short wave or regular broadcast. Band Automatic Volume Control holds steady volume on all stations. Two full dynamic speakers matches the super phonic tubes. Full vision dial control, two speed slow and high speeds complete, with beautifully designed walnut console cabinet, for only \$55.95, freight paid. Five-tube Monarch Radio, beautifully finished walnut cabinet, handsome two-tone blend, only \$17.95. The cabinet contains Hammond first quality clock movement—a great bargain in a short wave set. Order from advertisement or write for price list.

McGUIRE DISTRIBUTING CO.,
RADIO FROM FACTORY TO CUSTOMERS, DOEVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Honesty's Best"

from Burlingame to this place. I'd nothing to eat, either. I asked this young lady here who manages the coffee shop down the road for work. She suggested the possibility of my getting work here. The owner had just left."

Then he repeated what he had told the waitress from the neighboring shop.

"Yes, yes. I'll vouch for the fact that the chap was working hard—washing up the dishes when I came by on my beat," added the officer.

"Mr. Harris, doesn't all this convince you that this young man is honest and just a victim of the unemployment situation? I'll stand as guarantor that his intentions were as honest as he says, officer. Here's my card. He wasn't with me six whole years without my knowing just what his moral caliber is."

Turning to Haywood, he smiled as he added,

"If you're willing to do anything as hard as this, Haywood, you're one of our own. You can't be left at bed rock like this. I didn't know young stock and bond brokers had this much sand in them. We can't afford to let this kind of man power work out on the beach. Got to get you up some where."

AT this point, Dorothy Tilton, who was with her father in the party, looked up at Haywood. Her lips parted and quivered as she whispered,

"Hay, I'm awfully sorry. Why did you keep away from me all this time? Wh didn't you at least tell us you were so badly off?"

While she was talking to Haywood, her father spoke.

"Here's the price of the young man's meal, Mr. Harris. Is it all O. K. for the young man to go with us, officer?"

When the policeman agreed that he might depart, Haywood joined the party.

As they drove to the city from the beach, Dorothy Tilton sat next to her former suitor in the car. Her eyes softened. A lovely tenderness was

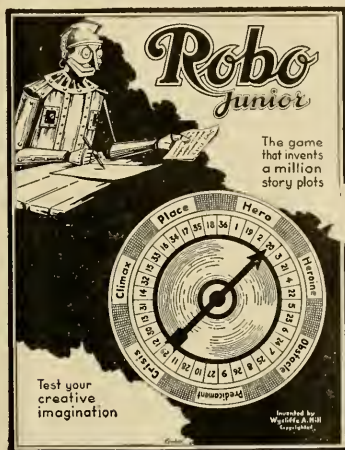
Read further on Page 30

WRITERS

do your stories land the editors' checks?

If not—there's a reason. Don't blame the depression for everything. Learn to improve your own work.

LET PLOT HOBO JUNIOR HELP YOU



Whether you are an established writer or a tyro, PLOT ROBO JR. will help you write better, more saleable stories.

PLOT ROBO JR. supplies you with a million plots if you need them—it gives you fresh ideas which every writer needs—it never stifles your own imagination, but on the contrary, stimulates it. It is on inspiration and a guide.

PLOT ROBO JR. IS THE JUNIOR EDITION OF THE FAMOUS PLOT ROBO-GENIE invented by Wycliffe A. Hill. It has received tens of thousands of columns of newspaper publicity all over the world and is being used by successful and established writers.

Order your PLOT ROBO at once and turn rejection slips into checks. WRITERS' SERVICE, 422 H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 S. Spring St.12

WRITERS' SERVICE,

422 H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 South Spring St.,

Los Angeles, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed, find \$..... for which please ship me immediately ROBO JR indicated by the squares checked below. (There are six Robo Juniors, one for each type of story listed.) They are:

The Scenario Plot.....	\$2.00
(Melodramatic Romance)	
Romance Without Melodrama.....	\$2.00
Action — Adventure.....	\$2.00
Detective — Mystery.....	\$2.00
Comedy.....	\$2.00
Short-Short Story.....	\$2.00
SPECIAL—ALL SIX FOR.....	\$10.00

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Inevitable Ending

Continued from Page 11

tered. Bob liked him from the start. He was such a decent man. Dan made him appear so vital; so real. Adoring the woman and desiring always to shield her, he observed the strictest code of honor in every word and action. He played the part of a friend to both husband and wife. Nothing more. But through it all, Dan let the reader sense the great patience of the man, willing to wait until the woman's long period of service should be finished. Considerately waiting until he had the right to present his claim and, meanwhile, working with every ounce of energy to lift himself into the proper position that would enable him to offer to her the comforts with which he so desired to surround her.

And the husband continued to live for years and years. Twenty of them. In the meantime, the other man had become a successful playwright; had wisely used the money that came to his hands and continued planning for the later years and a love all the more beautiful for having been so long denied.

The husband's death was sketched with Dan's customary repression. No sob stuff. A clean cut account, picturing affectionate grief on the woman's side, much the same as a mother would have felt for an ailing and dependent child.

Then the real love story developed. Oh, the delicacy of the man's wooing! The woman must not be rushed. He had seen her devotion but her love would, he knew, be a more marvelous revelation. At last they were betrothed.

No one had ever heard of the ro-

mance because his sense of honor kept him from discussing another man's wife even with an intimate friend.

Then just before the engagement was to be announced, the man found it necessary to visit a physician. Something about a muscular trouble in his legs. A touch of rheumatism was all that it seemed. Then the verdict. A slowly creeping paralysis and . . . the inevitable ending. The man returned to his apartment.

And here Dan's remarkable craftsmanship showed to the best advantage. He drew a picture of stark reality, robbed of every vestige of complaint or self-martyrdom. He could conceive nothing worse than to demand the sacrifice of added years of a woman's life. And she, being Mary, a type completely individualistic, would insist upon the sacrifice.

There was but one thing to do and he did it. He made out a deed of gift, leaving all personal effects to an old friend and all moneys, stocks and bonds to the woman.

Then he reached for his gun.

Bob sat staring into space.

Historic Sisquoc

Continued from Page 26

it with a faint melancholy which is altogether just for this memorial to Benjamin Foxen. As he had lived he died, alone with his family in the distant canon; to the end a man of courage and tenacious determination, who with his last breath lifted up his own voice and led his children in the chanting of the "Gloria."



Stage and Screen

Continued from Page 25

Chinese girl in the last episode of the picture sailing for China with a boat-load of contraband arms and munitions for her beloved revolutionary countrymen. Miss Hayes is undoubtedly the most finished actress on the screen today. Stories may be weak, but the Hayes talent will carry them through to high standard. Rest of cast is excellent. With exception of the varied dialects, which range from broad English to good old American, this picture is good entertainment.

♦ ♦ ♦

SCREEN STEALERS WHO ARE NOT STARS

Louis Alberni . . . Henry Armetti . . . The Girl Who Played the Colored Maid in "The First Year" . . . Louis Calhern . . . Grant Mitchell (former Broadway Star).

"Honesty's Best"

Continued from Page 29

most noticeable there now, where gayety was a short while before. As he recognized this change, his knees felt weak, and his eyes smarted. All his former feeling for the girl came out of the limbo of the past.

As she turned to speak to her admirer, their eyes met. Her voice was fine and low.

"Great to be with you, Hay. 'Honesty's best.' So I might as well 'fess up. Why, I'm fairly famished for a sight of you. Of course you know I've always been crazy about you."

Ye Pilgrim Rug Shop

A Friendly Place Where Handcraft Workers Love to Come

HOOKED-RUG MAKING, NEEDLE POINT, and TAPESTRY WEAVING TAUGHT FREE

By the Pilgrims

Walter and Maud Newman
at

60 Atlantic Avenue
The Wayside Colony

LONG BEACH CALIFORNIA

It Stops
the
Pain



Don't
suffer a
minute from
painful feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder, shaken into the shoes, makes tight or new shoes feel easy, gives quick relief to hot, tired, aching, perspiring feet. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. 2 sizes now sold. For Free sample address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

MaltoPep

(With Acidophilus Culture)

MALTOPEP IS AN ALKALINE FORMING FOOD. It neutralizes acidity (Acidosis). Acidosis often causes Cancer, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Stomach Ulcers.

MALTOPEP AIDS DIGESTION, RELIEVES GAS PAINS, bloating and heart throbbing.

MALTOPEP CORRECTS CONSTIPATION. It contains a culture of viable (live) Acidophilus which neutralizes toxic conditions, stimulates bowel action and provides a friendly intestinal flora in which putrefaction and disease germs cannot thrive.

MALTOPEP IS FREE FROM DRUGS, possessing decided therapeutic qualities. It is essentially a MALT AND ACIDOPHILUS HEALTH FOOD BEVERAGE, delicious in taste and flavor, can be taken freely, and used to supercede tea, coffee or chocolate if desired. Excellent in cases of malnutrition, nervousness, debility, indigestion and stomach disorders of all kinds.

MALTOPEP PRICES

Parcel Post or
Expressage Prepaid

One Pint	\$ 1.25
One Quart	2.25
One-half Gallon (one month's supply for one person)	4.00
Family Case of four one-half gallons (four months' supply for one person).....	12.00

L. G. MOWER, Distributor

422 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.,
354 SO. SPRING STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Flippant Philosophy

By M. S. MERRITT

WORDS OF WISDUMB—

SPRING goeth before summer, and pride before fall!

“ ” “ ”

What fools we mortals be—not mentioning the fools among the immortals!

“ ” “ ”

Most of us can't be charitable these days because charity begins at home—and how are you going to be charitable if you haven't got a home!

“ ” “ ”

A lot of former musicians are now specializing on the humdrum.

“ ” “ ”

HOLLYWOOD—

THE Wolves at the doors in Hollywood are better off than the average Wolf, because they're all at Screen doors!

“ ” “ ”

And things are so tough right now that a lot of actors are parked on the Wolf's doorstep!

“ ” “ ”

Then there was the actor who was always complaining that his shirts came back from the laundry only half clean. Later he found out that the Chinaman running the hand laundry had only one arm!

“ ” “ ”

A certain temperamental star who had a hard time keeping a domestic, was interviewing a hesitant applicant—

Star: “Which would you rather have—sixty straight or seventy-five with abuse?”

Applicant: “I might as well take the abuse, I'll get it anyhow.”

“ ” “ ”

Wonder if some of those former high-hat stars who were so particular about their billing wouldn't be glad to co-star with Mickey Mouse now!

“ ” “ ”

HOLLYWOOD SIMILES—

AS prominent as Jimmie Durante's nose - - - -
As resourceful as the hero of a horse-opera - - - -
As wide open as Joe E. Brown's mouth - - - -
As useless as a producer's relatives - - - -
As improbable as an option renewal - - - -
As inevitable as the final clinch - - - -
As far-fetched as Samuel Goldwyn's grammaticisms.

WE INVITE YOU
to visit this unique shoppe located in
the El Encanto Building.

Featuring Kali-sten-iks and Edward's Shoes. The shoes recommended by the leading child specialists.

Specializing in Orthopedic and Corrective fittings. Miss Crum, formerly with Bullock's and the Innes Shoe Co., will give advice and supervise all corrections.

Let us give you a free demonstration by taking a Pedometer picture of your child's feet.



1103 GLENDON AVENUE, WESTWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Westwood

CHILDREN'S BOOT SHOP

Announcing a new book SALLY ANNE

by

MAMIE SMITH

Illustrated by the internationally known artist
EULALIE

SALLY ANNE—is an original playbook for children—brim full of surprising novelties and entertainment.

A limited edition of five hundred copies—numbered and signed by the Author are ready for distribution.

Price \$5.00

Order of

Suttonhouse—PUBLISHERS

530 Boyd Street

Los Angeles, California



OVERLAND MONTHLY

— AND —
OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Established 1868



by BRET HARTE

Featuring:

THE MACHINE AND ECONOMIC PROGRESS

CALIFORNIA—ITS UNSUNG ROMANCE

PONY EXPRESS MUSEUM

BOSTON AND DAYS OF '49

EXPERIMENTAL DRAMA

MARCH, 1933

25¢

Vol. 91

No. 2

RECENT BOOKS

From Press Of

Overland-Outwest Publications

LOS ANGELES — SAN FRANCISCO

Interpreting Education

By

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

For Voter, Taxpayer, Legislator, Teacher, School Board Member, General
Reader—A Timely Book in the Present Educational Emergency

80 Pages—Price 40 Cents

From Publisher Direct

‘ ‘ ‘

Carcassonne

A Book of Verse with California Themes Figuring Prominently

By

BEN FIELD

‘ ‘ ‘

Marquee Ballyhoo

A Distinct Contribution to the Latest Compelling Fiction

By

MAURICE L. KUSELL and M. S. MERRITT

Attractive Jacket—288 Pages

Overland-Outwest Publications

H. W. Hellman Building

Los Angeles

California

WE INVITE YOU to visit this unique shoppe located in the El Encanto Building.

Featuring Kali-sten-iks and Edward's Shoes. The shoes recommended by the leading child specialists.

Specializing in Orthopedic and Corrective fittings. Miss Crum, formerly with Bullock's and the Innes Shoe Co., will give advice and supervise all corrections.

Let us give you a free demonstration by taking a Podo-graph picture of your child's feet.

Westwood CHILDREN'S BOOT SHOP

1103 GLENDON AVENUE, WESTWOOD
C A L I F O R N I A

SAN FRANCISCO
New **HOTEL
OLYMPIC**



A Hotel
of supreme excellence designed to appeal to people who appreciate beauty and richness at moderate cost.

Single \$2.00 - \$2.50
Double 3.00 - 3.50
Twin Beds \$4.00

Our own Drive-In Garage.
Each room with bath, shower, radio. Coffee shop and dining room. Breakfast 35c, lunch 40c, dinner 90c.

230 EDDY ST.

Again the White Spot
of the Pacific Coast

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

700 ROOMS · NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM **\$2.50** WITHOUT BATH FROM **\$1.50**

E.C. EPPLEY... President
CHARLES B. HAMILTON
Vice President & Managing Director

**CORNER FIFTH &
SPRING STREETS**

LOS ANGELES

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of
The Eppley Hotel Cos 20 Hotels in the Middle West,
Louisville, Ky. and Pittsburgh, Pa., and the
Hamilton Chain of Hotels in California.

CHICAGO OFFICE - 520 N. Michigan Ave. - Phone Superior 4416

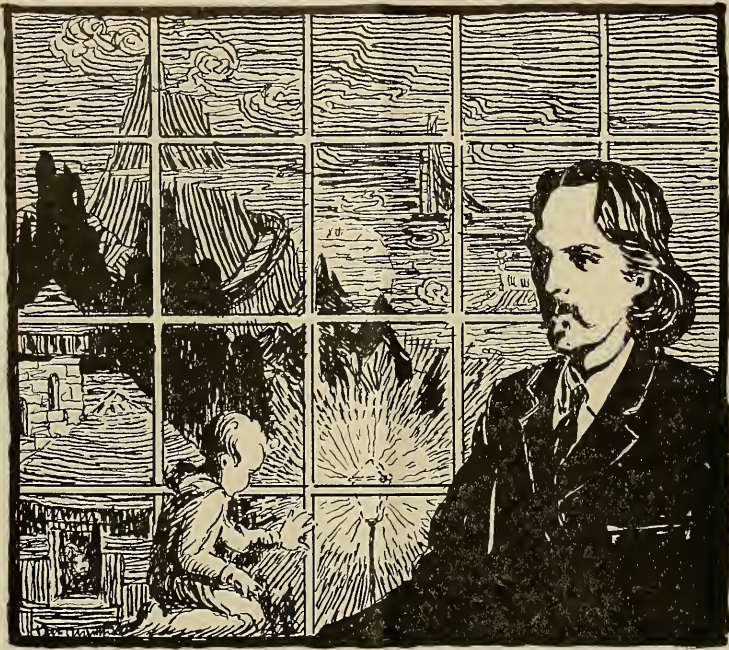
*California's Most
Picturesque Cafe*

The Chateau

1201 Shatto Street
LOS ANGELES



*The Haunt of Artists,
Epicures and Screen Stars*



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 1850-1894

TO those interested in literary development during the last half century, Robert Louis Stevenson's contribution plays an important part. Much of his best work was done while he was a resident of California. The Porter Ship Memorial in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco, is a mecca visited by many. During the Annual Convention of the League of Western Writers in October, 1929, this memorial was dedicated by Stephen Chalmers. After speaking of Stevenson's great work as author of such familiar productions as "An Inland Voyage," "Travels With a Donkey," "Treasure Island," "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "A Child's Garden of Verses," etc., Mr. Chalmers, using the pipe upon which Mr. Stevenson was wont to play, favored the group with some of the familiar airs of Stevenson. The old "Jacobite" air was Stevenson's favorite to which he afterward set the words:

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone.
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Egg on the port,
Rum on the starboard bow.
Glory of youth, glowed in his soul.
Where is that glory now?"

Cut used by courtesy School and Community Magazine, Columbia, Missouri

Overland Monthly

Founded by BRET HARTE in 1868

and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Vol. 91

MARCH, 1933

No. 2

Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE at any library in the United States. The Magazine is also included in the INTERNATIONAL INDEX.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly." To insure return of manuscripts, there should always be enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

CONTENTS

Robert Louis Stevenson (Portrait) Frontispiece.....	34
The Literary West.....	36
Smoky Pass, Aubrey Boyd, author	
Romantic Rebel, Hildegard Hawthorne, author	
The Canyon of No Return, W. D. Hoffman, author	
Benito and Loreta Delin, Dorothy Lyman Leetch	
Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett	
Upton Sinclair presents William Fox	
American Poetry Circle Anthology for 1932	
The Talisman	
The Oriental Outlook	
The Machine and Economic Progress.....Felix Flugel	37
The Unsung Romance of California.....Thomas S. Gamble	39
Philosophical Titbits.....Jack Benjamin	40
The Gobbler.....Beatrice Chappel	41
Ballade of the Golfers' Tee (Poem).....Ben Field	42
Boston Looks at El Dorado.....Donald L. Cherry	43
The Pony Express Museum.....Thomas Welles	44
The Trend of Experimental Drama.....Everett Carroll Maxwell	46

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted

Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year

25c per copy

OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS

The Literary West

IN SMOKY PASS Aubrey Boyd, whose first novel, "No Man's Woman," was praised by such critics as Alexander Woolcott and William Lyon Phelps, appears with another novel, a closely-knit, well plotted piece of fiction. Alaska, at its worst, when card sharpers were "the conservative element in a thieving fraternity," is the background of Smoky Pass. With real literary skill Mr. Boyd, who is known for the quality of his essays, portrays a picturesque world in which the elemental demands for food and shelter can never be long forgotten. He has humanized his criminals against the clean, cold background of the North, and has made of the whole a compelling story that will be re-read because it is written by a man who knows how to write.

SMOKY PASS. By Aubrey Boyd. E. P. Dutton & Co.

WHEN so great an author as Nathaniel Hawthorne can emerge from the gloom of his previous biographies in so sunny a book as "Romantic Rebel," readers may well be attracted thereby. Hildegard Hawthorne, the author, is the granddaughter of the great romanticist and has made use of the recollections of her father and other relatives. The picture is authentic, but entirely different from the view that over-emphasized Hawthorne's aloofness. The delightful love story of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody is charmingly told. Californians have an especial interest in the family of the author with Julian Hawthorne, "The Dean of American Letters," living in Los Angeles, while his daughter, Hildegard Hawthorne (Mrs. John Oskison) spends much of her time in the Bay region. She and Mr. Oskison, whose novels of Oklahoma life are favorites with readers, are now in southern Italy or in Paris.

"ROMANTIC REBEL" is published by the Century Company, and is interestingly illustrated in black and white by W. M. Berger.

READERS of Western stories should be thankful that a man of W. D. Hoffman's wide Western experience and literary ability writes such novels as "Tremaine of Texas," "Westward to Paradise," "The Man From El Paso," and adds to his list of ten, an eleventh that should be one of the most popular. "The Canyon of No Return" is hidden in the Cristobals. The reader entering "dark recessions that cup into the precipice," following "the starlit pathway through the narrow wedge of rock," sees, too, "rich shafts of scarlet and amber flame from the rising sun." The magnificence of nature is the background against which cowboys and outlaws crash in murderous onslaught. Ranse McDow is a foeman worthy of any steel.

California readers are interested in the work of W. D. Hoffman, who was formerly editor of the Magazine Section of the Oakland Tribune. For several years he has devoted himself to the writing of fiction.

THE CANYON OF NO RETURN. By W. D. Hoffman. Jacket illustration by J. Allen St. John. A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, 1932.

AN interesting picture of early California life for children is given in "Benito and Loreta Delfin," by Dorothy Lyman Leetch (Mrs. Langford Wheaton Smith), now of Berkeley. The author has presented a story of New Amsterdam in "Annetje and Her Family" and one of Virginia in "Tommy Tucker on a Plantation." "Benito and Loreta Delfin" tells the story of a year in the life of an eleven-year-old brother and sister about ten years before the secularization of the Missions, on a rancho near the Mission Dolores.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Company have put the book out with many illustrations and in an attractive binding.
—Laura Bell Everett.

UPTON SINCLAIR has a penchant for striking out straight from the shoulder. This he has done in his recent book on William Fox. The machinations of Wall Street and of the money power have turned on them the white light of exposure. The 380 pages of the book must be read to be appreciated. It is a story packed with dramatic interest.

Upton Sinclair presents WILLIAM FOX. Published by the author. Price, \$3.00.

THE American Poetry Circle Anthology for 1932 is a most attractive volume of 120 pages, put out by Leacy Naylor Green-Leach, and sells for \$2.00 per copy. Sixty-three authors are represented with a total of 155 poems. Among the Western poets included is Ben Field. His "Ballade of the Golfers' Tee" will be found elsewhere in this issue.

"THE TALISMAN" is a new magazine in the field, taking its bow with the January-February issue. Judgment has been used by the editors in making selections of current verse, essays, features and articles. The magazine is the output of the Writers Group directed by Elsa Nye Meriwether, who has associated with her George Brammer, Eric Anderson, Ethel Turner, and Lawrence as editor. The address is 942 Howard Street, San Francisco. We wish "The Talisman" success.

SNOW-IN-SUMMER is the title of a small collection of verse by Edith Parker Hincley. There are 20 poems in this attractive volume of 34 pages. Those interested should address Ruth E. Sargent, Box 321, Redlands, Calif.

THE International Mark Twain Society at Webster Groves, Missouri, has issued another of its publications in its series of Society Studies. There "In the Wilds"; a short story, "The Calls of Death," and a Biographical Essay by Cyril Clemens.

The Machine and Economic Progress

By FELIX FLUGEL,

Associate Professor of Economics, University of California.

IN THE year 1833 an English writer—Gaskell by name—published a small volume which he entitled: "The Manufacturing Population of England—Its Moral, Social and Physical Conditions, and the Changes which Have Arisen From the Use of Steam Machinery." Many pages of this fascinating book might have been written today. "Whoever is in the habit of visiting the English workshops of the machine-workers," wrote Gaskell one hundred years ago, "and the mills of the great cotton manufacturers from time to time, cannot fail to be struck with the incessant improvements in the application of machinery. These improvements, though they may not enable the master to dismiss any of his labor hands, prevents the necessity for engaging fresh ones, though he doubles the productive powers of his mill. Thus, in 1806 . . . it appears that 300 men would have been required to turn off the same quantity of work as is now turned off by 100; and this disproportion is constantly increasing. It is here that machinery threatens the manufacturing population." Elsewhere he writes: ". . . the object of every mechanical contrivance is, to do away with the necessity for human labor, which is at once the most expensive and troublesome agent in the production of manufactured articles.

Gaskell quotes the English Quarterly Review for the year 1833 as saying: "We have arrived at a great and most important crisis of social arrangement. We are embarrassed with a superfluity of human labour, of animal ma-

chines, which cannot be absorbed in manufacturing operations . . . The extent to which the employment of machinery has been pushed, as a substitute for human labor, has at length brought on a new crisis." Again Gaskell observes: "The time, indeed, appears rapidly approaching, when the people . . . will be even worse than useless; when the manufactories will be filled with machinery, impelled by steam, so admirably constructed as to perform nearly all the processes required in them, and when land will be tilled by the same means . . . Well then may the question be asked—what is to be done? Great calamities must be suffered. No transition so universal, so extensive can be operated without immense present sacrifices; but upon what class, or what division of property or industry these must be more especially inflicted, it is impossible to indicate. Much should be done—and done vigorously and resolutely. Like other great revolutions in the social arrangement of kingdoms," he continues. "It is to be feared that the explosion will be permitted to take place, undirected by the guiding hand of any patriotic and sagacious spirit, and its fragments be again huddled together in hurry and confusion, and finally to undergo a series of painful graduations, from which the imagination turns with sickening terror." Gaskell's volume is but one of many published in the early decades of the last century exploring the effects of machinery upon employment.

Anyone familiar with the economic and social history of England in the latter part of the eigh-

teenth century and in the first half of the nineteenth, knows the story of this first period of transition from handicraft to machine production. Like an avalanche, mechanization of industrial processes gained momentum. The inroads of the machine could not be stopped. Handicraftsmen who offered resistance were brushed aside. Parliamentary commissions were appointed to investigate. Large volumes of evidence were collected. They tell of human misery, of thousands of men and women unable to adjust themselves to the new conditions created by the introduction of machinery; they tell of mechanical devices too large and too expensive to be set up in the homes of workers. The helplessness of handicraftsmen who had not moved to the industrial centers to seek employment in textile mills, offers a picture of human misery perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world.

Contemporary writers, as might be expected, were utterly perplexed by this new phenomenon. The machine was made the target not merely of verbal attack, but physical violence was resorted to; the records tell of the destruction of many of these detested "monsters"; even factories which housed machines were not exempt from destruction. Not infrequently inventors were persecuted with such vengeance that they found it necessary to seek refuge in foreign lands. But resistance was of no avail; the triumph of the machine could not be stopped. By the middle of the nineteenth century the handicraft workers in the textile industry of England

(the first industry to be affected by the machine process) had nearly vanished. Invention followed invention. The speed with which factory wheels turned became ever greater. Production increased almost beyond human comprehension. A century after Gaskell wrote: "The time, indeed appears rapidly approaching, when the people . . . will be even worse than useless, when manufacturing will be filled with machinery, impelled by steam, so admirably constructed, as to perform nearly all the processes required in them . . ." imagination again began to stir.

A GAIN we are told (in 1933) that: "We are rapidly approaching a crisis—unless drastic steps are taken it will be impossible to avert a catastrophe." Newspapers, magazines and books tell us most dramatically of the displacement of labor. Statistics show that "man-hour productivity increased 68% from 1914 to 1927 in eleven important industries in the United States;" that "a decline of 7.5% in coal output between 1920 and 1929 was accompanied by a decline of 17% in employment;" that "in the canning industry in California, the peach pitter enables one unskilled woman to handle as much fruit as five women using the former method;" that "one man now turns out 32,000 razor blades in the same time required by 500 in 1913;" that "a machine which displaces 2000 hand operators, now turns out 73,000 electric light bulbs in 24 hours." Mr. Gaskell's utterance: "It appears that 300 men in 1806 would have been required to turn off the same quantity of work as is now turned off by 100; and this disproportion is constantly increasing. It is here that machinery threatens manufacturing industry," should be re-

called. What Mr. Gaskell wrote was undeniably true. But the implications were not carried far enough. The same observation applies to the vast array of recent statistical data gathered into convenient tables by our federal census. The figures sound alarming: 817,000 men displaced from industry (1920-1929); 800,000 displaced from agriculture in the same period.

THESE figures, combined with the displacement of railway workers, give us a total of approximately 2,000,000. But as Francis Hackett recently pointed out, these statistics of labor displacement must be set off against new employments. The servicing and driving of automobiles alone required 750,000 additional workers; electric refrigeration and oil heating an additional 100,000; the radio 200,000; personal service an additional 750,000, etc. All told it would appear from the Department of Commerce figures that new employments between 1920 and 1928 offset by a good margin displacements of workers due to changes in industrial technique. What has happened since 1928 cannot be evaluated at this time. We do know, however, that most industries are working far below capacity. That a considerable percentage of our unemployment today is due to this cause and not to the inroads of the machine, therefore, seems a reasonable assumption. On the other hand we should not deceive ourselves. The process of displacement of labor by machinery and greater industrial efficiency is still continuing. Its impact is more severely felt today than a century ago. Thus the alarm which has been sounded in recent months is not entirely without foundation. The hurricane of words, of garbled threats which accompany this alarm

should not, however, be taken too seriously.

Tons of literature in our day tell of human misery resulting from the transition from machine to power production. Walter Polakov, in a recent issue of the *New Republic*, appears to be less gloomy than most contemporary observers. He seems convinced that we are "becoming less of a slave to a machine and more of a supervisor of the process . . . and less of a mechanic and more of a well rounded human being." We should strive to make this our ultimate goal. If the results turn out differently it will be due to our own stupidity.

In the course of a century and a half we have succeeded in mastering the problem of production. The wheels of industry can produce ever increasing quantities of goods. Both quantity and quality production are subject to careful control. We can produce annually hundreds of millions of pairs of shoes, tens of millions of automobiles and unbelievably large quantities of an almost unbelievably large variety of goods. But we have not brought under control the consumption of these goods. We glibly talk of overproduction. Both terms are misleading. Potentially we could increase the consumption of nearly every good which makes up our plane of living—without indulging in useless extravagance. To blame the machine for our troubles is ridiculous. To restrict output when people are in want is incompatible with good sense. It is true, of course, that to accomplish the results wished for, drastic readjustments must be made.

Courage and a conviction that a solution can be found should assist us in finding a trail which will lead us out of our present predicament. The goal of our eco-

(Read further on Page 47)

The Unsung Romance of California

By THOMAS S. GAMBLE.

THE word "California" was first coined by Montalvo, a Spanish novelist, who in 1510 published a novel entitled, "Las Sergas de Esplandian," or in English, "The Adventures of Eplandian." In his novel Montalvo applied the name of California to an imaginary island supposedly located in the Indian Ocean, where was an abundance of precious stones and gold. Though some writers have claimed that Hernan Corte's men were possibly influenced by reading Montalvo's "Adventures of Esplandian," that is doubtful. But it is possible that Montalvo, as well as the one who named California, might have been influenced by the history of Spain. The first syllables of California, "Calif," come down from the Arabs, who from the seventh to the tenth century reigned over Spain. Under the Caliphs, Spain was then named Califa de Cordova. "Ornia," the last two syllables of California, are derived from the Aralian word "Ornis," which means in Spanish "Indian Calico." The two words thus forming the word California might mean in Spanish "Caliph's Cloth."

During their stay in Spain, the Arabs did much for it. The Spanish language derived its strength and rich vocabulary from the Arabs; and though perhaps the finest of romance tongues, more sonorous and forceful than the Italian or French, it was formed during the middle ages. In spite of the geography of this period, which notes Spain as Califa de Cordova, to the Latins it has always been Hispania, which is similar to the United States now being called America.

Aside from its language, Spain

learned much from the Arabians. The thought of colonizing America by means of Christian missions dates back to the Califas, who during their years in Spain built moslems for the purpose of populating and teaching the Koran. And, like the Franciscan brothers in America, the Arabs first introduced to Spain the use of aqueducts, the methods of storing water in artificial ponds; the dyeing of leathers, the leathers of Cordova being the finest of their day; the forging of steel, which in its day was the famous Toledo Steel; and the cochineal, or scarlet colored earthen ware, now better known as California tile or pottery.

In agriculture the Arabs were superb. The Califa chieftians took a great deal of pride in personally cultivating their own gardens. They had beautiful gardens and were the first to introduce to Spain the date palm, sugar cane, rice and cotton. While the Caliphs ruled over Spain, the towns were filled with manufactures of silk, cotton and cloth.

Undoubtedly, Montalvo inherited some of the romance from the Arabs, who were chiefly successful in romances such as "The Arabian Nights."

SAN FRANCISCO, founded by the Spanish in 1776, was first named Yerba Buena, meaning mint herb. The mission "Nuestra Senora de los Dolores" was founded at the same time. Fifty years later Yerba Buena, then under the United States Government, was renamed San Francisco, in honor of San Francisco de Asisi.

San Francisco was born in the

town of Asisi, Italy, about 1182. He died in October, 1226, at the age of forty-four. His given name was Giovanni (John in Italian) Moriconi. He was a likeable boy. He had ready wit, sang merrily, and delighted in a fine display of clothes. He was handsome, gay, gallant and courteous, and soon became the prime favorite among the young nobles of Asisi. His father, clothmaker, spent most of his time in France. As a boy Giovanni was quite a linguist, and it is said that because he learned French in such a rapid and easy manner his friends began to call him Francese, which means Frenchman in Italian. In time he became known only as Francese of Asisi.

When Francese took to the church his father objected, but nevertheless Giovanni pursued his desire. In his chosen career, he did much for the church, and for the sick and afflicted. He was the founder of the San Franciscan order in Italy. The rule of the order, that of poverty, was first devoted to begging and preaching. In time the Franciscans were allowed to own their monasteries, and by the fourteenth century they owned much other property. The order became very powerful and virtually the rulers of the Christian world. They became confessors to kings, and some of them rose to be Popes. Their only rivals, in theological studies, were the Dominicans, who were founded in France in 1215, five years after the founding of the Franciscans.

The object of the Dominicans was to preach against heretics. Like the Franciscans, they became a powerful order, and were

the exclusive managers of the terrible inquisition. Both orders did much for agriculture in reclaiming waste lands by improved methods of tillage.

The Spanish always have taken a certain pride in naming their towns and themselves after their Saints. One good reason for this is that it provides them with an opportunity for celebration. By celebrating their Saints' names instead of their birthdays they forget their ages. Hence we see that on October 4, Saint Francis' Day, all the Franciscos, Franciscas, Panchos, and Panchits are given to commemorate their Saint, San Francisco.

The word "Golden," when applied to the Golden Gate, could easily have been copied from Sir Francis Drake's ship, the Golden Hind. Drake, on his voyage around the world in 1579, almost found San Francisco Bay. The Golden Hind landed thirty-six miles north of San Francisco at Drake's Bay. Drake and his men were the first English speaking persons to set foot in California. The object of his expedition was

the quest of new lands for England to colonize.

PPOINT BONITA, on the outer side of the Golden Gate, means in Spanish, Pretty Point. Next in order in the Bay is Sausalito, which means "small willow lane." Then comes Tiburon, which means "shark." San Quentin takes its name from Saint Quentin, the Chronicer, of France. San Rafael is named from Saint Raphael. Napa is an Indian name. It has no relation to the Spanish Napa, which means a cord for drawing in nets. North of San Francisco Bay is San Pablo's Bay, or Saint Paul's Bay in English.

Vallejo takes its name in honor of General Mariano Vallejo, who was the last of the military governors of Mexico. It was under the regime of Vallejo that Alta California revolted against the Mexican government in 1846. Vallejo was imprisoned at Sutter's Fort, and the California Bear flag raised in place of the Mexican tricolor. At that time General Fremont took active management of the revolution in California, and within two weeks claimed Cali-

fornia as United States territory.

The small town of Pinole takes its name from the California Indians. Though many Californians have never tasted pinole, it is quite abundant in Northern Mexico. The pinole consists of ground toasted corn, which is more delicious than our toasted corn flakes.

San Pablo is named in honor of Saint Paul. Alameda takes its name from the Spanish word *Almo*, or poplar tree, an Alameda meaning a grove of poplar trees.

Mount Saint Bruno and the small town bearing the same name are named in honor of Saint Bruno, confessor, ecclesiastical writer and founder of the Carthusian order. He was born at Cologne about the year 1030. He is famous the world over. Almost every Latin artist of fame has sketched him, and he has inspired more than one masterpiece. At the Louvre alone there are twenty-two pictures of him. He is usually pictured in the presence of death, with a book and cross in his hands, or with a crown bearing seven stars.

PHILOSOPHICAL TITBITS

By JACK BENJAMIN

ONE of the outstanding characteristics of our present age is the lamentable tendency to depreciate interests that do not add to a man's bank account. As soon as a 20th century mortal begins to evince any affection for the fruits of the aesthetic garden, and as soon as that affection supercedes the modern desire to amass as much money as possible, he is looked upon as a poor, luckless person who has lost his hold on his intellectual powers, and is doomed, soon or late, to reside within the confines of a lunatic asylum.

True, there are some exceptions. There is, for example, the young man in love who insists on writing sonnets to his sweetheart. We excuse him. It is like having measles; nothing can stop it. We may even condone other such manifestations of exuberance. But let a mature individual be caught reading romantic poetry, writing lyrics, or looking wistfully at a full moon . . . let him be caught, I say, doing these things with more than a cursory amount of interest, and he immediately becomes a candidate for the polite scorn of most of his acquaintances.

A human being, however, does not, and furthermore, cannot, live by practicality alone. Dreams, too, nourish him. Should one take time to investigate the question he would undoubtedly discover that there is a great amount of practicality, utility, in dreams.

For a person must have his dreams! They are the tender nourishment of his soul . . . They heal his most painful wounds and often sustain him in some of his darkest hours . . . Take them away and he withers . . . For dreams are priceless and so few understand their real value

The Gobbler—

By BEATRICE CHAPEL

"TRICK bird, eh?" asked the red-faced man behind the desk taking a drag on his big black cigar.

The thin man in the cheap ready-to-wear suit swallowed his Adam's apple nervously and nodded. "All kinds of tricks, mister. Bennie's a right smart bird. Hatched him a year ago last spring. Started trainin' him when he was a little shaver. He sure was a bright little turk. He knows most everythin', mister."

"What's his specialty?"

"He's a bronze, mister."

"No, no, you don't understand what I mean. What are his tricks?"

"Oh, he marches like a soldier. I got a little wooden gun for him. Dances a jig to my mouth harp here, holds a lighted cigarette in his beak and—but mister, you could tell better if you wanted him in the movies if I put him through all his tricks. He's got lots of them."

"Sorry, ain't got time today. Never have had a call for a trained turkey. Probably never will. Leave your name and address in the outer office as you go out. Good-day."

And the interview for which the thin man had traveled so many miles and built on for a year was terminated as the director of the Realistic Films, Inc., turned to some papers on his desk.

The man passed out carrying the heavy gobbler. He had a notion not to stop at the girl's desk and leave his name. However, perhaps it was best. She wrote his name, "Jeb Stanton," in a book and added his post-office address. A few minutes later he was outside the studio lot, had put Ben-

nie in his crate in the back part of the car, cranked the machine and was rattling along the highway toward his home in the hills fifty miles away.

HE met trucks coming into the city, some loaded with coops out of which fat prime gobblers thrust their heads. Thanksgiving was only a week away. Turkeys were bringing a pretty good price per pound. Jeb had never considered Bennie as a dinner. Bennie was a pal who would some day make their fortune. Or so he had dreamed for a year while he had painstakingly worked with the sometimes reluctant bird. And now the bubble had burst. No one wanted the trained turkey unless it would be as a roast. He had visited all of the studios and all said the same thing:

"Yes, we use trained geese, ducks and chickens but never turkeys."

He turned off into a sandy road before he reached the village. No use to go there today. Only advertise his failure and the wise-acre at the store would gey him. Besides he couldn't get a thing at the store. Old Smith, the proprietor, had informed him rather sharply as to that a day or so before. Nothing in the cupboard at home but a little salt, a few matches, some potatoes out in the pit. He was getting sick of spuds three times a day. How long had it been since he'd sunk his teeth into real food, into a juicy steak or say the leg of a fowl. All the turkeys with the exception of Bennie had sickened and died before reaching maturity. At least Bennie wouldn't starve. There

was quite a lot of corn in the barn. He had no grinder or he could eat some of it himself. He'd tried working it between stones as he'd seen pictures of Indian women doing, but it was a failure.

He stopped the car near the decrepit larn and let Bennie out of his prison. The turkey sailed to the ground, spread out his wings and gobbled delightedly at again reaching home. Jeb stood regarding him with admiration and a little bit of hunger in his eye. There was no denying that Bennie was fat. For a minute the man let his imagination have free rein. He saw the turkey on the old cracked platter roasted to a golden brown, surrounded with mashed potatoes smothered in rich gravy. His mouth watered and he wiped his lips hastily on his sleeve and lurched away from temptation.

Three days passed in which Jeb continued to eat spuds every meal and curse his hard luck. Three days in which to his eyes Bennie appeared to grow plumper and more desirable. Jeb forced himself not to notice the bird. He considered it dangerous—for the gobbler. At first Bennie followed him about but he could not understand just why the man, who had always petted him, should now spurn his overtures at affectionate companionship. Instead of having his feathers stroked as before he now often jumped aside to escape being kicked by Jeb's number nines.

The fact was Jeb was ravenous-ly hungry and could not trust himself too far with the bird. Of course the turkey did not know this. After a few days of dodging stones and boards when he ap-

proached the man, he grew wild and fearful. He would not come up for his feed but stood at a safe distance until the corn had been thrown on the ground. When the man had returned to the house the gobbler would approach the feed and eat his fill. Often Jeb, watching him from the window of his shack, would wipe beads of perspiration from his forehead. Then he would turn away, take up his belt another notch and cook some more spuds.

Two more days passed slowly away. The first of these found Jeb determinedly sharpening his axe to a razor edge on the grindstone. Just why he desired his ax keen he did not dare to acknowledge to himself. He trembled as he again leaned it against the wood block. He felt shaky and weak. A steady diet of potatoes only is not conducive to a feeling of exhilaration and pep.

THE day before Thanksgiving found the man almost a nervous wreck. His eyes were blood-shot, his hands trembled and he jumped ever time the turkey sent forth his challenge to the morning.

That night Jeb could not sleep. He rolled and tumbled in his bunk. Finally he got up and slipping on his trousers made his way to the chicken house where the turkey always roosted. He excused himself with the thought that he must lock Bennie up tight. Some people stole fowls the night before Thanksgiving. On peering into the shed he found that Bennie was not there. Horror struck he stood rooted to the spot. Some one had already taken the gobbler. After a minute he thought of the tree behind the barn, and crept around the building. High on a limb a dark silhouette against the moonlit sky, was the gobbler. He looked so comfortable, so satisfied

at being out of harms way. It was then that Jeb broke. He slipped back to the house and his hands fumbled as he brought out his shotgun. Just what he was going to do he did not allow himself to think. His brain, now one track, was aware only of his starving condition; and here within reach was meat and such meat!

Jeb trembled with anticipation. Still in the throes of temptation the slaughterer stood by the barn and raising his gun covered the gobbler and pulled the trigger. There was a harmless click. It was then he remembered that the gun was not loaded. He had no shells and had not been able to purchase any for some time. Jeb leaned against the barn, tears of weakness and disappointment

coursing down his thin leathery cheeks.

Suddenly a feeling of determined rage enveloped him. He would not let a turkey gobbler best him. He'd climb the tree and get him. But he found the tree too small to climb bear fashion and there were no lower limbs to help him in his ascent. The tree was too large to be bent and besides Jeb was terribly weak. There was only one thing to do—chop down the tree. His eyes gleamed with almost an insane light as he hurried into the wood shed and got the ax from the chopping block.

Thanksgiving day at twelve o'clock exactly, Jeb took Bennie from the oven. The gobbler was roasted a golden brown and juices gurgled forth from him as Jeb tested him with a fork. On the back of the stove was a pan of gravy and a kettle of mashed potatoes. The man's hands shook as he placed the bird on the old cracked platter and drew his chair up to the oil cloth covered table.

IN the act of slicing a leg from the juicy bird Jeb heard the sound of an automobile horn outside. Without having as yet tasted his dinner he went to the door and opened it. In the yard outside stood a smart coupe and in it was the red-faced director of Realistic Films, Inc., a black cigar in his mouth. He waved a hand to the goggling apparition in the doorway as he descended from his car and walked toward the house.

"I've come for that gobbler," he said. "Find that we need him in a picture after all. Novelty and all that sort of thing. Brought a contract along for you to sign. Give you a fat check if the bird makes good. Come on, trot him out and let's see him do his tricks."

Ballade of the Golfers' Tee

By BEN FIELD

OF happy things that dwell
From tropic lands to snow,
Of songbirds with their spell
Of gentle fawn and doe,
Of butterflies I know
And mermaids of the sea—
When comes the dawn aglow
Give me the Golfers' tee.

Of men and maids, Ah well,
The wide world where you go,
In whom 'tis sweet to tell
The joys of living flow,
Of books I've loved to show,
Of poems dear to me—
When dawn comes from below
Give me the Golfers' tee.

Of love in Asphodel,
Of passion's surge and throw,
Of angel high from Hell
Who feels the sweetest glow,
Oh I my heart would tow
On river Life to thee—
But when dawn comes aglow
Give me the Golfers' tee.

L'ENVOI

Prince, passion is my foe,
Love will not let me be—
But when dawn comes aglow
Give me the Golfers' tee.

Boston Looks at El Dorado

By DONALD L. CHERRY

ONE searches in vain for reference to California's gold in the newspapers of Boston for several months after Marshall's epoch-making discovery of January, 1848, at Sutter's Mill. The treaty with Mexico, the death of John Quincy Adams, the February revolution in France, the impending presidential election—these were the events which filled the press of the Yankee metropolis in the succeeding months.

Not until September 18, 1848, did the Bostonian find in his Transcript the first report made by that paper of the discovery that was to be a turning-point in the history of the Pacific Coast. Almost incredible phrases met his eye:

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA . . .

Immense bed of gold, one hundred miles in extent . . . discovered on the American Fork and Feather (sic) . . . Grains resembling squirrel shot, flattened out . . . Some grains weigh an ounce each . . . Got by washing out the sand in any vessel . . . Single person can gather an ounce or two a day . . . Two thousand whites and as many Indians are on the ground . . . American settlements deserted . . . Farming nearly suspended . . . Sailors and captains desert ships . . . Labourers refuse ten dollars a day for work on farms.

When, two days later a confirmation of the alleged richness of the mines was printed, Yankee enthusiasm began to mount. Hard as the news was to believe, the repeated reports from the West in the following week dispersed any lingering uncertainty.

An editorial writer predicted (September 21, 1848) that "adventurers will now be flocking to

California by thousands." By the 25th, it was "rumored that ships are fitting out for Alta California, well supplied with tools, provisions and adventurers."

An inevitable editorial reaction set in during October, as is evidenced by an article of the eleventh entitled "THE GOLD LUNACY." On October 30th, the Transcript printed the statement of a New York chemist who had assayed some ore "represented to be gold from California." He declared that he found "not a particle of gold" in it; the hopes of those who were looking toward the West with longing eyes were, however, bolstered up by his generous statement:

Though I doubt very much the existence of such enormous quantities of gold in California, I think that the absence of gold in the specimens handed me, does not prove there is none found in California, for I learn that this ore was purchased some miles from the "great locality."

This faint praise damned California gold so effectively that it was not mentioned in the columns of the Transcript for nearly a month. This was, however, merely the lull before the storm, for on November 29th, the great discovery was vindicated:

The Secretary of War has received communications from which it appears that the value of the gold mines in that region have scarcely been overrated even by the most sanguine of the many adventurers in mining.

Two days later all reserve was thrown to the winds, and an editorial contained the assertion that "it is no iron dirt, no 'iron pyrites,' at all, that they are digging. It

is 'gold, yellow, glittering gold!'"

Only a slight effort was thereafter made to stem the tide by hysterical gold-seekers which was drawing numerous adventurous spirits from the Hub City; in an amusing editorial of December 5, 1848, the Transcript wrote:

GUANO VERSUS GOLD

. . . We advise all persons inoculated with the mania, before stepping on shipboard, to call on Mr. Hawley at 97 Washington street, and see a specimen of California gold, which he has in his possession and learn its history. It was procured in California, about two years since, brought to New London, and thence sent recently to Boston.

Being in the Pacific home-bound with a cargo of guano, the captain of the New London craft heard accounts of the great gold discoveries, and throwing overboard a considerable part of his guano replaced it with any quantity of the glistening mineral believed to contain gold. He had the prudence, however, before sailing to find out some person competent to test the ore, and was soon persuaded that all was not gold that glitters—and that, in short, it was mica and not gold, that made the show. His castles in the air being thus dissipated he replaced his California gold with the despised guano, bringing home only a few specimens of the former of which Mr. Hawley has one. There is a moral in this story, if the gold-hunters would but find it out:

"Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will
none of thee!"

Some such warning was not amiss to offset the enthusiasm of certain young blades of Boston, whose drawing-room adventuring was of a singularly imaginative

nature, as can be judged from the following item (December 20th):

There are rumors of the intention of several gentlemen among the "upper ten" of our city to take a trip to California by way of "lark," and to pick up any gold that may chance to fall in their way.

But the general "inoculation" was not to be gainsaid. Companies were soon reported being formed not only in Boston, but in Plymouth, Lowell and Newport, as well. The Transcript describes one of these (December 14th):

Each member is to furnish \$300 capital, and to devote his energies to the interests of the company. They bind themselves not to gamble or use intoxicating liquors, on peril of expulsion.

The members of another company "go on strictly temperance principles and pledge themselves to abstain from gambling and labor on the Sabbath."

Puritanical morals went hand in hand with Yankee business acumen, but this did not prevent denunciation from being thundered forth from the pulpits. On December 17, 1848, the Rev. Dr. Putnam preached on the text,

"How much better it is to get wisdom than gold!" The worthy doctor's message fell a bit flat when he assured his flock that

More of that new found treasure will flow in upon Massachusetts, if she stays at home, and keeps up the hum of her thousand-fold avocations, than if all her population should go forth in a mass to gather all the hoards for herself.

The fever spread rapidly, and soon gold was on every tongue. On December 19th, the Transcript announced that, at the Howard Athenaeum, "The Gold Diggers of California, the Six Degrees of Crime, and a favorite piece will be performed this evening."

Everyone was anxious to learn about the land which the fortunes of war had thrown into the hands of the United States. On December 28th, the Transcript printed a long extract from Colonel Fremont's Memoirs of Upper California, in which we find a description of the immense "trees on the coast mountain between St. Joseph and Santa Cruz" (California place-names always troubled eastern typographers). Space

in the advertising columns was shared with "Whitney's California Rifles" ("peculiarly adapted to that country, as the game is all large") by notices of maps and books describing the new El Dorado. On January 1, 1849, the advertisement of Redding and Company contained a list of "New Books Received This Week"—twelve titles, including "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell (25c); "California Gold Regions" (12c); "The Gold Mines of California" (25c); and "Maps of the Routes to the Gold Country" (25c).

Thus, by the beginning of 1849, Boston had surrendered to the lure of gold hidden in mountains a continent's width away. To the cosmopolitan assemblage gathered on the soil of California, New England contributed her share. One pioneer wrote Lack, late in 1849, that "we mean to show the Californians what may be accomplished by real, live Yankees, from the fountain head." They came as Yankees, but the West worked its spell on them, as it did on the rest of the Argonauts; in the stirring days of 'Fortynine, they, too, became Californians.

The Pony Express Museum

By THOMAS WELLES

YOU round a bend in a crooked canyon road and come upon it suddenly. It is a low, rambling adobe building, all but hidden in a grove of century-old live oaks. You stare at it wonderingly, half expecting at any moment to hear the clatter of a stage coach in the distance, so perfectly does it preserve the atmosphere of old California. It is the Pony Express Museum.

Nestled in Kewen Canyon, San Marino, near the southern bound-

ary of the old Rancho San Pascual and less than a half hour's canter from the Mission San Gabriel, this building, constructed largely of mud bricks saved from the ruins of early California haciendas, houses, together with its buildings, the most comprehensive collection of relics of the Old Southwest to be found anywhere in the world.

Ten years ago W. Parker Lyon, millionaire expressman, former Mayor of Fresno, but, above all,

philosopher and dreamer, be-thought himself a way to make his personal fortune help preserve the romance and tradition of the two-gun, two-fisted gold-rush days of California.

Piece by piece he began collecting picks and shovels, bullion scales and gold pans discarded by the Forty-miners. First he stored the relics in his home at "Sunridge," his San Marino hillside estate.

Soon, however, his collection of

arrowheads, utensils and "shooting irons" grew to such proportions that it could no longer be comfortably accommodated in his home, and when he grasped the opportunity to purchase an old stage coach (three more were added later), it became apparent that a separate building would have to be constructed.

When the adobe building, already mentioned, had been erected on the western extremity of Sunridge the collection was thrown open to the public for the first time.

Today every inch of available space in the museum, including the ceilings, it utilized to store its treasures, which number more than 40,000 pieces.

Obviously, it is impossible in an article of this length, or even in a single volume, to paint a comprehensive picture of a collection such as that which comprises the Pony Express Museum.

Some hazy idea of its vastness and diversity, however, may be gained when it is learned that here is assembled a collection of 12,000 Indian arrowheads, the largest in the world, yet Mr. Lyon considers his Indian relics of secondary importance to those of the gold-rush days. And that, although philately is a "side issue" with the museum's founder, he has, tucked away in a dark corner of this remarkable building, thirty-six volumes of rare postage stamps.

Interesting to the layman because of the spectacular part they played in the history of California and the Old Southwest are the stage-coaches which now repose in a musty stable, exact replica of the type that once adjoined wayside taverns from Sacramento to Mexico.

Hank Monk's coach, which ran the gauntlet of bandits and hostile

Indians from Sonora to Bodie in 1868, and Buffalo Bill Cody's bullet-riddled, six-horse de luxe coach which plied between Nebraska and Kansas stand side by side, apparently waiting only for their fearless, fast-shooting, hard-hitting drivers to climb once again into their high-perched seats and charge down the white, cactus-bordered roads in a cloud of dust.

In this same stable, built of lumber shipped down from Bear Valley in Northern California, where it was hewed eighty years ago by the frontiersmen themselves, stand two old-time fire engines, the more picturesque of which answered alarms in Carson City, Nevada, 100 years ago, and was drawn by sixteen men.

UNDER the weather beaten roof of the main building is a collection of relics so vast that only a vague impression of it may be obtained in a single afternoon; to gain a comprehensive idea of the romance it holds one must return again and again, and yet again.

Here is the trunk once used by Father Junipero Serra, founder of the California missions, to carry his personal belongings from one Christian outpost to another. It is more than 200 years old.

Beside it is a Spanish chest, brought to California 242 years ago by the Spanish settlers, which once contained the celebrated bear flag.

There is the .44-caliber Colt revolver taken from the dead body of Billy the Kid, notorious bandit, after he was shot by Sheriff Pat Garrett. Near it is the six-shooter once carried by Joaquin Murietta, who terrorized stage travelers from El Rancho San Pasqual to Monterey from 1845 to 1850.

More gruesome is the skull and revolver of the robber Jim Parker,

who was lynched after he had murdered a stage driver.

Besides these there are hundreds of guns once owned by lesser-known bandits, and those of the brave pioneers who fought a ceaseless battle against them, and eventually won out.

Here we see a bar taken from an old gold-rush saloon in Marioposa and patronized by such frontiersmen as Gen. Fremont, Gen. U. S. Grant, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain. Two bullet holes through its once polished front attest to the hot tempers and quick trigger fingers of its former patrons. Its proprietor maintained his own graveyard.

But all the relics that the museum contains are not reminiscent of hardship. There are those things, too, which bring a smile to the observer. Dangling from the ceiling is a complete wardrobe of the pioneer belle. Here are bustles, switches, pantaloons and a wire hoop, twelve feet around. "That," Mr. Lyon always answers his guests' inquiries with a chuckle, "is where grandma kept her calves."

Then there are "Grant's pants." These buckskin britches are shot through with arrows. "It seems," Mr. Lyon explains, "that when Grant was commanding a company of cavalry during the Indian troubles of the late Fifties in Southern Oregon he ran back to camp one day with a half dozen arrows in his britches. The general, then a captain, recovered all right, but the incident struck his men as so funny that they named the camp 'Grant's Pants' in honor of the occurrence. Later, when a town sprang up there, the name was changed to Grant's Pass, doubtless for the sake of dignity."

The modern girl, Mr. Lyon thinks, who weighs herself daily, and who is distraught if the scale

(Read further on Page 47)

The Trend of Experimental Drama

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

THE twentieth century has not been one of great achievements in the field of Art and Letters. While this may be applied to the world in general, it is particularly true of America. Such results are reached through a certain evolution, and evolution has momentarily given place to revolution in all branches of the Fine Arts. We have witnessed, during the past decade, a general upheaval of old forms and standards in almost every line of creative work. Propaganda of the most radical nature has stalked madly through the land.

By all the fixed laws of order, revolution is bound to bring about chaos, and we are now standing in the midst of this disarrangement, trying as best we may, not to restore order, but rather to open a way for a future adjustment that will bring with it a new order and a new and more useful art expression than we have ever before enjoyed.

Much of the art of the past is utterly useless to humanity. It lacks the essential elements of democracy and social uplift, and falls into mediocrity at once exotic or snobbish. A statue, a painting, a musical composition, a poem, or a drama must relate itself to national life and express the spirit of a people if it is to live and bear fruit.

During the present century, no great national figure has arisen to blaze the way for a superior school of art in America; yet if we but stop to analyze human thought and endeavor about us, we will discover strange facts. We will find that the age of so-called modernism has brought with it new forms of sculpture, painting, musical composition, poetry and drama.

Consider the Cubists and Futurists in sculpture and painting, the tone-colorists in music, and the imagists in poetry. The drama also has undergone many changes, and is yet destined

to undergo many more before it fulfills its purpose or assures for the American stage a brilliant future.

We have what is commonly called "modern drama," which includes almost every type of play written since Ibsen's day. As a matter of fact, the majority of these works are more out of date than many which served as dramatic models generations ago. Ibsen unquestionably sounded a new note in dramatic composition, and blazed the way for the onrush of a modern school of playwriting which I fear has died a-borning. France, Russia, Scandinavia, England, Ireland, Belgium, and even Spain and Hungary have produced national figures in the art of play-writing. To whom can we point in America as representative of our soil and our people? I do not need to answer this question, for I am not dealing with past or present plays or playwrights, but with the promised art of the drama and its future as it relates itself to the speaking stage in America.

The fine arts are so closely related that it is almost impossible to separate them and discuss any one without bringing more or less attention to all. A good painting embodies music and poetry just as a good musical composition embraces poetry and painting. Composition, color, tone-values and balance of light and shade, enter as much into the writing of a play as they do into the painting of a picture, or the composing of a great symphony.

How few dramatists realize this may be judged by the superabundance of poor, weak plays seen upon our stage today. These elements in drama must come from a deep and profound knowledge and an appreciation of the Fine Arts and be expressed in feeling rather than in the mere handling of the theme. In other words, the dra-

matist must know the art that conceals art, for it would be a sad thing to strive for such an end in the writing of a play. The result would be ultra-aestheticism, which is always unhealthy and wholly to be avoided in all forms of art.

The keynote of all great and enduring art is direct simplicity, and it is a very easy matter to detect a pose in the work of a dramatist, painter or composer.

If one deliberately sets about to produce a simple effect, the result is always elaborate. Simplicity comes only with the super-knowledge of all the underlying principles of art and sincerity of purpose on the part of the worker that renders his output entirely free from self-consciousness or self-esteem. Sophistication in any art is destructive to the social order, and hence becomes immoral. This is our only quarrel with the works of many of the leading producers in the realm of the Fine Arts.

Dramaturgy may yet become a fine art in spite of its wrong beginning and its forty years of wanderings in the wilderness of commercialism.

If, however, the drama is ever to take its place in the realm of art, along with sculpture, painting and music, it must be made far more elastic than it is at the present time. It is altogether possible to develop a drama until it embraces all kindred arts, and becomes a composite structure made up of the elements of painting, music, and poetic form. The play of the future will follow this formula, and becomes not only a thing to be acted upon the stage, but a lasting contribution to the best art of the world.

A play must interpret life, rather than portray it, for imitation is not the end of art. If such were the case, the

(Read further on Page 48)

The New International 11-Tube All-Wave Radio only.....

\$55.95

The New International all-Wave 11-tube Super Heterodyne DeLuxe contains all the new 1933 features with a tuning range of 15 to 550 meters, super phonic tubes; just switch the knob for short wave or regular broadcast. Band Automatic Volume Control holds steady volume on all stations. Two full dynamic speakers matches the super phonic tubes. Full vision dial control, two speed slow and high speeds complete, with beautifully designed walnut console cabinet, for only \$55.95, freight paid. Five-tube Monarch Radio, beautifully finished walnut cabinet, handsome two-tone blend, only \$17.95. The cabinet contains Hammond first quality clock movement—a great bargain in a short wave set. Order from advertisement or write for price list.

McGUIRE DISTRIBUTING CO.,

RADIO FROM FACTORY TO CUSTOMERS, DOEVILLE, TENNESSEE

Pony Express Museum

(Continued From Page 45)

shows the slightest increase, might have more frequent cause for worry if she used a gold bullion scale which was made in San Francisco in 1858 and used at the Comstock Mine at Dayton, Nevada.

This huge instrument, weighing hundreds of pounds, is so delicately balanced, he declares, that it would show a gain if she used even a trifle more lipstick than she had worn when she last weighed herself, yet it will handle \$18,000 worth of gold at one time.

But the flecks of sunlight sifting through the great oak trees are growing dim on the adobe walls, and soon the stillness of a California night will envelop us. Reluctantly we turn our backs on this living bit of the Old West and start back for the metropolis—the city where only a few short years ago the swish-swash of a dry washer and perhaps the weird howl of a coyote were the only sounds that intruded upon the darkness.

The Machine and Economic Progress

(Continued From Page 38)

economic and social striving cannot be realized without utilization to the fullest extent of every available unit of power within our grasp. Our difficulty is a lack of coordinated effort directed toward the solution of our economic

problems. The complexity of modern economic institutions need not frighten us. It should strengthen the fibre of our resistance and give us courage to solve our difficulties.

The Oriental Outlook

THE steadily increasing intimacy of relationships, both social and commercial between the countries, bordering both sides of the Pacific, is stressed with the appearance of the new monthly magazine, "The Oriental Outlook," which, according to the editorial announcement of its first issue, is to be devoted to building "Oriental-Occidental Amity."

One page of the periodical is to be devoted, each month, to the dramatic stories behind the brief dispatches of commercial or financial news which come across the Pacific; an important section to reflect the trend of current thinking in the Orient is the page containing brief and timely translations from the vernacular press of both China and Japan.

"How the East and West Are Blending," by Dr. Inazo Nitobe, member of the House of Peers of the Japan Diet, is a featured article in the initial number and eight pages of half-tones give

an intimate picture of the present day scene in the Orient.

Ashley Elder Holden, former advertising man of Seattle, and traveler for some years in Manchuria, Japan and Korea, is the editor of the new magazine. Business manager is W. L. Young, formerly associated with the National City Bank of New York in Harbin and Dairen and at present chairman of the committee on Asiatic Relations of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. He is, also, a former Seattle man.

The magazine is published in San Francisco, with offices at 500 Sansome Street.

SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP AND JOURNALISM



A one-year professional training in the technique and practice of writing, under personal leadership of six distinguished American writers—Edwin Markham, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Rupert Hughes, Robert Welles Ritchie, John D. Barry, Samuel G. Blythe. Inspirational atmosphere and ideal environment. Only talented students accepted. Send for circular.

WILLIAMS INSTITUTE, Berkeley, Calif.

WRITERS

*do your stories land
the editors' checks?*

If not — there's a reason. Don't blame the depression for everything. Learn to improve your own work.

LET PLOT ROBO JR. HELP YOU

Whether you are an established writer or a tyro, PLOT ROBO JR. will help you to write better, more saleable stories.

PLOT ROBO JR. supplies you with a million plots if you need them—it gives you fresh ideas which every writer needs—it never stifles your own imagination, but on the contrary, stimulates it. It is an inspiration and a guide.

PLOT ROBO JR. IS THE JUNIOR EDITION OF THE FAMOUS PLOT ROBO-GENIE invented by Wycliffe A. Hill. It has received tens of thousands of columns of newspaper publicity all over the world and is being used by successful and established writers.

Order your PLOT ROBO at once and turn rejection slips into checks.

WRITERS' SERVICE

422 H. W. Hellman Bldg.,
354 South Spring St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed, find \$.....
for which please ship me immediately ROBO JR. indicated by the squares checked below. (There are six Robo Juniors, one for each type of story listed.) They are:

The Scenario Plot.....	\$2.00
(Melodramatic Romance)	
Romance Without Melodrama.....	\$2.00
Action — Adventure.....	\$2.00
Detective — Mystery.....	\$2.00
Comedy.....	\$2.00
Short-Short Story.....	\$2.00
SPECIAL—ALL SIX FOR \$10.00	

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

MaltoPep

(With Acidophilus Culture)

MALTOPEP IS AN ALKALINE FORMING FOOD. It neutralizes acidity (Acidosis). Acidosis often causes Cancer, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Stomach Ulcers.

MALTOPEP AIDS DIGESTION, RELIEVES GAS PAINS, bloating and heart throbbing.

MALTOPEP CORRECTS CONSTIPATION. It contains a culture of viable (live) Acidophilus which neutralizes toxic conditions, stimulates bowel action and provides a friendly intestinal flora in which putrefication and disease germs cannot thrive.

MALTOPEP IS FREE FROM DRUGS, possessing decided therapeutic qualities. It is essentially a MALT AND ACIDOPHILUS HEALTH FOOD BEVERAGE, delicious in taste and flavor, can be taken freely, and used to supplant tea, coffee or chocolate if desired. Excellent in cases of malnutrition, nervousness, debility, indigestion and stomach disorders of all kinds.

MALTOPEP PRICES

Parcel Post or
Expressage Prepaid

One Pint	\$ 1.25
One Quart	2.25
One-half Gallon (one month's supply for one person).....	4.00
Family Case of four one-half gallons (four months' supply for one person).....	12.00

L. G. MOWER,
Distributor

422 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.,
354 SO. SPRING STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Experimental Drama

(Continued From Page 46)

photographic print would be far superior to the finest canvas by Renoir, or Cezanne. That there exists a truth to nature far higher than historic truth, cannot be denied. All this, the future dramatist must fathom and apply to his work, if he keeps abreast, of the times.

In order to produce a drama of this nature, it is not essential to plunge the reader into the depths of symbolism, and I certainly do not advise the playwright to attempt to become a mystic if nature has not so endowed him. Mysticism as employed by Maeterlinck is of the highest value to art, but when one sets about to acquire such a quality, his work is apt to become dank or feeble. Compare "The Blind" with attempts by less skilled writers, and you will readily see my meaning. The works of Maeterlinck possess many of the best qualities of art, and many of the scenes from early plays compose as a painting, yet one cannot call this writer a colorist. He has mastered rhythm in a high sense, and his dramas never fall below a poetic purpose.

TAGORE embodies in his plays many of the principles of art. He possesses a poetic vision, his work is always pictorial, and he senses music in a more or less comprehensive manner. With all of these qualities to his credit, Tagore lacks contrast and color. Much of his work is pale and full of white moonlight and the shadows of night. Strong contrasts do not appeal to him, yet Tagore expresses a national spirit in his work and his contribution to the art of drama has been liberal, indeed.

Many will say that the plays of Maeterlinck and Tagore are merely reading plays and will not act. This is a grave mistake. If the plays of such writers do not lend themselves to the stage, the fault is with the mechanics of present day stagecraft, and proves that such plays are in advance of the times.

The play of the future will call for a new type of interpreters, including actors, managers, producers, scenic artists, costumers, and stage mechanics. If these factors are properly equipped, and can work together in harmony, there is no reason why such a play as "Chetra" or "The Blind" may not be produced and prove entertain-

ing to the general public. The greater the play, the less stage equipment is necessary as a background. Ben Greet has proved that Shakespeare's plays lose none of their salient qualities when performed without scenic effects.

FEW producers have given us satisfactory mountings for the plays of Shakespeare. This is due to the fact that few producers have mastered the psychology of Shakespeare's characters. Hence, the lines say one thing and the "set" another. This may be said of at least nine-tenths of the productions of modern plays. I do not believe that a plush curtain and a set of colored flood lights are all that are required to produce a play. Many plays may be mounted in this meager fashion and still retain much of their significance. On the other hand, I do not deem it necessary to resort to the minute details that characterize a Belasco production. No doubt Mr. Belasco was adroit enough to realize that without entertaining sets, his plays would have been weak tea for an audience.

Few actors are able to create a proper atmosphere with only a curtain for a background. It requires more than mental attitude and good acting to convey the full meaning of a great drama to the minds of the average audience. Every producer should employ a "play-artist" whose sole duty is to study the relative values of the play and relate the production to the characters.

A man's house is an index to his character. His state of mind is mirrored in the objects with which he surrounds himself. It is here the producer of a play so often fails. He overlooks the one point that means so much to the psychological success of the production. Take for examples, Heda Gabler, Paula Tanquary and Becky Sharp, three ladies of dissimilar moods and temperaments. What sort of room would each inhabit? To solve this important problem is altogether possible, and absolutely essential if a finished production is the aim of the producer.

America needs, and must have, the experimental theatre, for by experiment only can we set the drama right with the people and the people right with the drama.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

—AND—
OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Established 1868



by BRET HARTE

Featuring:

FUR TRADE IN EARLY CALIFORNIA

↑

NAMING OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CITIES

↑

WESTERN ART FOUNDATION

↑

RODEO TIME

↑

FICTION — VERSE

APRIL, 1933

Vol. 91

25¢

No. 3

RECENT BOOKS

From Press Of

Overland-Outwest Publications

LOS ANGELES — SAN FRANCISCO

Interpreting Education

By

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

For Voter, Taxpayer, Legislator, Teacher, School Board Member, General
Reader—A Timely Book in the Present Educational Emergency

80 Pages—Price 40 Cents

From Publisher Direct

1 1 1

Carcassonne

A Book of Verse with California Themes Figuring Prominently

By

BEN FIELD

1 1 1

Marquee Ballyhoo

A Distinct Contribution to the Latest Compelling Fiction

By

MAURICE L. KUSELL and M. S. MERRITT

Attractive Jacket—288 Pages

Overland-Outwest Publications

H. W. Hellman Building

Los Angeles

California

WE INVITE YOU to visit this unique shoppe located in the El Encanto Building.

Featuring Kali-sten-iks and Edward's Shoes. The shoes recommended by the leading child specialists.

Specializing in Orthopedic and Corrective fittings. Miss Crum, formerly with Bullock's and the Innes Shoe Co., will give advice and supervise all corrections.

Let us give you a free demonstration by taking a Podo-graph picture of your child's feet.

Westwood CHILDREN'S BOOT SHOP

1103 GLENDON AVENUE, WESTWOOD
C A L I F O R N I A

SAN FRANCISCO
New **HOTEL
OLYMPIC**



An Hotel
of supreme excellence designed to appeal to people who appreciate beauty and richness at moderate cost.

Single \$2.00 - \$2.50
Double 3.00 - 3.50
Twin Beds \$4.00

Our own Drive-In Garage.
Each room with bath, shower, radio. Coffee shop and dining room. Breakfast 35c, lunch 40c, dinner 50c.

230 EDDY ST.

Again the White Spot
of the Pacific Coast

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

700 ROOMS · NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM **\$2.50** WITHOUT BATH FROM **\$1.50**

E.C. EPPLEY .. President
CHARLES B. HAMILTON
Vice President & Managing Director

**CORNER FIFTH &
SPRING STREETS**

LOS ANGELES

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of
The Eppley Hotel Cos 20 Hotels in the Middle West,
Louisville, Ky. and Pittsburgh, Pa. and the
Hamilton Chain of Hotels in California.

CHICAGO OFFICE · 520 N. Michigan Ave. · Phone Superior 4416

*California's Most
Picturesque Cafe*

The Chateau

1201 Shatto Street
LOS ANGELES



*The Haunt of Artists,
Epics and Screen Stars*



ON THE REDWOOD HIGHWAY IN CALIFORNIA

Overland Monthly

Founded by BRET HARTE in 1868

and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Vol. 91

APRIL, 1933

No. 3

Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE at any library in the United States. The Magazine is also included in the INTERNATIONAL INDEX.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly." To insure return of manuscripts, there should always be enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

CONTENTS

Frontispiece (Plate) On the Redwood Highway, California.....	50
Melody Lane.....	Ben Field, Editor 52
Rodeo, Haarry C. Kennedy	
Genius, Carl Holliday	
The Wisdom of the Woods, Stanton A. Coblenz	
Sailing Vessel, Helen Maring	
A Quiet Way I Chose, V. James Chrasta	
Contentment, Helen Miller Lehman	
The California Fur Trade of 1800.....	Hampton Hutton 53
Treasure—A Short Story.....	Donovan Marshall 55
How the Cities of Southern California Were Named	
	Thomas S. Gamble 57
Western Art Foundation Launched.....	Everett C. Maxwell 58
Perishable, Verse.....	Nell Griffith Wilson 58
Genius, Verse.....	Lori Petri 58
For Chiquita and Jose.....	Thomas Welles 59
Rodeo.....	Joy O'Hara 62
Queer Money.....	Vivian Stratton 63
Tamapais Mountain Play.....	64
Book Notes.....	64

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted

Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year

25c per copy

OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS

MELODY LANE

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

RODEO

By HARRY C. KENNEDY

COLORFUL handkerchiefs, flashing shirts,
Pendleton pants, cowgirl skirts,
Broad-brimmed Stetsons, high-heeled boots,
Roweled spurs, mail-catalogue suits.
Cowboys, owners, dudes and hands—
THE RODEO'S ON—STRIKE UP THE BANDS!

Hold 'em cowboy—get in line,
Swing that cayuse—that's just fine.
Ah, the grand entry's comin' in,
Can't hear yourself in this din.
Look at 'em ride—cream of the lands—
THE RODEO'S ON—STRIKE UP THE BANDS!

Stop your hoss, give a salute,
Take off your hat, you darned galoot—
Can't you see the Flag's goin' up,
The drums a'rollin' ta-rup-a-rup.
Impressive the silence, cheers from the stands—
THE RODEO'S ON—STRIKE UP THE BANDS!

GENIUS

By CARL HOLLIDAY

(Professor of English, State College, San Jose, Calif.)

AND all the knights of Arthur's Court did pit their strength
Against the sword imbedded in unyielding stone;
But none, with all their toil, could draw its shining length
Till Arthur lightly touched the hilt—one hand alone—
And held aloft the blade to flash where sunlight shone.

And so with genius. Earnest souls may toil and sweat
And strive in vain—with fasting, prayer and heart-felt groan,
But genius reaches up where mysteries are met
And, lightly grasping whatsoever it deems its own,
Brings forth the thing that gleams with light from God's
high throne!

THE WISDOM OF THE WOODS

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

ROAMING a vaulted leafy hall, I view
The redwood columns that in clouds of green
Vanish like slumbering kings to meet the blue
Of heavens scarcely seen.

And, lost in worship of those lordly trees,
I wish that man might learn such calm as they.
Vain hope! they own the spellbound centuries,
While we have scarce today!

SAILING VESSEL

By HELEN MARING

(Dedicated to Ben Field, in memory of a day on the
Gulf of Georgia, August, 1931.)

A SHIP whose pearly sails are taut with breath
Blows westward on the blue horizon's ledge.
Aboard this steamer, at the railing's edge,
We watch the dream come back, as life from death.
This high-souled barkentine goes with the sun
Across our rim of vision to the west—
Over this smoky green, to the sapphire crest
Of other seas, a beauty romance won.

The white-winged flock were here; now this, the last
Of all the brigs and brigantines, the barks
And barkantines, the schooners, spreads its sails.
One glory of the seas holds to the past
To stir us, while the ear within us harks
To chanties, and to songs of holier grails.

A QUIET WAY I CHOSE

By V. JAMES CHRASTA

I T was a quiet way I chose—
I ask nor seek no more;
To see the bud upon the bough,
The rose before the door—

Ah, let others seek as well they may,
In far lands journeying—
But I shall keep this quiet tryst
With beauty, holy thing.

Oh, I shall know where skies await
The first boughs, laden white,
The flush of green upon the hills,
The rain-note in the night.

And I shall tread a modest way,
Alone with vagrant skies;
The tide of Spring a part of me—
Its vision in my eyes.

CONTENTMENT

By HELEN MILLER LEHMAN

I AM glad for days that bring monotony
For then I know a short space of time
Will be quite clear of grief, and no crime
Will record my name; nor will death be
An inauspicious knocker at my door;
Nor will disaster stalk across my floor,
And no heart ache or pain will come to me.
I'm glad for days that bring monotony.

The California Fur Trade of 1800

By HAMPTON HUTTON

WHEN Cabrillo first sailed his tiny ships along the coast of Alta California he was not searching for gold, yet had he seen nuggets lying along the shore he most assuredly would have stopped. Little did he realize that swimming under the very keels of his ships were fur bearing animals that, slightly more than two centuries later were to form the basis of a trade that far exceeded any other economic enterprises in California for many years. We can hardly blame this dauntless Portuguese for not seeing in these animals the basis of a fur trade and economic return. When he first skirted Californian shores he knew nothing of what was beyond and probably had heard but vague rumors of a land called China. A century later, when the Spaniards had developed trade with the Orient from their Philippine possessions and the coast of Mexico, they had excellent opportunity to extend their shipping to the coast that we now know as California. This area was settled purely for domestic purposes, however, so the inhabitants and governors had little desire to develop more than was necessary for a comfortable existence. It remained for the enterprising Yankee skipper to find and exploit the resources of the territory, which, at that time, was not gold, but fur, just as remunerative and just as easily obtained as that precious metal was fifty years later during the most famous of all gold rushes.

In 1784 when the Caballeros knew little and cared less for that group of revolutionists on the Atlantic Seaboard, one William

Shaw, supercargo of the *Empress of China*, sailed from Boston for the only open port of the Orient, Macao, or the port of Canton. Here he disposed of his cargo and opened an entirely new field of commerce which was quickly taken up by enterprising skippers and improved by those who traded between the Russians in Northwestern America, China and the Atlantic Coast. There was a great demand for furs in China and the Russians needed food and other such staple necessities. One could supply the other so the Yankees were the means of transportation. Had these sailors not possessed a native shrewdness and an originality in business, such an arrangement might have gone on indefinitely. But the press of competition and the great profits to be secured from a select cargo led them to stray far afield, searching for commodities acceptable to their wealthy Chinese patrons.

THE most desired furs in China were those of the fur seal and the sea-otter, the former being found from the shores of South America to the Bering Sea, while the latter and most prized, inhabited the waters from Cape San Lucas to Alaska. The Islands of Anacapa, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa and San Miguel, bordering the coast of what is now known as Southern California and forming the Santa Barbara Channel, yielded the most valuable fur of the entire coast. It was this that brought the Yankee traders to the waters of California and precipitated a fur rush the equal of any in history.

The tremendous demand for such fur may be easily understood.

It was remarkable for the preponderance of the beautiful soft under-fur, the stiffer hairs being removed when the skin was dressed for commercial purposes. The fur, which was about three-quarters of an inch thick, was a glossy jet black while the most magnificent had a few white hairs intermingled. The pelts were usually about five feet long and two and a half wide and of such weight and warmth that the Chinese handed them down from generation to generation as a sort of family inheritance or heirloom.

It is little wonder that these navigators, once in the Pacific, felt themselves superior to any law that proved a hindrance to their trade. As a result customs officials were disregarded, names and ships' papers were changed and any inconvenient regulations ignored. Even their commercial transactions were carried on in secrecy, the traders making themselves the law of the land. This individualism was further encouraged as the Yankees had a monopoly of the fur trade from 1800 on. The Russians were restricted by Chinese laws and a necessity of overland trade of too small proportions. The English, who had the greatest opportunity of all, due to the enterprises of Captain Cook, were inhibited, not by the Chinese, but by internal entanglements. The conflicting privileges of the East Indian and South Sea companies lead to a deadlock, while the Napoleonic wars turned the English minds toward Europe. All the while the American skipper was plying back and forth across the seas coining fabulous fortunes for himself and his crew.

NOT only did these ships run the gauntlet of Chinese law, but they also had to face the Spanish, who had trading laws protecting their lands from the invasions of foreigners. These regulations soon became a joke, however. The sailors never paid the exorbitant trading tax exacted by the governor, and the rancheros were always eager to trade a few seal or otter furs, for which they had little use, for more practical and scarce cloth and finery. Captain Shaler, one of the early traders, and the first American to write of California, tells in his log, *Journal of a Voyage from China to the Northwestern Coast of America Made in 1804*, of a miniature naval encounter which arose from the illegal trading of several hundred otter skins. Don Manuel Rodriguez, the commandant of San Diego Presidio, wished to prevent trading by Captain Shaler, and forbade him to leave the harbor until inspected. It was not the custom for American skippers to take orders from anyone, so the New Englander proceeded to sail directly out under the guns of the fort at Ballast Point. After being bombarded by the fort's nine-pounders, Shaler opened with his six three-pounders and drove the remainder of the garrison up on the hills with the rest of the town which had gathered to see the fireworks.

A few months later, following in these rather precarious footsteps, Captain Brown, master of the *Alexander*, sought permission to land his crew to cure them of scurvy. He was graciously given eight days, during which time his supposedly scurvy stricken crew secured some 500 otter skins by trading. Rodriguez got wind of the affair, however, and seized the pelts, apparently for his own gain. Whereupon the *Alexander* put to

sea, next stopping at San Juan Capistrano, where it was officially booked as being in need of provisions. After a rather successful deal here, Brown ran to Todos Santos (probably San Pedro) where he needed wood. From there he went to San Francisco, offering a similar excuse to obtain permission to anchor. His last stopping place was Monterey where he repaired and sailed away in the night, leaving the genial Spaniards holding a bill of some proportions. Apparently these incidents created no hard feelings on either side, as the Californians offered little resistance and the Yankees continued to carry on their illicit trade for many years after.

ALL of the skins were not obtained in this illegal manner, however, as many times the New Englanders hunted on their own account. Through arrangement with the Russian American Company they sometimes obtained Kadiak Indians to serve as hunters. They brought them down to the California coast and left small groups on the Farallons, Channel Islands and islands of Lower California. Such hunters lived largely upon the flesh of the animals they killed which, of course, made the cost of procuring furs very low. The California Indians themselves, particularly those living on Catalina and the other Channel Islands often engaged in such hunts, sometimes under the supervision of the sailors and occasionally they worked alone. In connection with this it is interesting to note that upon San Miguel Island there has been found a great number of Indian skeletons showing indications of a brutal massacre of the entire inhabitants. Historians have advanced the theory that a group of Russian fur hunters killed them, probably for the pelts

that these insular Indians had gathered. It seems more plausible, however, to charge the crime to these imported Indians; the Kadiaks and Aleuts who were very warlike and ruthless.

The local Indians hunted chiefly from the shore or in canoes fashioned from seal skin, known as Bidarkas. They employed clubs, spears and nets of a primitive nature, which effectively killed the animal, but often resulted in the loss of the pelt as the victim had a habit of sinking beyond recovery. To eliminate this difficulty some of the more intelligent, fashioned wooden harpoons to which a long string was attached, but their efficiency was probably far below that of their northern rivals, who were more energetic and intelligent.

The Americans, when hunting, employed what they called an otter canoe, about fifteen feet long and pointed at both ends. There were three men to a boat, one to shoot and two to paddle. There were three canoes in a party; one in the center and two on the flanks to prevent the victims from escaping. Short thick paddles were used because the ordinary canoe paddle or oar was incapable of propelling the craft through the thick kelp beds where the otters were usually found.

WILLIAM STURGIS, one of the most successful of the New England traders, estimated that in 1801 there were some 18,000 pelts taken, which sold for an average of \$4000 apiece, or some \$720,000 in the China market. It is impossible to estimate the enormous number of skins taken in the ten years following. Five million dollars in otter skins alone would be a conservative estimate. The most remarkable fact of all is the tremendous profit which

(Read further on Page 61)

Treasure

By DONOVAN MARSHALL

It took a girl to bring home to Dan Emerson the depth of which he had sunk, a girl in a blue dress. From where Dan lounged, or to be more exact, sprawled upon the platform of the Mountain View soft-drink pavilion, he could see her trim ankles moving along the board walk in a slow, graceful rhythm. Dan's eyes travelled upward to her face. She wasn't beautiful and yet—she was, in a healthful sort of a way. Clear grey eyes and natural rosy cheeks. Just the type of girl Dan would have selected in the days before he hit bottom.

She passed very close to Dan—so close that he could have reached out and touched her skirt—and yet as she passed she seemed to shrink away from him as if he were cursed with some loathsome plague. She drew in her skirt and hurried past, her small dimpled chin tilted at an angle.

Dan cringed as if a lash had suddenly descended upon his back. Some dormant spark of pride or manhood, or both, flared for the instant and Dan's pallid cheek was suffused with the crimson of shame. His eyes dropped self-consciously to his soiled and wrinkled clothing. With one grimy hand he brushed the mop of matted hair from his sunken red rimmed eyes.

"My God," he breathed, "have I sunk that low?"

And yet it was true. No longer was he Dan Emerson, of "All American" fame. He had ceased to have an individual name. He was one of a large but despised group—a drifter, a derelict, an out-and-out bum.

With a smile, warped by bit-

terness, Dan recalled the advice and warning given him by his old varsity coach, "Pop" Warner. "Don't do it, Dan," he had pleaded, "don't turn 'profesh.' You're a good fighter, Dan, but it's not your line—there's finer metal in you."

Dan had laughed then; he laughed now, hollowly, bitterly.

Dan had started like a whirlwind, too, ten knockouts in as many starts and then—the skids. A double crossing manager and a promoter who had over matched him. Dan had taken a terrible beating at the hands of a near champion; then down, down into oblivion. Two defeats at the hands of a "ham and egger" had finished Dan as far as the ring was concerned. He signed with a carnival. When the show went broke, the second week out, it left Dan stranded at Mountain View and he had remained stranded there ever since.

For a week Dan had managed to keep mercifully drunk. Then his supply of liquor and his credit gave out at the same time. For the past two days he had lived in a physical hell, his mouth and throat were dry and parched, his inside seemed on fire and his head throbbed. In the last few hours Dan had sunk into a sort of lethargy—a lethargy from which the girl in the blue dress had painfully aroused him.

She was coming back now and at her side strolled a man, a young sun-bronzed adonis.

Dan attempted to change his position, he wanted to hide from the clear grey eyes. He arose, but was too weak to control his steps and lurched awkwardly across the walk directly in the

path of the oncoming couple. With a gesture of scorn and contempt, the sun-bronzed adonis elbowed him to one side, and Dan, losing what little balance remained, sprawled full length.

Dan lay for a full minute where he had fallen, too weak to arise. It was then that the girl uttered a little cry of sympathy. True it was a cry that was instantly hushed, but Dan nourished that cry in his heart, in the same manner that he nourished hatred for the sun-bronzed adonis.

Then suddenly strong hands were beneath his arms, raising him to his feet. It was a man whom Dan had seen often about the pavilion, a man whose face had been burned by the sun rays until it was the color of a brick in the bath house across the street. The man wore a closely fitting brown suit and the eyes which bored into Dan's like gimlets were of a cool grey.

Dan was humiliated and therefore resentful. He attempted to free himself of the stranger's support and would have fallen had not the red-faced man caught him.

The next Dan knew he was seated upon a bench and the red-faced man was beside him, supporting him. "Sorta weak, aren't you, son," suggested the good Samaritan, mildly.

Dan did not answer.

"Sleep here last night?"

Once more Dan did not deign to answer.

"Well," said the red-faced man, not taken aback in the least, "I can see that your breakfast has been postponed." He ventured a tight lipped smile. "So has mine. I suggest that we make up for lost time."

DAN slumped down in his chair and stared idly at the empty plate in front of him. His food was gone, likewise his resentment. In its place he felt only a satisfied sleepy sensation. He raised his head slowly. His strange red-faced benefactor was watching him closely he knew. For a moment Dan met the gimlet eyes unflinchingly, then his own dropped. "Thanks," he mumbled self-consciously.

Dan's benefactor dismissed his thanks with the wave of a red hand. He leaned across the table and fixed Dan once more with his piercing eyes.

"You need sleep," he said abruptly. "Well, here's my proposition—I'll stake you to a bed on one condition, today you sleep, tomorrow you accompany me on a hike."

IT was dark outside when Dan awoke. He pivoted to a sitting posture and was surprised to find that he felt much better. His head still ached dully and his throat was parched and dry, but there was new elasticity and strength to his muscles. A pitcher, filled with what had once passed for ice water, was upon the wash stand and this Dan emptied in great gulps. A curious glance about the room showed that it was small but neat and well furnished. The alarm clock upon the dresser told him that it was ten minutes after eight o'clock. Dan turned with a yawn and noticed for the first time a tray of food upon the chair beside his bed. In a few minutes the tray was empty. Dan wondered vaguely about the red-faced man. Why was he interested in a stranger—a derelict? He yawned, set the alarm for six o'clock and went back to bed.

It was the first time that Dan had awakened with an alarm since

his college days. For some minutes he lay gazing at the ceiling and trying to piece together the events of the past twenty-four hours. His brain was clearer now. It was like awakening from a long sleep and yet—two faces he saw very clearly. The face of the girl in the blue dress and that of the sleek-haired adonis. Dan smiled grimly; some day he would punch that handsome sun-bronzed face.

WITH a start, Dan remembered his promise to hike with the red-faced man. For just a moment he was tempted to slip quietly away. Then the gimlet grey eyes were before him, holding his own and shaming him. He arose and dressed hurriedly.

When Dan arrived at the pavilion, the man of the red face and the gimlet eye was there ahead of him. He did not seem surprised that Dan had come.

After a cup of steaming coffee and a roll they started forth. Dan's companion carried a large paper sack. "Our lunch," he explained.

The path they were following was known as the Bear Mountain trail. As the ascent grew more abrupt Dan was forced to rest frequently. When they had covered perhaps a mile and a half, Dan slumped down upon a rock. He was panting and his lungs felt as if they would burst in another moment. "I'm all washed up," he gasped, "I can't go any further."

The red-faced man smiled, his peculiar tight lipped smile. "Oh, yes, you can." He was cheerful but firm.

Dan was allowed a ten-minute rest after which they pushed on. An hour passed and then another. At length they reached a spring.

"We stop here for lunch," Dan's companion informed him.

Dan gasped. He was leaning

weakly against a rock. "You don't mean that we are going farther," he protested.

His companion nodded. "Clear to the top."

They ate their lunch in silence. The red-faced man thoughtfully, Dan sullenly. The red-faced man was no longer a benefactor, he was a slave driver; and yet Dan's appetite was enormous.

His companion had finished and was watching Dan thoughtfully.

"I suppose," he said, "that you think I'm crazy. What would you say if I told you I am after treasure?"

Dan was interested in spite of himself. "You mean gold?"

His companion shook his head, "Far more valuable than gold," he said.

Although Dan was plainly skeptical, he offered no objection when a new start was made.

Late that afternoon when the two returned to Mountain View, Dan thought he had never been so tired in all his life; yet his brain was clearer and his interest in life keener than it had been in many months. He pointed out somewhat ironically to his companion that they had found neither gold nor platinum. But the red-faced man only smiled in his tight-lipped fashion and asked Dan if he was willing to keep up their bargain. "I need a partner," he said simply.

Dan hesitated, his body cried out against such punishment and yet—

She was coming along the walk and she had on the identical blue dress. Dan began to smile violently—she was smiling at him was speaking.

"Well," repeated his companion, "how about it, is it a go?"

"It's a go," agreed Dan, his eyes still following the blue dress.

"T-tell me," he said suddenly. "how do I look?"

(Read further on Page 61)

How the Cities of Southern California Were Named

By THOMAS S. GAMBLE

LOYALTY led the first California settlers to name their towns and beaches in honor of their church and king.

The city of Los Angeles was first named by the Spanish, Nuestra Señora Reina de Los Angeles, meaning Our Lady, Queen of the Angels. The name might have been derived from paintings of the Virgin Mary surrounded by angels.

Santa Barbara is named in honor of Saint Barbara, who lived in the year 230. She was beheaded by her own father when she took up the Christian religion. Later he was killed by lightning. Sailors at sea offer their prayers to Saint Barbara as a safeguard against the fury of lightning. A mission was founded at Santa Barbara by the Franciscan order in 1786. Its purpose was to teach Christianity to the California Indians. From that humble beginning sprang the city, which bears the name of Santa Barbara. The mission, which stands on a hill, is one of the best preserved in Southern California. Part of it was destroyed by an earthquake. Since then it has been rebuilt in accordance with the architecture of the period in which it was originally built. Church services are still held in the old mission. Most of the streets in Santa Barbara bear Spanish names.

Further south, at Ventura, a mission was founded in 1782. It now stands in the center of the town. The mission was named San Buenaventura, meaning Good Venture. The word "good" in Spanish has been omitted, and the town is now known as Ventura.

San Buenaventura was the name given to Giovanni di Fidenza by St. Francis of Assisi. So pronounced was his future that St. Francis exclaimed: "Oh, buena ventura."

Still further south is the small town of El Rio, meaning "the river." Another small town in this region is Calabasas. Spanish lovers who have been ejected are often termed as having been given "calabasas," or, as we could put it in the language of the day, "given the cold shoulder."

The town of San Fernando also derives its name from its mission, which

was founded in 1792. San Fernando was the third king of Spain. He reigned in the thirteenth century and was canonized in 1271. The mission at San Fernando has stood the ravages of time. Little by little, these missions, built by the Franciscan Fathers, with the labor of the Indians and donations of the wealthy Spaniards, are crumbling and giving away to the ravages of time. In some cases they have been restored.

The city of Santa Monica has no mission, and there is no record of one ever having been there. A legend about the naming of the city states that two Spanish soldiers, stationed at Nuestro Senora Reina de Los Angeles, had gone for a walk. Nearing the present site of Sawtelle, they found a small spring. The spring reminded one of the soldiers of St. Monica, shedding tears for her lost son, so the town was named Santa Monica. Saint Monica is the patron saint of the blind, and those who are afflicted with eye trouble.

Hermosa, a beach town near Los Angeles, means "beautiful." Redondo, also a beach town, means "round." Close to Redondo Beach is Playa del Rey, which, translated into English, is "The King's Beach."

With San Pedro, one could well describe Southern California as a Heaven on earth, for San Pedro, in English, means St. Peter, who holds the keys of Heaven. San Pedro with its port holds the key of entrance to California for ships from all parts of the world.

Inland is the city of Santa Ana, named for St. Ann. No mission has ever been founded there.

Humor must enter, and it came when the small town of El Toro, meaning "The Bull," was named.

Further south is the mission of San Juan Capistrano, which was built in 1776. It was named in honor of Saint John Capistran, who was born in Naples, and entered the Franciscan order in 1415. He was one of the officials of the Inquisition, and was active with the Crusaders. The mission still stands, almost in ruins. It resembles a gigantic effort, which has served its purpose and is now a failure in a new generation of mixed religions. The town has not grown in the same pro-

portion as the others. It is a quaint little place, a stopping point for travelers on their way to San Diego.

Laguna, a beach town, means "the pond." San Clemente is St. Clements in English. It is a new town, under promotion. Of late they are naming their holdings and enterprises in Spanish, although their insufficient knowledge of the language leads them to err. The beautiful town of La Jolla is a misspelled name. It might have been La Hoya, meaning "the hole," or La Joya, meaning "the jewel."

Still further south is San Marcos, meaning St. Marks. Not far from there is Escondido, which means "hidden." Further south, and on the coast, is Del Mar, interpreted as "of the sea."

Then is reached the city of San Diego. Its name was derived from the mission of San Diego de Alcalá, meaning St. James of Alcalá, which was founded in 1769. St. James was an Andalusian who lived in the sixteenth century, and was canonized in 1588. He was the patron saint of miracles.

Connecting the entire chain of twenty-one missions is a highway, which has been in use since the time the missions were founded. This is "El Camino Real," meaning "The King's Highway." It was named in honor of the king of Spain.

About fifteen miles from San Diego is Tia Juana, which means Aunt Jean. The town is across the border, in Mexico. Its revenue is from gambling, saloons, and speakeasies. This town gives the tourist the mistaken impression that all of Mexico is like Tia Juana.

Toward the east, and still hovering the border, is El Centro, meaning "the center." Calexico is a nearby town. Its name was derived by taking the first syllable of California, "Cal," and ending it with the last syllables of Mexico, "exico," hence the name, "Calexico." The town is in California.

Mexicali, in old Mexico, was named in the same fashion, with the order of the words reversed.

So prosperous was Tia Juana in its enterprises that another resort was opened, south of it, named Agua Caliente, meaning "Hot Water." Again the logic of the Spanish enters, but only those who are unfortunate with Lady Luck will really understand it.

Western Art Foundation Launched

FILLING a long felt need in the field of California and Southwestern art, the newly organized Foundation of Western Art, has opened temporary exhibition galleries and executive office at 627 South Carondelet Street in Los Angeles, where a permanent collection of works by representative western painters, sculptors, etchers and craftsmen are being assembled and may be seen, free of charge, daily from 10:00 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

Aiming to establish a uniform standard as a guidance for students and laymen alike, the Foundation, which is philanthropic and non-commercial, will function as an important addition to educational and cultural movements in the West.

Its paramount object, aside from its exhibition features, will be its endeavor to discover and encourage new talent in the arts by granting yearly scholarships to deserving students.

Two exhibition galleries will be maintained—one for current exhibitions and one for a permanent collection of representative works by native painters who have contributed some distinctive service to Western art over a period of time, and whose efforts deserve special recognition.

All works exhibited will be by invitation only and no prize competitions will be held. Artists invited will be-

come "exhibiting members" of the Foundation and works selected are not subject to a jury. No expense is attached to exhibitors.

Laymen may become associate members and thus avail themselves of the privileges of the Foundation, including exhibitions, lectures, chamber concerts and other educational and social features.

Architects' plans are now completed for the first unit of a permanent gallery which will adhere to the simple rugged style of the early Mexican-California ranch house, and by thus showing paintings and sculpture in their proper native environment with the furniture, textiles, pottery, books and other decorative arts of the period, —against the proper native architectural background, each piece will take on a character which enables one to enjoy it in terms of the life and emotions of the people, for and by whom it was created.

Everett C. Maxwell, California writer and critic and a former museum curator, has been chosen as director, due to his long service to the cause of western art and his knowledge of conditions.

Dana Bartlett, art lecturer and instructor, and former president of various art clubs and associations, is curator, and various committee heads include such well known names as

Arthur Millier, Leta Horlocker, Merrell Gage, Julia Bracken Wendt, Paul Landacre and Edward Weston.

Credit for the formation of the Foundation is due to the generous support of Mr. Max Wieczorek, noted portrait painter, and prominent in civic, social and cultural circles in the Southwest.

The board of sponsors includes a group of citizens noted for their educational and philanthropic interests, notable among whom are, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Capt. C. R. Besser, Mrs. Max Wieczorek, Mr. Andrew M. Chaffey, Mrs. H. R. Everett and Mr. Reginald D. Johnson. The Foundation is further endorsed by leading institutions and associations throughout the country and is deserving of wide patronage.

Exhibiting members to date include such well-known artists as Marian Kavanagh Wachtel, Maynard Dixon, Paul Lauritz, Max Wieczorek, Benjamin C. Brown, Carl Oscar Borg, Aaron Kilpatrick, William Reitschel, Jean Mannheim, DeWitt Parshall, Douglass Parshall, Jack Gage Stark, Orrin White and Millard Sheets.

Loans from friends and patrons include works by Elmer Wachtel, William Wendt, William Keith, Rex Slinkard, Franz Bischoff, Guy Rose, Granville Redmond, Thomas Hunt, E. Martin Hennings, Nicola Fechin and Edgar Keller.



Perishable

By NELL GRIFFITH WILSON

THE only laughed at warning of a storm,
For did the sea not murmur soft and mild?
And so she built her dream-house on the sand
With gay abandon like a happy child.
But restless waters surged, until one day
She wept to see it rudely swept away.

Genius

LORI PETRI

THE same sounds mouthed in trade and lies,
The same thumbed themes of love and skies:
But why do buttercups and birds
Spring from this shallow soil of words,
And moons outside of space and time
Lie mirrored in this strip of rhyme?

For Chiquita and Jose

By THOMAS WELLES

THEY were dancing, he and she—gliding, swaying, whirling over the flagstones polished smooth with age. Dancing not the awkward foxtrot of the Americanos, but the lithe tango of our forebears—his, and hers, and mine; the tango that breathes of the sensuous languor that is Mexico.

He was Senor Jose de Alvarez; Senor Jose, whose father, Don Pedro, once owned vast lands adjoining on the east the pueblo of Los Angeles; and he was my friend. And she—we called her Chiquita. How strange to think of her as Senorita Francesca Moré—she of the deep black eyes and flower-like face! Yet that she had been named by her father, and by that name she was known to the Americanos.

They were dancing, he and she—gliding, swaying, whirling over flagstones polished smooth with dancing, as, indeed, was right. For she was his betrothed. Yet his eyes sought not the raven sheen of her hair, to drink of its loveliness. They were not happy eyes, nor were hers. At this I wondered.

They flashed past me, Chiquita and Jose; flashed past where I was standing in the doorway to the patio, and she smiled. It was the full-given, matchless smile of Mexico, yet it did not fill my heart with joy, for I sensed in it a touch of pity—pity for what I have not, and perhaps for what I am. Either that it was, or pleading which was written in her eyes.

I am poor. Alonzo Gonzales is my name, and I am a teller of tales—tales of love, and of passion, and of despair; tales of valor and of hate; yet tales, all, of mine own people, of my beloved Mexico—my proud Mexico, which the Americanos do not understand. Shiftless, they call us, and worse, because our ways are not their ways. And we, with the hot red blood of Castile coursing through our veins; so I am poor, and in Chiquita's smile I sensed the stab of pity—the stab of pity, or of pain.

But not until she was lost in the nipping couples did I turn away, for the upple grace of her lithe young body drew my gaze, even as the bee is drawn to the honeyed flower. Only when I could no longer see her did I

turn my back and search out a shadowed recess of the patio, that I might the better think. Only then did I strike fire to a black cigaretto and inhale deeply of its licoriced fragrance.

Jose y Chiquita. In their hearts welled the proud, pure blood of their Spanish forebears, unsoiled by foreign mixture. And they had loved—loved deeply, in the nature of my people, and soon they were to wed. Now I pondered, wondering at what I had seen—at the cold disinterest in the eyes of Jose; at the confusion and pain in Chiquita's.

Then suddenly I remembered, and the thought forced the blood from my cheeks, and left me weak. For Jose was my friend. No, it could not be! And yet, perhaps, it was. For had I not watched his eyes? Had I not seen the quick flame of passion spring there, and linger, too, before he knew I watched?

It had been not far away—at a shop near the old Mission San Gabriel, where he and I had gone but yesterday to make some slight purchase. There he had seen her—this other maiden—and I had wondered at the fire that flashed in his eyes—had seen her of the flaxen hair and lily-white skin, who had come recently from the pueblo of Los Angeles. It was she who filled our order.

Jose that afternoon had been morose, nor had he smiled at the flippancies with which I tried to cheer him. That, indeed, must be the reason for his coolness tonight. She of the china-blue eyes and bewitching smile had done something to his heart which had chilled it to the grace, and warmth, and loveliness that was Chiquita's.

And so I pondered, breathing deeply of the heady perfume of orange blossoms, and plumbago, and jasmine—the mingled perfumes that Chiquita knew and loved—the perfumes that drifted in tonight on the still air only to torment her, for she knew not what was wrong.

But the music now had stopped, and the silk-clad scnoritas, with their escorts, sought the coolness of the patio. I searched with my eyes for Jose until I found him—found him and Chiquita; and I bade them accompany me to the seclusion of a garden bench,

where the secrets of our conversation would be safe with the night birds and the drowsy golden poppies at our feet.

AT last, when we three were seated, Jose turned brooding eyes on me and asked, "What is it that you wish, amigo mio?"

For a minute I thought in silence, nor dared to trust my voice lest I give some hint I knew that which was so. "What is it, my friend, you wish with me?"

Abruptly I began: "Though I dare not guess the reason, I have read in your eyes tonight, Jose, that you are melancholy. I thought perhaps to divert your mind by telling you the story of my mother's mother; by telling it to you and Chiquita."

"Your mother's mother?" he repeated.

"Sí, amigo mio. Though not a very happy tale it is. Would you care to hear?"

"If it pleases you, my friend."

"I will tell it, Jose, for then you will see that whatever canker may be festering in your heart, mine is a sadder plight than yours. For mine is not the pure blood of Mexico; or, perhaps, I should say the untarnished blood of Spain, whence came your ancestors and mine, save one.

"But it is not of myself I would tell. It is of my mother's mother, for she it was who married an Americano—a searcher for gold in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. I shall repeat the tale to you as my mother told me it."

I looked long into the deep, black pools of jet that were Chiquita's eyes, that I might read her thoughts. At last convinced she had not guessed my motive, I went on:

It was in the early spring time of '51 (I told them) that my mother's mother met him—in the spring, when the air was heavyladen with the sweet scent of chaperal, and mocking-birds trilled their wooing melody from darkness to the dawn.

It was early in the morning, when the first golden streaks of sunlight crept across the mountains to lend a deeper, richer gold to the poppies that blanketed thickly the Valley of San Gabriel, and she had gone alone to the

stream for water with which to cook frijoles and valley mais, mais which her mother had stored through the winter just ended. There at the stream she met him, where he was panning gold; gently rocking the tray to dislodge the gravel and settle the heavier yellow dust, which is the Americanos' god.

But his eyes were not all for gold, and when my mother's mother, who then was but a girl of twenty summers, dipped her earthen jug into the cold, sparkling water, he looked up, and suddenly a strange, burning light was kindled in his eyes. For she was lovely to behold—her skin as soft as the humming-bird's down, her eyes as deep as the sea on a starless night, and her bosom full-rounded.

He spoke to her in English, and when he saw she failed to comprehend, addressed her in broken Spanish, supplying with gestures of the hands the words he did not know, and offered to carry the jug, now weighted with mountain water, wherever she wished.

Perhaps it was the boyish frankness in his face; perhaps because the emotion that quivered in his breast had struck some harmonizing chord in hers; whatever may have been the reason, she smiled her thanks, and surrendered him the jug.

From the stream to the rancho was not far by the shortest route, and my mother's mother knew well the path, yet in that seemingly helpless manner that is one of the charming subtleties of her sex, she contrived to lose the way. And so it was that long before they reached the vine covered patios of the hacienda she had learned that he was Arthur Dresden, a civil engineer from the far city of Buffalo, and he had learned that she was called Juanita.

At last they turned down the flower-banked path that stretched lazily toward the house—the white graveled path that wound through uncut manzanita and fragrant juniper; and when they reached at length the patio, the young Americano, Dresden, set down the water jug and gazed with newborn longing into the fathomless pools of virgin jet that were Juanita's eyes—Juanita's who was my mother's mother. Gently he took her hand in his, and bowed his head, and raised her fingers, one by one, to press against his lips, and said, "Tonight I come, Juanita. When the sun has finished his toil, and sunk wearily to his bed beyond the hills; when the

mocking-bird again sings sweetly to his mate, and all the little desert creatures sleep, I come; and you shall see me. Yes?"

This he said to her in Spanish—Spanish that welled, suddenly fluent, from within his heart, because he felt real need for the long-forgotten phrases.

But the girl Juanita shook her head. "No, amigo, not tonight. For when the sun grows red, and the poppies fold their petals in slumber, and the deep purple of night, creeping up the Sierra Madre, nears the summit, Carlos comes; Carlos, whose father and mine have even now arranged our marriage. And he it is I love, and he loves me."

These words she said, but spoke them only with her mouth; and the Americano, Dresden, did not miss the fire that sprang into her eyes, answering the smouldering passion in his own. "Tonight I come," he repeated, "but I will remain at the gate, in the shadow of a manzanita. If you have not yet met me there when the night owl hoots, I shall go, carrying with me only thoughts of what might have been."

"And now, Juanita mia, adios." He pressed her head to his lips and was gone.

Turbulent were the thoughts of Juanita that day, and mad the cross-currents of emotion that throbbled in her heart. For she, untutored in the caprices of mind, knew not for what it was, the false love that engulfed her being.

And so, when the last dimming rays of the sun bathed the valley in gold, and the soft blanket of night crept westward, lulling to sleep the sensitive poppy and the wee desert creatures; when the mocking-bird trilled sweetly in the chaparral, and the coyote howled his plaintive greeting to the rising moon—then it was that the girl Juanita stole silently from the hacienda to keep her tryst with the Americano, Dresden.

I know not how they eluded Carlos, her affianced—young Don Carlos de Feliz; nor where they procured their mounts; but the following morning they were wed—married by the padre here, at the old Mission San Gabriel.

And thence they went to live in the hills to the north of the pueblo of San Bernardino—to the hills whose rushing streams were rich with gold.

But the ways of the Americano are not our ways, and they lived not hap-

pily. The tortillas and encheladas and frijoles that the girl Juanita cooked for him he refused, saying they were not fit for pigs; and the sweet folk songs of Mexico that she sang to him when the soft gossamer of twilight veiled the earth were but cancers to his soul.

And thus as time went on the girl Juanita waxed thin, and the vibrant flush of youth fled from her cheeks, leaving her, even in the fullest bloom of youth, haggard and wan. And so the Americano, Dresden, seeing in his bride no longer the beauty that had gladdened his heart, stole away in the dead of night, and left her to make her way alone to the rancho of her father—Juanita, parched of skin and lanky of frame, and not yet twenty-two. But of that union, conceived in the hot passion of youth and wrought in hell, my mother was born—born at the rancho of her mother's father, and in giving her birth the girl Juanita died.

* * * * *

"That, my friend, is the story of my mother's mother. And I, you see, have not the untarnished blood of Spain. So you have much to make your hearts glad—you, Jose, and Chiquita."

While I told this tale I looked not at my friend, nor trusted my glance to stray on his betrothed, but kept my eyes transfixed on the palms that enclosed the garden, through whose gently waving fronds now filtered the silver light of a rising moon. Now only did I look, and what I saw made me glad, for it was as I had hoped.

Gone was the coldness from the eyes of Jose, and into Chiquita's had sprung that mellow flame of love unmatched by any save eyes as deep as black as hers.

I left them thus—Chiquita with her head pillowed against the shoulder of Jose, and Jose with his arm wrapped protectingly about her—and stole away to rejoin the dancers.

And drawing from my pocket a black cigarette I struck fire to its tip, inhaled deeply of its licoriced fragrance, and my soul was at peace. For well I knew that the story of my mother's mother as I had told it would banish forever from the mind of Jose all thoughts of her of the flaxen hair and china-blue eyes, whose ways could never be his ways—never in worlds without end. And the clinching of the argument that I had thus put in words I left to the sweet scent of jasmine, and plumbago, and orange blossoms that filled the air; to the trill of the

(Read further on Page 63)

California Fur Trade of 1800

(Continued from page 34)

some of the captains realized. Sturgis in one day bought 560 pelts for goods worth \$1.50 in Boston. Jonathan Winship, master of the O'Cain, bought furs for two cents apiece from the Indians, while another of his fellow captains secured a cargo worth \$8,000 for a rusty iron chisel.

Even five million dollars does seem a tremendous sum to us today, but one must remember that in 1800 the value of the dollar was much greater. It is also significant to note that at no time were there more than 20 ships a year plying along the coast, while the

average crew numbered about 15 per ship. Great sums were also realized from the cargoes carried to and from the New England coast. Many a skipper took a leaky craft with a nondescript crew and sailed them half way around the earth to make his fortune and theirs on the proceeds of a two or three-year voyage.

The sea-otter has vanished, just as the Buffalo has gone from the plains. It is rare that we find the fur seal below the coast of Alaska today. Ruthless hunting robbed us of what might have been an in-

dustry. It gave us the land of California, for the Spaniards' dominion was doomed from the start. His blood was thin from the tropics and warmth, but above all he was pitted against the shrewdest and most enterprising of American men. To these intrepid mariners must go the credit of first establishing commercial relations with the Far East. Today the great steamers that ply to and from our respective ports owe a tribute to those men and those boats that first discovered California was a land of plenty.

Treasure

(Continued from Page 56)

The red-faced man nodded, "Better," he said. "You've some color—there is a new light in your eyes."

They were opposite a barber shop. The red-faced man handed Dan a dollar. "Get a shave and your supper," he instructed. "I'll meet you again tomorrow—the same place."

It was two weeks later and Dan and his red-faced partner were descending the trail from Bear Mountain. Dan was bronzed as an Indian, his step was light and his eye clear. There was no place for intoxicants, in any form, in his virile new life. He stooped and with one hand seized a gigantic rock and balanced it easily at arm's length.

His companion eyed him approvingly. His lips were com-

pressed in an inscrutable smile. "Tell me," he said at length, "have you ever regretted our bargain?"

Dan shook his head. "No—although you were an awful liar about that treasure."

The red-faced man chuckled, a most unusual procedure. "No," he said, "I was not—and you found it, even as I did two years before. The treasure that I had reference to is health and it will always be the most valued of all treasures."

Dan was thoughtful. True, he would not sell his new found health and vigor for all the wealth in the world. Funny—once he had longed to punch a certain sun-bronzed adonis and couldn't, now that he could, he no longer had the desire.

"But, why," asked Dan suddenly, "why did you do all of this for me?"

"Because of a sixty-yard run you once made against Michigan," said the red-faced man abruptly.

"You mean—that you knew who I was all the time?"

"Yes. The day you made that run you did something to me—you made me ashamed. I was a stoop shouldered, narrow chested old crab. Of course I couldn't play football, but I could hike. It has been worth more than any fortune to me."

Dan held out his hand: "I—I—" he broke off abruptly.

She was coming down the walk in a familiar blue dress.

"Oh, yes," said the red-faced man, "my daughter."

Rodeo

By JOY O'HARA

IF you were about to make your first visit to Sonoma County, California, in the month of June, I'd suggest the first Sunday in June as about the proper time. Make the J. J. Millerick ranch at Shellville your objective, and, as Chic Sales says: "I'll tell you why."

Shellville, located about four miles south of Sonoma, optimistically named St. Louis by the Missourians who settled there for a brief time, and renamed San Luis by the Spaniards, was once the embarcadero, or shipping and landing point for Sonoma Valley. Now it hardly seems possible that ships once plied regularly between San Francisco and this embarcadero, but this they did up to as recently as 1896, when the river had gradually filled in to a point where it was no longer practical to use for shipping.

But Shellville no longer stands for a river landing. To all true Westerners it means the location of one of the finest rodeo grounds in California. And when you make your visit to Sonoma County your genial host, Jack Millerick, will see to it that you forget pavements, theatres, and bridge, and quite lose yourself and your work-a-day worries in a great smashing pageant of flying feet, whirling riatas, and cheering cowboys.

Although the top rail of the fence has given way to a more comfortable seat in a shaded and well built grandstand, it is altogether fitting and proper that we should still be able to watch the cowboys breaking horses, roping calves, and showing their patiently perfected skill in competitive exhibitions of horsemanship on the famous old Huichica rancho, now known all over the West as the J. J. Miller-

ick Ranch. This ranch has been the setting for such activities as far back as county records go; back to the days when the cowboys travelled 40 miles or more to bring in their thousands of head of cattle for the yearly round-up, which has evolved into this most exciting of all Western holidays, the yearly Rodeo.

Once a year, usually the first Sunday in June, time is pushed back and the old West comes to life on the Huichica grant. Again we see those great fields blossoming forth with cowboys of every age and size, whose boots, spurs, colorful kerchiefs, Stetson hats, shining and spirited horses make a picture not soon forgotten. Under it all is the throbbing obligato of haunting cowboy ballads sung to the accompaniment of harmonicas, accordians, or guitars. This yearly rodeo, or round-up, has always been a Day of Days in grass countries, and you will join with us in hoping that California will never become so effete as to allow this red-blooded, characteristically Western sport to die out and become a memory.

In no other sport do you see finer sportsmanship displayed than at a rodeo. We never come home from one without memories of some exquisite act of mercy or friendliness executed in a flash—for here there is no place for slow thinking—they must act like lightning if they act at all.

This is the age of sensation-seeking; everyone is trying to find something arresting and different, and in a rodeo you have found that something. You will discover or develop this new enthusiasm at Sonoma, and will find yourself planning on going on to Ukiah, Sonora, Salinas, Livermore,

Cheyenne, and Pendleton. You will become so keenly interested in these vivid personalities of the cowboy world, that, like characters in a story, you will want to follow them—characters, or I should say, cowboys, every one of whom might have stepped directly from the pages of a Bret Harte story.

Abe Lefton, than whom there is no greater radio announcer, opens our California Fairs and Rodeos with a few words of official explanation and with his generous consent, I am going to quote him. I can think of no more forceful way to put a rodeo before you than to close with Abe Lefton's introductory address to rodeo audiences:

THE performance of skill and daring that you are about to witness is in no sense a wild west show or paid performance, but a gripping, thrilling competition to determine the champions in the various feats of frontier sports.

Cowboys and cowgirls gathered from all parts of the universe are brought here to this rodeo to defend their honors and to show their right to the wearing of the ten-gallon hat, the high heeled boots, and the jingling spurs.

Not one cowboy or cowgirl connected with this show is paid a salary. They are here to compete for the thousands of dollars in cash prizes and to ride in accordance with the rules and regulations put up by the management of this show.

Here is hoping that you will enjoy the frontier events for this afternoon and this year, and that you will return next year to a bigger and better rodeo. I thank you.

The New International 11-Tube All-Wave Radio only.....\$55.95

The New International all-Wave 11-tube Super Heterodyne DeLuxe contains all the new 1933 features with a tuning range of 15 to 550 meters, super phonic tubes; just switch the knob for short wave or regular broadcast. Band Automatic Volume Control holds steady volume on all stations. Two full dynamic speakers matches the super phonic tubes. Full vision dial control, two speed slow and high speeds complete, with beautifully designed walnut console cabinet, for only \$55.95, freight paid. Five-tube Monarch Radio, beautifully finished walnut cabinet, handsome two-tone blend, only \$17.95. The cabinet contains Hammond first quality clock movement—a great bargain in a short wave set. Order from advertisement or write for price list.

McGUIRE DISTRIBUTING CO.,

RADIO FROM FACTORY TO CUSTOMERS, DOEVILLE, TENNESSEE

Chiquita and Jose

(Continued from Page 60)

mocking-bird, and to the enchantment that was Chiquita's own.

Poor Don Carlos de Feliz—the father of my mother! How he would writhe could he have heard the fantasy I wove this night!

For I am a teller of tales—tales of

love, and passion, and despair; tales of valor and of hate; yet tales, all, of mine own people, whom I love and understand. And if I made Dresden out a hateful thing it matters not, for never did he live, and the story I told was for none but the ears of Chiquita and Jose.

Queer Money

By VIVIAN STRATTON

STEVE was a miser; a penny-pincher who had strode, rough-shod, over less fortunate folks until, today, he was well pleased with himself indeed. Ten years before he had been a poor immigrant. Then in quick succession, section hand, peanut vendor, fruit store owner and now, at last, proprietor of one of the nicest little restaurants on a cross street near Broadway.

There was a saying among those who knew him well, that he would steal the coppers from a dead man's eyes or cheat a blind man. His employees all hated him. No waitress ever got a full week's pay for there were fines for everything and nothing. A broken dish was charged to them at five times its cost and so on and so forth.

Tonight he was peeved. Lil (the vivid blonde cashier) had taken a dollar in trade, which to his greedy eyes appeared to be a counterfeit. He had balled her out unmercifully and now sat silent and sullen in his office. He MUST get rid of that dollar at once with no loss to himself. But how? That was the question.

Ah! A happy thought struck him. The blind newsboy on the corner! He had only been blind for about six months and, as yet, wasn't quite up to snuff on bad money. That Joe had a poor, half invalid mother to support and was saving for an operation upon his eyes, was no concern of Steve's.

Straightway he hid himself to Joe's stand where, blue with the cold, the

poor boy was awaiting the after theatre rush, which was about due. He'd never know where he got the bum coin, Steve figured, and bought a two-cent paper (his cheapest) with no compunction. Beaming with relief, he hurried back to the restaurant, patting himself on the back over a slick deal.

LATER that night, when Joe got home and he and his mother were eating their regular midnight lunch he said:

"Mother, I just discovered that I got a queer dollar from someone tonight. Take a look at it, will you, and see if it is genuine?"

His mother, examining the coin closely, said:

"It does look odd, son. Something queer about it although it is rather old to be a counterfeit. Better take it to the bank in the morning."

SO, promptly at ten, the next morning, Joe was at the bank where they kept their tiny saving account; an account which, some day, they hoped, would be sufficient to pay for the operation which would restore his sight. The teller took one look at the dollar, reached for a little book and hurriedly scanning the pages said:

"Yes, it's good, Joe, but it's only worth"—he smiled broadly—"one hundred dollars."

WRITERS

*do your stories land
the editors' checks?*

If not—there's a reason. Don't blame the depression for everything. Learn to improve your own work.

LET PLOT ROBO JR. HELP YOU

Whether you are an established writer or a tyro, PLOT ROBO JR. will help you to write better, more saleable stories.

PLOT ROBO JR. supplies you with a million plots if you need them—it gives you fresh ideas which every writer needs—it never stifles your own imagination, but on the contrary, stimulates it. It is an inspiration and a guide.

PLOT ROBO JR. IS THE JUNIOR EDITION OF THE FAMOUS PLOT ROBO-GENIE invented by Wycliffe A. Hill. It has received tens of thousands of columns of newspaper publicity all over the world and is being used by successful and established writers.

Order your PLOT ROBO at once and turn rejection slips into checks.

WRITERS' SERVICE

422 H. W. Hellman Bldg.,
354 South Spring St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed, find \$..... for which please ship me immediately ROBO JR. indicated by the squares checked below. (There are six Robo Juniors, one for each type of story listed.) They are:

The Scenario Plot	\$2.00
(Melodramatic Romance)	
Romance Without Melodrama.....	\$2.00
Action — Adventure.....	\$2.00
Detective — Mystery.....	\$2.00
Comedy	\$2.00
Short-Short Story	\$2.00
SPECIAL—ALL SIX FOR.....	\$10.00

Name

Address

City..... State.....

MaltoPep

(With Acidophilus Culture)

MALTOPEP IS AN ALKALINE FORMING FOOD. It neutralizes acidity (Acidosis). Acidosis often causes Cancer, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Stomach Ulcers.

MALTOPEP AIDS DIGESTION, RELIEVES GAS PAINS, bloating and heart throbbing.

MALTOPEP CORRECTS CONSTIPATION. It contains a culture of viable (live) Acidophilus which neutralizes toxic conditions, stimulates bowel action and provides a friendly intestinal flora in which putrefication and disease germs cannot thrive.

MALTOPEP IS FREE FROM DRUGS, possessing decided therapeutic qualities. It is essentially a MALT AND ACIDOPHILUS HEALTH FOOD BEVERAGE, delicious in taste and flavor, can be taken freely, and used to supercede tea, coffee or chocolate if desired. Excellent in cases of malnutrition, nervousness, debility, indigestion and stomach disorders of all kinds.

MALTOPEP PRICES

	Parcel Post or Expressage Prepaid
One Pint	\$ 1.25
One Quart	2.25
One-half Gallon (one month's supply for one person).....	4.00
Family Case of four one-half gallons (four months' supply for one person).....	12.00

L. G. MOWER,
Distributor

422 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.,
354 SO. SPRING STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Tamalpais Mountain Play

SUNDAY, May 21, has been set as the date for the 20th Annual Mountain Play, in the natural Amphitheatre on Tamalpais, California.

The play this year is to be "The Daughter of Jorio," a translation from the Italian (La Figlia di Jorio) by Gabriele d'Annunzio. This is the first time that the Mountain Play Association has attempted an Italian production. However, other translations from the classics of Europe have included: Henrik Ibsen's fantastic "Peer Gynt," and Gerhard Hauptmann's story of the Hartz Mountains, "The Sunken Bell."

The scene of "The Daughter of Jorio," a pastoral tragedy, is laid in the

land of the Abruzzi and the action takes place sometime presumably about the middle of the sixteenth century. The story is based on no particular legend, but is deliberately built on a foundation of the inherent beliefs and the traditional customs of the Abruzzi.

The announcement of the date of the annual production on Mount Tamalpais is eagerly awaited by residents of the Bay district, who set aside that day as the occasion for a holiday in California's glorious out-of-doors.

Everett Glass will again direct and many former stars of previous Mountain Productions will be cast in important roles.

"Lardy The Great"

"LARDY," otherwise Robert Thompson, is described by Reed Fulton thus: "One hundred and ninety pounds of self-indulged avoirdupois distributed over a height of five feet six inches; clad in light tan plus-fours, a heather sweater which had given up any natural inclination to conceal an ample body, a cap riding a thatch of red hair above a very boyish and friendly face, with smiling features and blue eyes."

The story begins with the advent of the hero into the North High in September and is crowded with adventures which he underwent from being plain "Lardy" to "the gaining of the well-earned title of 'Lardy, the Great.'" This last event occurred on September 20th. His entrance was complicated by striving to gaze at two girls—attractive girls indeed—as he was starting the ascent of the broad marble stairs leading to the lobby, which resulted in him slipping, lunging forward and flopping full length upon the floor of the vestibule—still holding his melting ice cream sandwich.

The humiliation which followed his entrance was but a beginning in a history of misery which is so readable that there does not appear to be any place for a reader to stop once boy or man, girl or woman has begun to read to follow it. The author, who has previously written the Junior books, "Powder Dock Mys-

tery," "Tide's Secret," "Moccasin Trail," and "Davy Jones' Locker," which latter two have been reviewed in these pages, is well equipped to understand boys in his experience as night school principal of Broadway High School in Seattle, Wash. Needless to say, his boys like him, his scholarship is acknowledged, and it may be a shock to some to realize the humanity of the man in his story of the ungrammatical "Lardy."

The atmosphere of the gymnasium as well as the water front is back of the plot which involves a purported opium parcel, which is stolen and restored before the story is ended and the mystery solved. Parents, the football coach, are mollified, and the freshman class led to victory in the wrestling event which closes the book of 298 pages.

—LOTUS J. COSTIGAN.

"LARDY, THE GREAT," by Reed Fulton. Junior Book, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP AND JOURNALISM



A one-year professional training in the technique and practice of writing, under personal leadership of six distinguished American writers—Edwin Markham, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Rupert Hughes, Robert Welles Ritchie, John D. Barry, Samuel G. Blythe. Inspirational atmosphere and ideal environment. Only talented students accepted. Send for circular.

WILLIAMS INSTITUTE, Berkeley, Calif.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

— AND —
OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Established 1868



by BRET HARTE

Featuring:

GERMANY IN TRANSITION

✓

BATTLE OF SAN PASQUAL

✓

THE ART PARADE

✓

EDUCATION AND THE SCHOOLS

✓

FICTION — VERSE

MAY, 1933

25¢

Vol. 9

No. 4

SONGS *of the* REDWOODS

A Book of Poems by

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

This book just, from the press, is a volume of 80 pages, printed with a distinctive type face in brown ink on an attractive art tinted paper.

POEMS ARE IN TWO SECTIONS

I. Sonnets and Lyric

II. Ballads

Mr. Coblentz has a national reputation of Poet and Editor. He is author of

POEMS

The Thinker — The Lone Adventurer — Shadows on a Wall — The Enduring Flame

PROSE

The Decline of Man — The Literary Revolution — Marching Men, The Story of War
The Wonder Stick — The Answer of the Ages

COMPILATIONS

Modern American Lyrics — Modern British Lyrics

THIS LATEST VOLUME—SONGS OF THE REDWOODS
REFLECTS THE TRUE ATMOSPHERE OF THESE CALIFORNIA MONARCHS

The Ballads breathe the spirit of the Old West

SONGS OF THE REDWOODS

BEAUTIFULLY BOUND FOR LIBRARY OR TABLE
TIPPED-IN PHOTOGRAPH OF REDWOODS AS FRONTISPIECE

Per copy—\$1.50

Limited Edition with attractive jacket
Boxed for shipping—Postpaid, \$1.75

ADDRESS

Overland-Outwest Publications

H. W. Hellman Building,
Los Angeles, California

WE INVITE YOU to visit this unique shoppe located in the El Encanto Building.

Featuring Kali-sten-iks and Edward's Shoes. The shoes recommended by the leading child specialists.

Specializing in Orthopedic and Corrective fittings. Miss Crum, formerly with Bullock's and the Innes Shoe Co., will give advice and supervise all corrections.

Let us give you a free demonstration by taking a Peto-graph picture of your child's feet.

Westwood CHILDREN'S BOOT SHOP

1103 GLENDON AVENUE, WESTWOOD
C A L I F O R N I A

SAN FRANCISCO
New **HOTEL OLYMPIC**



An Hotel of supreme excellence designed to appeal to people who appreciate beauty and richness at moderate cost.

Single \$2.00 - \$2.50
Double 3.00 - 3.50
Twin Beds \$4.00

Our own Drive-In Garage. Each room with bath, shower, radio. Coffee shop and dining room. Breakfast 35c, lunch 40c, dinner 90c.

230 EDDY ST.



HOTEL ALEXANDRIA
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of The Eppley Hotel Company's 20 hotels in the Middle West, Louisville, Ky, Pittsburgh, Pa. and the Hamilton chain of Hotels in California.

700 ROOMS • NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM	\$2.50	WITHOUT BATH FROM	\$1.50
----------------------	---------------	-------------------------	---------------

GARAGE SERVICE
to and from our entrance without charge

E. C. EPPLEY **CHARLES B. HAMILTON**
President Vice President & Managing Director

CHICAGO OFFICE - 520 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
SUPERIOR 4416

LOS ANGELES

*California's Most
Picturesque Cafe*

The Chateau

1201 Shatto Street
LOS ANGELES



*The Haunt of Artists,
Epics and Screen Stars*



Drypoint by Mary J. Coulter

DOORWAY OF MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA

Courtesy of California Arts & Architecture.

Overland Monthly

Founded by BRET HARTE in 1868

and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Vol. 91

MAY, 1933

No. 4

Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE at any library in the United States. The Magazine is also included in the INTERNATIONAL INDEX.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly." To insure return of manuscripts, there should always be enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

CONTENTS

Frontispiece (Plate)	66
John Steven McGroarty—Poet Laureate.....Ben Field	68
Germany in Transition—From the Armistice to Hitler Felix Flugel	69
The Battle of San Pasqual.....Lucien M. Lewis	71
Our Beautiful World.....Clarence L. Gates	73
History—Then and Now.....Jack Benjamin	74
The Art Parade (with Illustration).....Everett Carroll Maxwell	75
An Unusual Western Artist.....	76
The Schools—Heard at Minneapolis Convention, Department of Superintendents	79

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted

Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year

25c per copy

OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS

John Steven McGroarty

Poet Laureate of California

By BEN FIELD

It is but infrequently that Overland-Out West Magazine has the opportunity to direct attention to rewards and honors conferred during the lifetime of a man, great in the field of creative literature.

John Steven McGroarty is such a man. The State of California, through its Legislative Bodies and Governor, has fittingly conferred upon him the Poet Laureatship.

The people themselves are honored in honoring the Poet.

Mr. McGroarty is not a native son, having been born in Pennsylvania; but he has nevertheless, after many years' residence in the "green Verdugo Hills" at Tujunga, and at other points, been reborn in California.

His poem "Just California Stretching Down the Middle of the World" proves this:

"Twixt the seas and the deserts,
Twixt the wastes and the waves.
Between the sands of buried lands
And ocean's coral caves—
It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world."

And Mr. McGroarty is historian and dramatist as well as poet. His "California, Its History and Romance" is beloved by thousands of people and especially by the youth of our country.

Who has not witnessed a performance of his "The Mission Play" at San Gabriel? Something of an Oberammergau for America, it holds a high place in the drama of the West, depicting, as it does, the arrival and triumphs of the Mission Fathers with Fra Junipero Serra at their head. And his "La Golondrina" and other plays are distinctive.

But I like to think of him as poet, for poet he

is, and California has done well to make him Laureate. He is indeed Californian!

Thus we read in his "King's Highway":
"All in the golden weather, forth let us ride today,
You and I together on the King's Highway,
The blue skies above us, and below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel, but it's the road for me."

And in another poem dealing with California:

"Thus hath she called with her lips of song,
Of old, with her breath of musk,
From hills where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk.
And so, from her heart's unwearied love,
Rings her voice with its olden thrill;
From the seas below and the skies above,
She is calling, calling still."

Yes, John Steven McGroarty is Californian, and Irish-Californian at that. He journeyed to Spain a few years ago and would have brought Alphonso the king and his queen to Los Angeles, if the times had proved to be normal and harmonious.

He coined the phrase: "The Land of Heart's Desire." or if he didn't do that, he certainly put his mint-mark upon it.

You hear him talk of the time "When California Began" and of "The Spanish Era," and he will tell you "The Story of the Missions." I have listened to his happy words as I have visited with him out there on the broad veranda of his hill-top home at Tujunga.

And I remember with pleasure all his poetic genius, his literary and dramatic ability, and his deep philosophy—he is yet a man and a friend, a true Californian of sympathetic clay.

Never will it be written of him, as Robert Browning wrote of William Wordsworth on his appointment as English Laureate:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to pin on his coat."

McGroarty is a true poet, and friend to all men.

Germany in Transition

FROM THE ARMISTICE TO HITLER

By FELIX FLUGEL,
Associate Professor of Economics, University of California.

HARDLY a year has passed since the Armistice without a major crisis in the political or economic affairs of the world; hardly a month without some disturbance in at least one of the nations of continental Europe serious enough to threaten the delicate fabric out of which the comity of nations is spun. Again there have emerged, in a world presumably united by a League of Nations and by treaties of amity, groups of countries openly hostile to one another, armed as never before in history.

Nationalism unfortunately has proved itself to be made of a much tougher substance than was supposed by those who heroically urged upon the world the desirability, if not the necessity, of effective international co-operation. To tame the spirit of European rivalry is a cause all the more worthy because of its difficulty. The failure in this instance or that of the peace machinery is deplorable, but certainly not conclusive evidence of its inefficacy. It is strange indeed that this machinery—notably the League of Nations—has been one of the stumbling blocks to the reconciliation of European rivals.

That the League was accepted by European statesmen merely as an agency for the enforcement of the terms of the peace treaties has been widely debated in Germany and constituted for years one of the most effective sources of Hitler propaganda. The evidence against the League on a number of occasions looked suspicious, but it failed to impress those whose eyes were steadily directed toward the more distant future. A stainless record of consistency is hardly a fair test of the integrity of any partisan. Even the astute Aristide Briand, sincere advocate of peaceful diplomacy, in the course of his long career was not always consistent. His enthusiastic advocacy of the United States of Europe was interpreted in many quarters as

an attempt to saddle upon Europe French domination. It is doubtful whether history will uphold such a verdict.

To understand recent developments in Germany these suspicions must, however, be kept in mind. They constitute the cornerstone of Hitler's meteoric career. In this connection the

This article by Dr. Flugel supplements an earlier article on "Hitlerism" published in our August, 1932, issue. This pronouncement by no less an authority on conditions in Germany than Dr. Flugel will be read with interest by all students of world affairs. The author is exceedingly well prepared in his subject, he having only recently visited Germany and the countries of continental Europe, and approaches his subject in a scholarly and unbiased fashion.

handicaps suffered by Germany as a result of the war must be remembered. Germany lost about 13 per cent., or 70,570 square kilometers, of her pre-war territory (not including the loss of her extensive colonial empire). Serious permanent losses resulted from the transfer of iron ore deposits and of coal mines. Not to be overlooked in the boundary adjustments was the separation of East Prussia from the Reich, the loss of foreign investments, of copyrights and of patents—the sources of considerable income previous to 1914.

With a heavy debit weighing on her shoulders, the German Republic was asked to contribute large sums to the economic reconstruction of Europe—the assumption, of course, that she was responsible for the war. Thus reparations, almost immediately after the signing of the Armistice, became the subject of protracted controversy. The Dawes plan (approved August 16, 1924, effective after September 1, 1924) far from solved the reparations puzzle; its shortcomings were conspicuous. While the claims of Germany's former enemies remained as

before, 31 billion dollars (132,000,000,000 marks), no actual sum to be paid as reparations was stipulated; nor was any mention made of the length of time reparations payments were to be continued. Elaborate machinery was set up for the execution of provisions of this plan, including the appointment of an Agent General for reparations payments.

The plan also called for the mortgaging of the German railway system and various "key" industries (as a guarantee of payment) and allied control of German currency was insisted upon. The new plan, defective in so many respects, had important consequences. It renewed confidence and gave the French an opportunity to withdraw from the Ruhr, without official admission of the costliness or the futility of their military invasion. But the plan contained irritants. It gained for Mr. Hitler many followers.

In the Young plan (effective after August 31, 1929), total reparations were definitely fixed, the sum agreed upon representing a reduction of nearly one-third of the original claim. An elaborate system of commercializing portions of the annuities (through bond issues) was agreed upon and provisions were made for the establishment of the Bank of International Settlements, an institution owned and under the control of the leading central banks of the world and intended to assume the functions previously performed by the Agent General for Reparations and the Transfer Committee. Its greatest contribution to a final liquidation of the war's aftermath lay in the partial removal of political pressure from a problem which should have been recognized from the very beginning as one primarily economic in character. This plan, however, definitely linked reparations to inter-allied debts; it therefore deeply involved the United States in European affairs. It threatened further on Page 76)

ened to destroy any possibility of an independent settlement of the reparations question. But the plan as a whole represented a courageous attempt to heal what had actually become the sorest spot in European politics. Yet from the standpoint of a nation already overburdened with taxation, fighting for economic existence, it gave but little consolation. Realization that reparations payments would have to be met not only by the present generation, but by generations yet unborn, that not until 1988 would Germany be released from this burden, offset the advantages gained through reduction in the total indemnity and the relinquishment of burdensome and humiliating foreign control which had been exercised by the allies under the terms of the Dawes Plan. Resentment continued. Opposition to the government responsible for executing this agreement—grew daily in intensity.

Following the death of Stresemann in 1929, political currents in Germany moved swiftly to the extremes of radicalism. The cross currents in German politics had, however, not as yet become powerful enough to force the main stream of German politics into entirely new channels. Since the Armistice the same forces which stood in opposition to Erzberger, Friedrich Ebert and Walther Rathenau were indefatigable in preaching the gospel of resistance to every move on the part of the German government which might be interpreted as submission or reconciliation. The Nazis spoke with contemptuousness of the results of the tedious, often humiliating conferences with the representatives of Germany's former enemies, unmindful of the fact that political gestures and occasional brusqueness could not be avoided. The most serious offense of Hitler and his followers was their ridicule of Stresemann. They emphatically denied that it was his leadership, his eloquence and his sincerity which re-won for Germany not merely her self-respect, but likewise the sympathy of her former enemies. Under the circumstances it was a foregone conclusion that they would suffer disappointment.

II.

ECONOMIC distress is usually accompanied by political agitation, with the correction of some specific abuse as its principal objective. A not inconsiderable part of the German electorate in the years immediately following the war was split into a large number of political parties, sometimes sponsored by major, but just as often by minor economic interests. The German electorate was tossed about from one party to another without gaining a firm grip on the underlying national issues involved, usually being absorbed in some relatively unimportant segment of the economic structure. This situation resulted in considerable flexibility in party allegiance. It added an element of uncertainty to the outcome of every election since the electorate could not be counted upon to respond consistently or intelligently to any issues involving foreign policies.

The establishment of the German Republic did not remove the issue of monarchism vs. republicanism. Nothing short of complete eradication of the old ruling class and its sympathizers could have accomplished this result. Nor could the conflict between the Socialists and their opponents or the struggle between the Communists and the supporters of private capitalism be avoided. These political and economic conflicts, which gave rise to the fear of revolution—of either a red or a brown Germany—finally led to cancellation of reparations obligations. Under the circumstances even the French felt it advisable to capitulate. If this action had taken place ten years earlier the German republic might have been saved.

With undernourishment the rule, rather than the exception, with the middle class rapidly disintegrating and a few industrial and financial leaders gaining economic strength at the expense of the masses, there was every reason to believe that the radical elements would soon gain the upper hand. Six million persons who should have been gainfully employed and tens of millions on the margin of independent

existence were pursuing a policy of watchful waiting.

The coalition government of Chancellor Bruening had brought the Social Democrats, the Centrists, the State and the Economic Parties together, but it had accomplished little to quiet the growing dissatisfaction with existing conditions. Outwardly it was too mild-mannered to satisfy the super-patriots. And yet to Chancellor Bruening Germany owes a deep debt of gratitude, for under his able leadership final settlement of the reparations question was initiated. The abrupt dismissal of Bruening by the President can be justified only on the grounds of the fear of revolution. It showed all too clearly the future trend of events. Von Papen and von Schleicher were but stopgaps.

III.

ACCLAIMED as the savior of Germany, Hitler took office under auspicious circumstances. The election which followed his appointment to the chancellorship confirmed many of his claims. It was only to be expected that the new Reichstag would promptly vote the Enabling Act, making Adolf Hitler dictator of the Reich. That this action means the end of the Republic is more than likely. For the time being the President of Germany, the aged Paul von Hindenburg, will be relieved of most of his responsibilities. Emergency decrees may now be signed by the Chancellor without the President's approval. The Reichstag and the Reichsrat—the Federal Council of States—may be ignored in shaping government policies. Popular referendum will have no place in the new regime. The cabinet may negotiate treaties with foreign nations, may fix the budget and borrow money. Not the slightest vestige of parliamentary sanction is left. Theoretically the President of the republic remains head of the Reichswehr—the national army of defense, and still retains the power to dismiss the cabinet, prerogatives which probably mean very little.

(Read further on Page 76)

President Roosevelt Speaks

"AFTER all, there is an element in the readjustment of our financial systems more important than currency, more important than gold, and that is the confidence of the people."

Confidence and courage are the essentials of success in carrying out our plan. You people must have faith. You must not be stampeded by rumors or guesses. Let us unite in banishing fear. We have provided

the machinery to restore our financial system. It is up to you to support and make it work. It is your problem no less than it is mine. Together we cannot fail."

—President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Battle of San Pasqual

By LUCIEN M. LEWIS

ON December 6, 1846, 86 years ago this past December, in a lonely valley two and one-half miles south-east of Escondido, San Diego County, was fought the battle of San Pasqual. From the viewpoint of men engaged, it could hardly be called a battle; rather it might be designated as a skirmish of opposing forces on the outskirts of civilization. However, when we reflect upon what might have happened had Kearney's brave little band been annihilated by Pico's lancers, who can say but that the battle of San Pasqual might not have been epochal in California history? For in that battle were two men who afterward wrote their names in bright letters of gold—General Stephen Kearney, a brave Union general who immortalized himself at Seven Pines, and Kit Carson, whose services to his country as a scout were invaluable.

Probably most of the readers of this article have been over the battle field of San Pasqual or have seen that battle re-enacted in the wonderful pageant, "Felicita," which the Escondido community players produce each year. No towering monument marks the spot. More appropriate, indeed, are the two chiseled slabs of native granite, the larger erected by the Native Sons of the Golden West, the other by the American Daughters of the Revolution of California.

Graven in the bronze tablet on the larger slab are the names of the American officers—Brig. General Stephen W. Kearney, Capt. A. R. Johnston, Capt. Benjamin Moore, Lieut. Edward Beale and Scout Kit Carson. Then follow the names of the 21 men killed or mortally wounded. Enclosing those two monuments is a rectangular fence of stone, while upon the hillside stands that same valiant army of cacti under whose sheltering lances Kearney's sorely beset men were said to have found shelter. With red-plumed helmets and bristling bayonets, those guardian angels of that long ago kept silent vigil over that battle field. On account of its historical significance as well as its exquisite beauty, should not the cactus blossom rank next to the golden poppy as our most popular flower? Does not the cactus itself typify something of

the rugged strength and indomitable courage of our beloved California? What a splendid tribute it would be to this native plant, as well as a fitting memorial to the heroes of San Pasqual, if the schools of our Southland would set apart December 6 as "Cactus Day!"

ON the eighty-fifth anniversary of the battle of San Pasqual, the writer visited that battle field and camped overnight. There, en rapport with the spirit of that other December morning of the long ago, he heard the shouts of the victors and the cries of the vanquished. As if from the call of some magic bugle, he saw those dead warriors reassemble.

Before proceeding to review that battle, however, let us turn back the pages of history and ascertain just why the fates decreed that Kearney and Pico should meet at San Pasqual. What was the historical significance of that battle?

In the year 1846, when war between the United States and Mexico seemed inevitable, President Polk, having strong reasons for suspecting that England would take advantage of the ensuing turmoil and attempt to annex California to Canada, sent a combined land and naval force to forestall such a move. How Gen. John C. Fremont, Stockton and others subdued California is a matter of common knowledge. Kit Carson, who had accompanied Fremont as a scout, was despatched to Washington with the news of Fremont's victory.

Meanwhile, President Polk had sent Gen. Stephen W. Kearney with 600 men to capture New Mexico, after which they were to proceed to California and assist in subduing that territory. After capturing Santa Fe, Kearney set out for California. When a short distance out he was met by Kit Carson who informed him of Fremont's success. Thereupon, Kearney sent two-thirds of his army back to Santa Fe, proceeding with the remaining 200 men to California. Carson's despatches were entrusted to another bearer, while Kit, on account of his familiarity with the country, was pressed into service by Kearney as a scout.

However, it seems that Gen. Fremont, flushed with his first easy victories, had been somewhat premature. Shortly after Kit Carson's departure, the Californians reassembled their scattered troops, captured Los Angeles and forced Captain Gillespie, the American commander, to embark with all his troops for San Diego. General Pio Pico was sent south with 150 splendidly mounted lancers to harass Commodore Stockton at San Diego and to prevent that officer from procuring horses and supplies from the back country.

General Kearney and his men arrived at Warner's Hot Springs on December 2, 1846. It had taken them more than two and one-half months to make that journey. Picture for yourself some of the hardships of that long march. Week after week of groping through trackless desert and burning sands, days on days without water for man or beast, constantly beset by hostile Indians, is it any wonder that men and animals were weak and emaciated when they reached that last lap of their journey's end. Oh, the pity that so glorious a march should have been marred by that cruel tragedy at San Pasqual!

General Kearney at once sent Captain Edward Stokes with this letter to Commodore Stockton at San Diego apprising him of his arrival:

Headquarters Army of the West,
Camp at Warner's.
December 2, 1846.

Sir:

I (this afternoon) reached here, escorted by a party of the First Regiment Dragoons. I came by orders of the President of the United States. We left Santa Fe on the 25th of September, having taken possession of New Mexico, annexed it to the United States, established a civil government in that territory and secured order, peace and quietness there.

If you can send a party to open communications with us on the route to this place and to inform me of the state of affairs in California, I wish you would do so, and as quickly as possible.

The fear of this letter falling

into Mexican hands prevents me from writing more.

Your express by Mr. Carson was met on the Del Norte, and your mail must have reached Washington at least ten days since. You might use the bearer, Mr. Stokes, to conduct your party to this place.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

S. W. KEARNEY,
Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

This letter took Stockton completely by surprise, since he had previously known nothing of Kearney's approach. He seems to have failed to read between those lines that Kearney might have felt some apprehension for his own safety in asking an escort. On the contrary he seems to have reasoned that the addition of those seasoned troops to his own riflemen might afford an excellent opportunity for surprising and defeating the enemy. He therefore hurried preparations for Captain Gillespie's departure, and in the meantime sent the following reply:

Headquarters, San Diego,
December 3, 1846.
Half-past six o'clock, p. m.

Sir:

I have this moment received your note of yesterday by Mr. Stokes and have ordered Captain Gillespie with a detachment of mounted riflemen and a field piece to your camp without delay.

Captain Gillespie is well-informed to the present state of things in California and will give you all needful information. I need not, therefore, detain him by saying anything on the subject. I will merely state I have this evening received information from two deserters from the rebel camp of the arrival of an additional force in this neighborhood of one hundred men, which in addition to the force previously here makes their numbers about one hundred and fifty.

I send with Captain Gillespie as a guide one of the deserters, that you may make inquiries of him and if you see fit, endeavor to surprise them.

Faithfully, your obedient servant,
ROBERT F. STOCKTON,
Commander-in-chief and Governor
of the Territory of California.

Captain Gillespie's forces—39 men

altogether—joined those of General Kearney near Santa Ysabel on December 5th. A cold rain had fallen all that day, adding to the distress of horses and men.

A council of war was held. Lieutenant Beale, who seems to have been a man of unusual good judgment and courage, advised strongly against making a general attack, suggesting instead that they make a night attack and endeavor to stampede and capture the horses of the Mexicans. It is highly probable that Lieutenant Beale, who had seen considerable service against the natives, was fully aware of the danger of risking a general engagement against the splendidly mounted Californians.

However, General Kearney determined on a surprise attack at day-break on December 6th. From all accounts obtainable, there is little doubt but that Kit Carson was largely responsible for this decision. Kit had fought with Fremont, consequently he had little respect for the natives, whom he called cowards and braggarts. But those men under Pico, heartened by successes at Los Angeles and elsewhere, were a different type of fighters from those Carson had encountered.

Thus it will be seen that there were three distinct causes for the ill-fated campaign against Pico: First, Commodore Stockton's eagerness to strike a decisive blow at the enemy; second, Kearney's pride in not wishing to reveal to Stockton the real condition of his men and animals; third, Kit Carson's well-meaning but misleading reports as to the courage and fighting ability of the Mexicans.

On the night before the battle, General Kearney sent Lieutenant Thomas C. Hammond, with ten men, on a reconnoitering expedition to locate the enemy. Let us now shift the scene to the battle-field.

It was near dusk when we arrived at San Pasqual on the 6th of December, 1931. Pitching our tent in a little depression a short distance from the monument, we spread out our blankets for the evening. The thought came to us that perhaps on that very spot the life blood of some brave soldier had been drained away. Night came on quickly—a night of stars so bright and clear that even the dark valley was not wholly in shadow. How different, we thought, from that cold, rainy night of that long ago that so chilled Kearney's worn men.

We walked up the cacti-covered hillside and sat down on a boulder overlooking the valley. Suddenly the past rises before us like a dream. Down in that dark purple valley we see the huts of those long-ago Indians, while near by are camped Pico's horsemen. In addition to his side arms, each Mexican carries a pole to which is affixed a wicked-looking spike. After tethering their horses, the Mexicans go inside the huts to escape the incessant rain.

Slowly those camp fires die down. All is quiet. Then, glancing up to the hill above the village, we see shadowy forms. Are they men or wild animals? Down the hill they move ever so cautiously, skulking from bush to bush. It is Lieutenant Hammond and his scouts.

Still nearer they come. Up to the very Indian huts. A light flashes. On the still night air we hear the shrill challenge of a Mexican sentry. The intruders flee. But in their wild flight a jacket and army blanket are accidentally dropped.

We see that sentry pick up those garments. Minutely he examines them. He gives the alarm, and in another moment General Pico and his officers gather about. For a long moment Pico examines that jacket and blanket. Then he throws them from him.

"Gringos! Damned gringos!" we hear him shout. "Gringo soldiers!"

A council of war is called. We see Pico discussing the situation with his men. "Tomorrow," we hear him say, "the gringos may attack. But we'll be ready for them!"

We hear him laugh as he slaps a fellow officer on the shoulder. The men join in this laughter.

"Now, listen," we hear Pico say. "When the gringos charge, keep falling back just out of reach. When we reach yonder forks in the road, I, with my men, will keep straight ahead. You, Higuera, with the others, will slip into that side road and hide till the gringos get by. See?"

Again we hear Pico and his men laugh. He continues: "Then we'll wheel back and charge with our lances. Higuera and his men will do likewise. The trap will close in. And inside that trap will be Mr. Gringo."

Pico and his men retire into the huts. Again the camp fires die down. We go back to our tent and roll up in our blankets.

(Continued in June Issue)

Our Beautiful World

By CLARENCE L. GATES

KATY BUKATY sat on a grassy shelf at the top of a bluff back of her father's house, overlooking Paradise Valley, beyond which majestic Mount Rainier lifted its snowy heights into the clouds. But today she did not indulge in her favorite pastime of watching the cloud shadows play on the white slopes of the snow mountain.

Katy had a "secret sorrow." But, unlike those of the other girls in the little saw-mill hamlet of Klatskanie, her secret sorrow was not an unrequited affection for any of the young Klatskanie lumbermen. It differed also in that it was indeed secret. No one but herself knew anything about it.

Perhaps it was, more than anything else, an inferiority complex. She had idolized her brother Tom since at an early age their mother's death had thrown them close together for mutual solace and protection. Then, two years ago, Tom had gone for his big adventure into the great wide world as an enlisted man in the United States navy. Since that time Katy was tormented with the fear that he would grow away from her, that contact with the worldly people he was sure to meet in San Pedro, San Francisco, and elsewhere would make her crudities and deficiencies loom large in his sophisticated eyes.

It matters little that her reason said: "He is fine, too good—he will never go back on his little Sis." Day and night the other thought kept intruding until it had become an obsession.

And now she should soon know whether or not her fears were well-founded. A part of the Pacific fleet was on its annual visit to Seattle harbor, and Tom, promised a ten-day furlough, had written that he would be home almost immediately. She looked for him on every stage that rolled into Klatskanie from Tacoma.

With meticulous care she had put the house in order for his homecoming and then turned attention to self-improvement. To that end, like any girl, she considered a new dress the first requisite. Thus it was that a recent number of a fashion magazine which had inadvertently fallen into her hands that morning was at the same time the cause of despair and hope. Despair

because the pictures of the gorgeous figures in chic gowns on the fashion plates showed clearly that the simple wash dresses, which for so long a time had constituted her wardrobe, did not fit in with the world's notion of a snappy, up-to-date costume; hope that by some as yet undetermined means she might make herself a dress like one of the tantalizing pictures.

However, there were a number of insurmountable obstacles in the way of her acquiring such a dress. First, the shelves of the general store at Klatskanie, flanked by a counter piled high with sugar-cured hams and bacon, held no such material as that from which these smart creations were fashioned. Then, too, her father's pay envelope, since the mill where he worked was running only three days a week when not shut down entirely, was woefully thin.

"Impossible," she thought. "I may as well forget it. And what's the difference, anyway? They call us Moss-backs up here, and I guess that's just what I am and always will be." With that she tossed the hateful magazine into the grass at her feet and tried to think of other things.

But, as many times as she threw the magazine aside she picked it up again. Besides the artistic illustrations, the very names of the materials and the glamorous language of the accompanying descriptions were so intriguing that she studied the several pages closely.

Now, the yellow striped silk crepe with slenderizing effect; this one was pretty, but she hardly needed to resort to optical illusions for her figure's sake. Then, there was the two-piece linen, with white skirt with high waistline, worn with a sleeveless jacket of brown: if only she could have one like that! But she knew she could not attempt the manufacture of that one at home. The next one she studied longingly: number 1731, enticingly cool with sleeveless arms caped in modish manner. But, no, the material, silk organdie, was out of reach of her slender pocket-book.

"Everything is out of reach now," she concluded regretfully, remembering also that she had been compelled to forego even the simple pleasure of attempting the art of make-up because,

that morning, she had found that the store at Klatskanie had no rouge or lipstick in stock.

In disgust she threw the magazine away again and gazed out over flower-carpeted Paradise Valley. Across her memory there flashed one of her favorite childhood verses:

"The world is so full of a number
of things,
I am sure we should all be as
happy as kings."

But that meant little to her just now, when the lack of a great number of seemingly important things kept her from being happy.

"Oh, yes, it is a beautiful world all right for those who have what they need," she mused. And in a fit of abstraction she walked slowly back to the house.

There she found another letter and a package from Tom.

"I may get my furlough any moment now," the letter read, "and I may have to wait a week or two. So I am sending a present I bought for you yesterday—a couple of dresses. Hope you will like them. For two whole years I have dreamed of seeing you in such a dress, and when I saw these in a store window yesterday I just had to rush in and buy them."

With trembling fingers Katy tugged at the wrappings of the package. Dresses such as he had dreamed of seeing her wearing! She could hardly wait until the troublesome knots were unfastened. Then at last, drawing the contents from the box, she held in her arms—no such smart creations as were pictured on the discarded fashion sheets, but two dainty wash dresses. Dresses such as for a long time she had worn so charmingly, such as for two years Tom had dreamed of seeing her wearing!

A great light dawned upon Katy. She buried her face in the folds of one of the dresses and kissed it over and over again.

"Oh, you darling," she cried aloud. "Which? The dress or me?" called a good-looking young sailor, dressed in his natty blues, as he bounded in at the door to pick her up and plant a kiss on each rosy cheek.

(Read further on Page 80)

History—Then and Now

By JACK BENJAMIN

THE world has never suffered from a dearth of historians. Every age has its enthusiastic crop of scholars who laboriously record our doings on this little ball of mud. With commendable zeal they labor faithfully at their task, and when they pen "finis" to their particular contribution we take their writings, bind them nicely and quickly store them away on forgotten library shelves. Most of these volumes, upon which so much effort had been spent, act merely as dust catchers and their peaceful slumbers are disturbed only when some irritated and impatient student is compelled to finish a thesis.

The majority of historical tomes, sad to state, are alike. If they do differ from their predecessors it is only in the arrangement of material. It's the same old story, but told in a slightly different way. However, let us not cast the whole blame for this state of affairs on the shoulders of historians. The great majority of people read historical works as they would novels. They are strongly attracted by pyrotechnical events. They desire action of the characters. The interest of the reader usually centers itself more on the individual actor rather than on the stream of historical forces which brought him upon the stage.

Let it not be forgotten that the writing of honest history imposes a very difficult task upon a scholar. It is by no means an easy feat to assemble people and events in their proper relationship.

In past ages we emphasized isolated facts. Dates, for example, were considered to be of prime importance.

Many a youngster returned home with a series of numbers dancing before his tired eyes. When, at last, he left school, he probably remembered a half-dozen dates; and within a month or two these valuable gems of knowledge, acquired with so much effort, had also completely vanished from his consciousness . . .

Fortunately we have learned that it is very poor pedagogy to cram dates into a youngster's cranium. We have also learned that it is by no means a wise thing to teach a child the date upon which a great battle took place, and to consider it to be a matter of small importance to have an understanding of the social and political forces that brought the conflict about.

Some people will no doubt say that we did give the pupil "reasons" for battles and so forth; but, if we did give the credulous neophyte any explanation for various historical phenomena it was generally of a highly superficial kind, and not at all conducive to a penetrating insight into the nature of historical development . . .

In modern times, however, the teaching as well as the writing of history has changed. No more, as of old, do we tax the minds of pupils with useless data. A proper understanding of history is not characterized by an ability to perform feats with one's memory and to roll off a string of dates and to be able to give the names of some half-forgotten monarchs.

We do not care much for the date of certain battles, but we consider it to be a matter of prime importance to have a perspective of the social factors

that brought the conflict about. We are not impressed greatly when we hear the exact year when a certain mortal was crowned king. We want to know why that country had a monarchy. Our aim is to attain a proper understanding of the social forces underlying our historical evolution on this earth.

We are living in a very rapid age. Something occurs in Europe or the farthest corner of Asia. The news is brought to us within a few minutes and in a few hours (if it takes that long) the newspapers carry headlines, editorials and even illustrations of the people and areas involved. Science has made our world a smaller place than it formerly was.

Thus the old historical approach has been definitely abandoned. A new one, vital and fresh, is being developed. The work of such scholars as Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, is doing much to enlighten people and his writings are being eagerly read by the thousands who seek a clear insight into history. The trend of present day pedagogy is toward a wider outlook. Human psychology has also come in for wider and more serious attention.

We have come to realize that the literature of a people can give us as good an insight into their social unfolding as a knowledge of certain battles that have marked their existence.

The historian of the future will approach his duties with an entirely different outlook. Instead of trying to excel the author of the "Arabian Nights," he will endeavor to emulate the methods of a Euclid or a Newton.

The New International 11-Tube All-Wave Radio only.....\$55.95

The New International all-Wave 11-tube Super Heterodyne DeLuxe contains all the new 1933 features with a tuning range of 15 to 550 meters, super phonic tubes; just switch the knob for short wave or regular broadcast. Band Automatic Volume Control holds steady volume on all stations. Two full dynamic speakers matches the super phonic tubes. Full vision dial control, two speed slow and high speeds complete, with beautifully designed walnut console cabinet, for only \$55.95, freight paid. Five-tube Monarch Radio, beautifully finished walnut cabinet, handsome two-tone blend, only \$17.95. The cabinet contains Hammond first quality clock movement—a great bargain in a short wave set. Order from advertisement or write for price list.

McGUIRE DISTRIBUTING CO.,

RADIO FROM FACTORY TO CUSTOMERS, DOEVILLE, TENNESSEE

The Art Parade

EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

JUDGING by the rarity of successful canvases seen in the general run of mixed exhibitions in leading California salons during the current season, we realize that it must be a far more difficult task to paint an interesting and technically sound canvas than the layman supposes.

For the past few years, as a matter of fact, exhibitions of collective works in the West have appeared ragged and uneven. In each of the various showings, juried as they are, the good, bad and indifferent elbow one another in true holiday fashion. Always a number of fine works are to be found, but far too many weak and insincere canvases are allowed, which brings us face to face with the fact that art in California is undergoing a strange and none too subtle change.

If, at the colse of each season, some discriminating group might select and assemble the outstanding examples and display them collectively in a proper manner, I feel that we would find the result gratifying. Such a showing,—by invitation—would at least give us a unified and condensed record of the best examples of our art progress in the West.

A general survey of annual spring exhibitions from San Diego to San Francisco reveals a lively ferment in Western art. The works of our older academicians vie with a younger group who tend strongly toward post-impressionism. Much of the latter deals with the "local scene" and shows some of the revolutionary influence of the much publicized Mexican fresco painters. However, the various collections maintain a comparatively high average of excellence and in almost every instance some few canvases are shown that stimulate interest and prove that satisfactory progress is being made in the field of art on the Pacific Coast.

The annual exhibitions of the California Art Club at the Egan Gallery and the Ninth Annual at the Pasadena Art Institute, introduced a number of new painters and brought out a group of strong canvases, although it was generally felt that neither of these collections were altogether representative.

Los Angeles Museum, Exposition Park, is holding its Fourteenth Annual Exhibit of Painting and Sculpture from April 7th to June 12th. The only cash prize announced is offered through the generosity of a New York art dealer, Bertram C. Newhouse. In addition to a prize of \$100 for the best painting in this show, the same dealer is offering a prize of \$50 for the best work in the coming annual exhibit of the California Water Color Society, and one of \$25 for the best print by a Californian in the Printmaker's International which was held March 1st to 31st at the Los Angeles Museum. Where is the Los Angeles Museum Patrons' Association? With some \$30,000 reported in its treasury, it is hoped that the Association may be stimulated by the example of Pasadena, Santa Cruz, San Diego, Pomona and Gardena, where substantial cash prizes have been awarded in recent art exhibitions held in those communities.

An exhibition assembled for circuit in the United States by a group of Guatemalan artists, serving as a committee on invitation from the Director of the Los Angeles Museum, is composed of examples of the work of leading artists now residing in Guatemala and who have been actively painting since 1900. It was selected with a view to not only presenting the work of the contemporary Guatemalan artists, but with the object of emphasizing the vivid colors and general paintability of the delightful and interesting country. It is hoped that those who by this exhibition have their first opportunity to view the work now being done by the artists of our progressive sister Central American republic, with a total population not exceeding that of Los Angeles County, will be impressed not only by the paintings themselves, but by the variety and character of the exhibition.

The Ilsley and the Hatfield Galleries in Los Angeles gave us two of the most delightful shows of the spring season, one being the Maynard Dixon collection and the other the late work in water colors by Millard Sheets, and the astonishing wood sculptures of

Donald Hord of San Diego. No finer things have been shown in recent years on the Pacific Coast.

Alexander Cowie, of the Biltmore Salon, is deserving praise for bringing out a large and comprehensive collection of the original cartoons for murals by Eugene Savage. These are allegorical figure compositions executed with great skill and fine color harmony.

Filling a long felt need in the field of California and Southwestern art, the newly organized Foundation of Western art has opened temporary exhibition galleries and executive office at 627 South Carondelet Street in Los Angeles, where a permanent collection of works by representative Western painters, sculptors, etchers and craftsmen are being shown.

Aiming to establish a uniform standard as a guidance for students and laymen alike, the Foundation, which is philanthropic and non-commercial, will function as an important addition to educational and cultural movements in the West.

Its paramount object, aside from its exhibition features, will be its endeavor to discover and encourage new talent in the arts by granting yearly scholarships to deserving students.

Two exhibition galleries will be maintained,—one for current exhibitions and one for a permanent collection of representative works by native painters who have contributed some distinct service to Western art over a period of time, and whose efforts deserve special recognition.

All works exhibited will be by invitation only and no prize competitions will be held. Artists invited will become "Exhibiting Members" of the Foundation and works selected are not subject to a jury. No expense is attached to exhibitors.

Credit for the formation of the Foundation is due to the generous support of Mr. Max Wiczorek, noted portrait painter, and prominent in civic, social and cultural circles in the Southwest.

A statue of Juan Rodriquez Cabrillo has recently been unveiled in the patio of the Santa Ana Historical

(Read further on Page 78)

Germany In Transition

(Continued from Page 70)

The program of the Nazis, as formulated in 1920 by Gottfried Feder and Adolf Hitler, contains many, if not all, of the demands of the Hitler regime. That it is intended to be taken as the present program of Hitlerism is borne out by the fact that practically all official Nazi publications still reprint the original text. Article 5 of this program specifically states that only citizens may hold public office; hence Jews will be summarily dismissed from such offices. Article 8 states that all non-Germans who have migrated into the Reich since August 2, 1914, are to be deported. Article 16 contains a demand for the socialization (Kommunalisierung) of department stores, also directed against Jewish business interests. This program, the details of which are a matter of public record, has never been rescinded. It is, therefore, reasonable to assume that this document will guide Chancellor Hitler in years to come. This is not an opportune time to agree or to disagree with the objectives of Hitlerism. Yet it should be clearly understood that the program of the Nazis leaves nothing to the imagination. To carry out the projected reconstruction of Germany will require years; consequently Hitler asked and received from a carefully controlled Reichstag the power to experiment with his policies for a period of four years. In fairness to Hitler and his followers it must be said that many of the planks in the party program represent much needed reform.

It errs in the direction of over-emphasis of nationalism and racial antipathies. Hitlerism, it must be recalled, is the direct outgrowth of the harsh terms of the Armistice and the Treaty of Versailles. Isolated politically and surrounded on all sides by hostile nations heavily armed, it was only natural for Germany to defend herself with whatever weapons still remained at her disposal. Fearing extinction Germany resorted to extreme nationalism. The anti-semitic movement constitutes the tragedy in this desperate attempt to maintain her national identity. Her convalescence depends largely upon the attitude of her neighbors. The particular form of government under which Germany lives is far less important than the sensibilities of that government. It may be too late to save the present German Republic. But it is never too late to exert a sympathetic influence to the end that common sense and national decency may be maintained.

Recrimination is the weapon of the coward. It should be avoided in this instance, as in all others. Not libellous rumors, but well-authenticated facts are the substance of history. In our judgment of the present German situation—which concerns every civilized nation of the world—we must exercise restraint.

Atrocity stories have already been widely circulated. That brutal beatings were inflicted by the Nazis involving a number of innocent Jews and

others suspected of disloyalty needs no denial. The evidence is convincing. Even the censored reports which have come out of Germany speak of maltreatment of the Jews. During the heat of battle such unfortunate incidents are inevitable. In considering these cases of violence it should be remembered that for the past six or seven years political murders have been a regular occurrence in Germany, and that all parties, not merely the Nazis, have been offenders.

The cruel treatment recently accorded some of Germany's leading intellectuals is, of course, inexcusable. Men who regained for Germany in the post-war period the respect of her former enemies are either living in exile or in constant danger of physical violence. The list of those persecuted includes the gentle Albert Einstein, Bruno Walter, one of Germany's outstanding symphony directors, whose genius is well known in the United States, Lion Feuchtwanger, the novelist, Emil Ludwig, Erich Remarque, and Max Reinhardt. Others could be mentioned—the victims of racial discrimination. That this situation will not be tolerated indefinitely by Germans proud of their intellectual heritage seems only reasonable. The sobering effect of victory is likely to reshape Hitler's views on a great many questions of vital concern to the world. If it does not he is doomed to ultimate failure. Instead of reviving the German spirit he will crush it.

An Unusual Western Artist

THE Hollywood motion picture colony is the mecca for interesting and unusual activities and personalities from all parts of the world. Artists covered here in the most unique surroundings.

Perhaps the only cameo cutter in California and certainly one of the few in America, Joseph Morgan, is keeping alive this ancient art in a new form in his charming art-jewelry of note and ability are frequently dis-

store at 12027 Ventura Boulevard in Studio City.

Here amid a collection of antiques and precious stones, gathered during his 60 years as a world traveller, Mr. Morgan, through his classes, is imparting his skill in miniature sculpture to a number of students. He has sculptured the likenesses in miniature on cameos of such world figures as Rabindranath Tagore, many noted motion picture celebrities, and others. Mr. Morgan is an authority on herald-

ry and executes armorial bearings and crests on hand-made jewelry, along with his work as a lapidary.

A visit to this interesting art-jewelry shop will well repay those who admire the rare and beautiful in gems and jewels. Mr. Morgan is most gracious in showing his collections and in illustrating his methods. Visitors are gladly welcomed at the shop. Southern Californians may take pride in having in their midst such a craftsman as Mr. Morgan.

The Schools

Heard at Minneapolis Convention, Department of Superintendence

NOT since the days of Horace Mann has there been so much need in America for improved education. Not since his generation has there been so great a need for interpreting the defects and accomplishments of our schools. Never, in our history, has it been so necessary for our people to understand the social order—its inequalities, its imperfections and its inspiring possibilities.

There never will be a Utopia, but only the confirmed pessimist or the utterly unenlightened dares to say that the disaster which is upon us cannot yield to intelligence and courage.

CLYDE R. MILLER, Director of Educational Service, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.

MANY school systems in the United States manage their business programs far better than most private corporations. It also appears to be true that public school business management is in most cities of the United States superior to the management practiced in other fields of governmental activity.

School buildings are usually built with better adaptation to the educational program and their ultimate utilization than are court houses, city halls, or public office buildings.

N. L. ENGELHARDT, Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.

THE making of schoolbooks has improved vastly during the past 20 or 25 years. The textbook today is a better teaching instrument than it has ever been—free in treatment, less "textbookish."

In manufacturing, publishers are becoming more scientific as is indicated by the fact that certain publishers are supporting research concerning the type page.

Appropriate teaching materials are essential to realize educational ideas. No community committed to universal education can possibly command enough teachers of first-rate ability to realize its aspirations. There will always be need of instructional materials. Except through their use, we

know of no other way to keep in sight of our frontier thinkers.

B. R. BUCKINGHAM, Harvard University, Cambridge.

WHEN principals were asked what subjects they would add to the curriculum, if unrestricted, the most important ones were in the following fields: agriculture, guidance, home economics, commercial, music. This fact is of tremendous significance in these times when "depression attacks" are made on so-called non-academic fads and frills. When principals were asked what subjects they would eliminate, the most important ones were in the fields of language and mathematics.

ORLIE M. CLEM, Professor of Secondary Education, Teachers College, Syracuse University, New York.

HITHERTO we have regarded the schools of America as her best insurance, now we are canceling this insurance for the youth of the country, or we are weakening its value by selling the schools to the lowest bidder and depriving the children of professionally minded teachers.

LOTUS D. COFFMAN, President, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.

TRADITIONALLY schools existed solely for the purpose of maintaining the status quo. Any teaching of new ideas would have been scholastic and social heresy. The schools functioned only in passing on accepted traditions, accepted sanctions, accepted solutions—in other words, indoctrinating the masses of children with the accepted ideas of their fathers and forefathers.

Teachers must prepare themselves for a new evaluation of school objectives. They must develop greater skill in teaching; they must become more capable students of social issues; they must take a more vital part in life than they have heretofore done if they are to make the social studies the core of the curriculum as they must be.

A. L. THRELKELD, Superintendent, Denver, Colorado.

STRINGENT requirements should be made for admission to teacher training schools which would reduce by at least two-thirds the number of applicants accepted. Strict regulations relative to the graduation of students should be put into effect which would materially reduce the number of graduates. This sort of control is effectively operated now by the better legal and medical schools.

PAUL C. STETSON, Superintendent, Indianapolis, Indiana.

ONE of the first steps to be taken practically in effecting a closer connection of education with actual social responsibilities is for teachers to assert themselves more directly about educational affairs and about the organization and conduct of the schools: assert themselves, I mean, both in the internal conduct of the schools by introducing a greater amount of teacher responsibility in administration, and outside in relation to the public and the community. The present dictation of policies for the schools by bankers and other outside pecuniary groups is more than harmful to the cause of education. It is also a pathetic and tragic commentary on the lack of social power possessed by the teaching profession. Teachers will not do much for the general settlement of social problems outside of the indirect influence of academic discussion, until they have asserted themselves by taking an active share in the settlement of the educational problems which most directly concern teachers in their own local communities. Begin at home is again the lesson to be learned.

JOHN DEWEY, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, Columbia University, New York City.

(Read further on Page 79)

TO exclude art, health, and music instruction would actually increase the cost of schools in Detroit, according to a statement made by Supt. Frank Cody before a subcommittee of the Conference on the Crisis in Education. It would require 900 more teachers, he declared, if Detroit returned to the traditional curriculum and organization.

THE ART PARADE

(Continued from Page 77)

Museum. It is a heroic figure of the doughty old navigator, the first tourist ever to set foot on what is now known as California, nearly 400 years ago. This statue of him was modeled by Ada May Sharpless, a sculptress whose childhood was spent in Santa Ana, and who studied under the great Antoine Bourdelle during four years in Paris. The placing and background accessories mar this otherwise worthy rendering.

Edouard Vysekál of Los Angeles has been exhibiting at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco and the Los Angeles Camera Pictorialists at the de Young Memorial Museum.

Lloyd LePage Rollins is no longer director of San Francisco's two art museums. The post will be filled by Dr. Walter Heil, assistant director of the Detroit Museum of Art. Since 1930 Mr. Rollins transformed the M. H. De Young Museum from a curiosity shop into one of the country's most attractive museums. Junius Cravens, independent art critic of the

Argonaut, is also out of his post. These are changing times in art.

Of special interest to collectors and craftsmen is the announcement by Mr. C. Squedquiki, Nice (France), of the recent publication of "Pueblo Indian Pottery," Volume I, with fifty reproductions in color from specimens in the famous collection of the Indian notes are by Kenneth C. Chapman, Curator of Indian Arts Fund and the Laboratory of Anthropology at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

This first volume will include an introductory group of four plates illustrating the ceramic art in pre-Columbian times, from the earliest unfired clay vessels of the "Basketmaker" period to the highly developed ceramic types of ancient Pueblos, deserted long before the Spanish conquest.

Following these, Mr. Chapman will show the distinctive characteristics of the antique and modern wares from nine of the Rio Grande Pueblos where the art still flourishes, remarkably uninfluenced by nearly four centuries of

contact with an alien culture. Here, despite the growing ease of intercommunication, each village has continued to develop its own distinctive art, the characteristics of which are singularly manifest in this superb collection, which will include also one plate of the distinctive designs of each Pueblo, from drawings by the author.

Accompanying the portfolio (size 11 1/2 in. by 14 1/2 in.) is a twelve-page introduction with notes by Mr. Chapman, who as artist, curator, writer, and lecturer, has gained wide recognition for his mastery of the subject. Text and notes are in both English and French. This handsome edition is limited to 750 copies.

With several other popular subjects to follow, the Encyclopaedia Britannica has just issued three of a series of "Britannica Booklets," namely "Chinese Art," "Painting" and "Japanese Art."

These booklets are made up of articles and illustrations taken from the latest Fourteenth Edition of the En-

For Each \$1,000,000 in Gold in the United States Treasury there is issued Millions in Money

1. It is estimated that there is approximately \$500,000,000 worth of old discarded gold jewelry lying idle in homes throughout the United States.
2. Nearly everybody—every family—has a little of this old jewelry, stored in boxes, trunks, bureau drawers, etc. It serves no one—neither you, your neighbor nor your government.
3. The United States Assay Office, Department of the Treasury, does not purchase old gold "scrap" in amounts of less than \$100.00.
4. This makes it impossible for you to sell your old valuable trinkets directly to your government.

7. ALL GOLD that is finally accepted and purchased by this non-governmental organization will be turned over to the UNITED STATES ASSAY OFFICE. Not one ounce will find its way to private individuals or commercial users through us. Send your package today—no matter how small nor how large; a single ring or a box full. Every piece helps to swell the total.

5. This organization will accept such gold trinkets, watch cases, chains, crowns and bridgework, rings, bracelets, pins, etc. for inspection, testing and weighing; paying you its estimate for their full value at the rate prescribed by law, less a small charge. Even plated articles will be paid for at their proportionate value. Send your package by Insured Parcel Post.
6. Should you be dissatisfied for any reason, you need only return our remittance within ten days, and your package will be returned to you immediately.

AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR GOLD RECOVERY

507 Fifth Avenue

New York City

cyclopaedia Britannica, and readers will appreciate the authority and the beauty of text and illustration throughout.

The articles are presented as they appear in the Britannica, signed by one or another of the eminent contributing authorities, under the editorship of Warren E. Cox, art director of the Britannica. The term "booklets" hardly does justice to these volumes. Each volume includes many full-page plates in color, as well as numerous half-tones.

For those interested in the arts, these booklets will be found extremely useful and valuable.

By MRS. FRANKLIN D.
ROOSEVELT*

IF possible, there should be close co-operation between the home and the school so that parents will know what the teachers are trying to do for their children and co-operate with them in order that the children may get the best there is out of their school years.

For this reason I have always felt

that the parent-teacher associations are a very valuable asset to the life of the children during their school years. If it is possible for the parents and teachers to get together and agree on certain things for the children at this time, such, for instance, as regular hours for going to bed, school lunches, no movies except over the week ends, and the type of books that the children shall read, I think we will find the early school years of greatly increased value to all children.

*An address by Mrs. Roosevelt, Jan. 13, over NBC network. Used by special permission of Mrs. Roosevelt. —Reprinted from "School Life."

THERE is general agreement that mass instruction is an inefficient instrument where there is so wide a range of ability, attainments, interests, and responsiveness as in special classes for slow-progress pupils.

WILLIAM J. O'SHEA, Superintendent,
New York City Schools.



BUSINESS...but PLEASURE TOO

If it's business that brings you to St. Louis,
you'll find in the American and Annex
Hotels all that a business man desires
when travelling . . . central location, courteous, efficient service, rates that will make
your sales manager smile . . . and meals
that will give you something to brag about
to your friends who haven't yet discovered—

THE AMERICAN HOTEL
THE AMERICAN ANNEX
MARKET AT 6TH AND 7TH
ST. LOUIS · MISSOURI

WRITERS

do your stories land
the editors' checks?

If not—there's a reason. Don't blame the depression for everything. Learn to improve your own work.

LET PLOT ROBO JR. HELP YOU

Whether you are an established writer or a tyro, PLOT ROBO JR. will help you to write better, more saleable stories.

PLOT ROBO JR. supplies you with a million plots if you need them—it gives you fresh ideas which every writer needs—it never stifles your own imagination, but on the contrary, stimulates it. It is an inspiration and a guide.

PLOT ROBO JR. IS THE JUNIOR EDITION OF THE FAMOUS PLOT ROBO-GENIE invented by Wycliffe A. Hill. It has received tens of thousands of columns of newspaper publicity all over the world and is being used by successful and established writers.

Order your PLOT ROBO at once and turn rejection slips into checks.

WRITERS' SERVICE
422 H. W. Hellman Bldg.,
354 South Spring St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed, find \$ _____ for which please ship me immediately ROBO JR., indicated by the squares checked below. (There are six Robo Juniors, one for each type of story listed.) They are:

The Scenario Plot	\$2.00
(Melodramatic Romance)	
Romance Without Melodrama	\$2.00
Action — Adventure	\$2.00
Detective — Mystery	\$2.00
Comedy	\$2.00
Short-Short Story	\$2.00
SPECIAL—ALL SIX FOR	
\$10.00	

Name

Address

City..... State.....

MaltoPep

(With Acidophilus Culture)

MALTOPEP IS AN ALKALINE FORMING FOOD. It neutralizes acidity (Acidosis). Acidosis often causes Cancer, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Stomach Ulcers.

MALTOPEP AIDS DIGESTION, RELIEVES GAS PAINS, bloating and heart throbbing.

MALTOPEP CORRECTS CONSTIPATION. It contains a culture of viable (live) Acidophilus which neutralizes toxic conditions, stimulates bowel action and provides a friendly intestinal flora in which putrefication and disease germs cannot thrive.

MALTOPEP IS FREE FROM DRUGS, possessing decided therapeutic qualities. It is essentially a MALT AND ACIDOPHILUS HEALTH FOOD BEVERAGE, delicious in taste and flavor, can be taken freely, and used to supercede tea, coffee or chocolate if desired. Excellent in cases of malnutrition, nervousness, debility, indigestion and stomach disorders of all kinds.

MALTOPEP PRICES

Parcel Post or
Expressage Prepaid

One Pint	\$ 1.25
One Quart	2.25
One-half Gallon (one month's supply for one person).....	4.00
Family Case of four one-half gallons (four months' supply for one person).....	12.00

L. G. MOWER,

Distributor

422 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.,
354 SO. SPRING STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Our Beautiful World

(Continued from Page 73)

"Gee, sis, it is good to see you. And you look just as cool and sweet as ever in your nice clean house dress. But, say, the terrible way those dames in Seattle and Pedro and Frisco dress gives me a pain in the neck."

But Katy was crying in his neck just then, and all she could say was, "Tom, Tom!"


"And the make-up they pile on! Why, I've had to eat so much rouge

that the sight of it makes me sick," he added shamelessly.

At this Katy laughed in glee, and looking up from Tom's shoulder and through the open door she saw the opaline tints of Mount Rainier shimmering through a wash of yellow sunshine.

What a beautiful world it was, after all.

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



SUMMER RATES, Now

\$2 per day single
\$2.50 per day double

Special weekly and monthly rates

All rooms with bath and shower. Every modern convenience.

Our dining room now serving Al Levy's famous food—breakfast 25-45c. Luncheon 35c. Dinner 60c

Look for the "Doorway of Hospitality"

Chas. Danziger-Mgr. Eugene Stern Pres.

VINE AT HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Oscar Maggiora

Ravioli and Spaghetti

Italian and French Dinners

Flor D'Italia

GARDEN CAFE

Regular Dinner 50c

Chicken or Steak Dinner

Every Day—75c

Reservations for Banquets

Tel. MADison 5763

627 North Spring St. Los Angeles, Calif.

POEMS WANTED

St. Louis, Mo.

THE POET (Monthly)

SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP AND JOURNALISM



A one-year professional training in the technique and practice of writing, under personal leadership of six distinguished American writers—Edwin Markham, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Rupert Hughes, Robert Welles Ritchie, John D. Barry, Samuel G. Blythe. Inspirational atmosphere and ideal environment. Only talented students accepted. Send for circular.

WILLIAMS INSTITUTE, Berkeley, Calif.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

— AND —
OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Established 1868



by BREI HARTE

Featuring:

AMERICA IN TRANSITION

✓

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HIGHWAYS

✓

BATTLE OF SAN PASQUAL

✓

MAX WIECZOREK — ARTIST

✓

THE LITERARY WEST — MELODY LANE

JUNE - JULY, 1933

VOL. 91

25¢

NO. 5

Order These Books Now!

A Book You Will Want To Read » » » »

"HUMAN CHIPS"

By BORIS V. MONOMACK

Russia is a land of mystery and glamour. "Human Chips" is a fictionized historical recital based on fact. It tells of political and military life and of plot and intrigue resulting in death and destruction to loyal and patriotic subjects. A thrilling narrative, as interesting and compelling as a novel. Written from personal knowledge and inside information.

128 Pages - - - Price \$1.50

"RAINBOW'S END"

By ONA M. ROUNDS

The background of this book is found in the great war and in the life at home before and during the catastrophe. Not a traditional war story—the strongest indictment against war that has been written. Those who saw service on either side of the Atlantic and those who served at home will be held in interest throughout the reading.

256 Pages - - - Price \$2.50

"The Gold of Fiddlers Gulch"

By ERNEST KLETTE

Author of "The Crimson Trail of Joaquin Murietta," etc.

The present day characters of the story are tied into the life of the early California mining days. Mystery, adventure, love, drama and comedy are meshed with history to produce a tale of human interest for young and old alike.

144 Pages - - - Price \$1.50

All three books illustrated. Order direct of the publishers. Address:

OVERLAND-OUTWEST PUBLICATIONS

H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California

WE INVITE YOU to visit this unique shoppe located in the El Encanto Building.

Featuring Kali-sten-iks and Edward's Shoes. The shoes recommended by the leading child specialists.

Specializing in Orthopedic and Corrective fittings. Miss Crum, formerly with Bullock's and the Innes Shoe Co., will give advice and supervise all corrections.

Let us give you a free demonstration by taking a Pedo-graph picture of your child's feet.

Westwood CHILDREN'S BOOT SHOP

1103 GLENDON AVENUE, WESTWOOD
C A L I F O R N I A

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny,—sound-proof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

Today's Rates are Most Moderate

Single, \$2.00 - \$2.50 Double, \$3 - \$3.50

Coffee Shop and
Dining Room
Breakfast
25c - 35c
Lunch, 40c
Famous Steak or
Chicken Dinner
50c

**NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC**
230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO

FAMOUS GUESTS

from all over the world enjoy
continental food in the....
FRANCO-ITALIAN ROOM

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL

700 ROOMS

NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM **\$2.50** WITHOUT BATH FROM **\$1.50**

OTHERS FROM \$3.10 TO \$9

Attractive weekly monthly and residential rates

GARAGE SERVICE
to and from our entrance
WITHOUT CHARGE

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of The Eppley Hotel Company's 20 hotels in the Middle West, Louisville, Ky, Pittsburgh, Pa. and the Hamilton chain of Hotels in California.

CHICAGO OFFICE - 520 No. Michigan Ave.
Suite, 422 Phone - Superior 4416



CORNER OF FIFTH AND SPRING STREETS

LOS ANGELES

E. Eppley, President, CHARLES B. HAMILTON, Vice President & Managing Director

*California's Most
Picturesque Cafe*

The Chateau

1201 Shatto Street
LOS ANGELES



*The Haunt of Artists,
Epics and Screen Stars*



REDWOODS

From an etching by A. Ray Burrell

Overland Monthly

Founded by BRET HARTE in 1863

and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE at any library in the United States. The Magazine is also included in the INTERNATIONAL INDEX.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly." To insure return of manuscripts, there should always be enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Vol. 91

JUNE - JULY, 1933

No. 5

CONTENTS

Frontispiece—(plate)—Redwoods	82
Melody Lane	84
Sequoias	Stanton A. Coblenz
A Gypsy Tune	Beulah May
Nostalgia	Dora E. Birchard
The Columbia Is Singing	Berenice M. Rice
Yucca	Edyth Boyden Holway
Of Beauty	Helen Maring
America in Transition	Alvin Edward Moore 85
Southern California's Automobile Highways	Ernest McGaffey 87
Landmarks and Historical Museums	H. C. Peterson 88
The Battle of San Pasqual	Lucien McLewis 89
Personal Art of Max Wiczorek	Everett Carroll Maxwell 90
"Dit"	Steve Fisher 91
Diary of a Hard Luck Salesman	Harry R. Daniel 91
Quiet Heart—Poem	Cardinal Le Gros 92
Literary West	93
The Present Tendency in Westerns	Laura Bell Everett
Ben Field and League Notes	
Summer Number of "Wings"	
Commonwealth Club Literary Award	
"Lachryma Montis"	
The Young Idea	94

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted

Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year

25c per copy

OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS

MELODY LANE

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

SEQUOIAS

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

BEFORE the coastal mountains were upthrown

Outof the red maw of the sulphurous night,
The stern Sequoias roofed a birdless height
Peopled by pterodactyl wings alone.
They knew the dragon-lizards, and have known
The lizard's passing, and the blaring might
Of sabre-tooth and mammoth, and the flight
Of tribes entombed in Cenozoic stone.

Now in their green old age, the forest door
Yields to the latest seedling of life's tree—
A two-legged creature, crawling midget-small.
And shall it chance these clustering towers will soar
When he too passes, and the woods shall be
Still Titan-domed while races flower and fall?

A GYPSY TUNE

By BEULAH MAY

A VIOLIN, a ragged tambourine;

They call me down forgotten ways that ran
Through spring hills to the sea; a pattern
Of yellow daisies scattered on the green;
A camp made in the dusk and firelight's sheen
On straying mare and copper chest and pan;
The gypsies trooping 'round a shabby van
With painted shawls and cloaks of velveteen.

Open your window to the stars, the night
Is held enchanted by a fairy rune
Spun in the summer dusk, with fingers light
The wind strikes from the maple boughs a tune
Brimming with laughter and with heart's delight,
And there are gypsies dancing to the moon.

NOSTALGIA

By DORA E. BIRCHARD

I AM homesick for the grey light

On San Francisco Bay,
For that silver morning mist-veil
Of very early day;
For the barking of the ferries
At each other as they pass,
Splintering the dimpled surface
Like a crash thru smoky glass.
Oh, the white towers of San Francisco
Piercing upward thru the mist
To the wavering empyrean—
Ivory, pearl and amethyst!

THE COLUMBIA IS SINGING

By BERENICE M. RICE

THERE'S a song in the air in the great northwest
And a thousand yet unsung;
There are trails that hide on the mountain side
Where heroes' graves are flung.
There is majesty in the great northwest
And a grandeur still untold;
There is stern romance in the pow-wow dance
Which the grizzled chiefs behold.

CHORUS:

There are ships that find a harbor;
There are broad and open plains,
The Cascades and the Rockies and the rugged Coeur d'Alenes;
The Columbia is singing her eternal melody
As she gathers up the rivers and presents them to the sea.

YUCCA

BY EDITH BOYDEN HOLWAY

(Taken from an old Indian legend)

AS I GLIMPSE the stately Yucca
O'er the mountain tops awake,
I am wond'ring, Indian maiden,
When you'll find your long lost brave.

Does he know how much you mourn him,
Of the lonely watch you keep,
When you beat your breasts in anguish,
Of the bitter tears you weep?

Can he see your gleaming signal,
From his happy hunting ground,
That assures him you are faithful,
As the long years drag around?

So, the 'Yucca sends its message
Of unchanging loyalty,
While the Indian maid is grieving,
Desolate in her tepee.

OF BEAUTY

By HELEN MARING

THE recurrence of beauty is always within us; our hearts
Rediscover the spring and the cup and the goodness of
water,
The depths of the pool, and reflections of trees. Where we
sought her
Is beauty once more; if not actually there, we remember
And beauty recurs in the heart . . .
The thrush on this tree calls a thrush in the neighboring
greenwood,
While echoes of beauty sing songs to the heart—and, forever.

America in Transition

BY ALVIN EDWARD MOORE

ARE we facing a dictatorship? Must fascism come to save us from our present confusion? Will we become national socialists, international socialists, technocrats or communists? Can we retain the essential principles of our early democracy? Such questions as these confront us continually in these days of boiling transition.

As a nation we have floated out on to a swift and turbulent river, been caught up by its current and are now being swept irresistibly toward some unknown sea, with rapids and rocks menacing us on every hand. It would seem that before we can chart a safe national course—before we can answer questions that hound us from the radio, from the newspaper and magazine and from our own minds—we must calmly take our bearings. We must realize whence we come and where we are now, before we can divine our destination and safest course to it.

It is easy to determine our governmental origin. The essential principles of our nation, born in struggle and pain in 1776, were:

(1) "Every American citizen had an equal right with every other in selecting at stated intervals his local ruler or governor. I use the word ruler advisedly. I know Americans often express a traditional dislike of it—at least—until we come to the Court of St. James. But the mayors and other local officials in the time of George Washington were in reality local rulers of small units of an individualized agricultural population.

(2) Every American citizen had the right to vote every four years for the supreme ruler of the land, *through others called electors, who were deemed more qualified to judge presidential timber than was he*. The makers of our early democracy thus gave the individual citizen the power of choosing directly his local rulers—those that came in direct contact with him—and indirectly those who were in the high places of the land.

(3) Except for his duty to obey the law as pointed out by the legal orders of these elected rulers, the American citizen was free.

(4) Every American citizen was to have the same opportunity to rise to positions of power as had every other. His limitations were to be only those of his own individual ability.

Now we may ask, could there be a better set of basic national principles? Is there one of these principles we could delete and still be as well-situated as before? We need all four in order to ensure ourselves the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Then what is the matter with us and our system? The truth is, we haven't adhered to those basic principles. Our forms, designed to preserve those principles, have become archaic—the principles have not been ours for almost a generation.

We still elect our local and part of our national governmental officers, it is true, but those officers for almost a generation—until March 4, 1933, at least—have not been our rulers. Were they our real rulers, every citizen would take a vital interest in their election. The truth is, our real rulers are as powerful and autocratic as were the feudal lords and their kings in the Dark Ages of Europe.

Let us face facts—instead of shibboleths. Ask yourself, if you are employed and receive a salary, who is your real ruler, or governor, today? Who exercised most authority over your actions today? Who told you what to do and how to do it? Whose censure did you fear most today? Whose tolerance did you most desire? It wasn't your mayor. Nor was it your sheriff—nor your state governor. The truth is—and you must admit it in honesty—it was your economic boss. Your economic boss is your local ruler. His power is that of the local feudal baron of the Dark Ages.

Next we might ask ourselves, who is our supreme ruler? The truth is that from the time the industrial revolution, born in the British Isles and Continental Europe, took root and flourished here in the Nineteenth Century, we have had no supreme ruler. We had elected presidents, to be sure, and in the persons of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, we had presidents who strove to become our real rulers, by attempting to control the local economic barons throughout the country. But Theodore Roosevelt was only partially successful because he had to overcome the people's lethargy and ignorance of the situation and to secure authority to set up controlling commissions before he could make a real beginning. These deeds and the building of the gigantic socialistic work, the Panama Canal, took up most of his energy for his two terms.

Then Taft failed to see the mighty purpose—and Roosevelt organized the Progressive Party, which was dedicated without quibble to the control of the local economic barons. Roosevelt lost to Wilson, who was a liberal of another stamp—perhaps because Wilson's type was needed to lead us in the pattern of our immediate destiny—our part in the World War.

Wilson first attempted to control the monied barons by limiting their size by law (Huey P. Long is trying to do the same thing now by a more direct method)—but the World War came and absorbed most of his energy. Thus, since our agricultural age, we have had no president who was our elected supreme ruler.

At present large corporations are seeking to merge—to avoid industrial waste by centralized operation. If enough of them should succeed and one man were to put himself at their head—thereby achieving the ambition which some people attribute to Mellon, Morgan and Rockefeller—we would have in him a substantially supreme ruler. But as yet he hasn't appeared—this billionaire king of our bad dreams—and we hope he never comes. He would force our nation to wade through rivers of blood to get back to the land of our ancient freedom.

NOW comes upon the scene President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is a strong man, and a loved leader of men. This writer and the majority of my readers voted for him. We thought he was the type the country needed at this phase of its destiny. But too much of his type of centralized action—without local elective control—might be a cure that would kill our democracy. Already there are rumblings from a few born rebels on Capitol Hill and among the people, concerning our new leader's tendency toward dictatorship. We know that centralized control of the country is the only means of getting us out of our difficulties, but still we dislike the word *dictator*. We forget, and in our ignorance accept, the despotic economic dictatorship of the few and yet grumble warningly when there is prospect of much political power being concentrated in the hands of one. What a paradoxical nation we are! We strain at a political gnat and swallow an economic camel, needle's-eye and all.

Will Franklin D. Roosevelt become our first supreme ruler since the establishment of our industrial scheme of life? He will if he goes to the extreme in his present course of domination over the local money barons. Personally, I doubt that he will go to the extreme. I believe he intends only to attempt to alleviate our present economic pain and to strengthen the government's power as a referee and rules-maker for the combatting of large corporations—and perhaps to give those corporations the privilege of merging and reorganizing under governmental guidance. He will not become the supreme ruler of industrial America—unless dictatorship is forced on him by wholesale bankruptcy of big business.

We must, however, it would seem, have a supreme ruler in the not distant future. If we are to take the road toward our high destiny—that of a strong, centralized, self-contained nation of individuals, able to achieve the basic necessities of life with a minimum of effort—we *must* have centralized control. Every army and navy in the world knows the inescapable law that efficiency of mass action comes only with centralized control of the mass, every unit of which is directly responsible to one leader and only one. Henry Ford learned this law years ago and led the world in the elimination of industrial waste and in efficiency of operation. If we, as a nation, are to have a standard of living in the future as high as that of Russia with its coming state capitalism, as high as that of nationally socialistic Italy or nationally socialistic Germany, we must either reorganize or rebuild our basic industries so that they come under centralized control. In this way only will most of the enormous waste of our chaotic industrial life come to an end. Let thousands of separate private businesses still fight over the production and distribution of luxuries if you like; but centralized control of those industries which produce the basic necessities of life must come, if we are to eliminate the type of suffering we know now. And when this inevitable centralized control comes, we shall have a supreme ruler. It is up to us now to determine the kind of supreme ruler or dictator we shall have.

Pure Communism—such as Russia has tried to live by—with its equal wages and equal property for all, is not for us. Nor is it, in my opinion, for Russia, nor any other nation until the human species becomes a race of gods. The average human being of our time is too lazy to work unless he is forced to it by the whip or led to it by the hope of individual gain.

Egypt tried the whip eons ago, and lost her prestige as a dominant nation. The whip always has failed and always will fail to secure good work. Incentive to individual gain—material or spiritual, or both—never fails.

The type of international socialism which went on the rocks in this country during the World War is not for us. Americans will not—in fact can not—organize their nation into a world-wide system of socialism which would outlaw war and eliminate other national wastes—until the nations of the world, including our own, are organized separately and in continental units for this purpose. Until this distant date we must maintain an army and navy second to none.

The type of dictatorial national socialism—or fascism—of Italy and Germany would not succeed here, for the simple reason that it violates the first principle of our traditional democracy: namely, that every American citizen should have an equal right with every other in selecting his local ruler. As I understand the national socialism of Italy and Germany, the local chiefs are subject to the approval and even appointment of the dictator. Liberty is sacrificed to obedience. In fact liberty is scorned. "It" (fascism), said Mussolini, "has already stepped, and, if need be, will quietly turn round and step once more, over the more or less putrid body of the Goddess Liberty." Perhaps Italy can tolerate such loss of liberty in the interest of efficiency, but we must have the liberty of local self-government if any future state of ours is to survive.

There is, then, only one road out left for us. That is to establish a government which produces and distributes to the people the necessities of life in accordance with each person's respective efforts. The chiefs of this socialistic, or technocratic, government must be elected—not applauded. Thus the system will be a kind of technocracy; it might be called an elective technocracy.

THE system here mentioned is set forth in the author's book, now appearing in serial form. A brief outline is here given.

Imagine a nation in which all the articles used are made and distributed by nine governmental departments, in which every worker has his place. These departments are: Materials, Manufactures, Transportation, Supply and Communication, General Service, Justice, Education, State and Foreign Commerce, Fine Arts and Amusement.

Each young man or woman who gradu-

ates from high school is assigned according to his desire and/or merit, to one of the lowest units of one of these departments. He is directly responsible to the chief of the, say, fifteen people in his unit. This chief in turn is responsible to the chief of the next higher unit, and so forth, up to the President of the nation. This much of the system is somewhat like that of Italy's Fascism. It is also similar to Russian Communism and the recently widely heralded technocracy, in that the goods of the nation are produced and distributed by technically trained people.

It is unlike Russian Communism, however, in that no inefficient workers' factory committee has a voice in the operation of the factory; control is in the hands of one centralized authority thereby achieving the efficiency of an army or navy or Italian Fascism.

It is unlike fascism or a military organization, however, in that the officers are elected every three years and may serve only two consecutive terms in one post. Furthermore, in order to avoid getting only back-slappers in office, the candidates for chief of each unit are limited to the three people of that unit who have received the highest ratings in efficiency—based on records and examinations—during the three years preceding an election. And in order to avoid favoritism, these ratings are determined by an independent commission in an isolated part of the nation.

Soon after the young graduate of high school is assigned to his unit, national elections are held. The nine heads of the departments and the President meet to choose the President for the next three years from the three men with the highest ratings in their group. After the President is thus elected, each head of a department and the highest ranking chiefs meet to elect the next head of the department. And so forth the election goes, down the ranks, until at last the young graduate meets with his unit to help elect his minor supervisor.

Thus each supervisor all the way up the chain of units is the most popular of the three ablest men in his unit. He will not dare to be too autocratic as he must depend on the votes and the good will of his men to rise; but at the same time he cannot be too lax in discipline, else his all-important efficiency record (which depends in part on the record of his unit) will suffer. He will be a leader of men who has attained his position without undue back-slapping and without the exercise of cruel force.

I maintain that some such system as this is the only means by which the United States may secure the super-efficiency of the

(Read further on Page 96)

Southern California's Automobile Highways

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

Manager Magazine Bureau Automobile Club of Southern California

NO OTHER section of the known world is so richly endowed with opportunities for automobile traveling, as is Southern California. This applies not only to the infinite variety of scenery to be found, the advantages of an equable climate and an unsurpassed highway system, but to the further fact that with the least financial expenditure the maximum of enjoyment can be gained. All of these highways are thoroughly and scientifically sign-posted by the guiding and directing signs of the Automobile Club of Southern California. Whether along the ocean highways, the mountain roads, the highways leading to and over the desert areas, the motorist can always depend on these signals to take him safely on his journey by either night or day.

From San Diego on the south, and driving north, there is a choice of two routes. One will lead over the famous Torrey Pines Grade ocean highway, thence on past the Roosevelt sea roadway and the Rincon Drive, a third superb ocean highway, and on to the new Pacific coastwise highway leading from San Luis Obispo northward to and beyond the borders of Southern California. These various seaside thoroughfares will give the traveler views which cannot be matched for magnificence and beauty by any ocean drives the world over.

The second route from San Diego will be an inland one, taking the motorist through a most picturesque and lovely country, embracing forest and canyon, foothill and agricultural areas, and bringing the traveler in to Los Angeles. From there the route can be continued on north by way of Ventura Boulevard, crossing over the celebrated Ridge Route, a highway which seems suspended in the clouds, so airy and ethereal is its location. Far below, little valleys will be seen, some of them dotted with small ranches, and all around an environment

which seems framed in beautiful cloud-fleets anchored against a distant horizon, and surrounded by the bluest of skies.

Originally the Ridge Route was a maze of corkscrew windings and convolutions which turned and twisted like the course of a gliding serpent. Later years have brought about the straightening of scores of

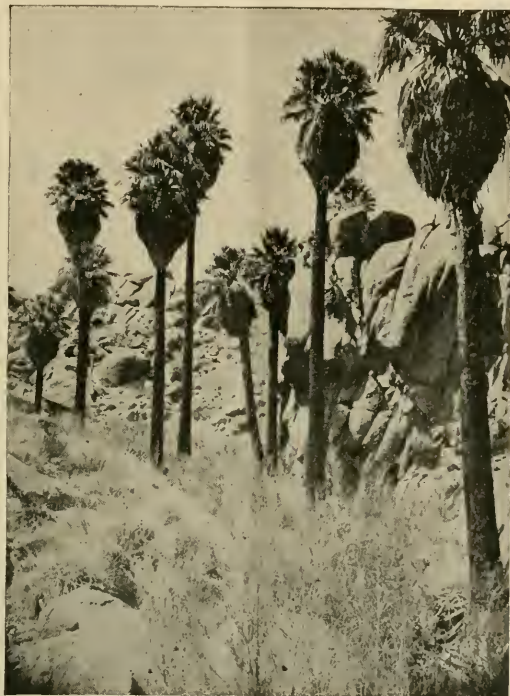
valleys below, filling the vast spaces underneath with a foamy tide of vapor, it seems to the motorist that he is on the verge of a phantom sea, and that he can almost hear the wash of spectral tides lapping against the mountainsides.

North, and slanting gradually to the northwest, is the highway leading through the desert wastes and on to the High Sierra, where Mount Whitney stands, the highest peak outside of Alaska in the United States. Here one may drive in to many of the mountain lakes and streams. Along his way in the early Spring months, the motorist will find where the desert has blossomed even more than the rose, with acres of kaleidoscopic brilliancy of wild flowers, lighting hitherto shriveled and wilderness spaces with a wealth of variegated hues that put the colors of the rainbow to shame.

In the winter months, the motorist can drive into Imperial County. Where the ingenuity of man has turned the waters of the Colorado River into a desert area, and wrought a transformation hardly short of a miracle. Here are fields of waving grain, vegetables, melons, grapefruit and other citrus fruit, dates, and other horticultural products, cattle, sheep, swine, and all the accompaniments of an agricultural community which has made a name in every nook and cranny of America. Here, too, will be found the mysterious Salton Sea, relic of bygone ages; and here, also, will be noted the footprints of animals of prehistoric times, imprinted on the then cooling surface of a recently created universe.

These are among the main-traveled highways of Southern California, but they are only sketchily portrayed. In all directions throughout the thirteen Southern Counties are roads leading into seldom-visited forests, foothills, canyons, sea beaches, mountain

Read further on Page 88)



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NATIVE PALMS

these curves. And the launching of a new highway through the tops of the mountains has shortened the highway and added another great aerial pathway to the mid-air attractions of the surroundings.

In San Bernardino County stretches the Rim of the World highway, trending through pine forest and along the brink of beetling precipices, with its "switchbacks" or button-hook tracing and re-tracing over the mountainsides, unique in its unmatched individuality, beautiful in its framing of mountain and valley, foothill and forest. Sometimes, when the fog rolls in from the

Landmarks and Historical Museums

By H. C. PETERSON, Curator, Sutter's Fort Historical Museum

"It shall be the duty of the State Highway Commission to keep in repair all objects or markers adjacent to a public highway which have been erected to mark historical places, and to keep such markers free from all vegetation which may obscure them from view. It shall be the duty of the commission to erect and maintain, upon the public highways, suitable signs indicating the direction and distance to all state registered landmarks of historical interest not adjacent to and visible from a primary state highway. Such signs shall be placed at the intersection of a primary state highway and the road or way leading to such place of historical interest." State A. B. No. 170—1931.

MUCH water passed under the Bridge of time between the writing of those two quotations and with its passing have gone countless historical landmarks of national and international interest—landmarks that would be of inestimable value today.

Why preserve landmarks and historical relics? Not a hard question to answer. In California we are particularly proud of our

romantic history. True, it covers but a comparatively short period, but in that period we have crowded more romantic, more tragic, and more intensely interesting history than has any other spot on earth.

It is a history built on human emotions, a history replete with pioneering hardships and perseverance, a history of courage that we want to pass on to our children. Visual education is the keynote to interesting the

child, whether he be six or sixty. To see something that actually was used, or was lived in by those red-blooded people who pioneered this glorious State for us, immediately awakens a desire to know more about their history. Every landmark, every relic thus becomes a potential teacher of early California history.

After many years of discouraging work (Read further on Page 94)

Southern California Automobile Highways

(Continued from Page 87)

areas and cloisters of Nature, which to enter is to steep one's self in the glory and the fascination of out-door-land.

From early May until late October this book of Nature is open, with unforgettable world-wonders such as the towering forest-pillars of the Sequoia Gigantea Big Trees in Tulare County, the Palisade Glacier and the lofty peak of Mount Whitney. There are scores of other spectacles which will greet the traveler who turns shoreward or inland to study and marvel at the infinite panoramas which will unfold before the sight of those who journey over the highways and byways of the motoring thoroughfares of Southern California.

Visitors from outside States or members of the Automobile Club of Southern California, can get full and free details of all of these highways from the Touring Information Bureau of the Club, by letter, telephone or personal call at any time of night or day. Persons who intend camping out on journeys which will occupy several days, or a week or more, should be sure to prepare themselves carefully beforehand. Take plenty of warm clothing, a good supply of blankets, and by preference, cots and light mattresses that can be folded and strapped to the running-boards of the car. Boil ALL drinking water, and if camping in the woods, be sure to thoroughly extinguish

all camp-fires, first with water, and afterward by covering the ashes with dirt.

If crossing any stream, be careful to test the depth of the water and the nature of the bottom of the stream, in order to avoid danger of being bogged down. Carry an axe and a good flashlight in addition to the least possible camp equipage, and be especially diligent in putting your car in perfect condition for the trip. Camp on high spots to avoid mosquitos, and if camping in the mountains or in the forests, look your campsite over rigidly to see that no snakes are about. By taking precautions of this nature you will be able to spend such a vacation happily.



MODERN, PAVED HIGHWAY IN TURNBULL CANYON
Los Angeles County, Southern California

The Battle of San Pasqual

By LUCIEN M. LEWIS
(Concluded from last issue)

JUST how long we slept we shall never know. We are awakened by what seems to be the sound of a bugle. We rush up to the lookout on the hillside. Look yonder! Mounted men are charging down upon those Indian huts, where Pico's lancers are awaiting them. It is Captain Abraham R. Johnston and his advance guard of 12 men.

Following them are General Kearney, with Lieutenants Emory, Warner and Hammond, and Captain Benjamin Moore, with something like fifty men. Then come Captains Gibson and Gillespie, with twenty volunteers, and Lieutenant Davidson in charge of the artillery. Some of the men are mounted on mules. How jaded and emaciated appear those mounts of the Americans as compared with the sleek, nimble-footed horses of the Mexicans!

For a moment the Mexican lancers stand firm and receive the charge. As the Americans come within range, shots are fired by the Mexican riflemen. At the first shot, Captain Johnson, leading the advance guard, topples from his horse, a bullet through his brain.

At a signal from General Pico, his men wheel their horses and flee. With triumphant shouts, the Americans spur their mounts and take up the pursuit. Some of the jaded animals refuse to be hurried, however, consequently the pursuers are strung out in disorder. As soon as a large number of the pursuing horsemen are well beyond the forked road, General Pico wheels his lancers and charges furiously. At the same time the party in ambush races out and closes in from the rear and sides, shouting, "¡Aquí vamos hacer matanza!" ("Here we are going to have a slaughter!")

It is not a battle. It is butchery, brief but terrible. The Americans, outnumbered two and three to one, defend themselves as best they can with sabres and clubbed muskets. In ten minutes' time, practically every man of that extreme advance guard is killed or wounded.

We witness the combat between Captain Moore and General Pico, the former armed with a sword, the latter with a lance. In parrying a thrust, Captain Moore breaks his sword. When he reaches for his pistol, two rangers rush in and kill him with their lances. Like a brave knight Captain Moore died, his broken sword hilt clasped in his hand and the blade broken in two.

Who is that wiry little man clubbing right and left with his long squirrel rifle? Beset by two lancers, he breaks his gun, is unhorsed, then races to safety behind a cactus. It is Kit Carson, who has saved himself as if by a miracle. Kit was called "the bravest of the brave," yet his Indian code had taught him the folly of not seeking safety in flight when all other recourses were exhausted.

We see General Kearney singled out by a lancer. At the first thrust he is wounded. The lancer raises his arm for the death blow. Then he lowers his lance. Undoubtedly General Kearney's rank has saved him.

In the midst of the confused butchery, the howitzer, pulled by a mule, dashes up. The frightened mule rushes madly around, seeing which the enemy closes in, captures one of the gunners, wound another and kill the third, making off with the howitzer.

American reinforcements are coming up. Shots are fired at the Mexicans who, at a signal from Pico, are beginning to fall back. As a Mexican dashes by, he is shot from his horse and falls with a broken leg. Another is captured when his horse falls upon him. The enemy is in retreat. But there is no pursuit. Doubtless General Kearney and his officers fear another ambushade.

We look down upon a gory spectacle. Nineteen men are dead, with about the same number wounded, many of them mortally. General Kearney, anticipating a charge from the enemy, orders his men to load their weapons and form into a hollow square. Lieutenant Emory is sent hurriedly to the rear to warn Major Swords, whose rear guard is in charge of supplies. Dr. Griffin, the company surgeon, and his aides are hurried up to take charge of the wounded, some of whom are lanced in a half-dozen or more places.

We see General Kearney, who is painfully wounded, call his officers around him. A camp must be selected—one where the wounded may be safe from the menace of charging lancers. Up on the stony, cacti-covered hillside the wounded are borne. It is rough ground, with no water available, but no hostile lancer may break through that circle of bristling cacti.

That long day finally comes to an end. Purple darkness again settles over the valley. All that day Pico's men could be seen circling the camp, like a coyote pack hanging on the flank of a wounded animal.

General Kearney, suffering from his wounds, relinquishes his command to Captain Turner. The officers gather around the camp fire, their heads close together. There are not enough mules left to carry both the dead and wounded. A short distance from the camp shallow graves are dug, and there with tear-wet faces the men bury their heroic dead.

By the light of the camp fire Captain Turner is seen writing a letter. It is to Commodore Stockton, asking for relief. Three men—Privates Godey, Burgess and another—are entrusted with this message, with instructions to crawl through the enemy lines under cover of darkness and make their way to San Diego. We see the three crawl up an arroyo, evade the enemy sentries, and in another moment the night has swallowed them up.

On the evening of the 6th at Old Town, as at Brussels before Waterloo, "there was a sound of revelry by night." In a famous old ballroom "bright lights shone o'er fair women and brave men." The fair women were the dark-eyed senoras and señoritas, and among the brave men were Commodore Stockton and his staff. It was the wee small hours of morning when the music ceased.

No wonder that Commodore Stockton was irritated next morning when a servant awakened him and announced a messenger. It was Private Burgess, his clothing torn to shreds, his face, hands and arms bleeding.

Hurriedly Stockton read Captain Turner's letter. Possibly for military reasons it did not reveal the desperate situation of Kearney's men. If Stockton dismissed the messenger somewhat gruffly, possibly it was for the above-mentioned reasons. Then, too, undoubtedly he felt that he should not betray to the natives by word or deed that Kearney had met with defeat.

As quickly as possible, it would seem, Stockton begins to organize his relief party. It is a difficult undertaking. Few horses are available, without which the artillery is useless. A hastily formed expedition he reasons, might result in a second disaster. Meanwhile he sends Godey and his companions back with a sealed letter to Captain Turner.

Next morning, December 7th, finds Kearney's army in desperate straits. Their provisions are almost exhausted, their best horses killed or driven off by the enemy.

The wounded, exposed to the elements and lying on the rocky, uneven ground, are suffering agony. General Kearney, again in command, gives the order to march. As they move slowly along the road toward the San Bernardo rancho, the enemy keeps pace, constantly menacing their flank. So threatening do the lancers become that General Kearney decides to camp near the rancho. The half-starved men are now killing their mules and roasting their flesh.

The three runners with Stockton's letter get within sight of Kearney's camp, where they are captured by Mexican sentries. Under a flag of truce from General Pico, Burgess is exchanged for a Mexican prisoner. Burgess, not having read Stockton's letter, which was seized by Pico's sentries, seems to have left General Kearney under the impression that aid was refused, which further complicates matters.

That night General Kearney decides to send a more urgent message to Commodore Stockton. Lieutenant Beale, Kit Carson and an Indian are selected for the task. What a hero is this Lieutenant Beale, before, during

and after the battle! Under cover of darkness the three steal away, the Indian taking an opposite direction to Beale and Carson, who stay close together. Worm-like, they crawl through sagebrush and cacti till the night again swallows them up.

What a night of torture for those three runners! Who may picture it? Without roads or lights to guide them, they fight their way through brush-covered canyons and over cacti-covered hills. The Indian, on account of his familiarity with the country, is the first to reach his objective, followed closely by Beale and Carson. The arrival of those desperate runners awakens Stockton to the necessity for immediate action. Without waiting for his artillery, he hurried 200 men to Kearney's relief early next morning.

Practically surrounded, Kearney's men are hoping and praying for the arrival of that relief party. "Did Kit get through? Where is Kit?" we hear a wounded man cry out in his delirium.

On the morning of December 9th we see Sergeant Cox die in the arms of a comrade.

He was so young to die. So far away from home and loved ones. We have often wondered if that young bride he left behind him in his Colorado home ever knew that even in his death agony his last thoughts were of her.

Shortly after midnight on December 10 a sentry joyfully reports that he hears voices speaking in English. This is followed by the tramp of feet, and in another moment Lieutenant Gray and his relief party are announced. At dawn the enemy are seen to slink away over the hills. By his extreme caution, Pico has undoubtedly lost the opportunity for inflicting upon Kearney a crushing defeat.

As we drive out of the valley, we look back once more upon that battle-field. In the early morning mist, the sun shines blood-red upon that monument as if in memory of those brave men whose blood was shed there.

Yes, just a slab of granite and a cacti-covered hillside. But the path that leads to that noble monument should be paved with blocks of gold!

The Personal Art of Max Wieczorek

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL



Portrait of Frederick W. Blanchard, recently placed in the Municipal Art Gallery, City Hall, Los Angeles.



GREAT art is always simple art—difficult to execute but easy to understand. Personally I can never see the problems of involved technicalities in the works of El Greco, Goya or Hokusai.

Early Egyptian art and that of the Ming painters should not mystify the intelligent laymen, if properly approached. We are prone to read all manner of hidden meanings into our simplest works of art, due no doubt to the very fact that they are so supremely simple and understandable. We must build ourselves great heights to scale—hence all this nonsense about the arts.

In a recent interview with Max Wieczorek, whose memorial portrait of the late Frederick W. Blanchard has recently been placed in the Municipal Art Gallery in the Los Angeles City Hall, the artist asserts that the "portraitist, dealing as he does with personalities, is confronted by the most difficult task in all the realm of art." He must please his subject, his public and himself. A monumental task, indeed!

No two individuals will agree upon the physical or spiritual qualities of a third party. Each of us see our friends and acquaintances through angles of personal opinion and viewpoints widely diversified.

Thus it is that the painting of a portrait is the most thankless of tasks.

(Read Further on Page 92)

"DIT"

By STEVE FISHER

IT HAD come through just after he had taken the mid watch. Now it lay in his typewriter just as he had written it. A cold, short message from Trona Field,—a message that Jack had been afraid would come through ever since he joined the Navy. Long years of suffering, cowering, changing his name, his hair and his very complexion had all been of no avail. Murder is never justified and the murderer always pays! The ship was heading for San Pedro now—from there he would be sent to his home state for trial and the certain sentence of death that would follow such a trial!

He tore the despatch from the typewriter and scanned it for the tenth time. His face was drained of color and his eyes gleamed like a man that had died a death of agony. His jet black hair was hanging stringy in his face. His hands shook as he read:

COMMANDING OFFICER

USS IDAHO

0010 JACK AARON WANTED BY
LOCAL AUTHORITIES PERIOD
ARREST AND DELIVER UPON AR-
RIVAL SAN PEDRO 0003

This was the end of the chase. The end of long suffering, the ending of a detective story perhaps, for the detectives must have searched long and hard before they discovered Jack. He told himself these things over and over.

Finally Jack got to his feet. He crumpled the message in his hands. He eyed the sleepy looking radio striker that was supposed to be on watch with him.

"Take the thing over while I go up on deck," he ordered, "I've got to get a breath of fresh air."

The striker nodded and moved into Jack's seat, picking up the phones and putting them on his ears.

Jack moved out of the compartment rather

slowly. He made his way up the iron ladders and onto the fore castle of the ship. It was a black moonless night. The bleached white decks were the only visible things. There was swish of waves as the great monster of war pushed her way through the water towards the home port.

Jack's mind was in a turmoil. Within him surged a hundred thousand unsurpassable emotions. Everything was gone now. Sadly he reflected the murder. The night old Jake had found him with his daughter and had commenced horse whipping him. The rock Jack had picked up and thrown at the farmer. The girl's horrified scream! The running, continued running, always running, from one place to another, from one hole to another, running away! He remembered how relieved he had been when he at last got across the State line; the freight cars he had ridden in; the odd jobs he had done in various cities; how he had dodged policemen and had finally gathered enough fortitude to enlist in the Navy. The minutes that seemed like years when he reported for shipment after they had taken his finger prints. The million thoughts of the policemen that would be waiting for him when he arrived in San Diego. Then at last a ship, a comparatively easy three years in the Navy without serious worry of discovery. He had a new name and a new crop of hair that he managed to keep dyed without even his shipmates finding out—and now it was all over. Everything was gone!

Jack leaned on the life chains and gazed momentarily down at the inky black water. He watched the sparkling phosphorous as it bubbled and died. In his mind everything was definitely taking shape. At first he thought he was reeling, but now an idea had come to him. As the idea grew into the realization that it was the last resort

his hand began trembling and his body quivered in anticipation of the thought. Doggedly he swore to himself that he would carry out the idea, that was now a formed plan, to the fullest extent.

Slowly he made his way up the fore castle and past the galley deck, down the ladder there to the quarter deck. Further aft he contacted the marine on guard over the captain's hatch. He knew the marine, stopped for a short conversation, during which time he lit a cigarette and gave the marine one—a petty bribe to invade the forbidden territory for enlisted men,—completely aft on the ship.

He patted the sea plane the Naval lieutenant had taken him up in once, as he passed it. Aimlessly he rubbed his hand along the huge catapult, rubbing the grease on his blues afterwards. When he was at last on the fan tail, out of sight of anyone, he dropped to his knees. The cigarette burned slowly in his hand, the words he spoke were soft.

Then he got to his feet. He drained one last deep drag from the butte and threw it over the side. He straightened his shoulders back and stood erect for a moment, saluting the empty flag staff, then with a sudden move he grabbed it, swung himself out over the rails and into the icy water. Like a huge black, hungry monster it swallowed him up in a gulp.

THE radio striker that had relieved Jack was slow, but the sender from Trona Field finally got it through his head that the message ordering the commanding officer to arrest a man, should have indicated JACK TARON instead of JACK AARON. The Trona Field sender even went into detail to explain to the dumb striker that in the Morse code, "A" is "dit dash" and that "T" is just "dash." He had, in error, sent an extra "dit."

DIARY OF A HARD LUCK SALESMAN

9:11—Looked over racing results.

9:46—Stopped to see show window
Circus put on by lady advocating
hair tonic.

10:05—Held curb-stone conference with
old acquaintance.

10:37—Helped one thousand other people
watch messenger boy feeding
pigeons.

11:00—Called on prospect. No luck.

11:02—Had measure taken for new pipe.

11:30—Phoned my favorite boyish bob.

Closed big deal for Saturday
night.

12:18—Went to see about radio bat-
teries.

12:45—Time out for lunch.

2:10—Joined excited posse watching
man put on new tire.

2:31—Called on prospect. This fish is
dead and buried from the eye-
brows back.

2:33—Watched derrick lifting steel
beams. Very educational.

3:12—Had argument with guy for
stepping on my foot.

3:35—Called up prospect I forgot I
had date with. No luck.

3:49—Joined class studying modern
methods of moving a safe.

4:15—Called on prospect. No luck.

4:17—Decided to cross street.

4:32—Bulletin: Landed safely!

4:41—Quit for the day. Lotta hard
work. No luck.

HARRY R. DANIEL.



PERSONAL ART OF MAX WIECZOREK
(Continued from Page 90)

If the portrait painter, like the camera, could produce a perfect and mechanical likeness of the sitter, and still remain an artist, no doubt the problem would be solved.

This cannot be done, for the true artist must bring his own individual personality to aid him in his interpretation. Thus he views his subject through his own temperament and often his trained vision sees characteristics that even closest associates fail to observe.

During Max Wiczorek's long sojourn in the West, he has painted several hundred of our leading citizens—all canvases of great artistic merit; colorful, decorative, yet excellent likenesses.

The landscapist may resort to unlimited poetic license in interpreting nature. In fact, no landscape painting is truthful. It can't be and remain good art. The painter must be able to lie so artistically that his translation appears true. Of course, art can never approach nature within fifty per cent.

Alas, the painter of portraits has no such redress. He must give his patrons a speaking likeness and yet be crafty enough to please the critics and the juries and still remain an artist.

By some alchemy known only to himself, this Wiczorek has been able to do, and now in the prime of his ripened experience he has gained an international repu-

tation for the personal charm and uncompromising sincerity of his work.

His later renderings show a maturity and ripeness, a solidity and sophistication only remotely suggested in earlier works, yet in fundamental essentials the artist's work shows but slight variation. He has evidently felt content with his medium and his muse. His academic training was complete long before he became a studio worker. Consequently his mind is free to study the more vital essentials that go to make up a lasting work of art.

Always back and beyond the graceful, ornamental quality of his drawings, lies a structural building up not unlike an architectural rendering in accuracy and design. Intellectually this artist would have developed into a great genre painter had not he elected to make portraiture his life work. Often his handling is detailed without becoming fussy or small. Many times Wiczorek's sense of characterization approaches the telling quality of the tragic. The mental and moral struggle appeals to him, and his expressive lines delineate its action upon mind and body.

As a rule, his best works deal with ripened maturity; men who have experienced life and women who have loved deeply. Often he reads character in terms of struggle and fortitude. In a few portraits he dwells upon the mellowness and dignity of

old age. These figures live, breathe and attract, in their abundance of exuberant existence.

Wiczorek's work has been hung in the leading exhibitions throughout Europe and America, namely, Paris Salon; Crystal Palace, London; Societe Royale, Antwerp; Panama Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco; Museum of History, Science and Art, Los Angeles; San Francisco Art Association; New York Water Color Society, National Arts Club, Architectural League, N. Y., etc receiving many medals, prizes and honorable mention.

Wiczorek was born in Silesia, of Polish-German parentage. As a youth, Wiczorek took a course in natural sciences at the University of Breslau, the capital of Silesia, later serving in the Prussian army as an officer in the 109th regiment, the body-guard of the Grand Duke of Baden. At the age of twenty he entered the art school at Karlsruhe, studying under Ferdinand Keller. Leaving the southern part of Germany, he traveled and studied through the Tyrol and in Italy. He remained there for several years, spending most of the time on the Riviera near Genoa. He resumed his art studies at Munich, and later in Weimar, under Prof. Max Thedy, one of the most successful painters of the Piloty School. He was also greatly influenced by Count Leopold Von Kalkreuth, who then held a professorship at the Academy in Weimar. He sent pictures to all the well-known exhibitions in Germany, Paris, London, Brussels and Scotland.

After coming to America, he spent a number of years in New York, later establishing a permanent studio in Los Angeles.

QUIET HEART

THE Summer ways are happy ways
To lightly follow, one by one,
Through laughing days and singing days,
With green fields growing in the sun;
And in the tall and tranquil skies
A covenant of butterflies.

The Summer ways are bright and fair
To boys and girls who laugh and sing
So merrily, and unaware . . .
(O quiet heart, remembering,
When winds of early Autumn blow,
There is no way for us to go.)

CARDINAL LE GROS

Reprinted from "Wings."

The Literary West

THE PRESENT TENDENCY IN WESTERNS

DEEP in human nature lies the love of the remote, the less accessible. The reader of Western stories may well defend his choice. "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way," and westward the story writers have followed it, from the time when that great originator of the Western story, James Fenimore Cooper, whose own immediate border was Western New York, developed the magnificent epics of the forest and the prairie.

The wise reader who escapes daily routine to wander with "The Pathfinder" and "The Pioneers" in primeval forests, may like a more personal acquaintance with his author and find it in the first complete biography of Cooper since Lonsbury's, half a century ago. Henry Walcott Boynton's "James Fenimore Cooper" brings back the story-teller who, whatever his faults of style, invented the Western and possessed the power to charm his readers and hold them in glamorous thrall.

The long line from Cooper to Zane Grey portrays its ever-moving West, and at last the scene is Arizona, New Mexico, and the Border. Texas, of course, is still a magical name, as in Dane Coolidge's "Jesse Roundtree, Texas Ranger," one of the new books. Kyne and Curwood have delighted their readers with the Western atmosphere of some of their stories, while W. D. Hoffman has devoted himself to the Wild West in its picturesque aspects. People who boast "I do not like poetry" may nevertheless respond to the pure poetry found in Zane Grey's and Hoffman's titles. "The Light of Western Stars" and "Riders of the Purple Sage," by Grey, and "Westward to Paradise" and "The Canyon of No Return," by Hoffman, are examples of their choice of poems shorter than a Japanese *Hokku* to suggest the subjects of their books. "Chip of the Flying U," by B. M. (Bower) Sinclair, belongs to the list of poetic titles, and its writer to the roster of favorite authors. Ask the readers, younger and older of Westerns, "Whose books do you read?" and you may add many authors to the list.

An interesting tendency is shown in the present demand for non-fiction dealing with Western material. The idea that story readers would care for the facts on which their fiction was based may have been suggested by the present interest in biography. The

book, however, that apparently called forth the recent Western non-fiction was not strictly biography: "Tombstone," the history of the famous Arizona town, written by the late Walter Noble Burns. Readers discovered that actual happenings, if well told, had advantages over the fictitious. William McLeod Raine's "Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws" was followed by Stuart N. Lake's "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal," a biography of nearly four hundred pages. Earp changed the course of history, it is said, by his enforcement of the law in Dodge City, Deadwood, and Tombstone.

Jesse Lilienthal's "Gambler's Wife, The Life of Malinda Jenkins," may be classed in the group that have followed the method used in "Trader Horn."

A book that will continue to hold its place as a source and at the same time an interestingly written narrative is Dane Coolidge's new "Fighting Men of the West." Mr. Coolidge presents here the lives of twelve frontier fighters. The Southwest and the Border, which Mr. Coolidge knows so well, are animate in the lives of these Fighting Men.

It will be interesting to watch the interaction of fiction and non-fiction. Has the fictionalized biography stolen so much of the charm of the unreal that it can supplant the novel? Are fiction and non-fiction to mingle? Or shall it be that never the twain shall meet?

"JAMES FENIMORE COOPER." Henry Walcott Boynton. Century Company.

"THE CANYON OF NO RETURN." W. D. Hoffman. McClurg.

"FAMOUS SHERIFFS AND WESTERN OUTLAWS." William McLeod Raine. Doubleday-Doran.

"WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL." Stuart N. Lake. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"GAMBLER'S WIFE, THE LIFE OF MALINDA JENKINS." Jesse Lilienthal. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"JESS ROUNDTREE, TEXAS RANGER." Dane Coolidge. Dutton.

"FIGHTING MEN OF THE WEST." Dane Coolidge. Dutton.

Ben Field and League Notes

BEN FIELD, well known poet who conducts the Poetry page—Melody Lane—of this magazine, is on an extended Eastern trip. Mr. Field is National President of the League of Western Writers. During the past weeks he has, at his own expense, made a detailed tour of California and the Western States visiting all Chapters of the League. The Overland office has received from Mr. Field a number of charming letters. In these he tells of gatherings of literary folk and meetings and receptions arranged in his honor.

After leaving Los Angeles, President Field visited League Chapters in Fresno, San Francisco, Sonoma, Salem, Oregon, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Victoria, B. C. He met with local and national officers and considered plans for the development of the League. He reports a fine spirit and enthusiasm everywhere. Various localities not now served by the League are considering the advisability of forming chapters.

According to an announcement sent members of the League by National Secretary, Arthur Truman Merrill, the 1933 Convention will be cancelled. Secretary Merrill says:

"For months past reports have been pouring in to official headquarters of members who would not be able to attend the Convention. This caused a growing apprehension that attendance would be negligible. After the Long Beach disaster these letters multiplied. A president of one of the oldest and largest chapters wrote: 'I do not know of any one from my chapter who will attend.' The gravity of the situation was apparent.

In one of the weekly official meetings it was suggested that President Field visit the chapters and so learn the will of the majority. This has now been accomplished. Entirely at his own expense he has visited the chapters from Los Angeles to Victoria. Letters from both officials and members to your Secretary following the Presidential visits prove the wisdom of the decision. Not only has the matter immediately in hand been successfully focused, but the resultant spirit of cooperation and good will should prove invaluable to League growth and prosperity. It is the will of the majority that the 1933 Convention be cancelled and that the 1934 Convention be held in Portland as decided at the last Convention in San Francisco. In making this decision of cancelling the 1933 Convention, the membership has been guided by the two outstanding facts, the depression and the Long Beach disaster.

We believe it is the universal desire of the membership of the League of Western Writers

(Continued on Page 93)

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



SUMMER RATES, Now

**\$2 per day single
\$2.50 per day double**

Special weekly and monthly rates

All rooms with bath and shower. Every modern convenience.

Fine foods at reasonable prices in the Plaza's Russian Eagle Garden Cafe.

Look for the "Doorway of Hospitality"

Chas. Danziger Mgr. Eugene Stern Pres.

VINE AT HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Oscar Maggiora

Ravioli and Spaghetti

Italian and French Dinners

Flor D'Italia

GARDEN CAFE

Regular Dinner 50c

Chicken or Steak Dinner
Every Day—75c

Reservations for Banquets

Tel. MADison 5763

627 North Spring St. Los Angeles, Calif.

The Young Idea

THIS is a little story of Now and Then. From a primer, a prayer and a spelling book, which comprise the little Colonial child's entire library, in just 150 years, a voluminous and classic juvenile literature has been born in America.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep," was the child's evening prayer 150 years ago today. We had a primer and a spelling book, and in that little primer, this quaint little prayer was printed. It is the lawful heritage of every American child. The little spelling book had eight fables, and both the books were very quaint, to be sure, for they were printed in 1777.

With this miniature library, if so it might be called, the child had to be satisfied. Compare this pitiful little pair of books with the marvelous libraries and collections of books, especially for children, today, not omitting the mention of the Moving Pictures, and the Radio. From this beginning,

America has evolved the largest collection of books for children and for youth in the world. Does the little rich American, born with the gold spoon of literature in his mouth, today get less nutriment out of his well-stored pantry book-shelf, than his little European cousin gets, who has to nibble at crumbs of our language in a much more frugal fashion?

Editor's note: The above is from the charming book entitled "The Chrysalis of Romance," published a half dozen years ago, but deserving renewed attention. The author is Inez G. Howard, prominent Los Angeles woman. The book is replete with philosophic and patriotic touches and discovers the author to us as one who has traveled widely and observed closely. The book, says the Foreword, "is trying to discover America to the Americans," and does it through such chapters as Uncle Sam's Personality, Ancient Symbols to be Seen Today, Archives of the Past, Our Hero Holidays, Folk Lore, etc. John Stevens McGroarty has written one of his delightful introductions. The book is published by the Times Mirror Press, is beautifully bound and carries some delightful art work.

Landmarks and Historical Museums

(Continued from Page 88)

we have at last experienced the pleasure of seeing our public and private schools seriously taking up the study of local district history in detail, visiting local historical places and learning as much of them as possible.

We want our children to grow up good, loyal citizens. Nothing will create in a child's mind more loyalty to his home town than a knowledge of its early history, of the sacrifices their forefathers, and mothers, made that they might enjoy the countless conveniences they have today.

So, to create that interest, to help visualize the primitive conditions their forefathers were up against, we preserve the buildings where they lived and struggled, we preserve in museums the utensils, the tools, the costumes and the relics of the social life of those days.

If the general public could see, as we do daily here at Sutter's Fort, the keen interest taken by children in our exhibits, the avidity with which they read the labels, and the countless questions the youngsters ask, they would have a very satisfactory answer to the why of the landmark and historical museum.

Annually we have thousands of school children from all parts of California visit the Fort with their teachers. The number

has trebled in the last three years. The teachers are enthusiastic. To quote one—"It makes it easier for us. After a visit here, we do not have to urge them to study California history, they want to study it when they return home."

What we have done in Sacramento can be done in more or less degree by any historic community in California. It simply means gathering together in the public library or city hall as many of the local relics as possible, labeling them in detail, and taking the school children there to see them. It costs little, but it pays enormous future dividends in loyalty to the home town and its interests. Wherever they go, they sing its praises; they are proud of their city, of their State and the pioneers who created it.

POEMS WANTED

St. Louis, Mo.

THE POET (Monthly)

The Literary West

(Continued from Page 94)

that its greetings of good will, sympathy and admiration be extended both to the newly-formed Long Beach Chapter and to the people of Long Beach generally.

Let us all work together confidently and harmoniously for the success of the Portland Convention in 1934."

President Field has sent out to League members a supplemental statement. We the following:

"Attention of members of the League of Western Writers is called to a local and Book Fair gathering sponsored by the Portland Chapter of the League, which will meet at Champoe, Oregon, the birthplace of a northwest county, on August 6, 1933. After the first day the meeting will adjourn to Portland at the Multnomah Hotel and will remain in session until Thursday, the 10th * * * Space will not permit that the thanks the National President would gladly express for many courtesies extended him be included. These courtesies are not only in a way of inspiring assistance in his League work and in banquets, regular programs, dinners, teas and entertainments, but also were connected with excursions, personal and very pleasurable contacts and many attentions that only kindness could dictate."

THE Summer Number of "WINGS," magazine of verse, edited by Stanton A. Coblenz, is a most creditable issue. It is a magazine of 32 pages and carries, in addition to excellent verse by well known poets, an editorial department by Editor Coblenz, a section devoted to neglected poets (in this issue James Thompson), and one to reviews of current books of verse. Mr. Coblenz is making a distinct contribution through his editorship of "Wings."

Many admirers of Mr. Coblenz's poetry have been awaiting with anticipation the appearance of his new book "Songs of the Redwoods." This is now off the press and reflects some of his best work. The majestic monarchs of the forest furnish the theme for his sonnets and lyrics. The ballads are tinged with western romance. The book is beautiful in design and superior in workmanship. It is printed in a 14-point Caslon type, with brown ink on a tinted Sweetmeat Louvaine paper. The binding in tone and finish reveals the spirit of the Redwoods. Headbands and end sheets add to the attractiveness of the volume. A tipped-in photographic reproduction of the Redwoods in sepia serves as a fitting frontispiece.

The book is 5½ inches by 8½ inches, 80 pages, and lists at \$1.50. Copies of a limited edition, boxed for mailing, will be sent postpaid for \$1.75. The book is published by the Overland-Out West Publications, H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California, and may be ordered direct.

A LITERARY award that is gaining fame annually is that of the Commonwealth Club of California in which three medals are presented for the three finest books by California authors published in the preceding year. Last year the awards were made to Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton for his "Outpost of Empire";

and to Lincoln Steffens for the "Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens," and William Gibbs McAdoo for "Crowded Years."

The recent awards were made to Sara Bard Field, gold medal, for her book-length poem, "Barabbas," deemed the book most worthy, written by a California resident and published in 1932. Silver medals identical in design were awarded to Gertrude Atherton for her autobiography, "Adventures of a Novelist," and to Harold Lamb for his novel, "Nur Mahal." The judges were President Robert G. Sproul, University of California; Dr. Hardin Craig, professor of English at Stanford; Brother Leo, St. Mary's College; President Rufus B. von Klein-Smidt, University of Southern California; President Aurelia H. Reinhardt, Mills College, and Mrs. Hattie Hecht Sloss. The awards will be continued in 1933.

A CELEBRATION commemorative of the acceptance by the California State Park Commission of "Lachryma Montis," the historic home of the late General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, at Sonoma, for the State of California, was held at Sonoma on July 7th. Thus this historic home becomes part of the system of

State Parks. This was made possible under the law of 1927 authorizing contributions of state funds toward such projects where half the cost is met from private sources.

The program consisted of appropriate musical selections by the United States Marine Band, songs by Grace Bowles Hedge, the composition of Francisca Vallejo; vocal solos by Mrs. Louisa Vallejo Emparan, daughter of the late General Vallejo; greetings by A. R. Ginstead, and addresses by Joseph R. Knowland, member State Parks Commission; H. G. Ridgway, chairman Events and Celebrations Committee, Redwood Empire Association; W. F. Chipman, president General Vallejo Memorial Association; Hon. Emmett Seawell, past grand president Native Son of the Golden West, and Hon. Lewis F. Byington, past grand president Native Sons of the Golden West.

The Advisory Committee of the Vallejo Home Memorial is headed by Mrs. Walter L. Murphy of Sonoma. The Memorial Home was established in 1852, and in this house General Vallejo spent his last years. The lumber for the mansion was hauled by teams from Vallejo; the brick was brought from the Sandwich Islands and the marble mantelpieces were purchased in Honolulu. The State has done well to cooperate with the generous and patriotic citizens who have made possible the taking over of this historic landmark.

On your way to Chicago to the Century of Progress Exposition... Stop in St. Louis

A modern American city... rich in historic lore...
19 miles of river front... sixty-five city parks...
world-famous zoo... Shaw Botanical Gardens...
art galleries. Many other points of great interest...
the world-renowned Lindbergh trophies exhibit and Municipal Opera, worth the visit alone.
Directly on your route to Chicago from the South, Southwest and Southeast.

At The American and American Annex Hotels you will find an air of hospitality and the utmost consideration for your comfort, meals that are the talk of experienced travelers everywhere. Special diet menu for those who need it (sent free on request) and prices that are surprisingly low.

Rates from
\$1.50

**THE AMERICAN HOTEL
THE AMERICAN ANNEX**
"On the Plaza"

Market at 6th and 7th

St. Louis, Mo.

MaltoPep

(With Acidophilus Culture)

MALTOPEP IS AN ALKALINE FORMING FOOD. It neutralizes acidity (Acidosis). Acidosis often causes Cancer, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Stomach Ulcers.

MALTOPEP AIDS DIGESTION, RELIEVES GAS PAINS, bloating and heart throbbing.

MALTOPEP CORRECTS CONSTIPATION. It contains a culture of viable (live) Acidophilus which neutralizes toxic conditions, stimulates bowel action and provides a friendly intestinal flora in which putrefication and disease germs cannot thrive.

MALTOPEP IS FREE FROM DRUGS, possessing decided therapeutic qualities. It is essentially a MALT AND ACIDOPHILUS HEALTH FOOD BEVERAGE, delicious in taste and flavor, can be taken freely, and used to supercede tea, coffee or chocolate if desired. Excellent in cases of malnutrition, nervousness, debility, indigestion and stomach disorders of all kinds.

MALTOPEP PRICES

Parcel Post or
Expressage Prepaid

One Pint	\$ 1.25
One Quart	2.25
One-half Gallon (one month's supply for one person).....	4.00
Family Case of four one-half gallons (four months' supply for one person).....	12.00

L. G. MOWER,
Distributor

422 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.,
354 SO. SPRING STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

America in Transition

(Continued from Page 86)

national units of capitalism that are coming into being in Italy, Germany, Russia, Chile and other countries, and at the same time retain the principles of its early democracy. But I am too much of a realist to believe that such a scientifically designed system will come for a long time.

The chances are that we will blunder into a dictatorship—either political or economic—in which all the minor officers are appointed by the highest elected authority. Then, after a period of subjection to rigid discipline, the people probably will rebel and insist that their ancient liberty be incorporated in a right to elect all officers—or rulers—of their industrialized state.

This is the haphazard way in which the human race has evolved in the past. All our reforms have been born in struggle and pain. But how much better it would be to plan scientifically for an inevitably changed future! Then transition to that future would be gradual, with a minimum of suffering for all classes.

Future generations will look back on our times as a period of fast and important transition from an age of semi-barbarism into the age of scientific beauty of life. Will they regard us as so many muddlers who wallowed in needless misery while we let the blind forces of life change us? Or will they look upon us as scientific men and women, who planned for a coming bright future and worked toward it with the strength and efficiency that comes from sureness of purpose?

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable
Bindings for All Purposes
Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings
for Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made
Permanent for Ready
Reference

EARL A. GRAY
1220 MAPLE AVENUE
Los Angeles, California
Telephone PRospect 0396

RESTORATION OF 2-CENT RATE ON LOCAL FIRST-CLASS MAT- TER, EFFECTIVE JULY 1, 1933

Amendment to Postal Laws and Regulations

Third Assistant Postmaster General,
Washington, June 19, 1933.

In connection with the order of this date, amending sections 509 and 510, Postal Laws and Regulations, so as to embody the provisions of the act of June 16, 1933, the postage rate of 2 cents an ounce or fraction thereof on first-class matter mailed for local delivery which is now subject to the 3-cent rate, the following should be particularly noted.

Beginning July 1, 1933, postage on letters and other first-class matter (except postal cards and private mailing or post cards) mailed for local delivery at post offices having city or village letter-carrier service, or at any post office for local delivery to patrons thereof on a rural or star route therefrom, or from patrons on a rural or star route for local delivery at the post office or on another rural or star route therefrom, shall be charged at the rate of 2 cents for each ounce or fraction thereof; and 1 cent for each ounce or fraction thereof when mailed at offices where letter-carrier service is not established, provided the addressees are not served by rural or star-route carriers.

Letters in business reply envelopes are subject to postage at the regular rate plus 1 cent additional for each letter.

Letters mailed for local delivery with 2 cents postage prepaid on them on being forwarded to another post office should be charged with 1 cent postage due to be collected from the addressee.

There is no change in the rate of postage on other than local first-class matter which is now subject to the 3-cent rate.

Postmasters shall be careful to see that the postage at the 3-cent rate is charged on first-class matter mailed for other than local delivery.

ROY M. NORTH,
Acting Third Asst. Postmaster General.
P. B. 16193.

The two-cent letter rates applies to first-class mail delivered in the following localities:

Bel Air	Palms
Belvedere Gardens	Sherman
Brentwood Heights	Sawtelle
Eagle Rock	Vernon
Florence	Watts
Highland Park	West Hollywood
Hollywood	West Los Angeles
Hyde Park	

Although within the corporate limits of the City of Los Angeles, first-class mail addressed to the following independent post offices and localities must be prepaid at the rate of 3 cents per ounce or fraction thereof on all first-class mail.

Canoga Park	San Pedro
Chatsworth	Sepulveda
Gardena	Sherman Oaks
Girard	Studio City
Highway Highlands	Sunland
Mar Vista	Tarzana
North Hollywood	Terminal Island
North Los Angeles	Tujunga
Olive View	Universal City
Pacoima	Van Nuys
Reseda	Venice
Roscoe	Wilmington
San Fernando	

SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP AND JOURNALISM



A one-year professional training in the technique and practice of writing, under personal leadership of six distinguished American writers—Edwin Markham, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Rupert Hughes, Robert Welles Ritchie, John D. Barry, Samuel G. Blythe. Inspirational atmosphere and ideal environment. Only talented students accepted. Send for circular.

WILLIAMS INSTITUTE, Berkeley, CALIF.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

— AND —
OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Established 1868



by BRET HARTE

Featuring:

INFLUENCE OF THE RADIO

✓

POPULAR IMPROPRIETIES

✓

NATIONAL RECOVERY ACT

✓

TRAGEDY OF COMSTOCK LODGE

✓

CEREMONIAL OF THE DEAD

AUGUST, 1933

VOL. 91

25¢

NO. 6

Order These Books Now!

A Book You Will Want To Read » » » »

"HUMAN CHIPS"

By BORIS V. MONOMACK

Russia is a land of mystery and glamour. "Human Chips" is a fictionized historical recital based on fact. It tells of political and military life and of plot and intrigue resulting in death and destruction to loyal and patriotic subjects. A thrilling narrative, as interesting and compelling as a novel. Written from personal knowledge and inside information.

128 Pages - - - Price \$1.50

"RAINBOW'S END"

By ONA M. ROUNDS

The background of this book is found in the great war and in the life at home before and during the catastrophe. Not a traditional war story—the strongest indictment against war that has been written. Those who saw service on either side of the Atlantic and those who served at home will be held in interest throughout the reading.

256 Pages - - - Price \$2.50

"The Gold of Fiddlers Gulch"

By ERNEST KLETTE

Author of "The Crimson Trail of Joaquin Murietta," etc.

The present day characters of the story are tied into the life of the early California mining days. Mystery, adventure, love, drama and comedy are meshed with history to produce a tale of human interest for young and old alike.

144 Pages - - - Price \$1.50

All three books illustrated. Order direct of the publishers. Address:

OVERLAND-OUTWEST PUBLICATIONS

H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California

WE INVITE YOU to visit this unique shoppe located in the El Encanto Building.

Featuring Kali-sten-iks and Edward's Shoes. The shoes recommended by the leading child specialists.

Specializing in Orthopedic and Corrective fittings. Miss Crum, formerly with Bullock's and the Innes Shoe Co., will give advice and supervise all corrections.

Let us give you a free demonstration by taking a Peto-graph picture of your child's feet.

Westwood CHILDREN'S BOOT SHOP

1103 GLENDON AVENUE, WESTWOOD
C A L I F O R N I A

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive - in garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny,—sound-proof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

Today's Rates are Most Moderate

Single, \$2.00 - \$2.50 Double, \$3 - \$3.50

Coffee Shop and
Dining Room
Breakfast
25c - 35c
Lunch, 40c
Famous Steak or
Chicken Dinner
50c

**NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC**
230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO



**HOTEL
ALEXANDRIA**
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of The Eppley Hotel Company's 20 hotels in the Middle West, Louisville, Ky, Pittsburgh, Pa. and the Hamilton chain of Hotels in California.

700 ROOMS - NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM	\$2.50	WITHOUT BATH FROM	\$1.50
----------------------	---------------	-------------------------	---------------

GARAGE SERVICE
to and from our entrance without charge

E.C. EPPLEY CHARLES B. HAMILTON
President Vice President & Managing Director

CHICAGO OFFICE - 520 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
SUPERIOR 4416

LOS ANGELES

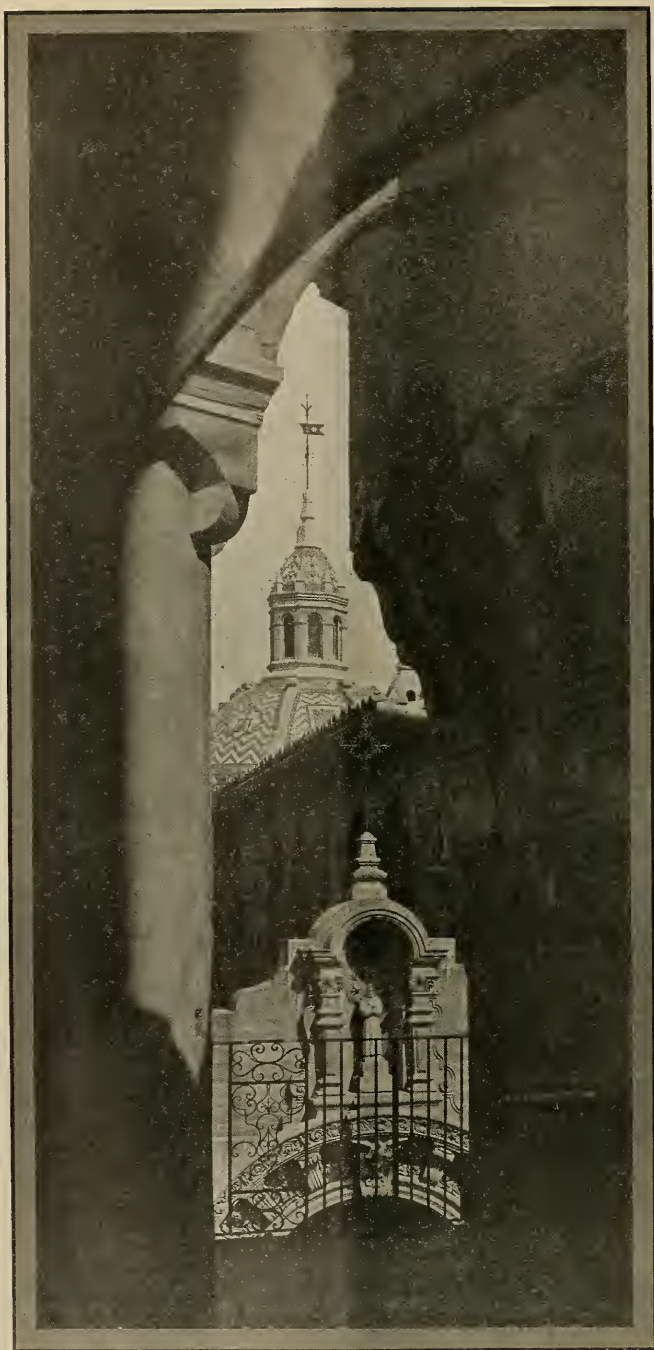
*California's Most
Picturesque Cafe*

The Chateau

1201 Shatto Street
LOS ANGELES



*The Haunt of Artists,
Epics and Screen Stars*



AN OLD WORLD GLIMPSE AT GLENWOOD MISSION INN

Overland Monthly

Founded by BRET HARTE in 1868

and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Vol. 91

AUGUST, 1933

No. 6

Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE at any library in the United States. The Magazine is also included in the INTERNATIONAL INDEX.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly." To insure return of manuscripts, there should always be enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

CONTENTS

Frontispiece (Plate)	Page 98
The National Recovery Act.....	George Creel 100
Popular Improprieties.....	Lorena M. Gary 101
The Influence of the Radio.....	Joy Elmer Morgan 103
Illegal Use of Copyright Material in Books.....	103
Ceremonial of the Dead.....	Thomas Welles 104
Comments on Overland Monthly Magazine—	
John Lutz	
Hattie Bashein 104	
The Tragedy of the Comstock Lode.....	Minna Irving 105
A Myth That Will Not Down.....	Black Wheeler 106
Letter from Louisa M. Alcott to Viola Price Franklin.....	106
Resemblance, a short, short story.....	Noureddin Addis 107
Melody Lane.....	Edited by Ben Field 108
Idaho.....	Agnes Salmon
Barter.....	Hertha D. Lockhardt
In California.....	Carl Holliday
California's Mystic Sea.....	Ben Field
The Literary West.....	109
Star Paths.....	Reviewed by Ben Field 109
Ina Coolbrith and Jim Beckwith.....	Laura Bell Everett
Sunland Song.....	Reviewed by Ben Field
Gambler's Wife.....	Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett
Touring Utopia.....	Reviewed by Felix Flugel
Threads and Shadows of 1932-33	
Visions in Verse.....	Reviewed by Laura Bell Everett
The Spectre of Masuria.....	Reviewed by Jean Markel
The MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, N. H.....	Ben Field 110
Scholastic's Competition.....	112

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted

Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year

25c per copy

OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS

"THE NATIONAL RECOVERY ACT"

BY GEORGE CREEL

N. R. A. Chairman for California,
Nevada and Utah

THE National Industrial Recovery Act, in its last analysis, is nothing more than the frank recognition of America's economic blindness and economic blunders. Instead of being visionary or idealistic, it is about the most realistic piece of legislation ever enacted.

—Its real purpose is a planned national economy as opposed to pep talks, high pressure salesmanship, frenzied production and other phases of the hit-or-miss, helter-skelter, devil-take-the-hindmost system under which the country has been operating. Our motto is, 'United we stand, divided we fall', yet when was it ever given more than lip service?

—At no point has the conduct of industry been marked by any appreciation of the great truths that the welfare of the individual depends upon the welfare of the whole, that prosperity starts at the bottom, not the top, and that progress is measured by the last man in the procession, not by a portly vanguard.

—Up to the dawn of the twentieth century, these stupidities were without grave consequences, for there were avenues of escape. It was possible for us to load our goods and our families into covered wagons, and flee from our economic difficulties.

—Even when there was no more frontier, we were regularly rescued from disaster by the discovery of a new gold field, a new natural resource or the development of a new industry. Never at any time were our fathers forced to face an economic problem, and out of it all came the bland conviction that America was Providence's white-haired child; that it was not necessary for us to think or plan, and that we could blunder along forever just as we had always blundered along. Disaster was inevitable.

—What, after all, is the purpose of an economic order? It is to provide those who live under it with the necessities of life and freedom from the fears of existence. That is what the Recovery Act is trying to do.

—In its essence it stands for these truths: that production must be related to consumption; that the mass purchasing power of industry's workers must

keep pace with industry's production schedules; that business cannot possibly hope for health until it absorbs all unemployed; that no sane producer or distributor can be expected to resume normal operations until given assurance that goods, when manufactured or bought, can be sold at a cost compensating figure, and that reckless, uncontrolled competition is not the life of trade, but its death.

—The shame of child labor has been lifted by the Recovery Act. Never again will any part of industry rest on the backs of little children. I say to you that if the law does nothing more than this, it will have justified itself.

—Another blessing of almost equal magnitude is the ban that has been placed on cut-throat competition. The mavericks of business are going to be roped, hog-tied and branded. Never again will any small, lawless group be allowed to defy and destroy the decent, honest agreements of a fair-minded majority.

—The suspension of the anti-trust law is government's contribution to the new order. In return, industry must make necessary pledges.

—Trade agreements must carry no hint of monopoly; price stabilization must be based on cost of production, such cost to stand proved by a standard system of accounting; there must be ample showing that no producer has been shut out, however small, and that the workers have been truly represented; the minimum wage must be a living wage and the work day must be shortened sufficiently to take up the slack in employment.

—It is a command of common sense that our institutions, aspirations and ideals must now be adjusted to the changed conditions of the present time.

—The happiness of life, the common decencies, cannot be imperiled by jungle greeds and rapacities that try to parade as virtue.

—What the law aims to bring about is a cooperative order as opposed to an unlimited competitive order, with the public interest enforced as against the selfish interests of any group.

Popular Improproprieties

By LORENA M. GARY

AN IMPROPRIETY is the quality of being unadapted or unsuited to the purpose in view; in speech it is an instance of that which is not in accordance with usage, custom, or correctness. Improproprieties are popular when used by people in general. When anything is used by people in general, it usually becomes common and hence cheap. We speak of popular prices, popular songs, and popular drinks! In each case the word popular suggests something transitory. We never become alarmed because prices are popular—we even enjoy a ten-cent show now and then; we do not fear that Beethoven and Wagner will be doomed to oblivion because somebody "Shuffles off to Buffalo"; we do not worry about 3 point 2 beer if we live in Michigan, as there is no law compelling us to drink the concoction. If we are so unconcerned by popular prices, songs and drinks which, although they may be in accordance with usage, custom, or correctness, are nevertheless cheap, why should we be disturbed by the popular in our language?

In attempting to answer this question, I shall refer to the colloquial speech, not the literary language. The poor diction, the slang and the incorrect grammar have little chance of affecting our literary or written language permanently. Those who write the books which endure and become a part of our literature, besides having something to say, are exact and discriminating in their way of saying it. An author who is concerned about his book or his message, not merely about his check or his royalty, will not become a Bohemian egotist striving to get the attention of the public, nor will he care to indulge in intellectual or sentimental vaudeville in order to get his books among the best sellers. An author who does this is sure to be forgotten, and the literary standards will not be altered by his appearance because he will not have any effect upon them one way or the other—unless it be to make them higher by causing disgust and aversion at his trash. A writer who cares about literature; one to whom

his books mean something beyond the possibility of making a "big hit," will not stoop to being common or cheap. In fifty or one hundred years after his book is written, it will not be necessary to search the attic for a copy of it; nor will it require a glossary to read the language in which it is written. Truly it is observed that once

It is seldom we are privileged to read as thoughtful an article on good usage as applied to English as in the accompanying contribution. The author is a member of the Department of English, Western State Teachers College, Kalamazoo, Michigan. Miss Gary has exemplified in her presentation some of the cardinal principles for which she contends. Her writing is simple, clear and direct, devoid of ambiguity, pretentious diction or indirect phrasing. Her style is natural and pleasing.

This magazine has, since its beginning, sixty-five years ago, stood for the best standards in English. It is intended that our articles shall be modern in every respect, written within the comprehension of the average man of affairs, and at the same time serve as models of style for students and literary folk. We commend Miss Gary's article to our readers.

in a while the best writers sometimes disregard the rules of rhetoric. When they do so, however, the reader will usually find in a sentence some compensating merit, attained at the cost of the violation, for unless the author is certain of doing as well, he follows the rules established by the best writers of our English and American literature.

Of course it must be kept in mind that English is a living, growing language. Any discussion which ignores the conclusive evidence of its constant development from day to day, year to year, and from century to century is bound to be narrow, inaccurate and superficial. Our language is not something perfected and fixed. It is always changing to reflect the thoughts and feelings of those who create and use it. It has become extremely cosmopolitan in its

acceptance and assimilation of words and phrases from the many elements of different languages and the every varying conditions of human life. It has come to have a strange mixture of the old and the new. It has ever been favorably disposed toward taking in any new word that promises to become useful, irrespective of source; and in

welcoming any new expression which wins, on its merit, a right or general acceptance. Because new words or phrases which most often occur first as popular improprieties are constantly coming up to give variety and originality to our colloquial speech, those who teach English or write books have to be alert and open-minded and at the same time able to discriminate what is useful and what does, on its merit, win a right to general acceptance. Whatever gives greater simplicity and accuracy; whatever adds to the richness of expression and delicacy of tone, will cease to be viewed with suspicion and ultimately will be taken over into our literary language and help to establish the standard used by careful writers.

The rate at which new words are created depends upon the mental activity of the people. Almost every issue of a big newspaper contains one or more words of very recent origin. A good natural word, whether it be created by scholars, or comes up, no one knows how, among the people, will have a healthy life as long as the idea which it represents is in existence, and as long as no better word for the same idea competes with and overcomes it. So the old terms shift to new ones, and old words continually take on new meanings as they adapt themselves to changed circumstances and novel ideas—that is, to new necessities in expressing thought. There are any number of coined words and new expressions striving to be admitted into cultivated speech, but so far they have been faced with the fact that nothing can force a new term into the language if it is not more accurate and more expressive, or as I before stated, more useful than a word which already exists.

FOR convenience in classifying some of the popular improprieties which are up for inspection by those who establish our standards of speech, there may be considered three types: First, inaccuracies in diction, second, extravagant use of slang, and third, gross errors in grammar. A few examples of each type will clarify this statement. The impropriety *enthrone* has struggled for existence because there is a real need to express its idea, but the word itself is so mishapen that the world is leaving it to die. *Completed* for years has tried to gain entrance but it has never gone beyond the colloquial gateway. *Suspicion*, a noun, used in place of the verb, *suspect*, is fighting a losing battle. In modern life no one who is as particular about his diction as is the average life insurance agent about having his clothes pressed and his shoes polished, will give you "an invite" to "his hangout" to partake of "the cats' his" wife has prepared for the evening "feed." These improprieties which irritate or amuse us because they are out of place and used in an unnatural way, are no more annoying to the discriminating taste or no more likely to affect the standards of our literary language than the use of pretentious diction which arises from a desire to be impressive by using big words. The affectation of pompous diction is bad enough when the words are used correctly, but when the desire to display knowledge leads the writer or speaker beyond his depths as it did Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's play, *The Rivals*, the result is doubly bad, for it convicts him of both pretense and ignorance. One who is careful about his diction avoids the overuse or misuse of large words to express commonplace ideas as consistently as he avoids distortions and coinages of the cheaper or colloquial jargon. Not even an American who has a reputation for being capable of giving lengthy discourses on the weather would say to a friend whom he met on the street corner: "The barometer gives indication that today, we shall, in all probability, be overwhelmed with an excess of precipitation." Nor would any lively co-ed say to her gallant fullback: "It is with the greatest pleasure that I accept your most gracious invitation to have with you a 'hot dog' sandwich"; and even though she had vermilion lips and crimson polished finger nails and he thought her "the most supreme beauty among the daughters of Eve whom eyes had hitherto beheld," he would tell his roommate that she was "a pretty keen kid" or perhaps merely classify her as a "honey" in much the same manner that he would describe a new 1933 car.

THIS last suggestion takes us into the slang of the day which is so changeable that one can hardly keep up with its pace. Within the last decade slang words have come into being, have served their purpose, and then have given place to more slang! Again we find the same forces at work as in the determination of diction. The slang which is most common, cheap and absurd, is soonest forgotten; occasionally a word proves itself useful and remains; sometimes a phrase acquires a force which wins its acceptance into our language. Most often this is not true. A few illustrations may show what efforts are wasted by those who maintain that the literary language is easily corrupted by slang. The colloquial word "pep" has struggled on after its contemporaries have fallen by the way, yet the New Oxford American Dictionary defines it as "slang used in the United States and meaning go, rigor, spirit." The lexicographer suggests that it originated from the abbreviation of pepper. (That is probably a guess!) Now what the future of this little word will be, is not yet determined: "pep" is becoming somewhat trite, but whatever anyone may think about this term, there seems little doubt about the feeble word derived from it. The carefully trained ear may endure "pep," but when it is transformed into "peppy," it is almost as disgusting and silly as "all-rightie" or "good-nightie."

The occasional use of a slang expression in familiar speech may justify itself; the *slang habit* becomes insufferable! The continual use of slang dulls his sense of discrimination, becomes mentally lazy, and is soon incapable of expressing his ideas accurately; for after he has called everything from a battleship in the San Francisco harbor to the Empire State Building in New York a "humdinger" and, in more recent slang, described everything within his notice, from the Grand Canyon to Washington Monument as "some baby," he loses the power of expressing qualities of difference in style, form, size, shape, or value, and soon is unable to make a discriminating statement about anything. Thrown back upon his own resources of a limited vocabulary, he finds that his talk has become narrow and monotonous because he has failed to remember that language is the expression of thought. He may even become so tiresome that his friends weary of listening to him, leave him to the mercy of the corner drug store where he can get a new jig-saw puzzle or perhaps the latest copy of *Liberty* to while away the time!

We may dismiss this ardent addict to slang by saying that his influence will not have a degenerating effect upon the literary standards of all time, but that his incessant use of it may have a degenerating effect upon his own literary standards and his habits of thought. We conclude then that a touch of slang in colloquial speech may add life and color, but its too frequent use reflects upon the taste of the speaker, and in all cases should be used with discretion and prudence.

THE third type of popular improprieties, or gross errors in grammar, arouses more hope for the colloquial language than do the other forms of impropriety. There still are many common errors in grammar, but the general trend of usage seems to be upward toward the literary standard. The best evidence of this is found in a comparison of the speech in public places today as contrasted with that in the old-time general store, the blacksmith shop, at the camp meeting, at the tavern, or the school picnic of fifty years ago, as represented by the local color writers of that time, in their imitations of the humor, the jokes, and the ordinary conversation among the people of their day. If we can believe that these writers were sincere we are encouraged; for although we still have many and varied errors in grammar we seldom hear, except in mimicry, such crude expressions as "Him and me have drove this here horse nigh on to twenty miles and he hain't went lame yet. I ought'er knowed I was a better man in a horse swap than any one whoever caught a coon," or "Old Perkins hain't agoin' to run this here town because he has went them there saloon bonds. He hain't got no sense about nothin' nohow!"

Such gross errors as these have largely disappeared—thanks to our careful and patient teachers who, by all kinds of devices and methods, have labored unceasingly to improve the oral and written language of the children in the public schools. There remains much to be done, however, and we still have persistent errors which must be rejected or accepted as the years go on. Some of the most popular errors are: "It is me" for "It is I"; "It is them" for "It is they," indicating a careless use of the case, the correct use of which is yet necessary in our speech, because we must at times discriminate between "me" and "I," "them," and "they"—as in this sentence: "I regard you more highly than them," that is, "than I regard them," or "He likes Jean better than me," that is, "than he likes me." These illustrations show that there is a reason for holding on to this case distinction. It leads

(Read further on Page 110)

The Influence of the Radio

By Joy Elmer Morgan, Editor, the Journal of the National Education Association, and Chairman, the National Committee on Education by Radio, Washington, D. C.

JUST now there is much discussion of our system of money and in some quarters there is fear that the coinage will be depreciated and debased. There is another coinage far more precious, far more essential to human happiness and stability than the pieces of metal or paper which we use in our daily financial transactions. This more fundamental coinage consists of the ideals, purposes, manners, morals, and habits of thought and feeling which make up the culture of a people. To debase this culture is more far-reaching and serious than to debase the financial coinage of a nation. The level of national culture is in the minds of the people. In a democratic civilization it is in the minds of the masses of the people.

Commercial radio programs in the United States, in spite of occasional bright spots, have grown worse and worse, more and more willing to violate standards of common decency, honesty and good taste. The degredation of our national culture will continue until we recognize the imperative need for free non-commercial radio channels in the hands of the educational authorities of each of the several states. Radio is the voice of the future. Whoever controls that voice will dominate the cultural destiny of America. The influence of radio lies in the well-known psychological fact that what goes into the mind comes out in the life. We may call our radio programs by any name we wish—advertising, entertainment, formal instruction—they are all education. They affect our attitudes, influence our speech, and help to determine our purposes and ideals.

While the present development of radio is creating extremely difficult problems of

control and management, while it may threaten the very life of civilization by subjecting the human mind to all sorts of new pressures and selfish exploitations, in its ultimate development it offers a marvelous opportunity for the enrichment of the human mind and for the spread of truth until the poorest citizen may in the future

No person in America has made a more intensive study of the influence of the radio than has Mr. Morgan. He sees the matter not merely from its present-day economic side, but in its effect upon society in the future and progress and achievement in the world of human culture and spiritual growth. Commercial supremacy of the air will delay educational advance and do violence to democratic ideals. The article was prepared especially for this magazine at our request.—Editor.

be as well informed about the great facts of history, current events, and science as the average college professor is at this moment.

The race is now face-to-face with one of those epoch-making changes which come but once in a thousand years. Citizenship is taking on a new meaning. Governments are undertaking new kinds of activities, not because of any inordinate ambition to increase their powers; rather because the very nature of the existing situation requires a degree of coordination, careful planning, and devotion to the common good which only governments are in a position to maintain. Freedom of speech is at the very foundation of democratic government. To allow private interests to monopolize the most powerful means of reaching the human mind is to destroy democracy. With-

out freedom of speech, without the honest presentation of facts by people whose primary interest is not profits, there can be no intelligent basis for the determination of public policy.

THE two outstanding needs of radio broadcasting in the United States today are, *first*, the protection of the educational and political rights of the states and localities which have been practically ignored by a commercially dominated, shortsighted federal radio agency. It is quite obvious that our great American cities are centers of decay and breakdown, and yet our present tendency to concentrate broadcasting in the hands of national monopolies gives these cities the major control of radio programs. Each state should demand, secure and maintain the right to use broadcasting channels which will reach all its citizens. *The second major need* is the correlation of radio broadcasting

within the state with the educational system of the state. This cannot and will not occur effectively until each state has complete control and ownership of its own broadcasting facilities. Broadcasting is a highly skilled art and our educational institutions will not develop and maintain the trained staffs which are necessary so long as their franchise on the air depends upon commercial interests over which they have no control.

distribution to students are thoughtless of the rights of the matter but in so doing they are doing grave wrong to authors and publishers. Copyright control is granted authors not for the sole purpose of selfish aggrandizement, but to encourage research, authorship, and publishing initiative and invention.

Since so many members of the teaching profession are authors themselves, they should understand that the practice of copying books, if applied to their own books, would necessarily cut down their royalties and would also be unfair to the publishers who have thousands of dollars invested in producing the books. New books could not be brought out if they were not accorded copyright protection, and all civilized countries recognize this and safeguard literary property.

ILLEGAL USE OF COPYRIGHT MATERIAL IN BOOKS

IN THE past two years there has been a startling increase in the use of literary property without the permission of the author or the copyright owner. Professors and teachers lift pages, in some cases even chapters, from copyright books and duplicate them for distribution to students, without realizing that this practice is unethical and illegal and a definite handicap to the future production of scholarly work.

The federal copyright laws give to the author (or publisher if he is the copyright owner) "the exclusive right to print, reprint, publish, copy, and vend the copyrighted work." Copying without specific permission from the copyright proprietor is contrary to the law and the person who uses book material without authorization is liable for prosecution.

Often teachers who duplicate material for

Ceremonial of the Dead

BY THOMAS WELLES

OF ALL the creatures that roam the hills of California, only the coyote is accursed, for he it was who devoured the flaming heart of the First Being. Ever since that day, so long past that even the most aged man's grandfather could not recall it, the coyote's tongue, seared by the heat of the Deity's heart, has been black.

A fable, this, devised only to amuse? No, it is not. It is one of the religious doctrines of the Qechyam, the Indians of Southern California, and, according to their belief, occurred during the first Ceremonial of the Dead. The First Being, they believe, was conceived of the union of sky and earth. The sons and daughters that He begot are our first ancestors, and it was during the mourning of His death that the coyote made his blasphemous assault.

Last year the Qechyam, which embraces several tribes, held a Ceremonial of the Dead—the first in ten years, and perhaps the last they will ever hold, for the younger generation, educated in Christian schools, is unfamiliar with the ritual. It was the writer's good fortune to be present at the ceremony, and to take the only photographs of it ever to be made. These photographs are now in the archives of the Huntington Library in San Marino.

The dignity and solemnity, the quiet majesty of the ritual is difficult to comprehend unless one has witnessed the spectacle. The Qechyam declare that the feeling of nearness to the Great Spirit is enhanced because, since the Great Beginning, all Ceremonials of the Dead have been held at this same place, a small depression, or plateau, guarded by the ageless silence of rolling foothills.

On this hallowed ground, about twelve miles southeast of the little village of Pala, a ramada, or circular enclosure of cottonwood branches, was constructed last year, as it has been times without number since the First Being was mourned. Protecting the plateau from invasion by the faithless is a great stone face, which tops a knoll a short distance away. This face, the Qechyam explain, is the remains of some dim ancestor, who, tiring of life, wandered into the hills and was petrified.

The Ceremonial is always held at night, for it is then that the Great Spirit visits His earth-children, but preceding the ritual participants chant and pray for many hours in the blazing sun to drive away evil spirits and assure the Deity of His welcome.

As the black shroud of night blanketed the hills on the occasion of the last Ceremonial, and the Indians, who had come by twos and threes during the day from the farthest corners of the reservation, squatted cross-legged in the ramada, an old, old brave, the most ancient and venerated of his clan, held out his arms in supplication to the North Star, and thrice intoned the single word "Vhawn." Then, their faces reflecting the eerie light of a watch fire, five old men began to chant. Soft at first as the whispering of wind in the junipers, their voices welled, through the minor key of the chant, to the pitch of a lazy waterfall.

As the chant continued to swell in volume, other voices joined those of the five men, until at last eight men and eight women were taking part. Then suddenly the chanting stopped, and only the crackle of the fire, punctuating the stillness of the night, could be heard.

Slowly the participants, leaving four old men to guard the fire, entered a small wooden shack near the ramada to examine the effects of the mother-in-law of the chief's son. It was in her honor that the ritual was being held, although it included prayers for all who had died since the previous Ceremonial of the Dead. Soon from within the shack came cries of grief, almost hysterical in their temper. These were occasionally interspersed with the thrice spoken invocation, "Vhawn," which was repeated, as though in echo, by the four old men at the watch fire.

At last the mourners emerged from the shack in slow procession, bearing the dead woman's clothing to be burned. Before this final tribute to her spirit was paid, the clothing was washed, and part of the water drunk by a special official. This act symbolized the former practice of eating a portion of the dead person's flesh, in order that he might take no evil with him to the Great Beyond. It is the belief of the Qechyam that the dead body is thus cleansed of all sin, which remains on earth with the living. It was during this part of the first Ceremonial that the coyote stole the flaming heart of the First Being.

When the moon suddenly shot over the eastern hills just before midnight, the aged leader of the ritual held the clothing over the fire, lifting the garments above his head many times as the mourners intoned the one word "Vhawn," and finally dropping them reverently to be consumed by the flames. Cries of anguish at once arose, increasing in volume as the clothing was burned.

Then, suddenly, the mood changed; gay laughter replaced the expressions of grief. For would not the dead want their children to be happy?

OUR MAIL BOX

Appreciative letters are frequently received by the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine. We find it impossible to publish these in full but we give herewith words of commendation from two or three of our readers that are typical of many letters received.

To the Editor of Overland Monthly:

I have just read "History Then and Now." I consider it one of the most refreshing articles that I have ever had the good fortune to read on the subject of historical instruction.

More articles of that type, especially in magazines of the quality of the Overland, will do the political world a lot of good. Living in hectic times, it behooves one to take an objective, a scientific view of many phases of our pedagogical wealth.

There seems to be a great demand for your magazine at our large Public Library at 42nd Street in New York City. Sometimes one can't get it at all as many people call for it.

JOHN LUTZ.

Editor of Overland Monthly:

Received the current Overland in the quiet of the Pocono Hills, where I have been resting. I enjoyed "America in Transition," by Moore and some of the poems in the previous issue. I found keen relish in an article on history, by Benjamin, which was good, especially in view of what we are now going through. More articles of that sort and of Colbentz's poems.

Truly yours,
HATTIE BASHEIN.

The Tragedy of the Comstock Lode

BY MINNA IRVING

VERY little is known about the discovery of silver, but the two sons of a Universalist clergyman in Pennsylvania were the first to strike a pick in the crest of the great Comstock Lode.

Allen and Hosea Groshe, 24 and 22 years old, sailed from Philadelphia, February 28, 1849, with a ship-load of gold-seekers, crossed the Sierras in 1853 and prospected for silver in Gold Canyon. Up to that time there had been no search for silver west of the Missouri. The Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, with headquarters at Tubac, Mexico, sent a few men across the border and some silver veins were reported, but no effort was made to claim or develop them. Gold was paramount in every one's mind, all but the Grosh brothers, who mined just enough from the gold placers for a bare living and did not try for more, thinking always of the white metal. In 1854 the creek ran dry, and the pair re-crossed the Sierras to California to look for gold quartz at Little Sugar Loaf in El Dorado County. March 31, 1856, they wrote home: "Ever since our return from Utah we have been trying to get a couple of hundred dollars together to make an examination of a silver lead in Gold Canyon. Native silver is found there; it resembles sheet lead broken very fine and that is what the miners suppose it to be. We found silver ore at the forks of the Canyon, a large quartz vein shows itself there."

Thus began the tragic epic of the Comstock Lode.

By September they had saved the money to return to Gold Canyon where they prospected until the end of October. November 3rd they wrote to their father of their success: "We found two veins of silver at the forks of Gold Canyon. One of these was a perfect monster."

On the 22nd they wrote again: "We have hopes amounting to certainty of veins crossing the canyon at two other points."

The following year the brothers returned to Gold Canyon, after a fruitless winter in El Dorado. They planned to interest capital and form a company to develop the silver veins, but nobody talked anything but gold.

June 8th Allen wrote to his father: "We struck the vein in Gold Canyon without difficulty but find trouble tracing it. We

have followed two shoots down the hill, have traced a third and feel sure there is a fourth. The two shoots we have traced give strong evidence of a big surface vein. I enclose a diagram of the shoots. The rock is iron, its colors violet-blue, indigo blue, blue black and greenish black."

August 16, 1857, Allen wrote again from Gold Canyon: "Our first assay was one-half ounce of rock; the result was \$3,500 to the ton. We assayed a small quantity of rock from a smaller vein. The result was \$200 per ton. * * * We are very sanguine of ultimate success."

All this time the brothers were panning just enough gold dust to buy bacon and beans, and living like Piute Indians. Their hut was merely a heap of brush on poles, with a dirt floor and pine boughs for a bed. The cooking was done out-of-doors. Some miners who spent the winters at their claims had built cabins of rough stone plastered with mud and roofed with canvas, boards or sticks overlaid with earth. A few had holes in the walls for ventilation, but generally they depended on open doors for air. One or two cabins boasted iron stoves and pipes through the roof to carry off the smoke, but the majority had stone fireplaces and iron cranes. Some of the miners had their wives with them, hardy pioneer women, and it was where these women lived that there were pitiful attempts at a home. On Sundays the men rested, washed their clothes (if alone), cleaned out their cabins, and made any necessary repairs to the rude hogans. Occasionally a miner took a day off and shot an antelope or mountain sheep for supper, but bacon, or salt beef bought at a station miles away, varied with potatoes purchased from ranchers in the valley for a pinch of yellow dust, was the usual fare. Having made sure of a great lode of silver in the canyon, the brothers enlisted George Brown, a wealthy cattle trader of Carson in the venture, and he agreed to put up the money needed to open up the silver mine. But luck turned the wrong way. Brown was killed by Indians before he placed the money at their disposal. When Mrs. Dittenrieder, the wife of a miner in the canyon below, went up to the brush cabin and told the pair, they took the news manfully, and declared they would carry on as best they could until they could find

some one else to finance the mine. Allen pointed out the location to Mrs. Dittenrieder; the ledge was on the eastern slope of the largest mountain of the range, Mount Davidson, and there can be no doubt that the brothers had uncovered the great Comstock Lode, the biggest bonanza in the West.

A LLEN AND HOSEA worked together on the veins for three days before Fate dealt the second blow. Hosea's foot slipped, his uplifed pick came down and struck his ankle. The wound was deep and painful. Allen carried him on his back to the cabin, stanchd the flow of blood and applied a bandage, but he had no antiseptics and there was no doctor of any kind in all southern Nevada, so gangrene set in and Hosea died after two weeks of suffering.

Allen dug a grave in a remote part of the canyon, laid his brother to rest and piled stones over him to foil the wild beasts. September 11th he wrote the sad news to his father: "I feel very lonely without Hosea, and miss him so much that I am strongly tempted to abandon everything and leave this country forever. By Hosea's death you fall heir to his share. So far I have four veins."

But nevertheless he "carried on" alone, being made of the stuff that later held the Argonne. The delay caused by his brother's illness and death made it the middle of November before he could return to California. Every day increased the danger of crossing the Sierras. On the 20th he set out from Carson City with a young Canadian prospector, Richard Bucke, and one burro to carry food and blankets on the hazardous journey. It was clear and not very cold when they started, but clouds gathered as they climbed the eastern slope before reaching Lake Tahoe near the head of the Truckee River. A storm in the Sierras means death by cold and hunger. In Squaw Valley the blizzard broke upon them with a roar like thunder, and blinding snow fine as powder and charged with ice that stung like needles. The cold was so intense that it was impossible to continue, even if they could see their way, and the only shelter they could find was a tree under which they dug a hole in the snow and built a fire. But they were (Read further on Page 111)

A Myth That Will Not Down

BY BLACK WHEELER

UPON a lie told Coronado by a Pawnee Indian, was founded the myth of the Quivira. The Indian who lured the Spanish explorer to his death on the desert in the northwestern corner of Texas, had been taken captive by the Mexicans. He told the leader of this expedition and his gold-mad followers who had gone from the West Coast of Mexico to New Mexico in search of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," that somewhere in that direction was a tribe of Indians who possessed large quantities of gold.

The result was a rush across new Mexico, The Panhandle and northeastward to the eastern border of Kansas, where the gold-seekers found the Quivira—a tribe of miserable savages who owned no gold or anything else the Spaniards craved.

Coronado made full report of his failure to Mendosa, Viceroy of New Spain and patron of all adventurers of Spanish descent in the New World. The myth, however, persisted to raise its alluring head. It beguiled Juan de Onate, Alonzo Vaca, Louis de Rozas, Diego de Gaudalajara and Juan de Mendez—all of whom spent much time hunting for the fabled goldfields of the

Quivira.

The myth persisted, although all these were forced to report the failure of their quest. It continued to live for more than 250 years, until white men located what they thought the home of the Quivira in Central New Mexico—in the ancient pueblo of Ta-bi-ra. The ruins now known as the GRAN QUIVIRA were built by the Spanish padres between 1625 and 1640, close to the ancient pueblo.

Ta-bi-ra, like Cuaraí and Abo, and many other pueblos which were scattered along the eastern base of the immense cordillera which cuts New Mexico from north to south, was abandoned about the year 1675 because of the raids of the blood-thirsty Apaches. Sixty-eight of the padres who inhabited Gran Quivira were killed by the Indians and the revolting natives. From the two who escaped (so runs the tale handed down from father to son by the Mexicans who returned to repopulate some of the ancient pueblos), came the report of immense treasure buried by the padres in and about the limestone walls of Gran Quivira. Some of those ancient pueblo-dwellers still possess parchment maps

showing the supposed site of the golden treasure. That both white men and Mexicans believe such a treasure exists is evident in the many prospect holes that have been dug and are being dug about the ancient walls. This in the face of difficulties that would daunt the ordinary gold-seeker. Ta-bi-ra is deserted. There is no living water within 30 miles of it. The region about it is desolate. No gold has ever been found in the section. Yet the rumor persists and men continue to dig.

The fact that no living water can be found near Ta-bi-ra but adds to the mystery surrounding the early history of Gran Quivira. It would seem that water must have existed there when the ancient pueblo was built many hundred—or thousand—years before the coming of the Spanish padres. The New Mexican lawgivers of a generation ago must have believed that such water existed, although hidden by those same padres when they abandoned the place. Else they would not have offered a standing reward of \$10,000 to the individual who would find the hidden spring or stream.

Letter From Louisa M. Alcott to Viola Price Franklin¹

Viola Price Franklin has had a rich experience as teacher, writer, librarian and literary critic, and personal acquaintance with many literary folk. The accompanying letter from Louisa M. Alcott, written to Mrs. Franklin many years ago, is of especial interest because of Miss Alcott's Centennial Celebration this year. Mrs. Franklin used the letter in a lecture on "Habits of Literary Women." The letter is reprinted exactly as it was written to Mrs. Franklin.—Editor.

Boston, Dec. 18th, 1885.

Miss V. V. Price.

Dear Madam,

My replies to your questions are as follows: I write in the morning. Any paper or pen suits me. Quiet is all I require. I work till tired, then rest. Winter is the best time. I enjoy solitude very much. I often have a dozen plots in my head at once and keep them for years. I do not make notes of ideas, etc.

I do not enjoy society, and shirk its duties as much as possible.

I read anything that attracts me. Never

study. Have no special method of writing except to use the simplest language, take every day life and make it interesting and try to have my characters alive.

I take many heroes and heroines from real life—much truer than any one can imagine.

My favorite authors are Shakespeare, Dante, . . . Emerson, Carlyle, Thoreau . . . Geo. Eliot and C. Brontë . . . I read no modern fiction. It seems poor stuff when one can have the best of the old writers.

St. Nicholas and Harper are my favorite magazines. I dislike to receive strangers who come out of mere curiosity, as some hundreds do, forgetting that an author has any right to privacy. Autograph letters I do not answer, nor half the requests for money and advice upon every subject from "Who shall I marry?" to "Ought I to wear a bustle?" Mss. I have no time to read and "gush" is very distasteful to me.

If you can teach your five hundred pupils

to love books but to let authors rest in peace, you will give them a useful lesson and earn the gratitude of the long suffering craft, whose lives are made a burden to them by the modern lion hunter and autograph fiend.

Please give my regards to the young people and thank them for their interest in the little books.

Yrs. truly,

L. M. ALCOTT.

P. S. I am an invalid from too much head work, and my right hand is partially paralyzed with writer's cramp, so my writing is, as you see, not a copy for your young people to imitate.

THERE has come to our desk a little volume, bound in blue, of religious poems, entitled "Star Paths." It is by Helen Genevieve Nelson and is from the Rymer Press of Anaheim, California. The verses are cheering and well designed to stimulate faith, hope and optimism.

Resemblance

A Short, Short Story

BY NOUREDDIN ADDIS

ANDY KEITH sized up the girl as he brought his taxi to a stop. Santa Monica and Western, at 2 a. m. The girl was young—not over 18. Andy thought—and of a brittle, rather sword-edged beauty, like a chill flame. And something about her appearance seemed vaguely familiar.

"Hollywood and Vine," the direction whipped sharp as the snap of a lash from the red line of her lips. "And hurry—please—I've—oh, I should have been there before this . . ."

That tense, slim set of her jaw told the taxi-man these were commands. He flicked the door shut after her and swung to the driver's seat as she sank back against the cushions.

"Hollywood and Vine," he echoed mechanically, his mind busy with those spectral memories set dimly stirring by her looks.

He lashed the heavy taxi round—no traffic now to hinder—and started west. His mirror gave back a reflection of the roomy hand-bag open on the lap of the passenger, who made energetic use of lipstick and powder-puff.

Andy's thoughts were on the girl; her features still puzzled him. Some motion picture extra, he supposed, whose face he'd seen now and then along the boulevards. Anyway it was worth something only to be in Hollywood. Better than following a Kansas plow, just to pilot a taxi in the ferment of the film capital.

The girl rapped sharply on the glass; Andy caught the word "Hurry!" Something about being late for a date. There were plenty of places, he knew—night-clubs, speak-easies, and plain plebeian booze-joints, within easy striking distance of her destination. Too bad, the way so many of these girls went. And she, so young, and—really—beautiful; only there was something coldly forbidding in her beauty, like the sabred poise and menace of a bird of prey. Anyway, he ought to warn her.

WHEN Andy heard a siren scream behind him, and, automatically, his foot the throttle to the floor-boards. Sheer panic held the Kansas farm boy now in its grip. His taxi shot forward like an airplane speeding for a take-off.

"Jeeminy!" he gulped as the dim swelled.

It was at *him* that police car was shrieking out its brazen guts! Side streets flashed by like the flapping wings of some gigantic night bird. It was good that Santa Monica boulevard was deserted now. Then a long tan car oozed slowly by, crowding him swiftly to the curb. The race was over. Andy braked to a grinding halt. He had forgotten his passenger for a moment; now he saw out of the tail of his eye that she was leaning forward to look out carelessly at the car that nosed so tragically in front of them.

"What's the hurry, buddy?" An overgrown, hatchet-faced man in uniform was gazing wooden accusation at Andy's face. For a moment he was dumb; empty of words . . . besides, what was there he could say?

Then . . . at last, "No hurry at all!"

The officer's short laugh promised unpleasantness as his companions crowded around the taxi. He turned to direct a flashlight on the passenger, presenting a neck like a bronze nutmeg-grater to Andy's view.

"I s'pose you wasn't in any hurry either—" he began in a gruff, hectoring bellow; then abruptly his tone smoothed. "Why, Miss Reclam! I—I thought it was—"

He wheeled to Andy. "Is this the woman that got in your cab a minute ago at Santa Monica and Western?" he snarled.

Andy glanced nonchalantly. "Yes," he told the officer; then started as he really saw the girl in the clear torchlight. It was the same face—yet different; and now he knew what was that haunting likeness which had bothered him. This was Doris Reclam, the newest wonder of the celluloid firmament.

"Well—" that red-necked policeman was chortling now, at the amazing cleverness of his own stupidity, "you'll have to excuse us, Miss. We was layin' low back there—where you flagged this bus—and we thought—well, somebody's just pulled off a fast one at the Aster Club—stuck up the cashier for five grand. Thought it was Flapper June, the girl bandit."

His own words seemed to conjure up fresh doubt. Andy addressing Andy Keith: "You're sure Miss Reclam's the passenger you picked up back there?"

"Of course—who else could it a-been?"

"You got your license all right?" the officer demanded threateningly. "Say, it might go hard with you—". He motioned to his comrades, "Look this bird over, boys. We ain't takin' no chances!"

He was prepared for that. "How're we to know you're this guy, Andrew Keith?" was the only question they could raise. He produced a sheaf of letters. "Seems to be O. K." they reported.

The spokesman turned to the girl. "Sure you do favor this June girl a lot . . ." His beefy paw motioned his companions before him to the police car. "Sorry, Miss . . . you understand . . ."

Tensely she leaned forward. "Go on!"—came the sharp whisper—"I've lost too much time now . . ."

ANDY'S starter whirled; the taxi moved on. "Doris Reclam," he repeated to himself. "Cripes, I'm sure in luck tonight . . . Have to send 'em an earful back to Kansas . . . Gee, maybe they won't envy me, though!"

A long, crouching sedan purred angry impatience in the shadow of the Taft building. Its shades were drawn; the windows seemed sealed shut; the paint grayed over evenly with desert alkali. It looked like a machine whose habit was to travel fast and far.

The girl tapped on the glass. "Beside that gray sedan," she called through softly. She pressed a twenty in his hand as Andy opened the door. "Thanks a lot—you've been a friend and brother tonight." He felt her lips brush his; then the door of that sedan swung open and she was swallowed up as the car roared away towards Cahuenga Pass.

Andy Keith stood staring mutely at his empty cab. Doris Reclam had kissed him—HIM! But what was it that gleamed so whitely on the taxi floor?

A printed hand-bill; he thrust it under the dash light. "REWARD!" stared back in box-car type across the top. Beneath it, a girl's face. It was *she*; not Doris Reclam, but the girl who had hailed him at Santa Monica and Western.

"(Flapper) June Watson," the legend ran. And further down, "Clever impersonator."

MELODY LANE

BEN FIELD, DEPARTMENT EDITOR

IDAHO

BY AGNES SALMON

LOOK, the sun is coming,
 Marching in garments gold!
 See how she spreads her glory
 In strides that are wide and bold;
 She is coming down the mountain
 Her warm breath greets us now,
 Releasing life in the flowers
 And drawing green to the bough.
 Gently the water trickles
 From under the snow and ice
 And the once all-barren valley
 Becomes a paradise
 For the glorious sun is coming
 Down the mountainside
 Dressed in flowing raiment,—
 A blushing roseate bride.

Idaho means in the flowery, Indian symbolism: "Look, the Sun is coming down the mountain!"



IN CALIFORNIA

TODAY I gaze on purpling peak
 And on the blue sky doming all
 And where the roses clambering seek
 The crumbling, gray old Mission wall.

A mist hangs in the drowsy air
 And hovers on the sleeping hill—
 A mist that makes a dreamland fair
 And lulls that dreamland at its will.

There is no lovelier thing than here,
 Where mountain looks upon the sea,
 And both up to the heavens peer
 As if to ask how this can be—

How all this waiting beauty dreams,
 Expectant in its silent grace;
 From what far realm so mystic gleams
 This miracle of land and space!

I wonder how on such a day
 Men doubt that One brought all to birth;
 For only God can rouse dead clay
 To yield the beauty of this earth.

BARTER

BY HERTHA D. LUCKHARDT
 of the Chicago Poetry Circle

THERE came a gypsy selling dreams
 And strangely rang his peddler's cry:
 "New dreams for old! New dreams for old!
 Who has the price may come and buy,
 For many dreams to sell have I!

"Here is a dream of hero's fame,
 A golden bauble, gleaming bright!
 Who buys this dream must walk alone
 In bitterness through day and night.
 Too high a price? Ah no, quite right.

"And here's a garland of romance—
 A crimson love, but little worn—
 A daily heartache is the fee,
 For out of love is sadness born.
 Where is the rose without a thorn?

"And here, a dream of endless peace
 In blue and silver; for so fair
 A trinket only this I ask—
 A life resigned to stern despair.
 Who'd have the dream of peace to wear?"

There came a gypsy selling dreams
 And strangely rang his peddler's cry:
 "New dreams for old! New dreams for old!"
 I bartered, but I could not buy;
 I found the price of dreams too high.



CALIFORNIA'S MYSTIC SEA

BY BEN FIELD

WITH glamour laden
 Come the swells
 Far out of Aïdenn,
 Long, rolling, low.
 What romance dwells
 In winds that blow!
 Ah, warm delightful sea
 That flows to California's shore!
 Ah, thoughts that come to me
 From out the unseen space!
 A white gull hovers o'er,
 The salt air stings my face.
 A glistening galleon sails along,
 A bride's mist shimmers close above,
 The eager sailor lifts his song,
 A warm soft light rests on the sea
 And long long thoughts of life and love
 Come gently stealing over me.
 —From The London Poetry Magazine.

The Literary West

INA COOLBRITH AND JIM BECKWITH

BY LAURA BELL EVERETT

INA COOLBRITH, "loved laurel-crowned poet," so laureated by the California Legislature in 1915, whose youth was spent in Los Angeles and whose first poem appeared in a Los Angeles paper, had a most appropriate entry into this State. The scout and guide, Jim Beckwith, met the weary family coming overland and taking the little girl up on the horse before him, led them through the pass that bears his name. It was one of Ina Coolbrith's cherished memories that the scout rode into the pass, paused to let her look far off into the new land, and said, "Little Princess, here is your kingdom." And her kingdom it was for many years. *Songs from the Golden Gate* established her right. Her work on the *Overland Monthly* edited by Bret Harte, belongs to a delightful part of the literary history of California. *Wings of Sunset*, published soon after her death, contains some of her strongest poems. Her life, which was to follow *Wings of Sunset* soon, has been postponed by the death of her niece, Ina Lilian Cook, who was at work on the biography at the time of Mrs. Cook's death. It is to be hoped that the book with its treasures will ultimately reach readers. Miss Coolbrith was a rare letter-writer and corresponded with many writers. Edmund Clarence Stedman consulted her frequently while preparing his great anthologies, *American Poets and Victorian Poets*. A large package of Stedman's letters was one of the treasures that Miss Coolbrith lost at the time of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, when her home on Russian Hill was destroyed.

The recent naming of a peak near Beckwith Pass, "Ina Coolbrith," was a deserved honor. The expedition of the California Writers' Club last year could well be made an annual pilgrimage for the State in general.

The attempt to have the name of the mountain pass in the northeastern part of the State, so long known as Beckwith Pass, changed to agree with the spelling used by the man for whom it was named, seems hardly necessary. The present spelling, authorized by long usage, is the more convenient form. "Beckwouth," while correct, would be confusing. To Jim Beckwouth, Scout, getting parties safely across the

mountains before the snows fell, and perfecting himself in the lore of the forests, were undertakings beside which a slight variation in the spelling of a name would have seemed most trivial.

SUNLAND SONG

BAILEY MILLARD, well known for his verse, novels, historical works and short stories, has written another volume of poems entitled, *SUNLAND SONG*. This from the press of the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco. The binding and general appearance of the volume appeal to the esthetic and to the experienced taste of the booklover.

From about 1910 to 1920, Mr. Millard was Editor-in-chief of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Today he is editorial writer for the *Los Angeles Times*.

For several years, along about 1897, Bailey Millard was the Sunday Editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*. He belonged to a literary club where, at that time, a teacher by the name of Edwin Markham was wont to read eagerly his poetic creations. One evening, this same Markham read a poem entitled, "The Man With the Hoe."

Mr. Millard sat up and took notice, as might be said. He gave Markham \$50 for that poem that might have been valued at \$5000, and that probably could have been purchased at that time, for the sum of \$10. The world knows the rest, but it is fitting to relate that Bailey Millard had the wit and the vision to see the value in this masterpiece of poetry.

Bailey Millard's poems deal quite largely with matters concerning the early history of California; he writes of such brother geniuses as Robert Browning, Thomas Hardy, Edwin Markham, and Emerson. He sings in his lines and at times shows that he is a master of the sweep and glory of rhythm. His "Joquin Miller" is an admirable effort and carries his message to the hearts of those who love this great California poet. Again in the poem, "Sierra Republic" he evinces a true poetic mastery. While in "The Bear Flag" he seems to have become somewhat prosy over a subject that should be mightily inspiring, yet on the whole, we are assured that "SUNLAND SONG" will sing its way into the good graces of the West and the East. *Sunland Song* sells for \$1.50.

—BEN FIELD.

GAMBLER'S WIFE

THE READER who wants the real flavor of the soil, who does not mind dialect but rather welcomes it for its picturesqueness, will find "Gambler's Wife" a poignant picture of life bravely lived amid sordid surroundings. The sub-title, "The Life of Malinda Jenkins as told in Conversations to Jesse Lilienthal," suggests how the 83-year-old frontier-woman has given the story of her adventures and experiences in Texas, in Alaska, and in California. Her sense of the dramatic is strong and her philosophy interesting. The book gives an illuminating picture of the hard-

ships borne by those who conquered the frontier. For forty-three years the wife of a gambler, Malinda Jenkins saw, of course, much of the seamy side of life. Her trenchant comments enliven many dreary or dreadful situations. Her keen interest in life, even at eighty-three, is one of many interesting things in this human document.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

TOURING UTOPIA

EVERY AGE has had its exponents of Utopia and an extensive literature on the subject. *Touring Utopia* is the first comprehensive historical treatment of this literature. To Frances Theresa Russell, Associate Professor of English at Stanford University, we therefore owe a distinct debt of gratitude for offering a survey of a subject so replete with human interest and amusing incident. It should appeal to a wide circle of readers.

An entertaining *Prologue*, a short bibliographical note and classified lists of Utopias—beginning with Plato's *The Republic*, and *Critias* and ending with such recent contributions as Karl Mannheim's *Ideologie und Utopie* (1929), J. C. Lawrence's *The Year of Regeneration* (1932) and Stephen Leacock's *Afternoons in Utopia* (1932)—introduce the discussion of the specific proposals of the Utopians. These are conveniently arranged under the titles of Government, Education, Occupation, Recreation, Beauty and Art, Religion and Morality, Domesticity, and the Satiric Suburb. The chapters on Versus Bellamy et al., *The Worlds of H. G. Wells* and Experiments show the author's fine sense of literary discrimination.

Touring Utopia is dedicated by the author "To my Stanford Students who these many years have made for me the teaching adventure a veritable Utopia." In the same spirit a large group of Mrs. Russell's former students could reciprocate.

Frances Theresa Russell's *Touring Utopia: The Realm of Constructive Humanism*. Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press, Inc. Pp. 310. \$2.50.

FELIX FLUGEL.

SILHOUETTES, poetry magazine of Ontario, California, one of the best dressed publications of its kind in our country, is getting out an anthology. Its contents will be selected by James Neil Northe, the editor, on a basis of merit only and the material will be added to also from poems published by Mr. Northe in the "Warp and Wool" page of *The Ontario Record*. This page appears each month. No writer is to be advised in advance of selection from his work. Those whose poems are quoted may, after the appearance of this volume, "Threads and Shadows of 1932-33," purchase copies if they wish; but no attempt is to be made to collect money in advance. This is a rather novel procedure in anthology publication and distinctly a step in advance in the ethics of this kind of publication. Mr. Northe, whose editorial work is well known, may be congratulated upon the method and idea in the bringing out of this Southern California publication.

BEN FIELD.

**HOLLYWOOD
PLAZA**



**SUMMER
RATES, Now**

**\$2 per day single
\$2.50 per day double**

Special weekly and monthly rates

All rooms with bath and shower. Every modern convenience.

Fine foods at reasonable prices in the Plaza's Russian Eagle Garden Cafe.

Look for the "Doorway of Hospitality"

Chas. Dierzyga Mgr. Expans. Steam Press

**VINE AT HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA**

Oscar Maggiora

Ravioli and Spaghetti

Italian and French Dinners

Flor D'Italia

GARDEN CAFE

Regular Dinner 50c

Chicken or Steak Dinner
Every Day—75c

Reservations for Banquets

Tel. MADison 5763

627 North Spring St. Los Angeles, Calif.

The MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, N. H.

BY BEN FIELD

THE MACDOWELL Colony at Peterborough, New Hampshire, is similar in its theme and motives to The American Academy at Rome. Charles McKim is responsible for the Italian art shrine and Edward MacDowell for the American.

The American Academy at Rome was chartered by the Congress of the United States. Two years thereafter the MacDowell Colony was founded. These events occurred about a quarter of a century ago.

Each of the institutions has for its aim the providing of the most favorable conditions for the serious aspirant in the arts,—any of the arts.

Edward MacDowell was an associate of Charles McKim in the Roman enterprise and they strove for some 20 years to achieve their objective; but MacDowell did not live to see the consummation of their dream.

To MacDowell's idea of the intermingling of all of the arts is due much of the broad, beneficial conduct of the Colony in New Hampshire. Congenial companionship was one of his ideals and this has been achieved at Peterborough.

Rome perhaps looks down a little on Peterborough. Just what Peterborough thinks of Rome in these latter days is problematical. And exactly what American fathers and mothers feel when being urged to contribute dollars they can not well

spare to the art education of sons and daughters in Europe is another uncertain question.

It is a well known fact that when our youth go abroad for education they return, after a series of years, less patriotic to Flag and Country. And as economy is generally necessary, after the expense of education abroad, they must then go to work and become bread-winners, either by their art or in some other manner. The consequences are that these European lovers never do, in their early and impressionable years, become acquainted with their own country. In the light of the glories of American scenery, history, pageantry, letters, music and art in general it is not strange that the "Peterborough Idea" is being acclaimed. And this is especially true when our European brothers, having been freely forgiven more than half of their World War debts, are now sedulously engaged in supplicating for the other and lesser part.

To be sure Peterborough is a little to one side of the world parade. It is not Bohemian, but it is American and it has been a success for a quarter of a century.

Here come American writers such as Herman Hagedorn, Julia Peterkin, Henry F. Gilbert, Edwin Arlington Robinson with his "Tristram" (a Peterborough product),

(Continued on Page 112)

Popular Improperities

(Continued From Page 102)

one to conclude that when the old form is more expressive and discriminating than the new, it is better and should be preferred. Other errors such as "Everyone should give thanks for their daily bread" instead of "for his daily bread"; "The reason is because" for "The reason is that"; "Between you and I" for "Between you and me"; "The book is laying on the table" for "lying on the table" makes us conscious that much practice and drill are yet necessary if we are to keep the grammar on the upward march toward literary expression.

WE MAY summarize the general effect of improprieties upon speech by saying that, although they may be popular among many people for a time, they are not in accordance with the usage, custom, and correctness as established by careful and

cultivated speakers or writers, who realize that words must fit the occasion; that words must be used in the right place at the right time to express accurate knowledge and definite ideas. Those people of good taste who wish to be discriminating will avoid the too frequent use of improprieties and will exercise the same kind of judgment in the choice of words as in the choice of clothes. They will not be satisfied with that which is showy, common, or cheap. They will realize the value of selecting the best, for as Dr. Johnson said: "Nothing can please many and please long, but just representations of human nature. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can repose only on the stability of truth."

Tragedy of Comstock Lode

(Continued from Page 105)

trapped in the snow, which continued to fall for days; the drifts mounted, the food was gone, and they could find no more firewood under the great white blanket that hid the mountains before the clouds parted and the sun shone. They tried to push on but the trail was lost under tons of snow. The little burro could not make its way through the drifts, and would have to be left behind to die, and as by this time they were starving they killed it and ate him raw. A few minute's exposure to the bitter wind froze the meat to stone, and they carried as much of it as they could. Dragging themselves forward through the snow (which was waist-deep on the level and sometimes fifteen feet deep in the drifts), by the tops of bushes, or jutting rocks they fought a slow way, foot by foot through the smothering whiteness. Every few yards they would fall exhausted until they regained breath enough to resume the struggle. Sometimes they crawled on hands and knees where the wind had blown away some of the snow, but at last they gained the summit.

THE SKY was clear but the gale that continuously swept the high peaks was deadly. No living thing could face it long and survive. Gasping for breath they sought the cover of the trees on the western slope, and tried to kindle a fire but the matches were hopelessly soaked with snow. They managed to ignite a few dry sticks by a flash of powder from their guns to which they had clung in spite of everything. Over the scanty blaze they roasted the little meat they had saved, and thawed their frozen outer garments, but the respite was brief; another blizzard roared down upon them. When it had passed they made rude snowshoes, but could not use them as the snow was too soft. Assailed by snowblindness they could not see where they were going but tried to keep moving; to stop in the wind was to freeze to death. At night they burrowed under the snow and slept. The last shred of food was gone, and when they reached the American River they felt they were doomed. On the 5th of December they had not tasted a mouthful in three days, but no longer felt hungry, only a horrible nausea. Bucke was the strongest, but proposed they give up the struggle, lie down and die. Allen said "No, we will keep on going as long as we can." That night they again made a bed under the snow and Allen was de-

lirious, raving all night long of a banquet where he feasted on all the good things of the earth, bought with his silver-mine. Next day they were unable to walk but continued the journey on hands and knees. At noon they heard the bark of a dog, and knew they were near a human habitation. Then Bucke smelled wood-smoke, and so they reached the Last Chance, an aptly named minners' outpost, where kindly hands carried them indoors and put them to bed.

Allen Groshe died twelve days later, Bucke's feet had to be amputated at the ankle-joints with a kitchen knife, but he lived, and after studying medicine in Europe became a distinguished physician at London, Ontario.

He could give no definite information as to the location of the silver-mine; Allen had not confided that to any one but

George Brown, and he was dead. The papers which defined and recorded the claims were lost by Allen in the terrible crossing of the Sierras, and thus the secret was lost.

None of the Groshes ever benefited by the famous lode.

VISIONS IN VERSE

"VISIONS IN VERSE," by Philmer A. Sample, is so attractive a volume that it should need nothing of ulterior introduction. There is, however, a purpose back of it that makes it unique. The author is the principal of the New Pine Creek (Oregon) High School, and recognizing the difficulty that many of his students have in going to college, he has published "Visions in Verse" as a method of building a fund to be devoted to scholarships for his school. May his visions be realized!

The striking beauty of the volume will speak for itself wherever it is seen, and many will be glad to own the book and to help to make the visions come true. Published by the Kingsport (Tennessee) Press, the book may be obtained from the author, P. A. Sample, New Pine Creek, Oregon, or from Sather Gate Bookshop, Berkeley. \$1.75.

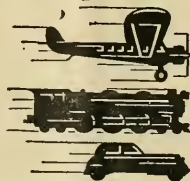
LAURA BELL EVERETT.

On your way to Chicago

to the

Century of Progress
Exposition...

Stop in St. Louis



**A modern American city... rich in historic lore...
19 miles of river front... sixty-five city parks...
world-famous zoo... Shaw Botanical Gardens
... art galleries. Many other points of great interest...
the world-renowned Lindbergh trophies exhibit and Municipal Opera, worth the visit alone.**

Directly on your route to Chicago from the South, Southwest and Southeast.

At The American and American Annex Hotels you will find an air of hospitality and the utmost consideration for your comfort, meals that are the talk of experienced travelers everywhere. Special diet menu for those who need it (sent free on request) and prices that are surprisingly low.

**Rates from
\$1.50**

**THE AMERICAN HOTEL
THE AMERICAN ANNEX**
"On the Plaza"

Market at 6th and 7th

St. Louis, Mo.

MaltoPep

(With Acidophilus Culture)

MALTOPEP IS AN ALKALINE FORMING FOOD. It neutralizes acidity (Acidosis). Acidosis often causes Cancer, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Stomach Ulcers.

MALTOPEP AIDS DIGESTION, RELIEVES GAS PAINS, bloating and heart throbbing.

MALTOPEP CORRECTS CONSTIPATION. It contains a culture of viable (live) Acidophilus which neutralizes toxic conditions, stimulates bowel action and provides a friendly intestinal flora in which putridification and disease germs cannot thrive.

MALTOPEP IS FREE FROM DRUGS, possessing decided therapeutic qualities. It is essentially a MALT AND ACIDOPHILUS HEALTH FOOD BEVERAGE, delicious in taste and flavor, can be taken freely, and used to supercede tea, coffee or chocolate if desired. Excellent in cases of malnutrition, nervousness, debility, indigestion and stomach disorders of all kinds.

MALTOPEP PRICES

	Parcel Post or Expressage Prepaid
One Pint	\$ 1.25
One Quart	2.25
One-half Gallon (one month's supply for one person).....	4.00
Family Case of four one-half gallons (four months' supply for one person).....	12.00

L. G. MOWER,
Distributor

422 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.,
354 SO. SPRING STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SCHOLASTIC'S COMPETITION

Scholastic, The National Magazine for the High School classroom, recently conducted a nationwide contest for High School students in Poetry writing. This competition in poetry is part of an annual competition in literature and the arts sponsored by Scholastic. The poems printed herewith by Valois Van Gilder of the Sacramento California High School, won honorable mention in this nationwide contest.

Those receiving honorable mention were awarded \$5.00. The jury which made the award was comprised of Witter Mynner, poet, founder of the award; Genevieve Taggart, poet, biographer, member of Faculty, Binnington College; Aline Kilber, poet, essayist, author of "Candles That Burn"; and Orton Lowe, author, head Department of Education, University of Miami.

Miss Sara C. Ashby is Miss Van Gilder's teacher at Sacramento High School.

TO A HIGH SENIOR

EVERYTHING'S over with,
Isn't it—
High senior?
Everything.
And you've never slid down
A stair railing in your life,
We're going to turn you out
Into life—the unknown.
Everything's over with,
You never did cut a class.
We shall encircle you
In a black gown and we shall say—
You were awfully young to leave us,
Weren't you,
High Senior?
And everything's over with.
We shall sigh again,
And erase the scratches on your desk
And re-issue your books,
For everything's over with.
And in a few years—
We shall have more black gowns—
For there will be more high seniors—
Everything's over with—
Isn't it—
High Senior?

—Valois Van Gilder.

THE MACDOWELL COLONY

(Continued from Page 110)

Willia Cather, Herbert Gorman, Glenn O. Coleman, Thornton Wilder, Stephen Vincent Benet, Leonora Speyer and Elinor Wylie.

Spelled in the abbreviated fashion, as well as in the longer form, Peterboro is one of the greatest achievements of our American civilization.

Poets, musicians, composers, sculptors, novelists, historians—all give it honor. Seven Pulitzer awards and not a few poetry, music and drama prizes have gone to work done at the Colony.

A reasonable purity, rather than a rational sensuousness seems to be the influence of the beautiful surroundings and peace and contentment of Peterborough. As for the Academy at Rome, it is true that Garibaldi fought in its headquarters, the Villa Aurelia, in 1849. But then may not Americans recall with equal or even superior enthusiasm that Ethan Allen and Commodore Perry and other patriots brought glory to our Flag in the district of Peterborough?

There are 600 acres of good, level land while at Villa Aurelia the student or devotee must content himself with the summit of Janiculum. MacDowell, the youth and again the man, returning from abroad, loved this New England ground and farm house adornment even more than he loved a Roman hilltop with a ruined castle for added interest.

MacDowell enthusiasts regard it as a real tribute to the "Peterborough Idea" that the Colony is ever well filled with students and nationally famous writers and artists.

It is something of an achievement to attain to residence at Peterborough. It is also a patriotic inspiration.

THE SPECTRE OF MASURIA, by Charles S. Strong. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. 322 pages. Price \$2.50.

An interesting gripping tale of graft-shot war whose soldiers are stranded in arsenals. To obtain this story, the author spent many years in research. Throughout the Black Cossacks of Tsaritsyn, led by Prince Boris Petrovitch, ride, and with them the Spectre of Masuria. The author has followed many interesting angles of the Russian situation before and during the World War. The reader's interest will be held until the end.

JEAN MARKEL.

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable
Bindings for All Purposes

Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings
for Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made
Permanent for Ready
Reference

EARLE A. GRAY
1220 MAPLE AVENUE
Los Angeles, California
Telephone PRospect 0396

POEMS WANTED

St. Louis, Mo.

THE POET (Monthly)

OVERLAND

Vol. 91
No. 7

MONTHLY
● and Outwest Magazine ●

September
1933

CONTENTS

Frontispiece (plate) The Last Tree—Mildred Bryant Brooks	114
The Tortures of Literary Creation—Jack Benjamin	115
Rubaiyat to the Magazine Editor (verse)—George Keefer	115
Melody Lane	116
Review	Caroline D' Aguilar Henderson
Plains of the Old West	Clara Iza Von Ravn
Progress	Joy O'Hara
Sanctuary	Jay Roderic De Spain
To Her	Virginia Keating Orton
Central America	Carlton Kendall
In Memory of Madge Morris	Ben Field
Down the Street	Kate Kirkham
My Prayer	Elsie Janis
The Pacific Era—E. Guy Talbott	117
War Shadows—By A. K. C. as told to Rodney Chamberlain	118
Steamboat Days on the Colorado—Margaret Romer	119
The Spirit of Home (verse)—Elizabeth Vore	120
The Motion Picture as an Educator—B. P. Schulberg	121
Educational Organization in the New Order—Roy W. Cloud	121
The Preservation of Public Education—Vierling Kersey	122
What Kinds of Literature Do the People Want?—Ben Field	123
The Unexpected—Ona M. Rounds	125
The Art of Jean Mannheim—Everett Carroll Maxwell	125
The Literary West	126

Founded in
1868



By Francis
Bret Harte

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year

25c per copy

OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS



THE LAST TREE
Etching by Mildred Bryant Brooks

Courtesy Foundation of Western Art

The Tortures of Literary Creation

By JACK BENJAMIN

THOUSANDS of books are published every year. Multitudinous titles, various authors and divers subjects are presented to the public. They represent the thoughts, dreams and aspirations of mankind.

Alas, what sadness underlies the fate of most books. As you stroll by any book-stall you can see row after row of volumes that have passed the zenith of their heyday only too quickly. Like exhausted slaves, they stand on the block, ready to become the property of anyone willing to part with the small sum necessary for their purchase. Yet, when these books first saw the light of day their future appeared so promising: at least, to their authors.

Few persons have ever stopped to reflect on the labor and pain that go into the writing of a book. An author sweats, suffers, agonizes and sometimes goes half insane before his brain-child is born, only to see the overwhelming number of copies that he lives for a fleeting moment and then finds its way into the confines of second-hand book shelves. There it is often offered for a sum we usually pay for a cheap cigar. . . .

But, you say, who asks the author to write his book? Ah, but that question displays a lamentable lack of knowledge regarding the psychology of authors.

An author must write, just as a bird must fly and a fish must swim. He, poor devil, can't help it. He may be engaged in the most harmless of tasks, such as taking care of the neighbor's infant or laying the radio, when the muse comes without any warning.

Suddenly, a shiver passes over him. He stands still. . . . His eyes take on a range and wierd fire. . . . His mouth

opens as though he were about to make some prophetic announcement, but not a sound escapes his lips. . . . He is petrified. What has happened?

The author has an inspiration!

AND right here is where all the trouble begins. Though many aspirants to literary fame have these inspirational visitations, few are able to do justice to them. The author, glowing with zeal and enthusiasm, dashes off his story. He writes and writes. His eyes are now fixed. . . . His pulse beats rapidly, as though he were in the clutches of some deadly fever. . . . He breathes hard and fast. . . . He is conscious of nothing except the paper in front of him upon which his tale is taking definite shape. After spending an amount of energy sufficient to lift an apartment house, he finishes his first draft.

Satisfied and feeling that he has at last created a "master-piece" he now descends

RUBAIYAT TO THE MAGAZINE EDITOR

By GEORGE KEEFER

MY Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all my Gaiety nor Wit
Can lure you to accept but half a Line,
Nor all my Tears exhort a Cent for it.

Come, loosen up, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Indifference fling:
My bird of Hope has but a little way
To flutter—if you send back Everything.

Ah Jove! Could you and I with Hell conspire
To grasp that sorry Magazine entire,

Would we not scatter it in bits, and then
Rewrite it nearer to our Hearts' Desire!

Thy Book of Verses underneath the Slough,
A Joke of mine in print instead—
Beneath me rotting in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Ah, make the most of what I yet may send,
Before I too into the Dust descend;

Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Pen, sans Ink, sans Postage, and—sans
End!

once more to the level of ordinary mortals. But—only for a brief period.

An author, if he is worthy of his salt, is a meticulous sort of fellow. He is satisfied with nothing less than the creation of phrases so rhetorically perfect, so balanced, and of such delicate musical cadence that the reader will be compelled to exclaim: "How beautifully he writes. He must be a brilliant man."

Craftsmanship in writing, however, requires the most painstaking labor, infinite patience and close attention to a host of prosaic details. The author picks up his precious manuscript and proceeds to read it. For three pages it sails along smoothly, but, on the fourth page, without any rhyme or reason, the story suddenly weakens and completely peters out. He frowns and bites his lower lip viciously. . . . Needs revision, he says to himself.

In the torturing process of revision, the author usually discovers a few dozen errors of fact, a number of encroachments on the fine points of style, some maltreatments of syntax, and, in general, a state of affairs that necessitates still further revision.

He rewrites his story ten times and is more dissatisfied with each version. By this time, he has completely forgotten the nature and plot of his original draft. He can't seem to fit his characters into the tale. He is driven almost mad. It is very dangerous to approach him. Years later, perhaps, he finishes his book, vowing never again to write another word for publication.

But—on the following day he is at work on another book.

Such is the "stuff" that authors are made of.

Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted
Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office
at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879
Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street
This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

MELODY LANE

BEN FIELD, DEPARTMENT EDITOR

PROGRESS

A Tribute to the Highway Commission

By JOY OHARA

THEY took the hill the lupines loved,
 All garlanded in blue,
 And tore apart its faithful heart,
 To drive a highway through.
 (But sometimes in the summer sun
 The ones who loved, and knew,
 Can see their little hill again
 With lupines smiling through.)
 They took our dreaming country lanes,
 So dear to small bare feet,
 So fragrant in soft summer rains,
 And paved them hard and neat.
 A grim new countryside now gleams
 Where blossoms used to grow,
 Above the graves of buttercups
 The tourists swiftly go.
 The heart grows bitter at this waste
 Of all we knew and loved,
 But we still have our memories,
 Unpaved and unimproved.

IN MEMORY MADGE MORRIS CALIFORNIA POET

By BEN FIELD

O MADGE, when you were a maiden,
 With poppies crowning your hair,
 When love and you lived in Aïdenn
 And love sang a song that was fair—
 You cherished the song as a treasure—
 It blazed to the world through your art,
 As you penned it in poems that measure
 The depths in humanity's heart.

TO HER

By VIRGINIA KEATING ORTON

S O beautiful she was,
 With wide young laughing eyes.
 My heart pales thinking of her gone:
 But this I know
 Somewhere Out There
 Was One
 Whose need of her was more than mine
 And she went on . . .
 Each night behind the curtain
 Of the quiet stars
 I hold her in my arms
 Long hours.

SANCTUARY

By JAY RODERIC DE SPAIN

YOU came and went so many, many times,
 As mating birds about a brooding nest.
 And never knew the wildly ringing chimes
 My heart kept sounding in my breast.
 You paused in passing till the migrant urge
 Led on, unconscious of my brief caress,
 As birds that tarry till their young emerge,
 Leaving this nest with only emptiness.
 Yet you shall come again when you have flown
 Your course, content to tarry in my heart,
 And love me with the love that I have known
 In dim, secluded corridors, apart—
 That sanctuary you one time wandered through
 Where love and silence wait, expecting you.

PLAINS OF THE OLD WEST

By CLARA IZA VON RAVN

LONG for the plains of the West today,
 For the broad, green sweep where the wild
 things play,
 Where the sage hen hovers her hatching
 brood
 Away from the gloomy shade of the wood;
 Where the lilting song of the meadow lark
 Bursts out when the sunrise conquers the dark,
 Over fields where her joy is to circle and
 swing,
 Over pools on whose banks the wild flowers
 spring.

There cloud shadows race quick onto the scene,
 Touch crimson of clover that splashes the
 green:

The spear grass tosses like waves of the sea,
 Oh come back, dear visions of West-lands to
 me!

REVIEW

By CAROLINE D'AGUILAR HENDERSON

L IFE'S golden hours
 Like perfumed flowers
 May disappear from view,
 But in the spirit realm of thought
 These joyous moments may be sought
 And made to live anew.

Life's fitful years
 Of hopes and fears
 In retrospect seem calm;
 While in the spirit realm of mind
 The saddest moments, when refined,
 Contain a precious balm.

CENTRAL AMERICA

By CARLTON KENDALL

I KNOW a land on the edge of the world
 Where romance lies like a web dew-pearled
 Where the porpoises leap from the crested
 wave
 And the indigo ocean breakers lave
 The black sea sand with its fringe of palms
 Where Fuego steams and the dog star gleams
 And ships heave-to in calms.

I know a town on a tropic coast
 Where even the sourest sailors boast
 That the maidens are fairer than jasmine
 blooms;
 Where mirambas play and a great drum boom
 As the blood red sun goes down.

I know a maid in a jungle glade
 Whose love is as warm as a saracen's blade
 When it pierces the heart of a clown.

DOWN THE STREET

(Cuernavaca, Mexico)

By KATE KIRKHAM

I
 A MAGENTA bougainvillea vine
 Bright color, trailing a yellow wall;
 Lovely turquoise sky above,
 Golden sunshine over all

II
 Panchita in her blue rebosa,
 Juan in serape red,—
 I hear them passing, calling, laughing,
 And the burros' click-clock tread.

III
 Down the street, an old church stands,
 Its worn doors open wide—
 A woman, kneeling, with outstretched hands
 Prays before the Crucified.

MY PRAYER

By ELSIE JANIS

G OD, let me live each lovely day
 So I may know that come what may
 I've done my best to live the way
 You'd want me to.

Forgive me if I do not pray
 The ultra sanctimonious way
 In Church on every Sabbath day
 As some folks do.

Just let me know if I should stray,
 That I may stop along the way,
 At any time of night or day,
 And talk to You.

The Pacific Era

By E. GUY TALBOTT

IN AN ADDRESS before a San Francisco audience on May 13, 1903, that stalwart exponent of Americanism and international cooperation, Theodore Roosevelt, said: "In the century that is opening, the commerce and the command of the Pacific will be factors of incalculable moment in the world's history. The seat of power ever shifts from land to land, from sea to sea.—With the rise of the Phoenicians, the men of Tyre and Sidon, the Mediterranean became the central sea on whose borders lay the great wealthy and cultivated powers of antiquity,—Carthage, Greece, Rome, Venice and Genoa.

But gradually the nations of the north grew beyond barbarism.—The seafaring merchants ventured with ever greater boldness into the Atlantic.—Holland, England, Spain, Portugal, and France.—America was discovered, and the Atlantic Ocean became to the greater modern world what the Mediterranean had been to the lesser world of antiquity.

Now, men and women of California, is our own day—the greatest of all the seas and the east to be used on a large scale by civilized man, bids fair to become in its turn the first in importance. The Empire that shifted from the Mediterranean will in the lifetime of those now children bid fair to shift once more westward to the Pacific."

The burden of Mr. Roosevelt's argument in that address was that the United States should dominate the civilization in the new Pacific era. We are not now concerned with Roosevelt's advocacy of a policy of imperialism, but with his prophecy of the Pacific basin as the arena of a new civilization. The Mediterranean cycle of yesterday is gone; the Atlantic epoch of today is passing; the Pacific era of tomorrow is at the dawning. Events of the past decade mark the prologue to a new act in the drama of civilization, with the Pacific basin as the stage.

On February 15, 1932, then Secretary Stimson sent a letter to Senator Bingham, chairman of the Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs, in which he said: "Undoubtedly the outstanding development, for good or ill, in the foreign relations of the United States during the remainder of this century will be that of our relations with the countries on the western side of the Pacific Ocean.—Whether we yet realize it or not, we are already a great Pacific Power, and as such will sustain a constantly increasing interest in the affairs of the Pacific.

The Pacific Era began with the conference held in Washington in 1921-1922, which was convened to provide a basis for permanent peace in the Pacific area, and which resulted

in several multilateral treaties, including the naval armament reduction agreement and the celebrated Nine Power Pact. The Four Power Pact regarding the insular possessions of Great Britain, France, Japan, and the United States, provided also for the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. In the Nine Power Treaty the Signatories, Great Britain, France, Netherlands, United States, Belgium, China, Italy, Portugal, and Japan, agreed to respect the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial and administrative integrity of China."

The editor of this magazine has repeatedly pointed out the significance of the Pacific Area in future world relations, and has characterized California as the "Front Door of the Continent." Mr. Talbott gives a clear picture of the need for cooperative effort on the part of the nations of the Pacific Area. The article was written for publication some months ago. In light of recent reports from Tokio that Japan will strive for friendly relations with her three great immediate neighbors,—United States, Soviet Russia and China, the article is timely as well as instructive.

Considerably over one-half of the world's population, and the preponderant bulk of its territory faces the Pacific Ocean. The countries involved are: the United States, Canada, Mexico, and the South American Republics, in the Western Hemisphere; Australia and New Zealand in the South Seas; Russia, China, Japan, and to a lesser extent, India, in Asia; and the numerous island possessions that dot the Pacific Ocean. Of major importance, on account of trade, political, and cultural relations are the United States, Russia, Japan, and China. From the standpoint of imperial possessions and commerce, Great Britain, France, and Holland are involved. The problem of the Pacific is, therefore, a world problem.

IN A UNITARY world composed of interdependent nations there can be no solution of the manifold issues connected with the Pacific area on the basis of hegemony or balance of power. The basic purpose of the Washington Conference was to forestall either of these attempted methods of solution. The preamble to the Nine Power Pact states: "Desiring to adapt a policy designed to stabilize conditions in the Far East, to safeguard the rights and interests of China, and to promote intercourse between China and the other powers upon the basis of equality of opportunity; (the Signatories) have resolved to conclude a treaty for that purpose."

The foundation proposed for the new civilization centering around the Pacific Ocean was international cooperation, supplanting the older doctrine of exploitation maintained by armed force and balance of power. It was also assumed that a permanent solution of the question of peace in the Pacific area precluded the adoption of any plan of Asiatic hegemony, either under Russian or Japanese tutelage. This runs counter to the proposed plan for a Japanese "Monroe Doctrine" for the Far East. It was likewise assumed that the instrumentalities for the peaceful settlement of disputes, already established or to be created, were adequate deterrents to the use of armed force in resolving disagreements between the nations involved.

The course of civilization cannot be determined by a fiat decree. It is a slow process. The Pacific basin is the battleground of conflicting ideas of government and of social control. A spirit of rampant nationalism is rife in China, India, and Japan. Coupled with the nationalistic spirit in Japan is the dream of imperialism, extending to a possible Asiatic hegemony. Over against this nationalism and imperialism is the threat of communism, fostered by Russia. Fascism is making rapid progress in Japan. The spirit of internationalism is striving to survive in this welter of conflicting political ideas.

Naturally the crux of the whole Pacific problem today is Manchuria, the Balkans of Asia. It is not an isolated problem for Japan, China, and Russia, the nations immediately involved. The whole world is vitally interested in the solution of the Manchurian question, because that solution involves either the utilization or the scrapping of world-wide instrumentalities for the peaceful settlement of such disputes. If the agencies of peaceful cooperation fail in this major instance, the alternative seems to be a reverting to the policy of armed force. It remains to be seen whether or not the futility of this method has had sufficient demonstration.

The public opinion of the world is turned against Japan, not because Japan did not have just grievances against China, but because of Japan's refusal to utilize the established instruments of peace to secure redress. Rather, she deliberately flaunted the instruments she had signed and the pledges she made, and chose the outlaw method of armed force. Japan's grievances, which are recognized and admitted, might have been redressed either by mediation, conciliation, arbitration, or adjudication. All overtures for such settlement were scorned by Japan, although she was a member of the League of Nations, the Hague Tribunal, the Permanent Court of International Justice, and a Signatory to the Nine Power Pact and the Kellogg-Briand Pact.

The report of the Lytton Commission offers

a basis for a peaceful solution of the Manchurian issue, safeguarding the rights of China, Japan, Russia, and the rest of the world. Japanese statement have belligerently stated that Japan would brook no outside interference in the Manchurian problem, and have openly defied the public opinion of the world. The suggestions of the Lytton Commission are included in this defiance. What the outcome will be is on the lap of the gods. But one does not need to be a prophet to state that if the peace machinery breaks down completely on the Manchurian question, the proponents of the use of armed force will be immeasurably strengthened in their positions. It would pave the way for a revival of the Rooseveltian doctrine that the only adequate guarantee of peace is armed preparedness.

BUT the situation is not hopeless. No nation, least of all one facing serious social, political, and economic internal disturbances, can continue very long in a policy of open defiance of world public opinion. The American policy of non-recognition of territorial or other gains as a result of armed force, contravening treaty commitments, has been adapted by the League of Nations as its policy. In effect this means the substitution of legal and moral sanctions for the economic and military sanctions provided in the covenant of the League.

This "non-recognition" policy of the United States is not a recent development concerning Sino-Japanese relations. When the famous "twenty-one demands" were presented to China by Japan in 1915, President Woodrow Wilson declared on May 13, 1915: "The Government of the United States cannot recognize any agreement or understanding or undertaking impairing the treaty rights of the United States and its citizens in China; the political or territorial integrity of the Republic of China; or the international policy relative to China commonly known as the Open Door Policy."

In similar phraseology, Secretary Stimson sent an identical note to China and Japan on January 7, 1932. This note said: "The American Government deems it to be its duty to notify both the imperial Japanese government and the government of the Chinese Republic that it cannot admit the legality of any situation *de facto*, nor does it intend to recognize any treaty or agreement entered into between those governments, or agents thereof, which may impair the treaty rights of the United States or its citizens in China, including those which relate to the sovereignty, the independence, or the territorial and administrative integrity of the Republic of China, commonly known as the Open Door Policy; and that it does not intend to recognize any situation, treaty or agreement which may be brought about by means contrary to the covenants and obligations of the Pact of Paris of August 27, 1928, to which treaty both China and

Japan, as well as the United States, are parties."

Jerome D. Greene, chairman of the Institute of Pacific Relations, has summed up the Sino-Japanese case in an address before the world affairs Institute in New York, March 23, 1932. He said: "The imperfections of China's sovereignty are the fundamental cause of her difficulties with Japan, as with other countries. Japan's handling of her grievances against China has been seriously compromised by the emergencies of the military authority and by its rather typical disregard of the civil government and of international obligations when in conflict with its own view of military necessity. The existing machinery of peace seems inadequate to deal with a dispute between two Powers, one of which is lacking in effective authority and responsibility. The alternative must be either international intervention through the League, or direct action by the aggrieved State, but with notice to the League and accountability to it."

IF JAPAN refuses to abide by the decision of the League of Nations, whether or not such decision is in harmony with the proposals of the Lytton Commission, peace in the Pacific Area will be seriously jeopardized. If the territorial integrity and the administrative sovereignty of China, as guaranteed by the Nine Power Pact, are nullified by Japan in the case of Manchuria, then the Pact is abrogated. In which case, according to Secretary Stimson, the naval reduction agreement signed at the same time in Washington becomes non-effective, and the United States will proceed to build the largest possible navy and embark on a course of armed preparedness.

History records that preparation for war

usually leads to war. If peace cannot be preserved in the Pacific area by the instrumentalities for the peaceful settlement of disputes, armed force will only aggravate the situation. Armed strife will be inevitable. The Pacific Era of civilization must be based on friendships, not battleships. No military clique in Japan, no rabid jingoists in the United States, should be allowed to thwart the will of the common people for a peaceful regime in the Pacific basin.

Dr. George H. Blakeslee, in his book, "*The Pacific Area*," says: "Japan and America are bound together by many ties both of friendship and of modern trade and finance."

This is true of America's relations with all our neighbors in the Pacific area. As a nation we are committed to the policy of substituting law for force in our disputes with other peoples. That is the major hope for producing a civilization around the Pacific Ocean that will be more enduring and more fraught with human happiness than the older civilizations that centered around the Mediterranean Sea or the Atlantic Ocean. International cooperation should be the watchword of this new civilization.

When Theodore Roosevelt received the Nobel Peace Prize at Christiania, Norway, in 1910, he said:

"It would be a master stroke if those great powers honestly bent on peace would form a League of Peace, not only to keep peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force, if necessary, its being broken by others.—The rule or statesman who should bring about such a combination would have earned his place in history for all time and his title to the gratitude of all mankind."

War Shadows

By A. K. C. as told to RODNEY CHAMBERLAIN

THERE is every possibility of another war within the next five years," I ventured for an opener in the conversation, as my friend A. K. C. and I settled down comfortably before the fire. His experiences in the World War were of intense interest to me, but only through expert maneuvering could he be induced to relate any of them. To direct questioning his "war shadows," as he calls them, are a closed book. My friend watched the red and white flames eat hungrily into the solid eucalyptus log before he spoke and I wondered if he were seeing again the flash of heavy artillery and the flare of burning planes, dropping like great torches.

I strongly disapprove of any intervention on the part of the United States in foreign war," he answered, "and I never wish to send my son across the sea in a uniform."

"Why wouldn't you be proud to have your son serve his country as his father did?" I

queried, rather severely, hoping by argument to awaken the past. My sharp retort struck home. Sitting upright in his chair he addressed me in the manner of a father about to lecture his son. Although inwardly elated at the prospect of a good story, I managed outwardly to emulate the meekness of a erring son.

LET me take you back sixteen years on a mental journey to France over the slipper roads in caravans of trucks, chained together so that they could ford the muddier stretches.

It was November, 1917. Rain water poured off the clay hills in yellow rivulets and drained into the depressions, flooding the trenches. We of the 164th infantry lay down in those water-filled trenches and slept with the alternative of sleeping in hell.

One night my buddy, Lin, and I bunked a shell hole by ourselves. It was dry there. He lay down in the upper end and I in the

Read Farther on Page 124

Steamboat Days on the Colorado

By MARGARET ROMER, M.A.

Water Highways

THE Colorado River was thought of as an avenue of transportation long before it was considered as a source for irrigation. And this was wholly reasonable, for had not rivers always been used as highways in new territories? The French followed the winding courses of the rivers to the very heart of the country and carried out their fortunes in furs over the water roads. The English penetrated the interior by way of the Hudson, the Potomac and all the larger streams. The French and Spanish vied for control of the great Mississippi. All the larger rivers were looked upon as highways and were so used.

Only in comparatively recent times have men learned, as a result of many costly experiences, that the Colorado is different from their streams. It is powerful, wild and fickle, and this combination of traits is not conducive to successful navigation.

The total length of the main stream is 1700 miles, during which distance it falls 14,000 feet. This is an average fall of 8.1 feet to the mile.

The restless Colorado is constantly changing its course, tearing out its banks and searching new channels. The debris which it carries in its flood is piled up in miles of delta at its mouth where it meets the sea at the head of the Gulf of California. Here the tides are usually high, normal tides being about 12 feet, and highest tides far in excess of this figure. Here the proverbial "two irresistible forces" meet, resulting in a tidal bore with which only the strongest boats and the most skillful navigators can cope.

This situation, which has been learned by experience, makes the navigation of the Colorado River a thrilling chapter in the story of the Southwest.

Spaniards on the Colorado's Flood

THE Spanish explorer, Ulloa, in 1539 sailed to the head of the Gulf and reported the entrance of a great river. But feeling the trifling conflict of waters beneath his inadequate title craft, he did not attempt to enter the river.

The following year, in August, Alarcon reached the mouth of the river with his fleet of three ships. His voyage was a part of the great Coronado expedition. In their ignorance of the geography of the country, the Spaniards did not realize how far from the sea was the route of Coronado's march. So Alarcon went northward by sea with provisions for the Coronado party.

The three ships were anchored at the head

of the Gulf and Alarcon and his men set out in small boats. They soon learned that the current was too strong for rowing and that their only chance to go up stream was to ride the rising tide and, when the tide began to ebb, to run their boats into a cove and wait for the next incoming tide. It takes more than the power in men's puny arms to stem the Colorado's current.

Some 40 miles up stream where the tide from the Gulf ceases to be felt, Alarcon and his men resorted to towing their boats. The Lower Colorado region has a dense Indian population. At the mouth live the large, well-

The accompanying account opens up a subject replete with glamour and historic interest. Few persons even though possessing knowledge of the history of the Southwest, are aware of the part played by the Colorado through centuries past. First discovered and explored by the Spanish in 1539 and again visited in 1540, then elapsed nearly three centuries before it again figured in history through the efforts of an Englishman. Miss Romer has made a distinct contribution especially in the light of the Boulder Dam project and present developments.

formed Cocopas. Being strange to this tribe, Alarcon did not know whether they would be friendly or hostile and his little party was outnumbered a thousand to one. But he had the good sense to treat them well and in a short time they were begging for the privilege of helping him tow his little boats up the current.

Fifteen days of this arduous labor brought them to the present site of Yuma. How far above Yuma they worked their boats is difficult to determine, but probably not very far. Alarcon reports that he went 85 leagues up the river, but this would be 235 miles, and this distance does not check with his description of the point at which he turned back.

Still, Alarcon had failed to get the slightest trace of Coronado's party. On his return, near the present site of Yuma, he buried a bottle containing a note for the Coronado expedition and placarded the spot before riding the Colorado's flood back to his ships at the head of the Gulf.

In the meantime, Coronado sent one of his scouts, Melchoir Diaz, to the westward to try to connect with Alarcon. Diaz found the placard and the bottle which his men took back

to their chief, but Diaz himself died as the result of an accident on the way.

Then for nearly three centuries the Colorado went its turbulent way undisturbed by man except for the canoe or tule raft of the Indians.

A British Officer on the Colorado

IN 1826, Lieutenant R. W. H. Hardy, formerly of the Royal Navy of Great Britain, was sent to Mexico by a London firm in search of pearls. The next year he pushed his vessel, the Bruja, into the mouth of the Colorado River in the hope of replenishing his food supply from the Indians there. Lieutenant Hardy gave us the first dependable description of the country around the mouth of the River. He was a competent seaman and the Bruja was a sturdy 25-ton sailing cruiser.

The master of the craft believed himself to be the first white man ever at the mouth of the Colorado. He seems not to have heard of Ulloa or Alarcon. He gave every island, rock and point a good old English name. So it happens that we have Gore and Montagu Islands in the mouth of the Colorado in Mexican territory.

Hardy experienced the usual difficulties of navigation on the lower Colorado, the tidal bore, the ebb and flow of the tide, shoals, caving banks and the impossible task of keeping in the narrow channels with a sailing vessel. The inevitable happened. The stern of the vessel crashed into the bank breaking a rudder. While this was being replaced, the Bruja ran aground one morning, and when the tide went out she was left 200 yards from the water's edge! When the tide came back it was still 150 yards from the boat, for it was during the period of receding tides.

There was nothing to do but wait for the high tides of the new moon to float her off. This was a severe blow to the pride of a British naval officer. He remarked, "A nice situation, especially as we were short of provisions."

To utilize the time of the long, enforced wait, Hardy set out with two sailors in a small boat to explore the river and search for cattle which he might purchase for meat. He discovered a broad creek coming in from the west about a league above where the Bruja lay. This was undoubtedly the channel through which the tide flows in and out of Laguna Salada.

Lieutenant Hardy had taken the west channel which is now called Hardy's Colorado. He reported it to be the main channel and commented on the swiftness and freshness of its water, in contrast to the brackishness of the water in side channels. Even though the Hardy's Colorado was known afterwards to be a side channel, it could well have been the main channel at the time of Hardy's visit, since the fickle Colorado frequently changes its course. It was the main river after 1909 following the floods in the Imperial Valley. And Hardy's report has been found accurate in every detail but this, so it is as reasonable to suppose

that the able Lieutenant erred in this detail.

Finding no cattle but large numbers of Indians instead, Hardy deemed it wise to return to his ship. Here he found the Indians gathering in crowds around his stranded vessel. Like Alarcon, Hardy realized the helplessness of his little party in the hands of the horde of natives and was very careful not to antagonize them, and at the same time, using every practical precaution.

Among several unique methods of his was the purchase of two Indian children on the theory that by watching expression on their faces he could get indications of the Indians' plans and intentions toward the little party of white men. Also he made friends with an old Indian witch and seems to think that this friendship averted a battle. Perhaps the British officer exaggerated the Indian danger, but this was only the part of wisdom in dealing with a strange tribe, 5,000 or 6,000 of whom had gathered about the helpless boat by this time.

At last the new moon came with its accompanying high tides and the Bruja once more floated, but her master was only too glad to point her bow down stream this time instead of up. Before reaching the mouth of the river, the ship grounded a second time and was freed too late to ride the tides of that moon to the Gulf. But Hardy had learned from his experience in the river the previous month, so he anchored in deep water and swung at anchor for two weeks waiting for the high tides of the next moon to float him down to the Gulf.

The Indians, whom the British officer always feared, did them no harm. But wave and tide buffeted the sturdy craft about until it seemed it must break. At each change of the tide came violent motions, sudden rising or falling of the ship when the tidal bore 18 inches high came rushing in or out. Often the craft shipped water.

The Indians watched from the shore and between tides some trade was carried on. Finally the long-awaited high tide came, on the ebb of which the Bruja swept out to sea once more.

Americans and Steamboats

THEN came the discovery of gold in California and the stream of humanity began flowing overland to the treasure fields. The southern route to California crossed the Colorado River at the present site of Yuma.

The first regular ferry across the river was used on this route. It was a flat boat that had made the voyage down the Gila from the Pima villages to the Colorado River in 1849 with the Howard family and a minister and a physician on board. On this memorable voyage Arizona's first white child was born, a boy.

When the voyagers arrived at the junction of the Gila with the Colorado, they found that Camp Calhoun had just been established there by Lieutenant Cave J. Coutts to help gold

seekers and others across the river. The Howards remained at Camp Calhoun for some time and their boat was used as a ferry.

To protect and assist Americans at this crossing, Major Heintzelman established Ft. Yuma on the California side of the river in 1850. It will be remembered that Arizona south of the Gila was still a part of Mexico. A few months later, the post and ferry were temporarily deserted because of a successful Indian attack, but they were both re-established in the spring of 1852 and protected with an adequate force of soldiers.

About this time also, an exploration of the river between Fort Yuma and the Gulf was ordered with a view to sending supplies to the fort by that route. Lieutenant George H. Derby was put in charge of this survey. Lieutenant Derby was the "Mark Twain" of his day and wrote his humorous works under the *nom de plume*, John Phoenix.

The Lieutenant left San Francisco on the schooner "Invincible." In January of 1851 he sailed past Montagu and Gore Islands into the Colorado River. But the "Invincible" drew eight or nine feet of water so it was impossible to go more than 25 miles up stream with so large a boat.

Leaving the ship in charge of a subordinate officer, Captain Ferrier, Derby, and six men set out in a small boat for Fort Yuma. They rowed with the flowing tides and rested with the ebb tides. In his attractive style, Derby gives a detailed account of this voyage in his report to his superior officer. The banks of the stream were lined with rushes, cane, small willows, acacia and occasionally small cottonwoods and poplars. Fish, ducks and geese were plentiful and many a deer was seen on the banks. The stream varied in width from 200 yards to half a mile.

Major Heintzelman and others from Fort Yuma came down the stream in a boat to meet Derby. The survey completed, the supplies for the Fort were landed where the "Invincible" was moored and a wagon was sent from the Post to get them.

Derby reported the bar at the mouth of the river to be ten to fifteen miles wide and four to ten fathoms deep. The distance from the junction of the Gila to the Gulf by the river he reported as about 104 miles, while by air line, a little more than half that distance. There is no vegetation at the mouth of the stream and its silt-laden waters discolor the Gulf for many miles out.

As a result of his survey Derby recommended, "It would be preferable, however, to establish a depot by anchoring a hulk near Charles Point, laden with stores from which a small steamboat could carry more to the Post (Fort Yuma) in 24 hours than a hundred wagons could transport in a week.

That same year (1851) George A. Johnson arrived at the mouth of the Colorado in the schooner "Sierra Nevada" with supplies for the Fort and lumber to build flat boats to haul the supplies from the Gulf to the Fort. At first supplies were transported from the Gulf to the Fort in these flat boats which were poled along or hauled up by hand. Soon, however, the were towed by the little steamer, "Yuma," the first power boat on the Colorado.

Later, Captain Turnbull arrived on another schooner with a steam boat which had been built in sections in San Francisco and was put together at the mouth of the river. The new craft was christened the "Uncle Sam." She plied between the Fort and the Gulf for a few months and then struck on a snag and went to the bottom. Captain Turnbull, her owner, gave up in despair and left. The "Yuma" also came to grief.

Captain Johnson, already mentioned, took the contract for transporting the Fort supplies from the Gulf. He placed a new steamer, the "General Jesup", in service. And he so added a larger one, the "Colorado," a steam wheeler, 120 feet long. Captain Johnson skillfully operated his two boats for many years. He probably knew the Colorado River better than anyone else. From this time on, the navigation of the Colorado seems to have been continuous.

(More about the Colorado in next issue.)

THE SPIRIT OF HOME

BY ELIZABETH VORE

IT MAY be a small house,
It may be a large house, and fine.
It is where the breeze caresses it,
It is where the sunshine blesses it
Be it yours or mine.

It is where sweet peace dwells,
Weaving it's magic spells,—
Hastening our feet to it,
Through rain or shine,
Where the warm fireside glows,
And the very silence knows
Whether it is yours or mine.

Under my own roof tree
Sacred memories beckon me,
The Spirit of home waits for me—
Where welcoming firesides shine.

It may be a small house,
It may be a large house and fine—
It is where the breeze caresses it,
It is where the sunshine blesses it,—
Be it yours or mine.

Elizabeth Vore is one of the oldest living contributors to Overland Monthly. Her contributions have frequently appeared

The Motion Picture as an Educator

By B. P. SCHULBERG

(Mr. Schulberg is chairman of the Producers' Branch of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and produces eight pictures annually for Paramount Pictures. This article prepared expressly for OVERLAND MONTHLY and OUT WEST MAGAZINE. Ed.)

THE motion picture is the most potent force for the education of the young, next to the schools themselves. It is unsurpassed as an educator of the great mass of those who have completed their schooling.

For certain types of teaching the motion picture is greater than the finest text book. His visual education manifests itself in two ways. While the actual use of especially produced motion pictures as a part of school education has increased rapidly during recent years, there is still an untouched field here so great as to stuns the imagination. Medical and technical courses are employing it the most.

On the other hand a large percentage of the motion pictures made in Hollywood as general entertainment are, in fact, sugar-coated morsels of education.

We produce motion pictures primarily for entertainment purposes, but in doing so and making our pictures technically accurate, we are performing a valuable educational service. We can think of hundreds of entertaining motion pictures that are equally instructive and mind numbing.

Our screen entertainment teaches history, religion, and customs of the past. Great care is expended in having the correct pronunciation of words from players enacting members of society and other educated classes. University professors frequently are called upon to settle a dispute of this sort. In this way we are aiding in standardizing the correct pronunciation of words.

Many of our pictures stimulate an interest in history. "The Covered Wagon," "A Farewell to Arms," "The Sign of the Cross," and "Abraham Lincoln," are a few that cover widely diversified periods.

Public libraries always report greatly increased circulation of books pertaining to the period of a current successful film.

A picture like Theodore Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt," which starts in 1904 and ends in the present, is a concentrated course in manners and customs. The costumes worn by the stars, Sylvia Sydney, and by Donald Cook, Edward Arnold and other cast members give a style panorama that is both entertaining and instructive. The settings show how people

lived. The dialogue shows how people talked and what they thought.

"Madame Butterfly," which I recently produced, also carries audiences into a foreign country and shows them how the Japanese live. This picture was so accurate technically that the Japanese raised no complaint as the picture played to millions in Japan over a five-month period.

I remember a recent conversation I had with Gary Cooper shortly after he returned from a trip to Africa. Several years ago he and Marlene Dietrich were starred in a film called "Morocco." Gary always wanted to go to Morocco after that to see what it was really like. He was very disappointed when he told me, "It looked just like the sets in the picture."

The younger generation has virtually no other conception of the World War than that contained in the realistic war dramas. From books they study the social, political and economic significance of the war. They know statistics of its cost in wealth and the lives of men. But do they understand the horrors from anything they can read?

Throughout the civilized world the influence of motion pictures like "The Eagle and the Hawk," "A Farewell to Arms" and "All Quiet on the Western Front," is delaying the next great war, a phenomenon which in the past, has repeated itself as often as the younger generation has become unaware of the horrors of war.

There is a question as to whether all pictures are suitable for the juvenile trade. The answer is "No." There are no pictures made by reputable producers that are objectionable to adults. It is the duty of parents to know about pictures they might consider too sophisticated for their young.

Parents supervise the reading of their children. There are many books they enjoy themselves that they don't want their children to read until they are older. The lazy parent is

really the cause of the occasional demands for censorship in certain communities. There is no government censorship of books, because parents seem to take an interest in carefully selecting books. They should select pictures, too. State censorship is a vicious thing. All such censorship tends to become petty and hide-bound. Many boards are blind to the moral purpose of a fine picture and see in it only a vital scene which they snip out, thus ruining the moral purpose and the entertainment value. Their cutting often has completely befuddled a clear-cut moral issue.

All of our pictures cannot be made for one type of mind or for one degree of intelligence. All of our pictures cannot be so innocuous they would teach a fourteen-year-old nothing that he doesn't already know. A recent survey of motion picture audiences shows why this is so. The great majority of theatergoers are adults demanding intelligent entertainment.

Here are the figures:

Age of Patrons	Daily Attendance	Percentage of Theatergoers
Up to 5	75,000	1.6
5 to 14	449,000	9.5
15 to 24	1,487,000	31.3
25 to 44	2,058,000	43.4
45 to 64	563,000	11.8
65 and up	113,000	2.4

Censorship should be an individual thing, not a matter for the state. We have a great mass of intelligent adults supporting our theaters.

Hollywood makes an honest effort to let the world know what pictures are about. Every morning in Hollywood, through the cooperation of the producers, motion pictures are run at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for representatives of religious and educational associations. Their findings and opinions of the pictures they see are broadcast throughout the country.

One of these organizations recommended only 51 per cent of the pictures viewed in 1929 as "suitable for the family." In 1931 it was 61 per cent. In 1932 it was 71 per cent.

I consider that a remarkable showing; to have 71 per cent of our pictures recommended as good entertainment for children who comprise but 10 per cent of an average audience.

Educational Organization in the New Order

By ROY W. CLOUD

State Executive Secretary, California Teachers Association

THE progenitor of California Teachers Association was organized in 1863 by John Swett, a pioneer school man of the Pacific Coast. His ideas and ideals were dominant factors in building a school system of merit in the great new west. The Association, as Mr. Swett planned it, was to be entirely professional

in its nature. He visioned annual conventions at which new thoughts and procedures might be outlined. His desire was to create a real profession of teaching in California.

From 1863 to the early 1900's the activity of the Association was confined exclusively to professional advancement. By 1906 progressive

California educators decided that California Teachers Association should provide for the ideals of the profession and also for remedial work to bring about better teaching conditions and higher standards of educational attainment for teachers.

Accordingly, the Association was reorganized. This reorganization became effective in 1911 with the formation of a well-defined teacher association having six autonomous sections, each with a governing body of its own and empowered to function under its own rules and regulations. From the membership of the sections a state council of education was brought into being. This State Council of Education has regularly met twice a year and has decided on educational policy and procedure, which the educational leaders of the state, after careful study, adopted as the guiding principles of public education in California.

Depending upon the action of the State Council of Education, and relying upon its leadership, the teachers of the state have steadily advanced educationally, professionally, and ethically.

All of the states of the union now have state teachers associations. The large percentage of these associations have full-time executive secretaries whose duty it is to unify the educational forces of the state in order that a single program of advancement may be carried into effect.

That the boys and girls of the state may have all the opportunities that are rightly theirs, the association works in close harmony with the State Department of Education. Because of certain limitations which would prevent the State Department from going into the field to make proposed changes, the association is able to carry out the desires and programs which in many instances were originated by the state leaders.

Since the beginning of full-time executive secretaries, education has advanced rapidly. California was the first state in the Union to employ such an official. A state teachers association is not a part of the national teachers association, but working with the great national body, it brings to the teachers of the various districts within its jurisdiction the ideals of the nation within its membership.

Since the reorganization of California Teachers Association, practically all of the better phases of education have become common practice in the public schools of the state. It is not practicable to list all of the proposals which emanated from California Teachers Association and which have become the law of the state. A few of them, however, should be mentioned: enriched curriculum; well-ventilated, healthful buildings and healthful surroundings for children on large school sites in commodious school edifices; the California teacher retirement system; security of position; fair salaries; length-

ened school terms; sabbatical leave, high professional standards for certification; junior high schools and junior colleges.

The place of the teacher association in the new order is rapidly taking shape. Teachers are becoming conscious of the fact that they are a professional body. Committees of the State Association have made and are conducting extensive research into such problems as consolidation and unionization of school districts; professional ethics; teacher improvement in service; the revamping of the ideals and purposes of secondary education; the teachers' place in the community; public relations of the school and the home; counseling and guidance of pupils; care and welfare of handicapped

children. In fact all phases of education having to do with child welfare, with the life of the boy and girl in high school and junior college and with the professional growth of teachers are part of the program of the teachers association.

As in the past the state teacher organization has been the instrument through which advancement has come to the school system, so in the future the parents of the boys and girls of the state may and must look to that organization for maintaining the ideals, carrying out the principles and keeping the fundamental by which an educated citizenship may be insured for the future.

The Preservation of Public Education

By VIERLING KERSEY

Superintendent of Public Instruction for California

THE economic depression has served as the cause of careful scrutiny of all governmental enterprise. Public education has been the subject of perhaps closer attention on the part of the public than have most other services of government. Out of the experience of the past few years should come a program for the preservation of public education based on the improvement of certain conditions which may have contributed to a certain weakness or vulnerability in the position occupied by public education.

Four items of major importance in such a program are:

1. Improvement of the system of school support.
2. Improvement of the system of local units of school administration.
3. Reorganization of school programs to meet demands of contemporary life.
4. Improved program of public relations.

Each of these items will be briefly discussed. The first two items will be considered with special reference to California, although the discussion will apply for the most part to the other states. The last two items are of nation-wide significance.

School Support.

Although public schools in California have been supported quite generously except for the certain retrenchments due to the depression, the California system of school support is inadequate in several respects.

1. The burden of school support is disproportionately distributed among different types of wealth.
2. There are tremendous inequalities between counties and school districts in
 - a. Educational opportunities offered pupils.
 - b. Tax burdens borne for the support of

education.

The best interests of public education in California demand a revision of the present system of taxation and school support so that the state tax burden is equitably distributed and so that equality of educational opportunity may be guaranteed the children of the state and equality of tax burden among counties and local districts may be achieved.

Local Units of Administration.

The present system of local school administration involving more than 3,500 independent school districts is a deterrent to education progress in California. A reorganization of the present district system to provide for large consolidated units of school administration is urgently needed. Such a reorganization would

1. Provide a unit of school administration large enough to make possible the employment in each district of a professionally trained school executive to direct educational policies and program of the district.
2. Contribute to equalization of educational opportunities for pupils throughout the state.
3. Provide for much better intergrading of elementary and secondary education.
4. Provide professional educational leadership throughout the whole state.

Reorganization of Educational Programs

Civic and social change has become increasingly rapid in recent years, due to the advance of science. Modes of living are changing and in all probability will continue to change ever more rapidly. The school as an instrument of society established for the purpose of preserving the heritage of past generations and promoting further social progress must constantly adapt its program to meet

Read Farther on Page 127

What Kinds of Literature Do The People Want?

By BEN FIELD

WHAT will the readers of America require for their authors in the coming decade? For that matter what will all the world demand for its reading? Sitting in the observation car of a well-quipped train, rushing through the middle west, I looked upon a smiling, goodly country as it rapidly receded. I knew that an equally desirable country, perhaps a better one, was just as rapidly being entered by this modern alace of land locomotion.

All about was movement. The clouds overhead were driving before the wind. Nothing as static. And here a train-load of passengers as being hurried to a new and different World's Fair, styled a "Century of Progress." Taking our cue from some of the exhibits at the Chicago Fair, the Gutenberg press and hers of older origin, let us recall the literature of earlier centuries. It was heroic, idealistic; again religious or spiritual, according to a viewpoint and attainments of man. In Alexandria a great building was given up to literary advancement, and the maintenance of vast library. Literature, to a large extent, had to do with the Gods. In other eras, people and literature became avowedly degenerate.

For many years in England, France and other countries writers, poets, bards went about in sort of ecstasy, reciting their lines, phrases and sonnets. In the Elizabethan period, literature, to an extent, was a pretty thing. A gentleman must needs be able to write a sonnet to his lady or pencil pretty lines to her eyebrow. In other times Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and others uplifted literature and kept it from bellying itself.

There has been a great literature of war, but it is no longer glorious. There was a literature of chivalry, of the Crusaders. But he who is chivalrous no longer rides forth in mailed armor, carrying his lady's glove in a velvet gauntlet; rather does he charge the foes of mental and moral enlightenment, himself striving with mind and soul to achieve a higher plane of living.

Today a drastic change is coming over the literature of America. Great and revolutionary differences have been experienced in the past a lesser variations from time to time. There can be a static condition in literature. At this moment we are confronted with a literature of science that shall agree approximately with the religious literature of the hour. The youth of today are iconoclasts; but wherever they break images or tear down, they set up a more beautiful statuary and build a higher

devotion—higher and loftier because more true to science, reality and fact.

For reasons that are perhaps hard to identify, Youth has become weary of hypocrisy. It wants approximate truth, even if interspersed with jazz and ballyhoo. And Youth wants justice, brotherhood and a reasonably fair division of the good, material things of earth. As men turned from the Olympian and other gods of Greece and Rome, so today Youth is turning from the gods of pretense and superstition. It says that it does not believe in the gloom of the Scriptures; that the Nazarene wasn't a very sorrowful man, but that he went singing down the old Jerusalem highway and the people shouted and scattered flowers and green branches.

Here is the door that has opened to our new literature. Why has Youth sought the door? No doubt the twenty million, dead from bullets, cannon, starvation, disease and heartbreak of the World War urged Youth on. You can not kill such a vast army of men and fail to change the course of the world. Hate heats to white heat and, thus heated, the metal easily bends. Nations having hated thus and bended thus, are now reforming as more truly expressive of the people and the peoples' justice. The new literature is telling the world that rulers of nations and lords of finance had better not manipulate and juggle and show their greed as they have in the past. It isn't going to be safe.

Thus this literature is based on justice and frankness, justice in human relations and frankness in human conduct—and no man and no law to say: "you shall not," unless to outright crime. But this change to a literature of justice, of brotherhood, of fair dealing on the part of the rich and on the part of the rulers, is not the greatest change that is coming over creative expression. The greatest change, the most drastic and revolutionary change is the realization of the mental and spiritual birthright of man. It is only the grasping of the fact of the continuity of life that serves to make men honest and just. The vague and comparatively unimportant, platitudinous statements of religions and creeds have not made men honest to any major extent. They have often induced hypocrisy and fostered war and degeneracy. The literature that has been attendant upon the irrational promises of priesthood has not been a literature to inspire and command admiration to any lasting degree. To be sure any faith or creed that but repeats the sayings and recites the deeds of the Master of Nazareth, or of other Christs who have come to earth, has the

respect of humanity and accomplishes no little good. Thus has the world indorsed and upheld religion, and literature has half-heartedly espoused the generalities of orthodoxy.

NOW has come into the world-arena the virile, young gladiator, Psychic Unfoldment. Millions of human beings have heard the answer to the age-old question: "if a man die shall he live again?". This proof, this realization of the life beyond, is not a renaissance of piety, not at all. There was far too much piety in the world under the old order, hypocritical piety. As a matter of fact, piety is decreasing amongst men and it is well that this is so. The world needs truth, facts not piety; truths and facts concerning immortality and the life beyond, that are as usual, simple, believable as sunshine, as the wind on our faces or the earth under our feet. Literature today is contemplating these things in terms of reason and of naturalness. Man should look at truth and facts, not piously but calmly, as a part of himself and a part of natural law.

Psychic truth is the greatest unfoldment of truth the world knows. It demonstrates that this earth is but a school room where human beings stay as children to learn for a brief time—then pass on to a life of infinitely greater scope. The evidence of the psychic, a million times proved to be true, has not only regenerated and reformed the spiritual life of men, but it has made a changed literature. The power of it, the glory of it, the joy of it have crept into the writings of the day. It is particularly apparent in poetry. It has invaded the drama, and cinema and legitimate plays could be cited to illustrate. Whereas subjects of drama were, comparatively a short time ago, almost exhausted—today a vast field of psychic and illuminated truth stretches before the artist and the producer, the creative writer and the dramatist. How shall writers be limited and circumscribed when psychic truth has presented new universes to explore!

Literature is becoming psychic. Disbelieve it if you insist, scoff at it if you must, nevertheless it is true that literature is becoming psychic. Having learned some of the truths of the psychic, readers want it in their literature. And what millions of people want, that they will have. And that which is true will last. The youth of today, who will be the serious readers of tomorrow, want what is true, even if they do effect jazz and ballyhoo for a time.

But, some one asks, "just what is the psychic, what does it mean?" It certainly does not pertain to mere animal life, to the physical or the lower soul. It is mental, spiritual, a power that has opened the gates to the beyond so that men today know that continuity of life is true, that the soul of man is immortal. Today science and religion, out-traveling, have come to a point of convergence. Science has separated matter into the molecule, the molecule has

been divided and the electron discovered. But recently some of these electrons have been denominated positrons, because they differ in being free, positive electrons. They are the stuff of which electricity, light and even life itself are supposed to be made. And what is the substance underlying electrons and positrons? Probably it is energy and energy, in all probability, is an attribute of spirit.

It must not be concluded, however, that matter has been or can be annihilated. Nothing in all God's universe can be annihilated—it may be changed to a grosser or to a more subtle form, but not destroyed. Nevertheless science has reached a point where it cannot dissect matter any further. Matter has become something in its analysis, akin to spirit.

Science must turn to faith, as its next step—it has done so to an appreciable extent already. Religion stands here at the meeting point, with hand outstretched. But the psychical is nearer to the understanding of science. The psychical has something to demonstrate, something to prove, and science likes the provable. Faith, entertained for a due period, results in belief. And there is little difference between belief and knowledge, except that belief must be demonstrated over and over again—then it becomes knowledge, or contacts knowledge. Here at the common meeting point of science and religion stands the psychic with its proof upon proof to open the eyes of the believer, that he may contact knowledge.

LET authors then become alive to the demands of the hour for a new literature. The great, dazzling adventure through the gates of the psychic is imminent. If some writers will not embark upon that adventure, others will. They will write what the people demand for their reading. A great part of the world-readers today are awakened psychically.

Robert Browning wrote:
"I stand on my attainment,
This of verse alone, one life allows me:
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives God willing—"

And Elizabeth Barrett said:
"Beloved, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born."

And so, specialization for many, in the psychic, and work hand-in-hand with constructive love, are the keys that open the doors to our coming literature and the great adventure of ennobling mankind.

The unruined viewpoint of mind, the demand for truth no matter where or how it may be discovered, the wisdom and the humility that are necessary in abandoning old ruts of mind—all these science has shown the world. It has been a great achievement of intellect and heart. Who can say that religion has done

half so well in a spirit of tolerance? Science has demanded that truth be uncovered, no matter what the cost or how great the stripping from humanity its baubles and superstitions. In giving the world physical ease, intellectual advancement and luxuries that our forefathers knew nothing of, science has but written the prelude to the great work of psychical unfoldment that it is now about to undertake—the discovering to humanity of the major portion of life, that greater world with its unnumbered inhabitants that is all about us.

And here the creative writer will keep pace with the scientist and religionist. His spirit and power and sincerity will be alive for the great adventure, keen to discover and report the truth, to weave it into story, poem, drama and history. The writer will welcome new ideas, he will think new thoughts and relay to a world that is hungered. His slogan could well be taken from the Psalms:

"He hath put a new song in my mouth—"
One of the writer's greatest assets will be expectancy, not only of success but of that elusive something which is often just beyond and which assures us of spiritual revelation.

We do not overlook the themes of human love and passion; of adventure, discovery and conquest; or of invention, statecraft and noble sacrifice. These and other well-known themes

have long been dominant and undoubtedly will continue to be popular subjects for creative literature. But as for the first, there is greater love than human passion. Psychism deals with this greater love. As for adventure conquest and discovery, we recall that one man, an American, flew his airship over the North Pole, and then steering for Antarctica, he wrapped the Stars and Stripes about a storm and dropped the loved emblem on the exact spot of the South Pole.

There isn't much of a field left on this old earth. There is the bottom of the sea, to be sure, and the center of the earth. The physical empire is about to yield up its secrets. But be not too sure that these places will not be explored psychically and their conditions accurately reported to mankind.

To the memories of the past, the deeds of the great, to the crusaders, the vikings, the conquistadores, the navigators, trail-blazers and explorers, the argonauts, to the covered wagon, argosy, the galleon—to all of these visions. They have lived their day, served the purpose under God's Natural Law. They will never die; but the world moves on!

A new era is dawning, a new and mighty adventure is at hand. The psychic door swinging open to the major part of Life, that Life that is without end.

War Shadows

(Continued from Page 118)

lower. During the night it rained—in our exhausted condition we were oblivious to the downpour—and the lower end of the hole where I bunked was literally inundated. Following the rainfall the temperature dropped. When Lin awoke next morning he found me lying in water, paralyzed with the cold, and unable to move. After a long siege of rubbing he finally brought back my circulation and revived me sufficiently so that I could walk again. Had I been alone I never would have arisen.

Another night five of us, cut off from our platoon by the attacking German forces, took refuge in a convenient hole to escape the hot fire of artillery. When the heat of the barrage had passed we crawled out to find our way back into our own lines. We had gone but a few hundred yards when I discovered one of my gloves missing.

Instructing my four companions to go ahead, I hurried back to the shell hole we had occupied, intending to overtake them in the course of several minutes. I found the glove immediately and started after my comrades, who still were within sight.

The scream of flying shells constantly split the night air. So accustomed were we to the moan of heavy projectiles as they whizzed over our heads, we had ceased to pay attention to

them. Less than fifty yards separated me from my four buddies. I could plainly make out the four distinct figures now as they plodded along. A deafening roar—a blaze of blinding light—the sensation of being thrown by giant hands and shaken to the very marrow of my bones was the instantaneous image that was impressed upon my brain. So indelible was that picture it will never dim with the years.

In a daze I shook the loose dirt from my face and crawled to my feet. On the spot where my four comrades had stood there was nothing—nothing but another shell hole. I looked at the glove I had just recovered and walked on.

The flyers, both of the Allies and the Central Powers, were plucky fellows. They knew before they left the ground that their chance of returning were slim, for without parachute a wrecked ship meant death. Too many times have I seen these daring young fellows leap unhesitatingly from their burning planes rather than go down in a mass of flames.

Contrary to common belief, discipline in the trenches wasn't as severe as in the training camps. After several weeks at the front I felt less patriotic and heroic than when I marched through city streets with bands playing.

Read Farther on Page 127

The Unexpected

By ONA M. ROUNDS

DINNER was announced. The men gathered for the occasion, continuing conversations already begun, moved slowly from the well-appointed club room to the banquet hall at the farther end of the spacious corridor. It was a distinguished assemblage made up of political, social, and business leaders, including representatives of foreign countries and delegates to an international parley recently closed. From the grave faces and dignified bearing it would have been difficult to designate any one man more important than another.

An American newspaper man, still young for the responsibilities that had been given him, brought up the rear and found great interest in listening to the snatches of conversation that drifted back. There were several in the group with whom he planned a word, and hoped the arrangement at the table would give him the opportunity that he wished.

Gradually the assemblage moved through the road doorway. The beautifully appointed table made a delicious appeal to the eye; then the eating began. At the last moment an unassuming Chinese gentleman came in and was seated at the end next to the American newspaper man.

Irritated beyond words, the young American saw all the bright dreams of the evening disappear into thin air. On his left was a Frenchman who spoke halting English, and on his right this quiet Chinese. Receiving only meager response from the Frenchman, he finished his cocktail in silence and listened intently for certain remarks that might be heard above the general hum of conversation. Since he was by nature genial and friendly, he turned to his Chinese neighbor after the soup had been served and said in a bright tone, "Likee soup?"

A flash of a smile passed over the face of the Chinese, and he nodded assent. No further conversation seemed possible, and the young American drew a long sigh, as he glanced half-suspiciously down the long table. The dinner dragged on. The food was excellent, and the service unsurpassed, but the opportunity for a brilliant conversation was closed. Not many seats down was an Englishman he had longed to meet. He could hear interesting bits on the relations and various topics he had wished to discuss, but nothing definite enough to get the man's viewpoint. At least he could catch the well modulated English voice that was soothing to the ear though tormenting to the exasperated spirit since he could not follow the conversation.

Why had he drawn such rotten luck anyway! This banquet could have meant much to his

career, and he grated his teeth as he let his thoughts wander this way and that. That silly old rhyme kept running in his mind, "For the sake of the shoe the rider was lost. For the sake of the nail—." What rubbish! Well, anyway, he would enjoy his dinner and it might be that he could meet the ones he most wanted to see afterward and make an appointment. He weighed his companions on either side again with a glance, but there was no opportunity here; he had known that from the first.

He wondered who the main speaker of the evening would be. It was sure to be someone of importance, and, at least, no one could cheat him out of listening. He entertained himself for some little time in surmising who would be the honored guest. Finally, to his great joy, the dinner was over.

The guests turned their chairs slightly toward the master of ceremonies, and with the complacent smiles that follow a good dinner

awaited further entertainment. After a short speech or two in the manner of a welcome and for the purpose of stating the importance of the occasion, the one in charge, after a noteworthy introduction, presented a very distinguished Chinese gentleman.

To the surprise and consternation of the young American, his neighbor on the right rose and began in a voice as modulated as that of his coveted Englishman's, and in the most perfect Oxford English spoke for an hour and a half. His breadth of vision and his deep understanding of world conditions let his listeners along new lines of thought. Here was an international mind, open and fine, with no dregs of prejudice to spoil its clarity.

The young American, humiliated within at the remembrance of his remark, "Likee soup?" was carried away by the idealism and the practical application that was being given in such a scholarly manner.

When the speech was over, and the deafening and prolonged applause died away, the Chinese gentleman leaned over to his American neighbor and with an understanding smile said gently, "Likee speech?"

The Art of Jean Mannheim

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

CONDITIONS and environments have conspired to make landscape painting the dominate theme of American art, and while there is much that can be said in praise of the work of our leading genre and figure painters, yet each season fewer of these subjects appear in our salons, and to the long list of landscapists many valued names are added.

The growing demand for landscape subjects for home decoration seems destined to be the death blow to our future achievements in the art of figure painting, thus destroying the proper balance in gallery exhibitions and sacrificing the highest form of art expression—the delineation of the human form. Particularly is this true in the Southwest, where almost every day throughout the year the sunshine and the colorful landscape call the artist forth and challenge him to paint their loveliness.

In this much discussed and much painted region lies the opportunity for the figure painter to secure studies of native importance and romantic interest which cannot be rivaled by any other land on earth.

The great Southwest is destined to become the chosen shrine of American art, for here we find the rarest of combinations—a picturesque, primitive people, dwelling in pueblos which are older than our race, surrounded by landscape of natural beauty and color; all as fresh and new to the art buying public as a land just discovered.

As a rule, Eastern painters come to this section out of curiosity, with a limited amount of time at their disposal, bent on making sketches to take "back home and work up." I have seen many of these near-western paintings, and they could have been painted just as truthfully in any New England pasture land.

The Southwest must virtually produce its own interpreters in pigment, and this requires time. They must acquire a personal knowledge and a background of understanding that will reflect the true feeling of the Southwest if their canvases are to become lasting works of art. To transfer upon canvas mere lineal contours results only in a pleasing design—to apply color adds dramatic effect—yet the feeling and the spirit which spells art is absent.

Imitation is not the end of art. Technicalities will not suffice. It is the spirit of the West that distinguishes the works of her chosen few.

JEAN MANNHEIM is one of our strong Western painters who has proved the value of native material. Essentially a figure painter, this artist, inspired by the color and charm of Western landscape, has, during his twenty-odd years in Pasadena, become one of our most prolific and successful painters of out of door subjects.

Born in Krenzack, Germany, some three score years ago, Mannheim came to America as

Read Farther on Page 127

THE LITERARY WEST

BUCKAROO

EUGENE CUNNINGHAM has written another book, entitled *Buckaroo*. It has to do with the Texas Rangers in the earliest period in the Southwest when history and government were in the making. Like the Northwest Mounted Police, the Rangers of our border states and territories had the reputation of "getting their man." Vern Dederick, the hero of the tale, was a ranger with a reputation. The Governor of Texas and Captain Tandy sent him down to Ord and Paradise counties, the most corrupt and ungoverned sections of the great West at that time, with instructions to clean house and enforce the law.

How he set about it and at the very outset fell in love with 'Cilla Ord, beautiful, daring, cowgirl daughter of the Big Boss of the two counties, how he fought, dared and rode in the tangled bosque between the Southwestern mountains and the Rio Grande, and how he finished—this makes up one of the most genuinely intriguing stories ever written.

We who read and love tales of adventure, of heroism, bravery and conquest, expect our heroes to be true to form. They were in real life, Crockett, Houston, Fremont, Custer, the pioneers of the long trail and the covered wagon. These men were consistently brave and daring. And so it is with the Rangers in this *Buckaroo* story. But there is another aspect of bravery and daring to be considered. The average bad man of the real West

was also brave, as well as consistent and purposeful. So, too, were the pioneer women.

Thus we find 'Cilla Ord, the heroine, remaining loyal to the end almost to her villainous lover, the Snake. Even when disillusioned she held on. And the Snake, thief, debauchee, murderer, came back to his home range at the end, though he knew the end meant death, for the showdown with Vern Dederick and the Rangers.

Here is a book created by its author in the spirit of true art.

BUCKAROO, by Eugene Cunningham.
Houghton Mifflin Company.

BEN FIELD.

PETER LASSEN'S MONUMENTS

MOST Californians know that Mount Lassen is notable for the only volcanic activity within the borders of the United States in many centuries. Many can tell you that those eruptions occurred in 1914-15, and that there may have been eruptions two hundred years earlier, with terrific activity in bygone ages. Some people can tell you that Mount Lassen belongs not to the Sierra Nevada but to The Cascades, forming the southernmost point of that great range to which belong Mount Shasta in California and Hood in Oregon and Rainier and St. Helens in Washington.

But who knows anything of the historic trail blazed across the mountains in 1849? Who knows in his memory are unprotected from cattle in the

edge of the meadow in which they stand?

At the gate of the pasture the Native Daughters have placed a marker "Trails of '49."

"Burial place of Peter Lassen who blazed historic trail in 1859. Born 1800. Died 1859."

Passing two large unmarked cement grave copings, one comes at a short distance from the gate to two monuments. The old monument, seven or eight feet in height, of cement, bears the symbols of the orders of both the Masons and the Odd Fellows, with this inscription:

"In memory of Peter Lassen who was killed by the Indians April 26, 1859." (He was killed in the Pinte War.)

The new monument, standing only a few feet from the old is a black marble obelisk, ten feet in height, bearing this inscription:

"Erected by the people of the northern counties of California."

The immense yellow pine, ten feet in diameter over the two monuments makes the spot attractive. All that is needed is an appropriate fencing that would include the two monuments, the two unnamed graves, the great yellow pine, and a number of other pines. Visitors could then enter the gate without annoyance from the cattle in the meadow.

Now that California is erecting monuments to its pioneers, it is most regrettable that those already erected should be permitted to fall to decay. I would be well to have the cement monument protected from the weather, as it is rapidly disintegrating. This evidently belongs to an early stage of interest in the past on this Coast, and as such should be preserved.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

On your way to Chicago

to the

*Century of Progress
Exposition...*

Stop in St. Louis

**A modern American city... rich in historic lore...
19 miles of river front... sixty-five city parks...
world-famous zoo... Shaw Botanical Gardens...
art galleries. Many other points of great interest...
the world-renowned Lindbergh trophies exhibit and Municipal Opera, worth the visit alone.**

**Directly on your route to Chicago from the South,
Southwest and Southeast.**

**At The American and American Annex Hotels you
will find an air of hospitality and the utmost consideration
for your comfort, meals that are the talk of experienced travelers everywhere. Special diet
menu for those who need it (sent free on request)
and prices that are surprisingly low.**

Rates from
\$1.50

**THE AMERICAN HOTEL
THE AMERICAN ANNEX**
"On the Plaza"

Market at 6th and 7th

St. Louis, Mo.

LIGHTS ALONG THE ROAD

JACK GREENBURG, Los Angeles well-known attorney and writer, has another recent book to his credit. This is a volume of poems und titled "Lights Along the Road," published by Hemi Harrison. In the ninety-three pages of the book there are as many poems, included in six sections.

Mr. Greenburg is a versatile writer, choosing his themes from widely divergent angles. But through out his lines there runs the quality of human understanding and appreciation. His word pictures stand out in clear relief. In "Live While You May," he says:

"Beauty will not feed on bleak Decembers
Nor rapture paint its scenes in ashen grey."

"Time, the Witch," contains some splendid lines
"Time sits, a witch beside the passing throng
One never knows just what her whim might be
When she will shove a marcher out of line"

Another poem entitled "Recapitulation" begins thus:

"Who says we cannot feed the longing flame
With things that have been buried long ago?
A smile, a sigh, a word, a speck of shame,
A reborn thought can make the fires glow:
And often, when the heart is sad and cold,
I light the grate of memory and let
The deadwood chips will all their bits of mold
Become the cherished ashes of fond regret."

Many of these poems have appeared in the standard magazines. The book is artistically bound in blue cloth and has an attractive jacket. It may be had of the publisher for \$2.00, or for \$1.50 if ordered of the author direct, who may be reached through this magazine.

A. H. C.

War Shadows

(Continued from Page 124)

in the ground like tired animals. One night after an exceptionally gruelling day, the men lay sprawled out as if unconscious. I was roused and given the order to awaken the men under my command. Sleepy-eyed and red, I surveyed the huddle of humanity round me. Dead men they seemed. I went round shaking them one by one—and over half of them were dead!

December was fast coming to a close. We'll be in hell or Hoboken by Christmas," was the encouraging word which had been passed around some weeks before; but some

of us were in hell and none of us in Hoboken. Eleven months of mud—swollen trench feet—screaming shells—terrible nights when we slept in our gas masks—slowly crept by before we saw the Lady of Liberty in New York Harbor.

AS MY friend again relaxed, staring intently at the log which had just collapsed between the andirons with a few final spurts of flame, I knew that the story was ended and the "war shadows" again returned to the past.

Public Education

(Continued from Page 122)

changing conditions. A static educational system can not continue to serve society and must die. A dynamic educational program, keenly responsive to new demands of a changing social order, is essential to serve the social purposes intended for the school. The preservation of public education is absolutely dependent upon constant adaptation to meet changing conditions. It is a primary responsibility of all members of the educational profession to be alert to social changes and responsive to the needs and demands of the social order.

Public Relation.
The continued welfare of any school system dependent upon the relationship existing between the schools and the public. Those responsible for the direction of educational poli-

cies must look to the public at large for support of the educational program. It is highly important that information concerning the nature and purposes of the modern educational program be understood by all citizens. Since public education is the largest single undertaking of a state, it is natural that citizens should be particularly and intimately concerned with its conduct.

The progress of society depends upon the institution of public education. The preservation of public education is dependent upon a dynamic program of improvement. The methods of improvement just discussed are offered as constructive suggestions for dynamic improvement and thus for the preservation of public education.

Jean Mannheim

(Continued from Page 125)

young man, after a thorough academic training in art under the foremost teachers of his native country and France. Successful as a portraitist and instructor in the East, he returned to London and associated himself with Frank Pinkwynn. Later he came to the United States, teaching and painting in Chicago, Decatur and Denver. California lured him West and he has spent the better part of his life here, painting not only figure and genre subjects but becoming highly proficient as a painter of Southwestern landscapes.

A member of a number of leading art clubs and associations, and an honored exhibitor in the Paris Salon, and other national galleries, Mannheim prefers to paint pictures to please himself and his fellow-craftsmen, and to remain quietly in his picturesque studio, on the wooded banks of the Arroyo in Pasadena—allowing his

friends and admirers to seek him, rather than holding public exhibitions with the attending publicity and social demands.

As a painter, Jean Mannheim fights for the best traditions of his art, refusing to be swept off his feet by so-called modernism, which he characterizes as a passing fad. His work, while often sketchy, is distinguished by a sturdy honesty, and a richness of color which makes for decorative qualities. A painstaking draftsman, Mannheim's figure studies are always broadly handled and striking in their freedom and virility.

He is one of very few Western painters who has never completely sacrificed figure painting to the lure of the out-of-doors, and his portraits, figure compositions and intimate genres are an invaluable contribution to the art of the Southwest.

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



MOST CONVENIENT Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable Bindings for All Purposes

Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings for Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made Permanent for Ready Reference

EARLE A. GRAY
1220 MAPLE AVENUE
Los Angeles, California
Telephone PRospect 0396

CORRECTION

On Page 108 of our August issue, the poem "In California" is without authorship. We acknowledge the error and regret the omission. This excellent poem is from the pen of Dr. Carl Holliday, State Teachers' College, San Jose, California.

No Traffic Tags For You!

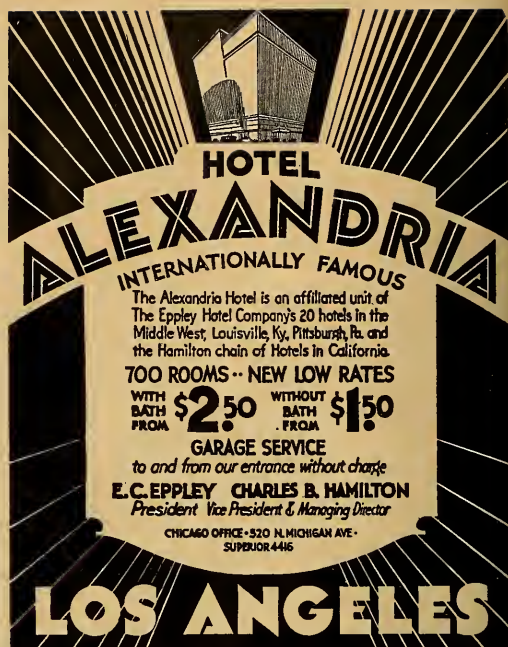
RUN your car into Olympic's drive - in garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny,—sound-proof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

Today's Rates are Most Moderate

Single, \$2.00 - \$2.50 Double, \$3 - \$3.50

Coffee Shop and
Dining Room
Breakfast
25c - 35c
Lunch, 40c
Famous Steak or
Chicken Dinner
50c

**NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC**
230 EDDY ST • SAN FRANCISCO



**HOTEL
ALEXANDRIA**
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of The Eppley Hotel Company's 20 hotels in the Middle West, Louisville, Ky, Pittsburgh, Pa. and the Hamilton chain of Hotels in California.

700 ROOMS -- NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM	\$2.50	WITHOUT BATH FROM	\$1.50
----------------------	---------------	-------------------------	---------------

GARAGE SERVICE
to and from our entrance without charge

E. C. EPPLEY CHARLES B. HAMILTON
President Vice President & Managing Director

CHICAGO OFFICE - 520 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
SUPERIOR 4446

LOS ANGELES

Order These Books Now!

"HUMAN CHIPS"

By BORIS V. MONOMACK

Russia is a land of mystery and glamour. "Human Chips" is a fictionalized historical recital based on fact. It tells of political and military life and of plot and intrigue resulting in death and destruction to loyal and patriotic subjects. A thrilling narrative, as interesting and compelling as a novel. Written from personal knowledge and inside information.

128 Pages - - - Price \$1.50

"The Gold of Fiddlers Gulch"

By ERNEST KLETTE

Author of "The Crimson Trail of Joaquin Murietta," etc.

The present day characters of the story are tied into the life of the early California mining days. Mystery, adventure, love, drama and comedy are meshed with history to produce a tale of human interest for young and old alike.

164 Pages - - - Price \$1.50

"RAINBOW'S END"

By ONA M. ROUNDS

The background of this book is found in the great war and in the life at home before and during the catastrophe. Not a traditional war story—the strongest indictment against war that has been written. Those who saw service on either side of the Atlantic and those who served at home will be held in interest throughout the reading.

272 Pages - - - Price \$2.50

OVERLAND-OUTWEST PUBLICATIONS
H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California

OVERLAND

Vol. 91
No. 8

MONTHLY
● and Outwest Magazine ●

October
1933

CONTENTS

Frontispiece—Bishop Rock (Etching)—Arthur Millier	130
The Thrift Activity in the Los Angeles Public Schools—A. J. Gray	131
Melody Lane	132
California Autumn	Dora E. Birchard
Montana	Clyde Say
Woman-By-The-Day	Berenice M. Rice
Sky Pilot	Arthur Truman Merrill
Since Dawn I Have Watched You—Marion Isabel Angus	
La Brea Olympics of Centuries Ago	Ben Field
California's New International Tourist Attraction—H. C. Peterson	133
Steamboat Days on the Colorado—Margaret Romer	135
The Raid—Charles Hilton	136
Schoolmasters and Scoutmasters—E. B. De Groot	137
The Cartoon's Contribution to Children—Walt Disney	138
In the Valley of the Shadow—Ernest McGaffey	139
Radio Station KGGC	140
The Literary West	141
Statement of Ownership	142

Founded in
1868



By Francis
Bret Harte

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year

25c per copy

OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS



Bishop Rock, Most Conspicuous of What Are Known as the Andean Peaks Lying Along the California Coast from San Luis Obispo to Morro Bay. The Etching Is by Arthur Millier, who Is Widely Known for His Etched Interpretations of California Farms and Coast Scenes.

Thrift Activity In Los Angeles Public Schools

By A. J. GRAY

Director, Los Angeles City and County School Savings Association

STUDENTS of the Los Angeles city and county public school districts are learning the paramount lesson of values in addition to the "three R's" through the medium of school and classroom thrift activities, sponsored by the Los Angeles City and County School Savings Association.

The member banks of the School Savings Association comprise 97 per cent of the banking establishments of Los Angeles, and for twelve years this group of civic-minded institutions has co-operated with the boards of education, school administrators and teachers in perfecting the school thrift program to such a high

degree that the results on September 30, 1933, showed 66,727 active school savings accounts having \$1,568,101.07 on deposit for an average of \$23.50 per pupil.

The banks are serving a commendable purpose and serving it well, with principal and teacher co-operation, by establishing in the fertile young minds a solid foundation for thrift practices. They are starting the young folks of the city on the road to financial independence by instructing them in the ways of the growing school savings bank account.

In the Los Angeles schools the classroom thrift program includes the saving of time and energy, punctuality and at-

tendance, care and respect for public and private property.

The general public is unfamiliar with an expenditure of \$116,546 annually for small supplies for classroom use. This year all school students are adopting the N.R.A. slogan, "We Do Our Part," by demonstrating real co-operation with the board of education purchasing clerks through the thrifty use of the aforementioned school supplies that cost the school district such a large sum of money.

The writer received the following itemized list of requirements for the present school year from Mr. Harry N. Haight, stock accountant of the Board of Education Business Department:

<i>Item</i>	<i>Amount Required</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>Item</i>	<i>Amount Required</i>	<i>Cost</i>
Blotters (Desk)	51,181	\$857.00	Paper, Crepe, folds	31,616	1,412.00
Blotters (Small)	196,869	98.00	Paper, News, pounds	506,937	11,166.00
Board, Bristol, sheets.....	175,818	3,298.00	Paper, Penmanship, sheets	12,250,500	10,256.00
Brushes, Art	38,525	2,311.00	Paper, Screenings, sheets	1,162,208	1,195.00
Calcimine, pounds	25,141	4,363.00	Pencils	1,440,000	15,724.00
Chalk, sticks	1,603,440	2,580.00	Pens, Eagle No. 740	1,144,656	2,910.00
Crayons, sticks	2,613,944	14,270.00	Pointers	454	50.00
Dry Colors, 1/4-pound packages..	1,004	288.00	Rulers	32,167	1,176.00
Envelopes	1,262,393	2,134.00	Soap (Liquid) gallons	16,569	2,315.00
Erasers	175,680	2,152.00	Towels (Paper)	82,140,000	26,720.00
Holders, Pen	108,534	1,255.00	Water Color Refills	1,688,004	6,205.00
Paper, Bogus, reams	1,284	1,710.00			
Paper, Cover, sheets	175,746	2,101.00			
			Total Cost		\$116,546.00

The great aim and scope of the public schools today is to prepare its students for usefulness in life and to make them accepted citizens. There is nothing that will be of more paramount value to them than to know how to save and take care of their resources, as well as to know how to spend them judiciously.

The member banks of the Los Angeles City and County School Savings Association are as follows: Bank of America

National Trust & Savings Association, California Bank, Citizens National Trust & Savings Bank, Hyde Park Branch of Inglewood, Seaboard National Bank, Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, Union Bank & Trust Company, Bank of San Pedro, Bank of Inglewood, Beverly Hills National Bank & Trust Company, Burbank State Bank, Compton National Bank, Farmers & Merchants Bank of Gardena, Farmers & Merchants

Bank of Watts, and the First National Bank of Torrance.

The executive officers of the Association are: W. C. Neary, Assistant Vice-President, Union Bank & Trust Company, President; Russell M. MacLennan, Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, Vice-President; Horace Dunbar, Vice-President, Citizens National Trust & Savings Bank, Secretary-Treasurer; Avery J. Gray, Director.

Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted
Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office
at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879
Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street
This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, DEPARTMENT EDITOR

CALIFORNIA AUTUMN

By DORA E. BIRCHARD

IT'S spring! It's spring in Berkeley!
The calendar's a lie!
For California grass is green,
And San Francisco Bay's a sheen
Of blue to meet the sky.

The little fluttering breezes
That lightly stir my hair,
Are murmuring of blossoming,
And all the wistful thoughts of spring
Are in the sweet warm air.
"October," says the calendar,
But the leaves are high and green,
And sunlight is so golden-clear—
No, Winter cannot find us here
Where Spring brings Hallowe'en.

MONTANA

By CLYDE SAY

WIND-BLOWN state
Of the high and the free,
Open your arms and welcome me.

Cool my brain with a lover's touch;
Stroke my hair, and lessen the pain
Of burning thought with a sprinkle of rain.

Wrap me in blankets
"Till the shower goes by
And stars grow bright in the darkening sky.

Then come to my side
And whisper 'till dawn
Of the coolness you leave when passion is
gone.

WOMAN-BY-THE-DAY

By BERENICE M. RICE

KNEEL, woman, with brush in your hand
And pray you for cleanliness.
Shining white altar with candles of silver.
(Those spigots need polish.)

Hyacinths blue in the window
Belong to the mantle of Mary.
Tell your beads, woman, tell your beads;
Plates, cups, saucers, forever and ever,
Amen.

Kneel, woman, and make your confession,
It is a sin to be poor, now confess it;
The loaf, woman, "This is my Body,"
Your children need Bread.

SKY PILOT

Tanka—Sequence

By ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

HIS soul shall construe
Astral spaces, and his heart
Young laughter of moons.
And through delphinium blue
Courage alone be his chart.

His sky-bound fancies
Trace rarefied atmosphere,
Hand firm on the prow,
Eyes keen for derelict sphere,—
Godhead sets light on his brow.

SINCE DAWN I HAVE WATCHED YOU

By MARION ISABEL ANGUS

SINCE dawn I have watched you,
Heavily sleeping and quite lost to me
In those dim, mystic worlds
That lie 'twixt Life and Death.
The white irises glimmer like
Pale moonstones, caught beneath the tall fir
trees
That stand against the greying light,
As sharp, black paper-silhouettes.

Since first the drowsy queries of the birds
Had startled me to wakefulness,
I have lain here and worshipped you,
And gazed adoringly
At your tenderly carved mouth,—
My passion and my pain.

Your strong breasts rise and fall
As you breathe quietly
Till I am torn with longing and arise
And go to my windows.
The aphrodisiac, salt-laden wind
Blows in across the sea
And I am tortured by your sleeping non-
chalance.

Ah! I can hear faint stirring sounds
As your eyes quiver in awakening.

LA BREA OLYMPICS OF CENTURIES AGO

By BEN FIELD

A DEEP asphaltum pit in a fair sward
Of valley, flowered and grassed,
Where the tusked dinother, floundering death-
ward,
Spectacularly passed.

The lion leaped, his mane, his vibrant tail
And mighty head upshot,
And, saber-toothed, the tiger in his mail
Menaced with each dark spot.

An Indian maid's awakened, daring heart
Was stirred with clear lark song,
While mating whispers drew her off apart
From the fighting, tribal throng.

Her brave had left to make the hunter's test
And win her for his tent;
But drought and Indian bands that roamed the
West
Foiled him, like arrow spent.

Tsiwata looked with fluttering heart yet cool,
Seeing the tiger leap
Upon a struggling deer within the pool,
And then her fear asleep

Surged up at thundering roar and the lion's
spring;
But as the asphalt sucked
Them down, the deer, the tiger and the king
Of beasts, she quickly plucked

Her red-dyed scarf from off her rounded breasts
And ran to where the beasts
Thrashed powerful flanks and hugged their
sticky nests,
Defrauded of their feasts.

A sycamore bent low its milk-white limb
And unto this she tied
Her scarf. The tiger's paws were near and him
She bound with surging pride.

Calmly her salvage work she then surveyed,
When from the bank hallooed
Her Indian brave, back from his hunt dis-
mayed—
"Twas nought his prowess showed.

"O, Red Wolf, shoot the tiger through the
heart,
Then pull him out and clean
His skin from tar and pitch with all the art
You've learned or ever seen!"

"Tsiwata, you are head and hands and eyes!
Of all the Indian maids
You are the fairest one beneath the skies.
Your eyes are lights and shades

Of sun and moon and stars and running
streams!

No more a coyote's whelp,
Red Wolf will be the chief he's dreamed in
dreams,
With your strong heart to help!"

California's New International Tourist Attraction

By H. C. PETERSON

Curator, Sutter's Fort Historical Museum

AT LAST the historic attractions of the old California gold diggings have come into their own. The glamour and the glory of the old Forty Niners' stamping ground has just received international recognition as a tourist attraction de luxe by the world's greatest and oldest tourist organization—Thos. Cook & Son—Wagon Lits, of London, a company organized seven years before James Marshall discovered that first flake of gold at Colma.

No longer is the Mother Lode and its wealth of romance just "back country" to Central California. Now it ranks with the other great historic and scenic tours of the five great continents.

The first pioneering Cook's tour will become a historic trip—to the people who took it, to the people who swarmed out to welcome us in each old mining town, and historic to the thousands of other tourists who, in years to come, will travel over the same ground.

The first personally conducted Cook's Tour through the old Northern Mines left San Francisco the morning of September 2, by the river road, twenty-seven people in a new Grey Line sightseeing stage.

The party followed along the bank of the Sacramento River, covering in three hours the distance it took Capt. Sutter four weeks to make in 1839, on his first trip to establish his fort at the junction of the American River. Immense fields of asparagus, of sugar beets, great orchards and vast miles of grain fields now replace the tall marsh grass and the thousands of wild elk, deer, antelope and immense flocks of pelicans that covered the land on each side of the river when Sutter sailed its waters in 1839.

The real tour began at Sacramento. I met the party at the Gold Rush Room in the Hotel Sacramento, probably by far the most unique dining room on the Pacific Coast. It is a replica of a Forty-Nine mining camp, each building a reproduction of some old store or cabin still in the diggings and each building made from old '49 lumber brought from over 100 miles far up in the Sierras of El Dorado County. Ten giant cedar trees with their foliage hold up the ceiling. A more appropriate place from which to begin a '49 trip could scarcely be conceived.

Wesley Wilson, representative of Cook & Son's San Francisco office, had but a tentative schedule. No sightseeing stage had ever been over a good part of the roads we were to

traverse. It was literally a pioneering trip.

A half block walk from the Gold Rush brought us to the State Capitol with its magnificent park. Then a look at some of the historic buildings in the lower end of town where the first transcontinental railroad started in 1863; the Embarcadero, over which passed \$455,000,000 in gold dust during the height of the mining excitement; past the old fire house where Edwin Booth took his daily siesta; a glimpse of the little stone building where the great D. O. Mills Bank started; and a score or more other pioneer establishments.

A turn to the left and we go out I Street, over the first highway constructed between the Missouri frontier and San Francisco Bay, to historic Sutter's Fort; the first white man's habitation erected in Central California in 1839. An hour is spent looking over its rare collections of Forty-Nine relics, costumes, documents and paintings.

The story of the California Gold Rush and the Days of '49 is never old. The so-called "Bret Harte Country"—the Mother Lode of the Sierras, is replete with interest and sentiment. Mr. Peterson has given us a characteristic picture of the region today and tells entertainingly of the past. Our people will, let us hope, take advantage of opportunities offered to visit the alluring spots so graphically described herein.

ALL aboard for the gold diggings," came the call from Dick Thomas, our stage driver. What a contrast in his stage and the three Concord stages they had just been looking at! His stage, luxuriously seating twenty-seven people, the Concord but twelve very uncomfortably.

Through Roseville, past the yawning granite pits of Rocklin, on to "lower town" Auburn, one of the richest of early gold camps. Narrow, crooked streets, flanked on each side by weathered stone and brick buildings of the old mining days contrast strikingly with "upper town" Auburn, a modern city.

Through miles of ever verdant pines, past old mining sites, prospector's holes and modern mining plants we sped to Grass Valley. Here Jack Wolff, with his radio artist wife, Beth, joined the party. Jack Wolff knows his Mother

Lode, he has covered 60,000 miles in his district the past few years, and for every thousand, he has written up an interesting historical story.

Under his guidance we saw Grass Valley the richest mining town in America, with its streets winding in and out, up and down, stone buildings still retaining the strong overhanging sidewalk porches; its China Town unspoiled, its hospitality as cordial as it was when Lola Montez and Lotta Crabtree lived there. It was open house to Jack and his guests. We went through Lola's place, into her wine cellar, 'twas empty! saw the tree to which she chained her tame bear, and the stable which housed her riding horse. Lola, the pet of Kings, the pawn of fate, the most notorious adventuress of her period, spent her most tempestuous years in this house, beloved by men, envied by women.

From romance to reality we went. First to Gold Hill, where George Knight, in 1850, made his first discovery of gold bearing quartz, the beginning of deep gold mining in California. A granite monument marks the spot today. A short distance further on is the famous Empire Mine, the largest and deepest on the Pacific slope. During its 83 years of existence it has produced over \$40,000,000 in gold from its 190 miles of underground workings. The two incline tunnels are 9,200 feet in length, dropping from an elevation of 2,400 feet above sea level to 1,500 feet below high tide. Hundreds of miners descend to the depths every day, where 44 mules haul the ore cars. A ton of dynamite is used and 3,600,000 gallons of water pumped to the surface every 24 hours; 40,000 feet of strong steel cable hauls up the ore cars; 80 steel crushing stamps, weighing all told 61 tons, crush the quartz ore to powder. The amalgam tables have, from 1850 to 1925, produced enough gold to make a solid gold brick 10 feet long, 4 feet 3 inches wide and 3 feet 3 inches high, or 70.6 tons of pure gold.

When our group heard all this they realized that they were in the presence of a real California gold mine.

In succession we were shown other active mines; the birthplace of Josiah Royce, famous Harvard teacher and philosopher; the old Chinese Joss House; the early convent, and dozens of other interesting places.

Then to the Bret Harte Inn for dinner, a reception in the hotel lobby, songs and music, finishing the evening with a walk through the busy streets.

Sunrise Sunday morning found us up taking photographs, looking for stray nuggets.

WE SCRAMBLED into the stage at eight o'clock and realized again that ours was no ordinary sightseeing party—for Raymond Cato, Chief of the California State Traffic Department, had assigned traffic officer George

Hammill to escort us to Downieville. Those mountain people were determined to leave nothing undone to make that trip safe and enjoyable.

Three miles to Town Talk; another mile and we were in Nevada City, a place unique with its meandering, crooked streets, radiating out, up and down, in all directions. We visited the Assay Shop wherein the first assay was made of the ore that resulted in over \$1,000,000,000 worth of like ore being taken from the famous Comstock Lode of Nevada.

Up the hill, over the summit and we gripped the sides of our chairs as we saw on our left the deep rocky gorge of the South Fork of the Yuba, the river far below looking like a slender thread of silver. The road is but a succession of thrilling curves to the bottom—and what a sight of relief went up from that stage when we crossed the bridge. The other side was just as steep, but we now had confidence in our driver.

Up on the San Juan Ridge, past the old ghost town of Sweetland, with its old pioneer frame buildings that would drive an artist into ecstasies, on to North San Juan, for years the center of the greatest hydraulic mining in the world. The whole town was out to meet us, to show us their old buildings, brick, rock and lumber. We were beginning to realize that no two Forty-Nine towns were alike, each had its own individuality. We were shown a gash in the mountains hundreds of feet deep, half a mile wide, and seven miles long, a tribute to the terrific power of the hydraulic nozzle.

North San Juan was the headquarters of the Ridge Telephone Company, and we were shown the phone line, still in use, operated in 1878, two years after the invention of the telephone by Alexander Bell. This line was 60 miles long, and was the first long distance phone line in the world. The original square cedar poles, old dark blue insulators and iron wire, still do duty as of yore.

Another chasm, across the Middle Fork of the Yuba, up to the summit again, then Camp-tonville. W. B. Meek's store porch was crowded with people waiting for us. Bill, for he is "Bill" to all of us, is an old time stage driver, full of good stories, good cheer and hospitality. He pulled open the stage door, and welcomed us with "Everybody out, the drinks are on the house. Don't be alarmed ladies, only soft drinks." The invitation was so hearty, so cordial that none of us will ever forget Camp-tonville, the home of the original Pelton Water Wheel. A granite monument marks the spot where the first little cupped waterwheel was made by Pelton to run a sewing machine. From this small wheel evolved the present gigantic steam turbines of the new S. S. Normandie, generating over 200,000 horsepower.

Sleighville House, Nigger Tent, Mountain House, the Joubert Hydraulic Mine, now running, and we were on the Depot Hill grade,

a breath-taking ride that made you wonder if you had paid the last premium on your life insurance. It was thrilling, awe-inspiring.

A fiddler crossed a creek on a log in the '50's, dropped his fiddle in the water, so we crossed Fiddler's Creek before we reached historic Goodyears Bar, where the red shirted miners mined out literally buckets of gold nuggets.

We turned a bend in the road—"Downieville!"

DOWNIEVILLE, the romantic Downieville the tragic, fascinating Downieville! Wolff is busy with the megaphone—"County seat of Sierra County, same court house in use since 1852. Pioneer gallows still standing in back yard ready for business, Forty-Nine Museum in oldest building in town, richest river diggings in State. Miners panned from \$100 to \$5,000 a day, gamblers staked \$10,000 on the turn of a card, still digging it out, old gold scales in use since 1852, every building different, every building a relic of the old gold rush days."

Then we swing up in front of the Court House, scene of many a turbulent trial in the old days. District Attorney MacMahon and the jailer welcomed us, showed us the historic old courtroom, posed the party on the old gallows while the photographer shot them, then crossed the once gold laden creek to the old St. Charles Hotel, through the winding streets to the '49 Museum, full of interesting relics. The whole town helped guide us around, told us early day stories, and we left them with sincere regret, four hours behind schedule, with traffic officer Andrew Ponta escorting us.

Five miles to Sierra City, the scenic climax to the Northern Mines tour. Majestic, precipitous, saw-toothed Sierra Buttes tower a mile high in its very back yard. It is a scenic marvel difficult to describe.

Learning that we were to lunch there, the Sierra City "boys" adjourned to the river that morning. As a result, in addition to great platters of chicken, Ernie Innes served us with all the mountain trout we could eat. That's the way those mountain people do things. Ernie took us up to the old Masonic Hall, showed us the picture of the only lady who ever successfully took the third degree. The story is, she "peeked," learned the secret work, so they took her in and swore her to secrecy.

A block up the street is the old Wells Fargo office, sign still there. Gerald Wickland, an official of the Wells Fargo Bank, a member of our party, spotted it first. We passed the megaphone to him and became much wiser on Wells Fargo history. This building was the headquarters for the famous E Clampus Vitus Lodge, a miners' secret society organized for fun. No drummer could sell goods in the mines until he joined. The initiation took all night, and it was terrific. A drummer's first investment after taking it was a plump feather

pillow for his buggy seat.

The sun cast long shadows from the Buttes as we pulled out for the Yuba Pass summit. Scenic beauties multiplied as we went up, up, up. Then at the summit the magnificent Sierra Valley lay two thousand feet below us, seven miles away.

Sattley, with its half dozen buildings nestled at the foot of the grade. We hadn't intended stopping there, but we did—for several hours. Motor trouble.

Blankly we looked at each other. Of all places to be laid up in! The sun had set. It was getting chilly. Yet we will all look back on the three hours we spent there as an unexpected treat. For we were among mountain people. We outnumbered them three to one, but not for long. A boy started off over the hills. Half an hour later the officer in charge of the C. C. C. camp two miles away, arrived with a score or more of his boys with various musical instruments. The full moon flooded us with its brilliance, we sang, we danced, we told stories. We acted like a lot of children—and we almost resented the call to get aboard for Lake Tahoe.

We were now out of the steep grades, so Officer Ponta waved good night, and was gone. Twenty-seven Cook's tourists will have nothing but the highest praise for Chief Cato's efficient escorts.

Through old Truckee, then mile after mile through the moonlight along the shores of Lake Tahoe, past Emerald Bay in all its romantic glory, till we landed at Globin's, with our dinner ready for us at three A. M.

UP AT seven, breakfast, down to the shores of magnificent Lake Tahoe, shimmering in the morning sun, radiant with its many hues of translucent blue.

Then aboard for Meyers and the Meyers grade. On this trip you are always doing one of two things, either going up to a summit or coming down from one. From Meyers on, we were on the old Pony Express route, on that part of the mountain trail that was ridden by nineteen-year-old Warren Upson over snow drifts thirty-two feet deep in the dead of winter, by far the most dangerous stretches rode by any Pony Express rider.

Past Strawberry's gigantic granite sentinel to Kyburz, to Riverton, Pacific House, all pony re-mount stations, to Sportsman's Hall, the end of Upson's ride. A dozen miles and the megaphone announced, "Old Hangtown."

Placerville—old Hangtown to the '49er, is a fascinating contrast of the old and the new, along winding, up-and-down Main street. The pioneer charm is still there; oak trees remind us that those early miners had a very efficient criminal code, with no appeals. A length of hempen rope and an accommodating oak limb combined to convince a bandit that he was par-

Read farther on page 137

Steamboat Days on the Colorado

By MARGARET ROMER, M.A.
(Concluded from September Issue)

IN December of 1857, Lieutenant Joseph C. Ives began an exploring expedition for the United States Government. One of his objects was to determine the natural head of navigation on the river.

Ives brought the materials from which to construct his boat, to the mouth of the river, and there the "Explorer" was built. She was 54 feet over all, not quite half the length of Johnson's "Colorado." The bow was decked, and the engine was placed amidship which was open. A 7x8 cabin was built at the stern, the top of which served as a lookout.

While Lieutenant Ives was still in preparation for his trip, Captain Johnson in the "General Jesup" went up from Yuma to Beale's Crossing to ferry Lieutenant Beale across the river on his return from a trip to California. Before meeting Beale, Captain Johnson proceeded to the head of Black Canyon, near the site of Boulder Dam, only a few weeks before Lieutenant Ives reached the spot, thus robbing the Lieutenant of being the first to reach the head of navigation. Yet it was Ives who made the first careful survey and map of the river to this point.

Lieutenant Ives gives an accurate description of his voyage in his report of the Colorado River of the West. Fort Yuma, he says, was on the west side of the river on a gravelly bar that extended with a steep bluff to the edge of the stream. A corresponding precipice was on the opposite side. These spurs formed a natural gateway, comparatively narrow, through which the river flowed just below the junction of the Gila.

The side opposite the Fort had by this time become United States territory by the Gadsden purchase and an American settlement had started there under the name of Colorado City. This "city" consisted of "a few straggling buildings chief among which are a store, blacksmith shop and tavern." A good ferry served the two communities as well as the traveler over the southern emigrant trail.

Describing the great Mojave Valley, Ives said, "A system of irrigation and an improved method of agriculture (over Indian method) could make the valley far more productive, but it is not certain that it could ever be a profitable place for white settlements. The lifting of the river bed, which, to the Indians who have a certain community of property, is a matter of little importance, would occasion serious embarrassment to settlers who had established permanent locations and improvements. The rapidity and extent of the changes in the position of the Colorado can scarcely

be imagined by one who has not witnessed them."

Yet, even with this comment, Lieutenant Ives seemed to consider the river better suited to navigation than to irrigation and recommended it as the most economical avenue of transportation.

On March 12, 1858, the "Explorer" reached the foot of Black Canyon where she was securely moored while Ives and some of his men went on in a small boat to the head of that canyon. Thence the party returned to the Mojave villages from which point the Lieutenant sent the "Explorer" back to Fort Yuma while he, joined by Lieutenant Lipton and twenty men, proceeded overland and explored the canyons of the Little Colorado and made the first visit of Americans to the famous old villages of the Moqui Indians.

Those interested in this constructive article should see the September number of this magazine for the initial installment. Therein Miss Romer tells of the discovery by the Spanish explorer, Ulloa, in 1539. Then, strangely enough, not until 1826 was it known to the English-speaking world. The Colorado River is 1700 miles in length, falls 14,000 feet in that distance, and its marvelous canyons, extremely high tides at the Gulf and its extensive delta, have made navigation a difficult problem.

The Floods of 1862

1862 was a year of floods throughout the Southwest. San Diego, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara were all visited by an inordinate quantity of devastating water. In Sacramento the water was reported up to the top of the telegraph poles and the State Legislature adjourned to San Francisco.

The Colorado River did not fail to take advantage of the situation and went on one of those wild rampages for which it is notorious. Gila City (now Gila Bend) was completely washed away and the current that swept past Fort Yuma was seven to eight miles wide.

A week later, a letter appeared in the Los Angeles Star from Major Rigg of Fort Yuma giving details of the flood. The letter had left the Fort by boat to Pilot Knob, then by horse and Indian runner to Fort Wright. It said in part, "Fort Yuma is now an island. The river commenced rising on the 20th suddenly, nearly six feet. The overflow carried everything with

it. Hooper's dwelling and Captain Johnson's are the only buildings left standing. Colorado City is entirely washed away. They only saved a portion of the goods. Only two boats from the Fort could render assistance. The ferry boat dared not venture out. The steamboat machine shop was washed away. The stores are gone and the pool hall is gone. A boy was rescued from a tree. The country is submerged from here to Pilot Knob. The Post water works are submerged, but the Commissary's stores are saved. A large number of cattle have been drowned. Yeager's wood wagon and stock were carried away. The Gila extends as far as the sand hills on the right and to the foothills on the left. Fears are entertained for the safety of the steamer (evidently one of them was out). The Hoffman trail is impassable. The water between the Post and the lagoon is fifteen feet deep. The Indians lost their crops. Two squaws swam to the Post from Reed's, over a mile."

Gold

PAULINE WEAVER, famous old guide and frontiersman, discovered placers some 65 miles above Yuma on the east bank of the river about 1861 and soon a thriving settlement of some 2,000 people grew up there and was called La Paz.

The Los Angeles Star of March 15, 1862, carried the news of the discovery of a new gold field only 25 miles above Fort Yuma. Further discoveries in the same general region brought the towns of Olivia and Mineral City into existence. Miners poured in from Los Angeles. Many came by way of Cajon Pass and Yuma while others came by the new Bradshaw road which was a cut-off, leaving the main road at Dos Palmas in the Imperial Valley and going directly to the river near the present town of Blythe on the California side, where the Bradshaw ferry was established. The new mining town of Olivia (later Olive City) was directly opposite.

These mines and the new towns they created, proved a decided stimulus for navigation. New steamers were added but were never adequate to the demands upon them. The Los Angeles papers were freely interspersed with articles telling of the steam of people leaving that city for the Colorado River mines, of the activities at the mines and the need for better steamboat facilities on the river. The bulk of the supplies came to the region over two main routes, one was by wagon from Los Angeles and the other was by steamer from the head of the Gulf.

By the end of the decade, the mining excitement had died down but the region was left with many small settlements which had to have supplies, and the little river steamers continued to ply their course in spite of the natural difficulties of the river.

Read farther on page 138

The Raid

By CHARLES HILTON

I.

COMING in from the street, the inside of the PALACE CAFE seemed as black as a dungeon. It took a man some moments to get his eyes adjusted to the darkness. Outside the sun burned down into the grey dust of the street, and across from the Cafe, a group of weary, dust-grey structures in a dozen different stages of neglect, sent into the clear air the shimmers of heat. Beyond these old buildings stretched away the grey-green sage brush, the grey-brown rocks, and eventually, the never-ending chain of hills.

In the shade of the building opposite the PALACE CAFE a saddle horse was tied. Its ears lopped and it switched its tail indifferently at flies.

Inside the Cafe a dry farmer from the hills was seated at the lunch counter, overawed by the prospect of eating at a restaurant. In the back of the room, seated at a table, Slim Green, owner of the local pool hall, read a day-old sport page. He had on a white shirt and black sleeve protectors. The girl who worked about the place brought in an order, and the farmer apologetically smoothed out his mustachios before he began to eat.

The girl came over where Slim sat. "Hello," Slim said, turning a page, and straightening the paper out on the table before him.

"Business ain't so much these days, is it?" said the girl, taking a pad of paper from her pocket. "What will you have?"

"I want a steak and potatoes," said Slim not looking up.

The girl wrote down "steak" on the pad of paper though there was little need of her doing so. "Well done?" she asked.

"Well done."

"Who's at your place now," said the girl looking at Slim's immaculate dark hair and his unnaturally pale face, desperately searching for some excuse to prolong the interview.

Slim folded his paper again. "I got the kid over there for a while," he said. "I want some coffee."

She wrote down "coffee" on the slip of paper and went into the kitchen.

"Well done."

II.

THE noon stage from the county seat moved ponderously up before the PALACE CAFE and stopped with a rumbling groan and a hissing of breaks. The driver got out and tossed a bundle of papers and a mail-bag on the sidewalk. A farmer climbed meekly down

from the bus behind him and slouched off across the street. A kid came running up with a mail-bag under his arm. The driver took it and climbed back, slamming the door behind him. The stage rumbled ponderously off again while the kid was picking up the papers and the mail-bag.

"Nothing ever happens but that," said the girl who had come out of the kitchen and was standing by the cash register.

"Well a man got off and that's something," said Slim, going back to his sport page. The girl shrugged and went again into the depths of the kitchen from which came the sound of frying steak.

Slim became aware that the light from the doorway was being cut off and looked up. A large shapeless man suggesting a sack of meal was entering blindly.

"Where's Slim?" he asked, trying to get his eyes accustomed to the darkness.

"Here," said Slim.

"Hello," said the man coming awkwardly over toward the table and slopping into a chair. "I been looking for you over to your place," he went on. "The kid said you'd be over here. Got a match?"

"Yes," said Slim handing him a match. "How's business up the line?"

"Pretty good," said the fat man lighting his cigarette. "I got two big orders in Cederdale, and a whopper off Johnson up at Cripple Creek. It's getting about time you fellows cut wheat around here, ain't it?" He tossed his match on the floor. A thin gray jet of smoke climbed sullenly up through the oppressive air and disappeared. Slim looked at the dead match awhile.

"It'll be a rotten crop," he said. "They won't even get seed."

"Yes. That's the way," said the fat man making a dismal face. "They don't get seed most of the time. Dry farming's the bunk."

Slim thought awhile. "It's all of that," he said. "That's the reason I got out."

The two men observed a strict silence while the girl brought in Slim's steak.

"Hello, Fat," she said. "How's business up your way?"

"Pretty good," he said, "I want some coffee."

"How about some doughnuts?"

"All right, some doughnuts," he said attempting an agreeable leer.

"When did you get in?" asked Slim.

"A few minutes ago on the stage. I went over to your place and you wasn't there. The kid told me to come here." The fat man took a long draw at his cigarette.

"I didn't see you get down," said Slim.

"Well, I got down on the other side of the stage." He let the smoke out of his nose again in a leisurely fashion. The girl brought the coffee and doughnuts and they began eating.

"By the way," said Slim cutting his meat, "I don't think I can take much off of you this trip. Business has been kind of slow. Nobody's got any money."

"I just been up to the County Seat," said the fat man, disregarding him.

"Yes," said Slim.

Putting his hand on Slim's shoulder fraternally he leaned over and whispered something in his ear.

"Is that a fact?"

"It's a fact," he said solemnly. "I got it from Olson in the Sheriff's office. He told me to tip you off if I seen you."

"And after all I paid him for protection," said Slim, getting up angrily.

"Sit down," said the fat man, reaching out to detain him. "They won't be here until tomorrow now, and it won't do no good to get worked up over it. When you got a business like that on the side it's got risks."

"Forget it," said Slim. "I am going to get that stuff out of the way. I'll be back," he said.

The fat man looked after him for awhile in amazement, then cut himself a generous bite from the juiciest portion of Slim's steak by way of a seasoning for his doughnuts. Presently Slim came back looking very gloomy and sat down.

"It's gone," said Slim, "I smashed it."

"Every bit," said the fat man. "You don't mean every bottle?"

"Well, I got a bottle left," Slim passed it under the table to the fat man. "Just to pay you for your trouble," said Slim. "Business has been kind of poor."

"Thanks," said the fat man, putting it under his coat. Slim began his steak again.

III.

HAVING finished, he wiped his mouth with a paper napkin and tossed it into his coffee cup. Suddenly the Kid, panting and excited, burst in through the screen door; he stood irresolutely trying to accustom his eyes to the dark interior. "Where's Slim?" he asked.

"Here," said Slim, blowing the cigarette smoke out of his nose.

Read farther on page 143

Schoolmasters and Scoutmasters

By E. B. DeGROOT

Boy Scout Executive, Governor, Second District, Rotary International

THE education of American Youth is mainly centered in our public schools. Next to the flag, there is nothing more symbolic to our nation than the schoolhouse. The youth of the nation is quickly visited upon the flag who tears down the flag. In like manner, we should treat as traitor any man who by word or act attempts to tear down our public school system. It is my purpose to here glorify education, and to point out in this brief message the patriotic service of those who give leadership to the educational institutions and leaders of the community.

In the whole realm of human affairs, there is no more inspiring sight than a group of children massed in front of a schoolhouse, pledging allegiance to the flag, as the day of school is begun. This ensemble of the flag, the school, and the child is symbolic and prophetic. Here symbolism becomes dynamic, and our faith in education as the means for perpetuating the future of the nation through a tutored citizenry works forth in fervent and patriotic utterance—**"THE FLAG AND THE SCHOOL FOREVER!"**

Education in our country had its origin in the little red schoolhouse. Education is now scattered over the whole land in the enlarged thing we call the school plant, and which the late President Wilson, a great schoolmaster, as well as a great statesman, called **"THE NEIGHBORHOOD CAPITOL."** The curriculum of the little red schoolhouse was very limited. Today the curriculum of the average school is, very properly, unlimited, and it encompasses for every child life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In earlier days truancy was often motivated by hatred of the environment of life within the school. Today truancy and juvenile delinquency are motivated by environment outside of and apart from school life. Taking cognizance of the profound influences of environment upon children, and having mastered these influences within the school, schoolmasters are now turning their attention to a measurable mastery of the influences of environment originating beyond the school plant and program of formal education.

It is my happy privilege to bear testimony to the service and success of the schoolmaster in the promotion of the program of the Boy Scouts of America. Everywhere throughout the nation the thoughtful schoolmaster is today taking a lively interest and an active hand in promoting the program of informal education called **"Scouting."** In so doing, the schoolmaster knows that he is supplementing and

buttressing formal education. He knows that character traits and citizenship trends are developed after, as well as during, school hours. He knows that the teacher becomes an educator in the true sense only when he takes an active hand in the educational forces of the community at large. On the many organized environmental influences now playing their



E. B. DeGROOT

part in the lives of boys outside of school hours, Scouting, on its record, ranks very high. Note this appraisal of Scouting by a veteran schoolmaster, Dr. James E. Russell of Teachers College, Columbia University:

"The naturalist may praise it for success in putting the boy close to nature's heart; the moralist, for its splendid code of ethics; the hygienist, for its methods of physical training; the parent, for its ability to keep the boy out of mischief; but from the standpoint of the educator, it has marvelous potency for converting the restless, irresponsible, self-centered boy into the straightforward, dependable, helpful young citizen. To the boy who will give himself to it, there is plenty of work that looks like play, standards of excellence which he can appreciate, rules of conduct which he must obey, positions of responsibility which he may occupy as soon as he qualifies himself—in a word, a program that appeals to a boy's instincts, and a method adapted to a boy's nature."

Little wonder then that we find so many schoolmasters working to integrate the voluntary educational system of Scouting with the compulsory school system of the State.

We live in a day and an age of transition. It is said by many that the home has lost its influence over the child. It is also said that

the school has not filled the gaps. Whether or not there is any truth in these statements, I see in the co-operative efforts of the schoolmaster and the Boy Scout leader, substantial gains for education in the real of boy-life.

When the professional educator of the schools joins hands with the amateur educator of Scouting, the democracy of education is thereby advanced, and by just so much there is added assurance of a finer and nobler citizenship for the community. In simple justice, we should accord schoolmasters and scoutmasters a high place in the order of patriotic service rendered by our unsung heroes.

California's New International Tourist Attraction (Continued from Page 134)

participating in his last hold-up. One such limb alone suspended operations for seven outlaws. Once outlawed by an oak tree there was no comeback.

We saw the ravines from which the miners had taken millions in gold; piles of neatly piled cobblestones in terraces along the creek, piled there by the Chinese miners who followed along after the whites. As Jim Dixon, typical looking '49er, with his red shirt and whiskers, told us, "Yes sirree! when a Chinaboy gets through with a claim there ain't enough gold left in it to fill a bedbug's tooth."

When Hank Monk made his famous trip with Horace Greeley across the Sierra's he dumped the much bounced editor off at the old Carey House for eats. That's where Wilson landed us for the same purpose. It is the Hotel Raffles now, but the pioneer charm is still there.

The local reception committee showed us the many historic sights of the town, including the old hangtree stump. We didn't see the stump, a three-story brick building stands over it, but it is still there. A huge box of golden mountain pears awaited us in the stage; more mountain hospitality.

A hearty wave to our good hosts and we were off again on the Pony Express trail to El Dorado, pioneer town of fabulous wealth, with its old stone and brick buildings vibrant with the romance of the past; up and down grades, around countless curves, past old and new prospect holes, mines and mining dumps, on to Folsom, locale of the famous "Hell Diggers."

Out in the open fields we saw them, heard the monotonous clank, clank, of their bucket chains, saw those buckets eat into the gold bearing gravel as the hungry maw of the mercury-lined amalgam tables called for more and more of its golden food, for the gold dredger's appetite is insatiable. This was vividly demonstrated as we drove for miles between immense piles of cobblestone debris left in the trail of these "Hell Diggers."

Read farther on page 143

The Cartoon's Contribution To Children

By WALT DISNEY

IT WOULD be presumptuous of me to speak for the entire motion picture cartoon industry. You will think me immodest to limit this discussion to Mickey Mouse. I seem to be on the spot!

Standing on the spot, I will make three guesses as to the nature of Cartoon Pictures' contribution to children. I will do it blindfolded. I fear no man!

To be honest about the matter, when our gang goes into a huddle and comes out with a new Mickey Mouse story, we will not have worried one bit as to whether the picture will make the children better men and women, or whether it will conform with the enlightened theories of child psychology.

And yet, if Mickey were to say or do one thing to hurt the child audience in any way, he would die of shame; and we, all of us who work and play with Mickey, would sneak off to the unexplored recesses of New Guinea . . . and there . . . imagine our mortification . . . the New Guinea cannibals would refuse to eat us; we being loathsome things: we being the depraved souls who made Mickey do a thing which hurt children.

But this will never happen. Mickey would never stand for it. If our gang ever put Mickey in a situation less wholesome than sunshine, Mickey would take Minnie by the hand and move to some other studio. Then, how would we eat, conditions being as they are, the wolf eating the Fuller Brush Man at the door and good men sleeping three deep on the benches of Pershing Square?

No, Mickey would never stand for it. He is never mean or ugly. He never lies nor cheats nor steals. He is a clean, happy, little fellow who loves life and folk. He never takes advantage of the weak and we see to it that nothing ever happens that will cure his faith in the transcendent destiny of one Mickey Mouse or his convictions that the world is just a big apple pie. Our animators and gag men having rescued Mickey from every conceivable predicament, the young fellow knows not fear save when he sees a friend in danger. When, on occasions, as boys will, the lad becomes too cocky and struts vaingloriously before admiring Minnie, Fate in the gag department kicks him from the rear and rolls him ignobly in the dust of gentle ridicule. Sex is just another work to Mickey, and the story of the traveling salesman of no more interest than the ladies' lingerie department. He is not a little mouse. He only looks like one. He is Youth, the Great Unlicked and Uncontaminated.

Now how could a fine, upstanding lad like Mickey ever do or say anything to hurt a child?

Nope! We have too much confidence in Mickey to worry about his effect on the growing child. In fact, we never think and build in terms of either child or adult audience. Mickey Mouse pictures are gauged to only one audience: the Mickey audience. The Mickey audience is not made up of people; it has no racial, national, political, religious or social differences or affiliations; the Mickey audience is made up of parts of people, of that deathless,

Walt is Mickey? If Mickey is good it is because Walt is good. Every characteristic of Mickey's, from the lift of his eye-brow to his delightful swagger is Walt's own. Mickey is not a mouse, he is Walt Disney.

Mr. Disney is particularly anxious to get the reactions from various groups throughout the country on his pictures. He speaks with great pride of the fact that The Better Films Conference of San Diego takes the trouble to report their ideas of his cartoons. He expressed the wish that every organized group, Parent-Teachers, Women's Federations, in fact everyone working for the betterment of Childhood would write to him and give him suggestions and criticisms on his present pictures.

precious, ageless, absolutely primitive remnant of something in every world-wracked human being which makes us play with children's toys and laugh without self-consciousness at silly things, and sing in bathtubs, and dream and believe that our babies are uniquely beautiful. You know . . . the Mickey in us.

Mr. Mussolini takes his family to see every Mickey picture. Mr. King George and Mrs. Queen Mary give him a right royal welcome; while Mr. President F. Roosevelt and family have lots of Mickey in them, too. Doug Fairbanks took Mickey with him to savage South Sea Islands and won the natives over to his project. Mickey is one matter upon which the Chinese and the Japanese agree.

Of course there must be millions of people who have a downright feeling of animosity for our M. Mouse. Mr. A. Hitler, the Nazi old thing, says that Mickey's silly. Imagine that! Well, Mickey is going to save Mr. A. Hitler from drowning or something some day. Just

wait and see if he doesn't. Then won't Mr. Hitler be ashamed!

What do animated cartoons contribute children? Well, what do they give you? Wholesome entertainment? A clean laugh? chance to spread the tattered wings of your imagination and soar to a realm where time and space and you forget to shout, "Aw, neuts!

It is not our job to teach, implant morals or improve anything except our pictures. Mickey has a bit of practical philosophy: offer the younger generation, it is to keep trying. That's what we do who make animated cartoons. In the United States, there are fifty million children enrolled in Mickey Mouse Clubs. It is our hope and ambition to keep on trying so that the hundred million children of these fifty million children will have the Mickey in them released and nourished by better cartoons than we make today.

"THAT'S OUR JOB . . . WE LOVE IT"

Steamboat Days on the Colorado

(Continued from Page 135)

Later Expeditions and the End of Navigation

SEVERAL expeditions in small boats were made through the canyons of the upper Colorado River. The first of these was the Powell expedition of 1869. This was sponsored by the Smithsonian Institute and was from Green River Station, Wyoming, to Gulf. It was followed in 1871-72 by a second expedition from the same starting point terminated at the lower end of the Grand Canyon at a point considerably above the recognized head of navigation.

In 1911, the Kolb brothers made a spectacular voyage through the upper canyons with a motion picture camera, giving the world the first motion pictures of the roaring river at the bottom of the world's greatest chasm.

In the late seventies, the river steamers were still plying regularly up and down the Colorado River between Yuma and the head of navigation carrying passengers and freight and making regular stops at Castle Dome Landing, Elbert, La Paz, Camp Mojave, Hardyville, Orderville and several other landings of minor importance.

The steamboats continued even after the railroad came, for it was still necessary to tribute goods along the river between the road points.

The palmy days of steam boating on the Colorado were in the decades of the fifties, the sixties and early seventies, but the period was not placed on navigation when Uncle Sam decided that the Colorado would be more useful for irrigation than for navigation and began the construction of the Laguna Dam on the river just above Yuma in 1905.

In The Valley of The Shadow

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY



Death Valley, Between the Funeral Range and the Panamint Range of Mountains

DEATH VALLEY! Nature's crowningthrilling the air with an almost icy grip. This paradox, and most fascinating contradiction. Surely the great Architect of the Universe never fashioned a more terrible, beautiful, desolate yet inviting spectacle than is afforded by this weird area. One hundred to seventy-five miles long by from eight to twenty-five miles wide, it broods in the summ of an inferno beyond even the imagination of Dante to depict. Burning sands, bitter waters, sharp-edged salt beds, withered sagebrush, ragged mesquite, and utter ruin bind it with iron chains, and even death lies here in its sodden and seared wastes.

In the west rises the Panamint range of mountains, stripped of vegetation, and the seat of prowling coyotes. On the east side is the Funeral Range, the former reaching an elevation of 11,045 feet at Telescope Peak, while the highest point of the Funeral Range attains a height of 6,000 feet. Most of the Valley floor lies below sea level. Bad Water, minus 310 feet, and located a short distance from the Salt Pools, is the lowest spot on the American Continent. The Valley proper occupies the sink of the Amargosa River.

In June, July, and August, no human being has any business in the Valley. Sheer-dropping like a cataract of fire, the sun falls in a blinding sheet of flame on the sandy dunes and scorched greasewood, and the heat wavers in furnace-like blasts that literally crisp the sparse vegetation to a frazzle. Even the horned toad and the tarantula have disappeared, and over the desert perhaps, a lone buzzard may circle, waiting for the appearance of some lost and beleaguered wanderer who has strayed into this hell on, and who stumbles blindly along in search for water, and salvation.

But what a marvelous metamorphosis comes over all this wilderness of death when the night comes with pitying hands and brings freshness in its train. Then come in from the mountains, and from other recesses of far-off lands the cool winds, the cold winds that bring the temperature first to a refreshing coolness and a gradually falling off of the scorching heat, and then suddenly chilling and

is one of the most baffling phenomena of the Valley. In the daytime, a heat more unendurable than the tropics; and at night, a freezing air that is a reminder of Polaric wastes.

And at night, also, with the bald ranges on either side cloaked in the advancing robes of twilight, the spirit of beauty walks forth. For above the black peaks and sable-vestured lower elevations there comes such a countless myriad of blazing stars and glittering constellations as make the heavens one glorious dome of light, lit with the torches of the Almighty, and so brilliant that a newspaper can be read at midnight by their glow.

"The red, ripe stars hang low overhead" and it seems almost as if the beholder could reach up and touch them, so close they seem to come.

Death Valley holds a never-ending fascination for those who have visited, for once seen,

it cannot be forgotten. In the winter months it is a favorite rendezvous for those who love the unique, the strange, the sombre, the unusual and the unapproachable. For not in any world this side of Mars has anything like this Valley been known.

The sand dunes, Stovepipe Wells, the ruins of the Old Harmony Borax Mill, Furnace Creek Ranch (a veritable oasis in the desert), Mushroom Rock, The Devil's Golf Course (a mass of jagged salt crystals), The Devil's Speedway, Pluto's Salt Pools, Bad Water, the relics of the old Eagle Borax Works, Ashford Mill and the old Confidence Mill ruins are some of the sights to be seen in the Valley, while further north is perhaps the most picturesque note of man's defiance to be found in the universe in the shape of Death Valley Scotty's magnificent and modern castle. Something like two million dollars has been expended in this stupendous and colossal creation, and even to attempt to describe its wonders would be like borrowing a chapter from The Arabian nights, and then fall short of its magnificence.

From Danie's View, at an elevation of 5,600 feet in the Funeral Range and just above Bad Water, a superb view over the top of the Panamint Range will disclose the crest of Mount Whitney, in the High Sierra, 14,496 feet high, and the loftiest point in the Continental United States.

From the first of November on to about the first or the 15th of April is the season to visit Death Valley. Weather conditions then are excellent, moderately warm



Death Valley—The Valley of the Shadow

days, and early morning and nights clear and cool. Do not omit to bring enough warm clothing at this time of year. From Los Angeles to Death Valley by way of Barstow and on through Shoshone to Death Valley Inn, a distance of 317 miles, the trip can be easily made in from a day and a half to two days, stopping for instance at Barstow over-night and reaching the Inn on the following day.

Practically all the roads through the Death Valley area, as well as those leading to the Valley are thoroughly signposted, and visitors to the Valley will have no trouble whatever in reaching it. There is of course a veritable network of roads in and out of the Valley, and since the fame of the region is increasing every year, the ways and means of entering will doubtless increase as time goes on. The Touring Bureau of the Automobile Club of Southern California will give out-of-State motorists and its members, as well as members of the California State Automobile Association, full and free information, together with maps of the entire Death Valley region, on application at the Home Offices of the Club, or any one of the 32 Branch offices of the Club.

Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety and charm of Death Valley. In

the Spring, at certain spots in its edges, there will be found a variety of wild-flowers which seem to mock, for a brief time, the desolation and death with which they are surrounded. In the summer, there comes the worse than simoom-like scorching winds which carve the sand dunes into fantastic shapes, and sometimes whirl aloft in sandy spouts like water-spouts and with a serpentine twisting of gray and menacing proportions. In the fall, the mesquite stands in twisted masses by pools and streams of poisonous waters, and in the winter-time the Valley bides as an eternal mystery.

Over the entrance to the Valley might well be inscribed the legend said to have been placed over the temple of Isis in ages gone by; "I am whatever is, whatever has been, and

whatever shall be, and the veil that hides face no man's hand has ever lifted." It is not to be compared to any other phenomena of Nature, in that it is and always will be beyond comparison. Walled in by the barriers of frowning and lofty rock that form the Funeral and Panamint Ranges, filled the brim with hidden treasures of mine dotted here and there by graves of adventure who have dared its terrors, it is something remain in the memory of those who view it the strangest and most unexplainable region that rests under the skies. Death Valley, Valley of marvels and contradictions; the abode of terror and the temple of beauty. Little woman (mystery and fascinating; and some women, possibly both dangerous and destructive.



Sand Dunes in Death Valley

RADIO STATION KGGC

New Olympic Hotel, San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO has long been noted the world over for the excellence of her hotels. Indeed, no city in the nation offers more complete and lavish hotel facilities at so reasonable tariffs as does the City by the Golden Gate.

One of the newest and most modern hotels is the New Hotel Olympic at 230 Eddy Street, within two blocks of the restaurant, theatre and shopping districts. There is a garage in connection with the hotel. A recent attraction is the Radio Station KGGC for which the hotel has become the new headquarters. The spacious mezzanine is devoted to the broadcasting facilities for this popular station.

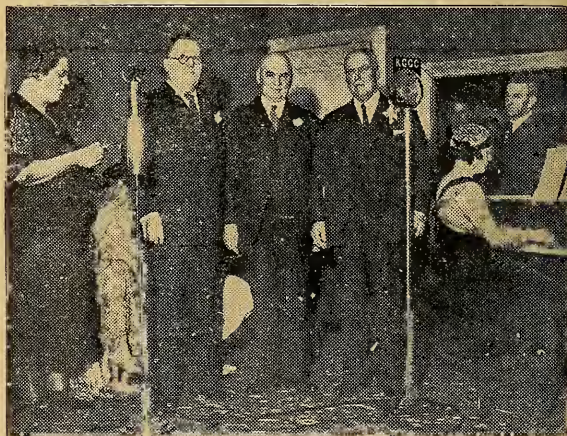
Musical, literary and features of public interest are heard regularly over Station KGGC, which is now sponsoring, among other interesting literary features, a thrilling dramatic detective serial entitled "The Ace of Diamonds." This feature goes on the air every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 8:45.

Of the well known and versatile character actors frequently heard on nation-wide hook-ups, and who are appearing on KGGC, are

Bruce Payne, Larry Cook and Captain Bill Royle. These and others are popularizing KGGC.

Regular Sunday morning programs are of-

fered from 9:30 to 10:00 sponsored by the Olympic Dining Room and Coffee Shop, and programs are replete with musical numbers of general interest.



Picture shows, left to right, Governor James Rolfe, Jr., Mayor Angelo Rossi and Supervisor Andrew Gallagher, of San Francisco, who were present the opening night of KGGC August 23. These dignitaries took part in the ceremonies and gave an official atmosphere to the event.

The Literary West

Some Important New Books « Overland-Outwest Publications

Gold of Fiddler's Gulch
ERNEST KLETTE

A delightful story for young and old. The glamour and romance of the mining life of old California is happily blended with dramatic and stirring events of the present day. The locale of the story lies in the foothills of the Sierras. The characters move upon a shifting stage in balanced cast; the tempo is rapid and the interest sustained throughout. Permeating the story is a thread of mystery interlarded with the love theme that, with dialogue and action, creates many interesting moments.

The sketches and packet by H. C. Petersen are of special merit. 164 pages, cloth.

Songs of the Redwoods
STANTON A. COBLENTZ

An unusual book of sonnets, lyrics and ballads by the Editor of Wings, who writes in a masterful way of the world's oldest living things. "Mr. Coblentz," says the *Kansas City Star*, "has caught the spirit of the out-of-doors. His poems are a human personal quality and a sympathy of feeling that touch the finer emotions. His ballads mirror the romance of western discovery and the trials of the pioneers." The *Los Angeles Saturday Night* believes that the author has amply proved that his muse has a right to be heard. Not only is the poet's technique and imagery, sonnets and lyrics reflecting the glories of California's majestic redwoods reveal the spirit of true poetry. . . . The cover design is especially attractive and suggestive of the redwood worshiped by the poet. Altogether an alluring little volume, within and without."

Coming from Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph: "If ever a poet appeared in appropriate vesture, it is Stanton A. Coblentz in his *Songs of the Redwoods*. As to the poetry, the editor of Wings knows his art. He is not one of the incomprehensible clan who mutter unpunctuated riddles in gasping gibberish. It is a highly respectable verse with many a crisp stanza. Unhesitatingly we may award this minstrel several laurel leaves for it lay."

Photographic frontispiece of the redwood by Harold A. Doolittle. 80 pages, cloth.

Marquee Ballyhoo
MAURICE L. KUSELL
and M. S. MERRITT

A gripping novel, swift in action, accurate in character portrayal and vivid in word-pictures. The authors have created a book rich in dramatic flavor, shot through and through with comedy and tragedy, replete with humor and pathos and homely philosophy and human understanding. They have discovered to us the innermost life of the tent repertoire theatre and as well, the highlights and shadows of the screen.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: "The novel with this engaging title ('Marquee Ballyhoo') deals largely with life in the tent shows that travel the Southwest playing 'repertory.' The authors are familiar with the stage, and they treat intelligently and sympathetically this vanishing phase of theatrical life. The style is direct with the simplicity of skillful writing."

The attractive jacket for this compelling novel is by Joan Windsor Orbison. 288 pages, full cloth, \$1.50.

Human Chips
BORIS V. MONOMACK

A highly dramatic and fictionalized recital based on historic fact of political and military life in the Russian Far East. This sensational book reveals highlights of plot and intrigue in the period preceding the recent revolution. The author comes from the Russian old nobility and gives us a story true to fact and intense in interest.

The San Francisco Argonaut says: "It vividly lays bare a cross section of life in the high command of the Cossack forces. . . . Mr. Monomack has a sharp telegraphic way of writing that never lags. The story moves swiftly, rising to a relentless climax . . . over it all there lies an objective nostalgia for order and peace, a constant but never lush questioning of the usefulness of violence. . . . The strength of *Human Chips* lies in its direct manner. It is an aspect of the Russian hurricane about which Americans know very little. Mr. Monomack has ably combined the roles of social historian and story teller."

Illustrations in black and white by Kenneth Anderson. 128 pages, colored jacket, \$1.50.

Carcassonne—East and West
BEN FIELD

A book of poems that in delicacy of phrasing, in word color and tone shading, in richness of vocabulary and depth of thought, and in sympathetic appeal, will satisfy the tastes of the most exacting.

"A sense of beauty and a deep spiritual gift," says the *Herald*, Ontario, California, "pervades Ben Field's poems. He expresses a wistfulness throughout that is truly poetic in expression, but deeply rooted by nature. Ideals are herein found again, and glorified to the utmost, yet in simple language, and never does the reader find too great a stress upon the imagination, for each poem touches, yet leaves the vision whole." And the *Daily Colonist* of Victoria, B. C., says: "... A delicate touch of tender sentiment permeates his (Field's) work. His pen is versatile, for he is equally at home in stirring poems of patriotism and dainty love lyrics that breathe sincerity and understanding."

96 pages, full cloth, art jacket, \$1.50

Rainbow's End . ONA M. ROUNDS

Here is a volume of fictionalized realism, with the Great War as motif. It is a story centered around the Rainbow Division of which the chief actors in the drama are members. But it reflects as well the life and experiences of all our boys who participated in the conflict.

The author, who served overseas, vividly portrays the trials of camp life, the hardships of the trenches, the carnage of conflict and the heroism on field and in hospital. But emphasis is given actual war action only sufficient to produce a realistic picture. It is a moving recital of intense interest devoid of any maudlin touch or ultra sentimentalism, but with all, the strongest indictment against the crime of war yet to appear.

272 pages, \$2.00.

Interpreting Education
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

Never since the beginning of our public school system in this country has education been faced with so critical a situation as is the case at the present time. No longer is this problem for school people only. Interpreting Education is intended for the layman as well

as for the teacher. The book discusses the school and its place in the community. "Education," says the writer on a New York paper in a review of the book, "has somehow become a badly abused and misunderstood word during the last decade or two. Any reference to it as something non-materialistic and cultural is looked upon as doctrinaire and idiotic. I have thought for some time that this state of affairs must inevitably lead to confusion unless someone in an eminent and articulate position elected to champion this almost lost cause. Chamberlain's *Interpreting Education* I consider an excellent contribution to the pedagogical question."

80 pages, 50 cents.

THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

SINCE November, 1927, *The Frontier* has been a regional magazine for the Far Northwest, published at Missoula, Montana. *The Midland* from 1915-1931 was a regional magazine of the Middle West; in 1931 it moved from Iowa City to Chicago and became a national literary magazine. Last June it suspended publication, and its editor, Mr. John T. Frederick, asked *The Frontier* to take over its unexpired subscriptions. This has been done. Desiring to keep alive the name of *The Midland* Mr. Frederick and Mr. H. G. Merriam, editor of the combination of subscription lists and of some *The Frontier*, have decided that in recognition of changes which will be made in the policy of *The Frontier*, that magazine shall henceforth be known as *The Frontier and Midland*. The renewed venture will be a magazine of the West. It will carry principally the excellent writings of the lesser known and younger writers of the country—stories, essays, sketches, verse, critical articles. Two features of *The Frontier* also will be retained, the Open Range section, in which reminiscences of old-time Westerners will be printed, and the Historical section, in which have appeared since 1927 hitherto unpublished documents of the Old West. Western books will be reviewed under the direction of Mr. Pat V. Morrisette. *The Frontier and Midland* speaks the continued interests of writers, readers, libraries, and critics.

BOOKS AROUND THE FIREPLACE

By LAURA BELL EVERETT

THE Browser inspected the books on his hostess' table. He picked up Alvin Page Johnson's *Franklin T. Roosevelt's Colonial Ancestors* with the remark:

"They did a pretty good job, didn't they?"

The hostess agreed, "Indeed, yes. Have you read it?"

"Enough to find how many nationalities he represents. If, as Oliver Wendell Holmes says, we are all omnibuses for our ancestors to ride in, he has a coachful."

"As most of us have. What I especially liked was the clear arrangement and the excellent charts."

"Now here's a book," said the Browser, "whose unifying thousands of unrelated but necessary author must have had an even greater problem of

pieces of information. William Warren Ferrier has of the *Evolution of a Hamlet into a City of Culture* entitled his history *Berkeley, California, the Story of Culture and Commerce*. Now there's something in that book not merely for every Californian but for those who are interested in other cities and towns. We should have more such books."

"Check," assented the Retriever. "I have a *History of Coopertown* that I re-read once in a while."

"That's it," went on the Browser. "You find things here not easily found elsewhere, from the naming of the town for the great philosopher to Charles Keeler's 'Arise, O Dreamer by the Gate.'"

"And did you know," asked the Hostess, "that Bret Harte's poem, 'Our Bethsaida,' read at the founding of the School for the Deaf and the Blind in 1867, is not among his published poems?" She welcomed the Artist and the Bookworm, who had read *Berkeley* and added their comments.

"The part about William Keith and his landscapes I especially enjoyed," said the Artist as she warmed her hands at the blaze.

"Could he have had a lovelier tribute than Ina Coolbrith's 'You paint the songs I may not sing?'" asked the Bookworm.

"Perfect," rejoined the Artist. "I have a little book for our Hostess that seems to me equally perfect in beautiful thoughts an dartisty." She gave the Hostess a wrapped box from which emerged a thin volume.

"Sonnets, by Mary Dixon Thayer," read the Hostess amid her thanks, "and for me? How delightful! When you have all seen it I shall do it the greatest honor, place it with my *Lyra Mystica*." She glanced toward a small table, where lay a single book. "Don't let the austerity of the title, *Lyra Mystica*, hite it from you. One never takes it up without discovering another poem."

The Hostess turned to wave before the group an open volume of Victor MacClure's *Death Behind the Door*, without the clip sheet.

"Yes," she said, "I sent my clue in. I hope it was the right one. You are all invited to read the next story—if I win it."

Everybody was talking, "Invisible ink"—"The right clue"—"Burford"—"Kyle"—

"What shall we do?" the Retriever asked at last, "without Earl Derr Bigger?"

"A terrible loss," agreed the Browser. "Have you seen the Omnibus Volume, *Celebrated Cases of Charlie Chan*?"

"What is in it?" asked the Artist.

"The House Without a Key, The Chinese Parrot, Behind That Curtain, The Black Camel, and, of course, Charlie Chan Carries On," the Browser answered. "There's a new addition of *The Agony Column*, too, and Bobbs-Merrill has also just put out *Earl Derr Bigger Tells Ten Stories*. In a sense it's a memorial volume with short tributes from Chesterton, William Lyon Phelps and others."

"Doesn't our devotion to Biggers show how starved we are for good humor?" asked the Retriever. "That man was a humorist as well as a clever writer. We need more like him."

"To change the subject somewhat," remarked the Browser, "watch Virginia Strivers Bartlett, the author of *Mistress of Monterey*. She achieves a unity that so many recent novels lack. *Storm Beach* by Virginia Hersch is interesting, too, in the picture of Jewish family life a century ago in Charleston, South Carolina."

"I've read *Storm Beach*," said the Hostess, "just to where Judith reads in the paper of the drowning of Shelley. What a wonderful picture of the Jewish mother is Sarah Carvalho! She never grew old. By the way, if you know of discouraged

elderly people, or any who find difficulty in dealing with such, do remember *Sweeping the Cobwebs* by Doctor Lillian J. Martin and Clara De Grud. It gives a working method for avoiding the handicaps of old age. Employers of elderly people ought to read it, too."

The Hostess turned toward the Bookworm.

"Please tell me more about that book on Russia that you were interested in."

"I still am interested in it, very much so. The Artist is, too. It is Henry Ladd's *The Victory of Morality of Art*, a very thorough study of Ruskin's theories. Ladd finds that though Ruskin has been pushed aside as out-of-date, he has an important message for the twentieth century. In our industrial civilization, art may be 'the one adequate medium for the realization of personality.'"

The Bookworm glanced toward the books on table and asked,

"Did you read Cordell's *Henry Arthur Jones and the Modern Drama*?"

"Oh, yes, months ago. I agree with the author that Jones has never received full credit for pioneer work in the modern drama."

"From drama to the dance," suggested the Artist, "do you know Ruth St. Denis' *Lotus Land* with pictures by Ruth Harwood, who we claim a Californian? It is a beautiful example of the arts ad each other. Here one of the best interpretative dancers has put her thoughts in verse. Her briefest poems in their condensed make one think of Emily Dickinson."

To the Hostess she added, "We are indebted to Ruth St. Denis in art and Alice Bloch on the subject of health, in her *Harmonious Development of Women's Bodies*." She had chocolate?

"I agree with you," said the Hostess. "Will

"Thank you, yes. I must tell you about Florence Ayscough's *Firecracker Land*, subtitled *Pictures of the Chinese World for Younger Readers*. I happened to it, to find, to my astonishment, a most interesting account of Amy Lowell's interest in Chinese poetry, as well as a great deal of information about learning the Chinese language, and lore with real atmosphere. Don't miss it!" claimed the Artist with enthusiasm.

"I shall read it," responded the Hostess as she passed the sandwiches. "We Californians should know China."

"Have you seen *Human Chips*," asked the Retriever. "It's by Boris V. Monomack. No? It's a drama of the time of the Great Russian Civil War in the Far East; at least it is called a drama, it isn't in the form of a play. It gives you conditions there, as seen from the inside. The author, an engineer, is now a Californian."

"I haven't seen it yet," replied the Bookworm. "Stanton A. Coblent's *Songs of the Redwoods*," but I have a book here also put out by Overton Publications, that will delight the Artist."

"What a charming cover! It's like a piece of art!" The Artist was fingering the book lovingly. "I've read some of his poems. I like him, especially his nature poems."

"Yes, he's a real California poet," agreed the Browser.

The Bookworm looked at his watch. "I mean to talk so much," he said. "If we start soon for home, our Hostess will be playing breakfast—a classic breakfast or a romantic one, or perhaps a realistic one."

"Which tells me," laughed the Hostess, "that we are reading Henry Dwight Sedgwick's new *The Art of Happiness*. Now let's have chocolate and sandwiches."

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine published monthly at Los Angeles, California for October, 1933,

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the State of California aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur H. Chamberlain, who, having duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), and of the aforesaid publication for the date shown above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager, are: Publisher, Overland-Outwest Publications, Los Angeles, California; Editor, Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Business Manager, Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, California.

That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and address of the stockholders, owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner must be given.) Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine, Consolidated, Los Angeles, California; Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Mabel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, California; and F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, California.

That the known bondholders, mortgages, and security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is also stated; and that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bondholders and securities in a capacity other than bona fide owners; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in said stock, bonds, or other securities than as is stated by him.

That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (If information is required from daily publication, so state.)

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN.
(Signature of Editor.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1933.

ESTHER E. NELSON.

(My commission expires January 30, 1936.)
(Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.)

THE RAID

(Continued from Page 136)

"They've come," said the Kid, "they're busting everything in the place."

"They'll have to pay for that," said the fat man. "Slim, you can make 'em pay."

"They'll have to pay handsome for the damage they done you," said the fat man. "They haven't got a thing on you."

At that moment the door swung open and the Sheriff came in. As if guided by instinct he came over to the table where Slim and the fat man were seated. He sat down and looked at them. There were big beads of sweat on his forehead, and his long grey mustaches hung limply down at the ends. The fat man moved uncomfortably in his chair.

The Sheriff took from his hip a revolver and placed it on the table in front of him. There was silence. "Boys," he said, "you're playing a hard and dangerous game."

Slim blew smoke out of his nose in two long sudden jets.

"I got a hunch you've been tipped off," said the Sheriff. Slim looked at him and inhaled his cigarette. The Sheriff got angry. He picked up his gun.

"By God," he said, "I am going to search both of you."

The fat man turned pale.

"Stand up," said the Sheriff.

With a sudden motion of his arm the fat man flung the bottle against the lunch counter. It glanced falling to the floor, where it spun around harmlessly a few times. The Sheriff walked over and picked it up. There was silence.

"Fat," he said, "I think you better come to town along with me. It might be sort-of handy to get this fixed up before night."

Without a word they went out leaving Slim alone at the table with a day-old sport page in front of him.

California Attractions

Continued from Page 137

Soon, silhouetted against the setting sun we see the beautiful dome of our State Capitol. Over the Sacramento River, through the orchards of Vaca Valley, over the \$6,000,000 Carquinez bridge, across the ferry, and the first Cook's Tour of the old Forty-Nine Diggins' was at an end.

Three days spent in America's most romantic attraction, the old Mother Lode, meeting its people, enjoying their hospitality, thrilling at its scenic beauties, marveling at the stories told us, happy and contented, a trip never to be forgotten.

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



MOST CONVENIENT Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds, "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable Bindings for All Purposes

Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings for Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made Permanent for Ready Reference

EARLE A. GRAY
1220 MAPLE AVENUE
Los Angeles, California
Telephone PProspect 0396

W. N. D.'s
ROCK PILE FLOWER GARDEN
Hardy Plants
No Hot Boxes — No Hot Bed Plants
W. N. DAVIDSON
BOULDER, MONTANA

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive - in garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny,—sound-proof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

Today's Rates are Most Moderate

Single, \$2.00 - \$2.50 Double, \$3 - \$3.50

Coffee Shop and
Dining Room

Breakfast

25c - 35c

Lunch, 40c

Famous Steak or
Chicken Dinner
50c

NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC
230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO



**HOTEL
ALEXANDRIA**
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of The Eppley Hotel Company's 20 hotels in the Middle West, Louisville, Ky., Pittsburgh, Pa. and the Hamilton chain of Hotels in California.

700 ROOMS • NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM	\$2.50	WITHOUT BATH FROM	\$1.50
----------------------	---------------	-------------------------	---------------

GARAGE SERVICE
to and from our entrance without charge

E. C. EPPLEY CHARLES B. HAMILTON
President Vice President & Managing Director

CHICAGO OFFICE - 530 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
SUPERIOR 4446

LOS ANGELES

On your way to Chicago



to the
*Century of Progress
Exposition...*

Stop in St. Louis

A modern American city ... rich in historic lore ... 19 miles of river front ... sixty-five city parks ... world-famous zoo ... Shaw Botanical Gardens ... art galleries. Many other points of great interest ... the world-renowned Lindbergh trophies exhibit and Municipal Opera, worth the visit alone.

Directly on your route to Chicago from the South, Southwest and Southeast.

At The *American and American Annex Hotels* you will find an air of hospitality and the utmost consideration for your comfort, meals that are the talk of experienced travelers everywhere. Special diet menu for those who need it (sent free on request) and prices that are surprisingly low.

Rates from
\$1.50

**THE AMERICAN HOTEL
THE AMERICAN ANNEX**

"On the Plaza"

Market at 6th and 7th

St. Louis, Mo.

Edwin Markham's Message to
Overland Readers » » »

OVERLAND

Vol. 91
No. 9

MONTHLY

November
1933

• and Outwest Magazine •

FEATURING

MARK TWAIN — BOY AND PHILOSOPHER

Lorena M. Gary



CHORIC VERSE SPEAKING

Katherine Scobey-Putnam



SUPPRESSING THE RED MENACE

Leander Pitman



LOLA MONTEZ IN AMERICA

Doris Coomb Baker



THE OPTIMIST

Ross Eaton Carpenter



SHANGHAI BUTTERFLY

Steve Fisher

Founded in
1868



By Francis
Bret Harte

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year
OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS

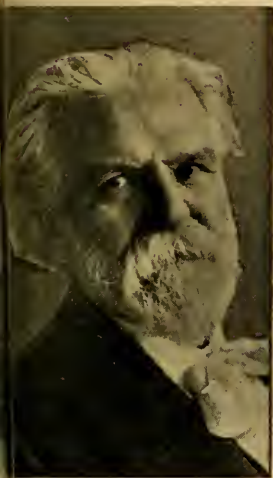
25c per copy



Frank Tenny Johnson is a master at depicting scenes of the trail and the range. According to Fred Hogue, well-known critic, this artist "has won with his brush a place in the front rank of contemporary artists. He possesses the secret of color, of light and shade, of technique and composition." With the passing of Russell and of Remington, Johnson is the last of a great trilogy who knew the out-of-doors. An exhibition of Johnson's paintings are to be seen at the Biltmore Salon in Los Angeles throughout the month of November. Those who visit the exhibition will see the mountains, the range, the Indian in his native habitat realistically portrayed.

Edwin Markham's Message to Writers of the West « « «

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, Los Angeles,
November 16, 1933



EDWIN MARKHAM

TO the Poets of California:

Hail comrades of the pen and the spirit! I have just arrived in your great California, your holyland. It is also my California, for I spent forty-four beautiful years in our Suisun and Mendocino Hills. No doubt California is the center of the lost earthly paradise. Here you should be able to write lyrics—rise even into the epic levels.

But there is a short cut to success in literature. Here it is—buy a dress suit and dine the editor!

Accept my lyric blessing—my affection all the way.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

To the Overland Monthly - Outwest Magazine.

Edwin Markham, Dean of American Poets

By Ben Field

EDWIN MARKHAM is in the West again. He has stayed his progress on lecture tour in Los Angeles and Southern California points will proceed north to San Francisco and other cities. Having lived his three years and ten, and then added five years more for good measure, he entitled to all the independence that ripened years, as well as genius, to him.

Standing on a chair, at a lawn-reception on the afternoon of the 16th inst. in Los Angeles, he told his audience that he was and would be his own manager. Then he proceeded to say things that were pertinent to these days of stress, that were of mighty import to those friends of his who gathered about under the trees. The twilight deepened, velvet night settled on the blue-green of the cypress that he had but just planted. Edwin Markham's words

flashed and glittered in the coming darkness. And so do they illumine the threatening night of civilization!

He said: "I wrote 'The Man With the Hoe,' not as representative of the working class, or of any class of men; but typifying the brutal, the degenerate and to indicate the effects of greed and tyranny on the part of rulers and men rich with money and power."

We had been listening to those com-

Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted
Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879
Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street
This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

elling lines, punctuated as they were with dramatic gestures from flaying arms, leonine head, curling, white, neck-locks and pointed beard.

We were prepared to hear him utter words even more dramatic than those of his master poem, or those of his Lincoln production. We were not disappointed,—he uttered them: "When we pass from this earth through the gates of death," he said, "we keep right on living, there is no annihilation, no real death. Everything good that there is on earth will be found over there, but in a more perfect state and condition. There flowers will be more beautiful, the songs more perfect, the poems still more exalted. If a man is a leader here, he may still lead in the world to come; should his energy and time here be given to ministering to people and serving them, in the place beyond the gates of death he will continue to minister and to serve. And it will be the motive in the heart of man that shall determine his place and status in the other world."

Edwin Markham is overwhelmed almost by his engagements with a score and more of clubs, by the attentions of unnumbered friends and admirers. But always the simple, unaffected heart of the man is his armor and his finest characteristic. He turns from reciting one of his numerous quatrains, perhaps, to grasp the hand of some unknown who has forced his way near to the man and the genius. His heart of gold is ever ready to respond to sincerity in any guise.

Unquestionably the Dean of American poets is the man of the hour and the decade in literary America, as well as in the hearts of the people.

GRADUATION

I'M GOING to graduate—
Go out into life—
And earn my living
Only equipped
With some shy songs
Of stars and Pan and eternity
And eager eyes
And a breathless laugh
And a light step
And love of everything everywhere.
I'm going to graduate.
—Valois Van Gilder.

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, DEPARTMENT EDITOR

ON A WOOD PATH

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

RESTING upon the brown, leaf-padded
earth
Under a tapering roof of flaky green,
Where gnats go wheeling past in murmurous
mirth
And blue skies peep above an emerald screen,
I seem to watch, as from the friendly ground
Patterned with ferns by some magnanimous art,
And from the chambered hills that close
me round,
The rhythmic breathing of a mighty heart.

I seem to lie upon a sheltering breast.
Hearing minute vibrations, far and low,
As though this rock-bound planet were possessed
Of pulse and movement in unceasing flow.
And almost I can feel the throbbing strain
That bears earth's music to the crag and
tree,—
Heard only by those spirits which attain
The voiceless language of tranquillity.

A MISSION OF CALIFORNIA

By BETTY L. WHITSELL

QUAINT old walls of yesterday,
Fascinating shreds of time,
Blessed by someone's sacred faith,
Haunted by an ancient chime.

How submissive now your pomp!
Whirlwind life that knows no fear
Sees your old adobe soul
Mute and dying year by year.

TIMES OF SILENCE

By VIRGINIA BRASIER

THESE are three silences:
Yellow, of morning,
Green, of afternoon,
Blue of the evening.

There is a hush in the midst of the morning,
After the wakening, after the dawning,
When the birds rest to hear their own singing.
Blended into the voice of the sun.

VALERIA

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

BACKED with a surging multitude
Of tensely-eager faces viewed,
The Coliseum's audience
Is waiting for an interlude.

The Emperor, with garlands crowned,
Looks half disdainfully around,
While from some barrier below
Rises a growling, roaring sound.

A roar as if from beasts of prey
In Afric jungles far away;
As though by hunger's cravings wrung
To usher in this gala-day.

Voluptuous beauty, beauty greets
Where Rome's proud dames take gilded seats
And overhead the tragic sky
The tragic earth foreboding meets.

Etched now against the blinding light
Valeria poises, moulded slight,
A Christian for the sacrifice—
An apparition all in white.

She cannot hear the voices hum;
She stands transfixed, with terror dumb
A crash, as if of bars withdrawn
And through the gates the lions come.

DAY IN NOVEMBER

By VIRGINIA BRASIER

YOU led because you knew the wood
And paths that were so strange to me.
A mother partridge and her brood
Went trailing near, quite fearlessly.

Your hands were strong to help me climb
The damp sweet earth struck to our shoes.
We laughed together,—world and Time
Were lost and seemed small things to lose.

The pattern of a fern you pressed
Upon my arm will go away;
The kiss you gave so swiftly lest
I should refuse—will always stay!

Lola Montez In America . . . by Doris Cooms Baker

CHRISTENED as Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert, legally entitled at various stages of her tempestuous life at least four other names, and buried as Mrs. Eliza Gilbert, it was as Lola Montez that the world knew one of its most interesting adventuresses. Her abundance of names is in itself an indication of a career full of change and excitement, a career which ranged from a European throne to an American mining camp. Today a California mountain peak is still known as "Mount Lola," while women in their search for beauty may purchase "Lola Montez" face powder, many of them probably completely ignorant of the origin of the trademark. It is a far cry from face powder to mountaintops, and surely the woman who inspired such varied recognition must have been no ordinary creature.

Lola Montez arrived in New York in 1852 on the same vessel with Kossuth. She first appeared in a play written especially for her, "Lola Montez in Bavaria," as dancer, politician, countess, revolutionist, and fugitive. The run lasted only five nights, and yet, although she was never very successful either as dancer or as an actress, New Yorkers paid \$1 for the pleasure of a fifteen-minute audience. Her fame was known; everyone was ready and perhaps hoping to be shocked. She said later, "Notorious I have always been, but never famous." Tales of a beautiful girl who had danced in London, St. Petersburg, Madrid; who had reigned as uncrowned queen of Bavaria, receiving a palace and the title of Countess of Landsfeld from Ludwig I; whose romances had included such men as Liszt and Byron; who had spurned the attentions of Nicholas of Russia—were familiar to everyone.

Leaving New York, Lola set sail for California, stopping for a brief visit in New Orleans where she was given a hostile reception. She arrived in San Francisco at a time when gold-digging of more than one kind was profitable. After a short time she was married to Patrick Purdy Hull, wealthy editor of the *San Francisco Weekly*, because "he could tell a story better than any other man I ever met." The two had been fellow passengers on the long voyage to the Golden Gate, the editor thus having an excellent opportunity to impress the charmer with his tales. The wedding occurred in old Mission Dolores and was attended by many prominent citizens.

Going to the Sacramento Valley on a hunting trip, the couple established a home in

Grass Valley where Lola remained for almost three years. Her unfortunate husband was driven away after a few weeks, with his temperamental bride threatening to shoot him because he had killed one of her pet bears. As the bear had bitten Editor Hull's leg, one can sympathize with him. Perhaps he felt that his wife was as dangerous as the bears. Misfortune followed him, as it did so many of the men who played their brief part in the life of Lola, who Dumas had declared was possessed of the evil eye. At any rate, Hull soon fell into a decline and died. A brief affair with a German named Adler ensued, but he accidentally shot and killed himself while hunting.

Grass Valley, one hundred fifty miles from San Francisco, was an early scene of the gold rush. Placer gold was found soon after Sutter's discovery and the remarkable richness of ore caused lode mining to be developed more rapidly than anywhere else in the state. Unlike many of the present "ghost towns" the little city still thrives as the center of a large gold producing area. Bricks of solid gold are sometimes sent to the mint in San Francisco.

LOLA resumed the title of Countess of Landsfeld and entered thoroughly into the life of the mining camp. Front seats for her theatrical performances more than once cost \$10. In her home she held salons frequented by everyone and famous for the variety of new drinks as well as for brilliant conversation. The age was tolerant and even the women accepted her, it may be because she was too independent to curry favor with them. It is not to be denied, however, that the "Irish Countess" was always appreciated more by gentlemen than by members of her own sex.

Owner of a dozen trunks of gay costumes and jewels valued at \$30,000, Lola scorned fashion when off-stage, her dresses usually being of plain black with simple white collars. Possessed of a magnificent figure, coal black hair, and eyes so blue as to be almost black, the general effect was probably not so plain as she strolled about the town smoking. Eloquent in conversation, her beauty of face resulted from vivacity and mobility rather than regularity of features.

What were the thoughts of this woman who had been befriended by kings, as she drove to Dutch Flat in a ramshackle buckboard with a miner's wife? Perhaps she found the rough miners more appreciative of her dancing than

the critical audiences of London and St. Petersburg. Perhaps life seemed simpler and happier, giving Christmas parties for the children and romping with them on their way to school. A correspondent for the *San Francisco Herald*, visiting her in 1854, described her as surrounded by pets and flowers, producing "out of the hard mountain soil, a perfect little paradise." She spent much time in the open, riding and shooting game for food.

Numerous stories are told of Lola and her bears. They were two cubs, supposedly tame and trained, but apparently not averse to an occasional bite. One legend relates that Lola herself was hugged almost to death by one of her pets, resulting in a trial of the "State Versus Bruin," the bear being acquitted!

Another episode is said to have occurred in San Francisco. The two young grizzlies were left in charge of a keeper who one day straked them near the Mansion House on Dolores Street. This building was part of the early Mission quadrilateral, later used as a barracks and then as a roadside inn. Somehow the bears freed themselves and set out to do the town, creating a reign of terror as timid citizens barricaded themselves within their homes. When the news reached Lola she strode to the Mansion House, riding whip in hand. In language reported to have "trilled the whiskey on the shelves," she notified the unfortunate keeper that she would cut out his eyes if the bears were not caught within an hour. Perhaps he had heard of her encounter with Editor Shipley of the *Grass Valley Telegraph* against whom she had used her whip for stating that her salons were disgraceful. At any rate, the bears were caught on Mission Street, trying to get into the house of John Wilson, a circus man. Whether or not they aspired to run away and join the circus is still unknown.

Lola had for neighbors in Grass Valley the family of Lotta Crabtree, later known over the entire country. San Francisco audiences idolized her, tossing gold and silver coins upon the stage as she performed. Tiny Lotta received her first lessons from Lola and became more proficient at the ballet, fandango, highland fling, and songs than her teacher. Her first public appearance was before a small group at Rough and Ready, standing on a blacksmith's anvil where her impulsive instructor had placed her. Lola hoped to take her protege abroad but Mrs. Crabtree refused permission, in fact it is stated that later when she visited the family at their ranch near the

Presidio, Mrs. Crabtree feared kidnaping and hid the child in the barracks.

ONE of the most fantastic rumors about this unusual woman involved a political scheme whereby she was to become Empress of California. Absurd as such a scheme may sound to modern ears, it would not seem impossible to a countess who had been virtual ruler of Bavaria for more than a year, whose skill and courage had baffled the influential Jesuit order, and whose downfall brought with it the downfall of the king himself. Hearing of the frequent changes of California government under Spaniard, Mexican, and American, it would not be difficult for her to dramatize herself in the role of empress of a new regime. There seems little evidence that such a plot actually existed, however.

Such a wanderer could not remain many years in seclusion, so the countess sold her home to the Charles Bosworth family of Berkeley. Surrounded by huge poplars, the house, stable, and bear pens still stand. Recently an appeal to historical societies has been made by the administrator of the property, to purchase it as a community museum.

A trip to Australia with a vaudeville company followed, but the actress returned within a year. New stories surrounded her—of horsewhipping another editor, of a fist-fight with a woman, of the forbidding of her spider dance in Melbourne, and of the young actor Folland thought to have drowned himself on the return voyage because of her friendship for another man. For the benefit of Folland's two children she generously auctioned much of her jewelry, including a dozen diamond rings and scores of other pieces.

More eccentric than ever, Lola walked through the streets of San Francisco with a huge cockatoo on her shoulder, while cages of vividly colored birds hung in her iron house. Here the salons were continued but were now less democratic; manners, as well

as the ability to amuse, were a pre-requisite. As an actress she showed some improvement and had a successful engagement at the Metropolitan under Junius Booth. Before long she took ship for England once more. Of this voyage the report came back of the nursing of a young lad dying of yellow fever, about to be cast overboard.

A THIRD trip to America occurred in 1857. After a short appearance in the Green Street theatre, the actress changed to the profession of lecturer and author. The lectures dealt with art and beautiful women and were written for her by the Reverend C. Chauncey Burr. Lola had always made a great deal of money but she spent it recklessly. This new venture was not remunerative and she was on the verge of real poverty when she accidentally met a Mrs. Buchanan who had once been a schoolmate in England. Mrs. Buchanan was a kind and genuine Christian who took pity on this woman now broken by poverty, loneliness and the loss of self-confidence. Always intensely emotional, under Mrs. Buchanan's influence she became passionately remorseful, devoting her time to rescue work among outcasts at Magdalen Asylum near New York. When only forty-three, her health failed and she died of paralysis in a charitable institution in Astoria, New York, in 1861. Her deathbed repentance was later published by Reverend F. L. Hawks as "The Story of a Penitent." Episcopal funeral rites were arranged at the home of Mrs. Buchanan.

The obituary notice contained the statement: "The news of her illness reaching her mother, Mrs. Craigie, who was still living, came from England to America in the hope of inheriting her daughter's money; but on finding that she had nothing to leave, she took the next ship back." If the mother who was so anxious to obtain her daughter's money had not neglected her as a child and refused her shelter when deserted by her first husband, it may be that the unfortunate life and

untimely death in a foreign land would not have occurred. Another account states that there was a little property which was left to her in the Magdalen Asylum. Today marble tablet marks her lonely grave in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, with nothing in the simple inscription of "Mrs. Eliza C. Bert, born 1818, died 1861," to suggest the fascinating Lola.

It has been said that Lola Montez was born too late. A century or two earlier public opinion was not so critical in its attitude toward the beautiful favorites of kings. It might be equally true that she was born too soon. In this age of changing standards, unconventionalities, divorces, and eccentricities might have found a setting in Hollywood. "Her excellences were her own; her faults at the door of society."

Certainly this was a woman of ability, and if her energies seem often to have been misdirected. No less an authority than an American chief justice stated in *The American Journal*, in 1848 just after the Bavarian debacle: "Let Lola Montez have credit for talents, intelligence, and her support of popular rights . . . She always kept state and could be consulted in safety in cases in which her original habits of thought rendered her of service. Acting under her advice, the king had pledged himself to a course of self-improvement to the people. Although wielding so much power it is alleged that never used it for the promotion of unwelcome persons, or, as other favorites have done, corrupt purposes; and there is reason to believe that political feeling influenced her course, not sordid consideration."

D'Auvergne, one of the most thorough of Lola's many biographers, says, "In prospect she never lost her head, and in adversity never lost her courage." Truly that is a tribute of which anyone might well be proud.

California Names

By MARGARET R. RICHTER

CALL off the California names,
For the glory of Spain and the Red Man's sake,
For Cabrillo and Serra and Francis Drake,
For the Grizzly Bear and the gringo claims—

Indian names: Yosemite,
Sonoma, Tulare, Siskiyou,
Shasta, Mojave, Malibu,
Temecula, Tehachepi;

Spanish names like San Jose,
Santa Barbara, San Miguel,
Santa Maria, San Gabriel,
San Diego, San Luis Rey;

Names with the ring of Forty-nine:
Angel's Camp and Jackass Hill,
Coloma, Sonora, and Placerville,
Tuttle town and Harvard Mine;

Gringo, Indian, bandit, grandee:
Avila, Pico, Tallac, Tahoe,
Big Oak Flat, Gorgonio,
Murieta and Hangman's Tree.

Call off their names till the ghosts arise
And pace the Milky Way's white track,
And take my hand and lead me back
To the land where a long past never dies

Choric Verse Speaking

By KATHERINE SCOBAY PUTNAM

A VERY interesting phase of the oral arts which has recently come into notice in America is that of choric verse speaking. By this is meant group interpretation of poetry in unison, in parts, or in antiphony, designed to train voices and to broaden and deepen appreciation.

Though verse speaking is today practically new art in America, we find that it really grew from the Greek drama. As early as 500 B. C. choral odes were recited or chanted to lily movements. Later soloists were added, the chorus played the important part and was the chief actor in the play. In Europe, centuries later, the minstrels, troubadours and minstrelsy, wandering from place to place, were gathered at the inns and hearth-sides, reciting poetry to the beating of rhythm with their feet or to the tapping of flagons on the tables.

Since the World War there has been a revival of this art in Germany, Russia, and Great Britain. The youth movement in Germany and Russia gave rise to the verse chorus for both youth and adult. In Britain today at national and civic musicals and festivals, choric verse speaking is a part of the program. John Galsworthy, poet laureate of England, was the first to call this form of oral discourse "verse speaking" and to make it a new division of the choric arts. He founded the "Oxford Recitation," an annual contest for adult speakers of verse. From all over England adults assemble to take part in the contest, which is held in the first part of July. They are judged on diction, rhythm control, and sincerity and beauty of interpretation.

Choric verse speaking interests and benefits all ages, from the kindergarten to the adult, to whom nursery rhymes, ballads, psalms and other kinds of poems make their appeal. The individual taking part in the work identifies himself with the poem; the author's thought and spirit are assimilated; and these, coupled

with vocal technique, bring about a beauty of presentation pleasing to the hearers. He develops speech abilities, gains in the habit of speaking his mother tongue accurately and dis-

The accompanying article on "Choric Verse Speaking" tells graphically of the revival of an old art, again coming into prominence on both sides of the Atlantic. The programs prove of great interest to audiences and the participants undergo excellent training both individually and in group relations. The Choric Verse movement will reach further development here in the West.

tinctly, guards against blurred phrasing and slipshod pronunciation, learns to control his breathing and to produce resonant tones. Above all else he learns to work in relation to others, submerging himself in the whole. As in the study of drama, one learns his responsibility to the group; as in athletics he learns that credit comes not to the individual, but to the group as a whole. In short, choric verse speaking secures self-discipline and unselfed interest.

In various parts of the country, especially in California, interest has been aroused, and choric verse speaking is being made a part of the oral arts curriculum in several of the universities and junior colleges. Interest has extended outside the schools, and groups have been organized for carrying on this work. Outstanding among them is the Pasadena Verse Speaking Choir, the first of its kind, composed of young women representing various professional fields, who organized in the fall of 1930 because of their love of poetry, and for their own and others' pleasure. The director, Miss Elizabeth E. Keppie, an instructor of drama and choric

verse in Pasadena Junior College, has recently made special study of the art in England and Wales. Miss Keppie has been invited to teach this work in the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, where she will conduct courses this summer.

The choir is directed much as is a church choir with regular rehearsals. Each rehearsal begins with voice exercises for placement, breath control, resonance, enunciation, and tone quality. The chorus is divided into groups corresponding to soprano, mezzo soprano, and contralto. The pitch and tempo of each poem is decided upon at the beginning of its study.

The programs are comprised of poems of varied character and appeal, and are presented for clubs and institutions, the choir appearing in costume characteristic of the old Greek choruses. Some poems, such as "Day," by Robert Browning, and "The Wind," by Christina Rossetti, are given in unison. Others are given antiphonally, that is question and answer in two parts, as, "Big Steamers," by Rudyard Kipling, and "Up Hill," by Christina Rossetti. Still others are presented in parts for high, medium and low voices, as, "Foreboding," by Blanding; the light voices taking the lines that refer to the wind, the middle voices those that describe the tow, and the dark voices giving full resonance to the surf. Other poems with similar divisions are several of the Psalms, and "A Chant Out of Doors," by Marguerite Wilkinson. Another form is verse and refrain, or stanza and refrain, as, "Rookery-Coo," an anonymous ballad, and "The Song of the Great Retreat," by Sir Henry Newbolt. The programs are not as somber as one may be led to believe by the suggested poems. Often a selection of interest to children is given; for example the old English ballad, "Robin-a-Thrush," or "The King's Breakfast," by A. A. Milne. No musical accompaniment, not even an obligato, is used with any poem.

Choric verse speaking furnishes an avenue of expression for many who have yearned for an outlet. As Miss Marjorie Gullan, the founder of the work in England, states, "We cannot all have actual adventures, take long voyages, and see other lands, but we can all have adventures of the mind and voyages of the spirit."



HOW does one learn to write? Well, if you can write, quit it if you can; if you then keep on writing, and you will soon find from the editors if what you write is worth printing. If it is, you will have no difficulty in finding a publisher. Imagine yourself on the other side of a desk, with a dear and personal letter on the other side of the desk. Tell him

in simple language and direct fashion what you have to say. If you have any ideas—that is the way to write them; just as you would tell them to your close friend . . . I like writing because it is a friendly profession. It is astonishing how many friendly, kindred hearts can get together over a piece of writing . . . On the other hand I have never drawn a dis-

agreeable character without being accused of slandering some friend of the alleged abused one . . . As for fan mail, any honest writer is glad to admit that it delights him to receive it . . . only thus can he know what people are thinking about him and his work.—Stewart Edward White before Section on Art and Literature, Commonwealth Club.

The Optimist

A Short Short Story

By ROSS EATON CARPENTER

SETH BAXTER, long, lank and gray, sat down on his accustomed bench in the Old Plaza. He was whistling. Keeping time to the tune, his worn shoes began to tap upon the dew-wet grass.

Presently Seth halted his tattoo, and turned down the collar of his slept-in old coat. "This here Los Angeles sunshine sure thaws the kinks out of a feller!"

He sat soaking in the sun's warmth a while, reveling in the smell of growing things. "Well, guess it's 'bout time to eat breakfast." He thrust a work-garled hand into the gunnysack he had brought from the "Mission," and drew forth a scrubby, undersized orange.

A shabbily dressed man slumped down on Seth's bench. The newcomer was middle-aged and gloomy faced. He kept his eyes upon the ground.

Seth munching his orange studied the stranger for a time, then called out cheerily: "Fine morning, Mister!"

"Well—what of it?" grunted the gloomy faced man, without looking up.

Meditatively Seth scratched the white stubble on his lean jaw. "Say, brother, you look kinda down-in-the-mouth. Cheer up," he grinned, "mebbe it ain't true! Now, I considers it a priv'lege jest to be 'lowed to enjoy this Californy sunshine. An' these here oranges—why, back in Nebraska I'd have to pay two-bits a dozen fer 'em. Out here, they give 'em to you free-gratis-fer nothing! Have one?"

The dour man glanced up suspiciously, but accepted Seth's offering. "Thanks! . . . Did I understand you to say you come from Nebraska?"

"Sure! That's my home state. Where you from?"

"Missouri. Wish I was back there right now!"

"The heck you say—when you can live in the land of sunshine an' flowers!"

"Yeah! But a man can't eat sunshine and flowers, can he? Too many people in this damn country, anyway!" he grumbled.

"Ain't seen you 'round here before, brother. Been in L. A. long?"

"Too long! Came in last night."

"'Scuse me bein' nosey—but what's been your line?"

"Oh, I had a small business back in Missouri." He looked sourer than ever. "Went on the rocks! . . . How long have you been out here?"

"I come out last fall." Seth fell silent, gazing out over the street jammed with honking cars. His eyes were on the teeming city, but he saw green fields and grazing herds. "I was jest a-thinkin' if I was back home now—'bout this time in the morning' I'd be out doin' the milkin', an' gettin' the cans ready fer to take to town."

"So you were in the dairy business?"

"Ever since I was a kid. Don't know nothin' else."

The other man eyed Seth keenly. "How'd you happen to leave Nebraska?"

"Well, brother—" Seth halted a moment. "I don't care to talk 'bout it much. You see I try an' forget any hard luck I've had. But seein' you ask me—" He paused to wipe the orange juice from his chin. "Last year I lost everythin' I had; 'count of a mortgage!" Leaning back on the bench, he folded his arms. "One good thing 'bout it though, I was all by myself then. The 'old woman' was dead, kids growed up an' married. . . . So I hit out fer Californy. Allus wanted to see this here country—an' if I hadn't gone busted, prob'ly never would of. So, there you are again—" he smiled, "allus the silver linin', if a feller'll only look fer it!"

"You've certainly had hard sledding, my friend. Don't see how you keep so cheerful!"

"Oh shucks! What's the use of whinin'? I ain't got no right to complain; lots of folks wuss off'n I be. I got good health, an'— Seth's gaunt features wrinkled whimsically, "don't have to worry none 'bout reducin'! . . . Anyway, I get one good meal a day, besides all the oranges I can eat, an' a free bed—down at Brother Tom's Mission. What'd I be beein' fer?" Abruptly the twinkle faded; the angular face turned grim. "'Course, this damned loafin' ain't so good! Can't seem to get used to it. Allus done hard work, an' lots of it—kinda agrees with me. . . . An' I sure have tried to get somethin'! But what chanct does a old codger like me have—" he waved an arm toward the other benches now overcrowded,

"when all these husky young fellers can't nothin'?"

"Mighty little!" assented the stranger. "Don't I know it? But listen—I've just thought of something. Here's a hunch. You can take it for what it's worth. Yesterdays stopped at a dairy ranch, out beyond El Monte. The fellow who owns the ranch took it over. The milk business is out of his hands. He's looking for the right kind of a man to help him out, and—"

"'Bit off more'n he can chew"—as the feller said," interjected Seth.

"Yes, that's it. Now, my friend, you are the very man he needs. Of course, I understand it's only a hunch." He broke and began to rub the back of his neck. Presently he looked up again. "But how the deuce are you going to get out to that ranch? It's at least fifteen miles! Back where I come from, you could hitch-hike; but out here,

Seth jumped to his feet. "Lookahere, brother! If you heckon I'd have any chanct—walkin's good, ain't it?" He slapped a leather thigh. "With these long shanks, I can cover a lot of territory in a day." He leaned eagerly over the other man. "You give me the directions, an' I'll start darn pronto!" Seth grasped the stranger's hand. "An' let me tell you, brother—I'm almighty thankful fer the hunch!"

NEAR SUNDOWN, Seth Baxter was lying peacefully along Valley Boulevard. "This here highway's kinda tough on a feller's hoofs. That durned shoe's worn plumb through to the hide—by gum, if it weren't a-bleedin'! . . . Gosh, but my old stumps feels like 'twas stickin' to my backbone; the oranges don't stay by a feller long. Oh, I ought'a be most there, anyway. Feller at El Monte said to take the first dirt road to the right. B'lieve that's it, jest ahead there."

Seth made the turn, and plodded on.

At last he sighted a house. "Must be it! An' lookit them big barns! Nice patch of pasture over there." He sniffed the air. "Smells awful natural 'round here! An' calves a-bawlin'!" He heaved a reminiscent sigh. "Jimminy crickets! Jest like old times!"

And now Seth was at the front gate. He opened it, and hobbled up the path.

A man was sitting on the vine-shaded veranda. At the porch steps, Seth suddenly halted. He rubbed his eyes, and stared—agape. "Well, I'll be hornswoggled—if it ain't him!"

The gloomy stranger of the Plaza rose to his feet. "Why—hello, 'Nebraska!" He quickly down the steps, hand outstretched. "Mighty glad to see you! Sorry to have you walk—but you remember I'm from Missouri. Come right in! Supper's ready."

Suppressing The Red Menace

By LEANDER PITMAN

ACCORDING to government statistics, one fire successfully suppressed before it has developed into a major fire will save the salaries and expenses of the crew for the entire fire season, July 1 to October 10.

When President Roosevelt inaugurated the plan whereby 300,000 young, unmarried men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five would be taken from the ranks of the unemployed and provided with jobs, many looked askance at an undertaking which seemed but a form of government charity. However, to date the work accomplished by the enrollees has fully justified the action taken by the Chief Executive.

In California, with its 128 National Forest camps, the first cumulative report shows the following summary of work completed: 381 miles of forest roads constructed and improved; 379 miles of telephone lines built; 105 buildings erected; 463 miles of truck trails constructed or maintained; 82 miles of fire breaks and 77 miles of fire lines built; 99 miles of roadsides cleared of inflammable material and 464,000 snags felled; 2,599 acres of public camp grounds cleared, with water and camping facilities developed; poisoning of rodents on 103,935 acres; 350 check dams constructed to prevent erosion; and numerous other forestry projects under way. In addition the efficient organized fire fighting force furnished by the U. S. Forest Service has reduced the cost of fire fighting in the National Forest of California some 80 per cent to date. While performing their duties in the National Forests under the supervision of forest rangers and experienced forestry foremen, the C. C. C. enrollees are providing not only adequate returns in material evidence of their work accomplished, but also are receiving inestimable value in character building, in development of initiative and leadership, and in a normal psychology which lifts them from the pitfalls of depression to face squarely the problems of today.

In locating and reporting a forest fire the forestry service has developed a unique system. Perched like eagles on the summits of the higher mountains, lookout stations are maintained. As the ranger in a station scrutinizes the timber-studded hills, either from a crow's nest on a tall steel tower, or from his glass-aided house, his eagle-like eyes watch carefully for the first telltale sign of smoke. Three times a day he must report by telephone to the

ranger's office. When smoke is spotted he swings his alidade in direct line with the fire. After determining the direction, he takes a reading at the point where the alidade intersects a circle, marked off in degrees over which the alidade points. This reading with the ap-

This excellent article is a most timely presentation of the dangers from mountain and forest fires and the precautions taken to obviate and suppress them. The work of the C. C. C. at this time is notable. In view of the recent disastrous fire in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, it is evident that too great precautions cannot be observed.

proximate location he immediately telephones to the forest ranger.

Before the ranger is a chart of his district laid out in minute detail, with every creek, trail, road, town, and the name of every ridge, gulch, and mountain shown. Around the location of each mountain peak on the map where a lookout is stationed, a circle is drawn having each degree marked and numbered. Suspended from the center of the circle, the exact location of the lookout, is a weight tied to a string. When the ranger receives a reading on the location of a fire from the lookout, he stretches the string in line with the reading received. Next, from another lookout, he receives a report on the same fire and stretches the string suspended from the location of that lookout station accordingly. At the intersection of the two strings is the exact location of the fire. This method of location is similar to that used to locate targets for long range artillery. When the location of the smoke is thus determined, the information is given to the suppression crew foreman, who dispatches his men to the scene of the blaze.

THERE are three sources of fires—lightning, incendiary, and accidental. When the humidity is low and the atmosphere close and sultry, thunderheads gather in the mountains and usually result in electrical storms. If there has been little rain during the fire season, an extremely dangerous fire hazard is created, and lightning striking in dry timber may ignite a pine or a pile of brush upon the hillside.

Incendiary fires are the result of revenge, envy, anger, jealousy, or selfishness. The first

four motives are usually directed toward some neighbor or prompted by some fancied wrong at the hands of the forest ranger, a man whose duty it is to maintain the most friendly of relations with the public. Selfishness in a "firebug" results in the desire to use the property of the tax-paying public, the National Forests, for his own personal gain. Miners often start destructive forest fires while burning the brush from off their claim. Stockmen do the same in an attempt to clear out brush on grazing land which usually belongs to the government.

Ninety per cent of accidental fires, such as throwing lighted matches and cigarettes from automobiles traveling through hazardous fire areas, are the result of carelessness. Unusual and freakish accidental fires are sometimes found, as when a horse strikes its shoe against a flint rock buried in the grass, and the sparks ignite a fire. Sometimes the sun shining through a bit of glass causes a blaze, and disastrous fires have been known to start from the spontaneous combustion of paper or oily rags. However, in the majority of cases, accidental fires are the result of human carelessness.

When the red menace sweeps through the verdant timber lands leaving behind it skies filled with scorching, acrid smoke and tall, blackened snags, which yesterday were luxuriant evergreen trees, reaching gauntly upward, its disastrous effects are deeply felt and far reaching. Everyone loses when the forests burn. "Cities, towns, and farms," says the Forest Rangers' Catechism, "lose water for domestic use and irrigation. Water and power companies and ranchers lose through soil erosion and silting of reservoirs and canals. Live-stock owners lose forage for their stock, lumber companies lose timber, logging camps, and machinery, together with loss of time of their employees and reduced output. Woods workers lose wages, sportsmen lose their hunting grounds, and game and fish are killed or driven away. Recreationists lose the beauty spots which are destroyed and camp grounds that are laid waste by fire. Hotels and resorts lose by reduced vacation travel, and merchants lose by lessened demands for goods by traders and local unemployed residents. Tax payers lose by increased taxes levied to pay the cost of fire fighting."

Read Farther on Page 156.

Oh, Youth!

Mark Twain: Boy and Philosopher



By LORENA M. GARY



SAMUEL CLEMENS (Mark Twain)

OLIVIA CLEMENS, wife of the humorist, Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain), always called her husband *Youth*. Whether this appellation was of particular significance to Mrs. Clemens, or whether it was adopted by her to avoid using the unpoetic name Samuel, or Sam, is unimportant. For from their courtship days until the last hours of their happy companionship, the name "Youth" characterized Mark Twain exactly. This is shown in nearly all his books, with the exception of *Joan of Arc*, and is often declared by his biographers. Concerning this, William Dean Howells says of him: "He was a youth to the end of his days, the heart of a boy with the head of a sage; the heart of a good boy, or a bad boy, but always a willful boy, and will-fulest to show himself out at every time for just the boy he was."

How much of the boy do we recognize in *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Connecticut Yankee*, *The Prince and the Pauper* and the first part of *Life on the Mississippi*? Although the "head of a sage" is often evident and occasionally predominant, the "heart of the boy" with its passion for adventure, excitement, and admiration is always just beneath the sur-

face. Boyish pleasure in the spectacular seems to have been a part of Mark Twain from the time he led the gang in *Tom Sawyer* to the day when, in the dead of winter and past sixty years of age, he decided to wear white serge on Fifth Avenue. Albert Bigelow Paine affirms that he gloried in this leadership and striking originality: "He had a passion for the center of the stage, a love for the spectacular that never wholly died."

Possibly it was this desire for the center of the stage which caused Mark Twain to write so many of his stories in the first person. By this method of delineation he could be partly fictitious and partly Mark Twain and he could bring about a change whenever he wished, even as the Connecticut Yankee could live in the 6th or in the 19th century. In *Life on the Mississippi*, which is largely autobiographical, there is an advantage gained by his saying that he ran away, as a boy, vowing never to return except as a pilot. Had he said that he was twenty-one, which he actually was, he could not have indulged his imagination in all the boyish pranks and experiences that are so fascinating in the story.

WHEN he had embarked on the *Paul Jones* starting at Cincinnati down the Ohio to Mississippi to New Orleans, his enthusiasm was that of a country boy—away from home for the first time. There is nothing grown in this: "When we got under way and were poking down the broad Ohio, I became a new being, and the subject of my own admiration. I was a traveler! . . . I had an exultant sense of being bound for mysterious lands and distant climes which I never have felt in uplifting a degree since. . . . When I stopped at villages and woodyards, I could help lolling carelessly upon the railings of the boiler-deck to enjoy the envy of the country boys on the bank. If they did not notice I sneezed to attract their attention. . . . As soon as they saw me I gaped and stretched and gave other signs of being mightily bored with traveling." He tells how he kept his wits off in order to acquire a bronzed and weather-beaten look and when this was partly accomplished, childlike he said, "I wished that boys and girls at home could see me now."

In learning the river there were many tiring and discouraging moments, but he kept at the stupendous task of mastering it, which ended

he compares to "learning the longest street in New York in absolute detail, or to learning the Old and New Testaments by heart and being able to recite them backward or forward or begin at random anywhere in the book." Compared to this a pilot's knowledge of the Mississippi is a marvelous feat. Of course, all this is from the point of view of a boy. (It is his experience as cub pilot he had many difficulties, yet he learned to love and honor Mr. Bixby and was a lifelong friend to him. Mr. Bixby always considered him as his cub—seven years later when the famous humorist went miles to meet his old pilot. His experience with Pilot Brown was most unpleasant. After a day of hopeless endeavor to please Mr. Brown, who did nothing but swear at him and abuse him, the young cub pilot would go to bed and invent new and original ways to ill Brown. After one desperately trying day he said: "That was an uncomfortable hour; or there was a big audience on the hurricane deck. (This was once when Mark Twain did not enjoy the spectacular.) When I went to bed that night, I killed Brown in seventeen days—all of them new."

Mark Twain left the river after four years of service. His varied experiences extended from gold mining to traveling in Europe. Although famous and renowned, his love for the life of a pilot still remained as fresh and vigorous as when he was a boy. He decided to go back to the river for a trip down to New Orleans mainly to live again the happy days when he was a cub. In order to be free to enjoy himself he thought best to go incognito, but was barely started before being recognized. This ended his plan to be the same boy who had learned the Mississippi under Mr. Bixby. However, he did have many happy experiences; one of the most exciting and in which he had boyish delight, was his privilege of steering a steamboat again.

There is evidence of the "head of a sage" in the last chapters of *Life on the Mississippi*. The descriptions of the course of the river, the marked changes in river transportation, the growth of the cities along the banks, the pass-

ing of the old days—all add immeasurably to the interest of the book, giving it historical value, as well as discovering to the reader more intimately the personality and character of Mark Twain.

IN *The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court* there is still stronger evidence that Mark Twain had eternal boyhood and youth. The very motive for writing it was childish, if we may believe the critic, VanWych Brooks, who says that the book was written to show up the redcoats: Matthew Arnold, King George III, and General Cornwallis. Matthew Arnold had come to America and in the course of his visit here had met General Grant. He took the liberty to comment on and criticize General Grant's "rudimentary language." This bit Mark Twain as an American; and as an American, he wrote *The Connecticut Yankee*. "The artist in him wished to satirize not England, but America; the pioneer in him wished to satirize not America, but England. As usual the pioneer won. He made the childish mistake of being personal in his attack upon Matthew Arnold and with a longing for 'a pen warmed up in hell,' he put in place those whom he considered less than shoemakers in rank. In *The Connecticut Yankee*, in speaking of the nobility of King Arthur's court, the Yankee says: 'They liked me, and respected my office; but as an animal, without birth or sham title, they looked down upon me—and were not particularly private about it, either.'

In the visit to King Arthur's court, there is mingled with the Yankee's humorous and satiric observations on customs, civilization, the church, slavery, science and all phases of social life, the genuine love of adventure that only a boy knows. The Yankee had many grown-up ideas, but his heart was that of a boy in wonderland—in a land where he is the supreme intelligence; where he is "The Boss." The boy's love for the spectacular is shown when the Yankee mysteriously starts the well, after much ado had been made by the monks at Merlin's failure to start it; the exciting scene when King Arthur is saved from being hanged, as Launcelot and the knights come riding into

Camelot on bicycles; the tournament described in the terms of American baseball—all have the point of view of a boy, closely combined with the adult's clear, discerning interpretation of life. The boy sees the fun, the glory, the adventure; the man sees the inconsistency, the irony, and the hypocrisy—as manifested by human actions. Together these two views combine to make a forceful story with a submerged satire.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER contains some of the same combination mentioned above; but in it the satire and the irony are more pronounced. The boy, Theodor Fischer, meets a youth named Satan and is fascinated by his carefree, elusive and nonchalant attitude toward life in general. The two boys become friends, and Satan, the all-wise, explains the puzzling questions that a boy wonders about, even before the boy can ask them. The explanations are in the terms that a boy can easily understand, but not too simple to appeal to the intelligence of an adult. Such analogies as that in which the spider and the elephant are compared to Satan's relation to human beings, appeal to the boy's imagination and the man's reasoning power. At the end, after Satan has explained the whole process of civilization in its degraded state, he says: "It is a dream; nothing exists except existent thought." Of course, the boy accepts this from the friend he admires and envies. The last words of Theodor reflect the inner Mark Twain: "He vanished and left me appalled, for I knew that all he said was true."

Thus we have the story of the boy and the philosophy of the man, both signifying the real Mark Twain. The stories indicate he was endowed with a youthful spirit which lasted all his life. His actions show this spirit, too! Whether in the cabin of a steamboat, the court of a king, the dining room of a hotel or in his own parlor, always is that boyish element present. It may have been this characteristic in her husband that made Olivia Clemens say so frequently, in a tone which suggested chagrin and loving tolerance: "Oh, Youth! How could you?"

Professionally Amorous Similes

By GEORGE KEEFER

ARCHITECT: My love for you is like a T-are; it bends easily but it's on the level.

BANKER: My love for you is like a check; though often stamped it always returns.

PROFESSOR: My love for you is like the aqueous globe; it means the world to me.

MERCHANT: My love for you is like a gain sale; although a bit rough, it thrives advertising.

UNDERTAKER: My love for you is like a ding sheet; I'm all wrapped up in it.

ACTOR: My love for you is like an assistant director; I never no.

POLITICIAN: My love for you is like an after-dinner speech; it has no ending.

BUTCHER: My love for you is like my hand; it weighs heavily.

DENTIST: My love for you is like an oral torch; without it I feel down in the mouth.

COBBLER: My love for you is like a gimlet; I'm glad I didn't stick to my last for you are my awl.

REALTOR: My love for you is like a subdivision, I like you lots.

DOCTOR: My love for you is like an emetic; it brings out the best in me.

LAWYER: My love for you is like the Supreme Court; it's the last guess.

BOOTLEGGER: My love for you is like a quart of water; it is God's gift to me.

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTOR: My love for you is like a rejection slip; it is my reward for being a good Christian.

BARBADOS

By CYRIL CLEMENS

ONE of the most interesting islands of the West Indies group is Barbados, settled by the English in 1635. The first slaves were brought there soon afterward. They have so multiplied that today the island boasts something like 200,000 blacks, and not more than 10,000 whites. The island is about fifty miles long, and ten miles wide. The capital is Bridgetown, a city of approximately 60,000 inhabitants.

Our ship arrived off Bridgetown early in the morning. Scores of small boats containing diving boys came out to greet us. The black natives with their kinky hair kept shouting:

"Bosses, throw us some money!"

"Give us of your wealth!"

When a coin is thrown them, it can be seen sinking in the water, but the diver reaches it with surprising quickness, and when he comes to the surface again he examines the coin and then puts it in his mouth. The blacks are marvelous swimmers, and are as much at home in the water as are fishes.

Bridgetown consists mostly of low, white plaster houses with red roofs of a beautiful tint. The streets near the heart of the town are narrow and rather too crowded with vehicles and pedestrians. One of the most charming houses on the outskirts of Bridgetown is the house where George Washington and his brother Lawrence stayed in 1754. Lawrence Washington came here for his health, but shortly after their return to Virginia he died and left Mount Vernon to his famous brother. It is interesting to note that Barbados is the only country now under a foreign flag that was ever visited by George Washington.

Taking an automobile for a ride across the island, we were surrounded by twenty or more colored men and women selling canes, whips, beads, and all kinds of fruit. The two nearest me were so persistent that I tried to put them off with:

"I'll see you when I come back."

"All right," spoke up one darkey as black as the ace of spades, "my name is Snowball; look out for me when you come back from your drive!"

On my other side a darkey woman spoke up and said:

"And my name is Beatrice; do not forget to look out for me; I have for sale some fine whips!"

I promised that I would forget neither Snowball nor Beatrice, and off we started on our trip. In a few minutes we were out in the country traveling along a rather dusty road, which often cut its way through limestone hillocks which had originally been formed by sea shells. Along the road were numerous little cabins where lived the negroes who worked in the sugar fields. These cabins were built of such light material that in passing them one almost held his breath for fear of blowing them over. As we passed each house the little darkeys invariably ran toward us and held out their hands for a penny. Some even danced or sang the better to attract our attention. Separated from the road by a stretch of sugar cane, stood a group of buildings dominated, as a rule, by a quaint stone windmill which ground the sugar cane. The planter's residence was a long, two-story, comfortable-looking stone house, surrounded by a number of stables and outhouses. We visited one of these sugar mills and were interested in the process of crushing the sugar cane, purifying the juice, and making it into molasses. At the present time molasses is more profitable than sugar. The chief product of Barbados has always been either sugar or molasses. The island is interesting throughout, but, being rather flat, there is little variety. Like Holland, Barbados has a landscape which is dominated by windmills.

The Anglican Church has long been the established religion, and the island gets its divisions from the various parishes. The church where George and Lawrence Washington worshiped can still be seen, and an old colored sexton is always at hand and for a small consideration will point out our first President's pew.

The whole island is exceedingly well policed by a colored force of 300 men commanded by an English baronet. The police uniform is dapper: white trousers, a blue coat with gilt buttons, a white helmet, and a belt with a very fine nickel buckle. I asked one of the police what a gold band on his sleeve indicated.

"That stands for good conduct, master, and means an extra penny a day."

So from this we gathered that, at least for the colored people, living is comparatively cheap in Barbados!

After lunching on the cool veranda of a most pleasant hotel and much enjoying the

delicious baked bananas, we returned to the wharf. And who should I find waiting there but "Snowball" and "Beatrice," expecting me to buy something as I had promised. After I had purchased a large bunch of bananas Snowball insisted upon carrying it to the wharf, and as our boat pulled away from shore the last thing he said to me was:

"God bless you, master!"

Red Menace

Continued From Page 153

To educate the public in the effects of the inroads of this monster which ravishes the handiwork of Nature so brutally, the United States Forest Service, a public agency accountable to the people, conducts an extensive educational program. Bulletins, circulars, and maps are distributed without charge, and arrangements may be made for the use of motion pictures, colored lantern slides, and lecture outlines.

Newspapers and magazines are furnished with press information on national forest resources and activities. This educational news information instructs the public in safety precautions against fires and also which tell the public how the Forest Service is meeting its responsibilities.

Every minute while you have been reading this article, 99 acres of valuable timber watershed cover have been destroyed by fire somewhere in the United States. Like the ticking of a clock, minute after minute, day after day, this appalling pace keeps up to a staggering annual total of 52,000,000 acres burned over. Merciless and relentless the cruel giant fire, invades the forests leaping, whirling, and dancing—accompanied by billowing clouds of greenish, black smoke and roaring, crackling flames. In its path it leaves the venomous hiss of burning pine and firs; the thunderous crash of forest giants; hoarse shouts of desperate exhausted fire fighters; the pattering paw and hoof of despairing wild life fleeing from destruction. Up the hillsides it sweeps, engulfing blind canons, the dread of every fire fighter in a sheet of flames and sometimes converting a peaceful glen into a holocaust of stark tragedy. The red menace—a living, leaping wave of vivid fire—swoops down upon the verdant luxuriant forests, ravishes them and leaves its wake gaunt, blackened snags, smoldering logs, lifeless trees, and desolation—a grim epitaph of human carelessness.

"A little fire is quickly trodden out, while big ones, which have suffered, rivers cannot quench."

The Japanese Feast of the Departed

By CARL HOLLIDAY

DURING the three days from July 15 to July 17 the people of Japan will be having their happiest holiday—the Feast of the Departed. Japanese lanterns will gleam from the vineyards and in the cherry orchards; fires of cherry wood will burn before every door; dainty bowls of rice and tea will be set upon every family altar; and everywhere there will be feasting, visiting, and dancing.

For these Japs believe that once each year the spirits of their dead are permitted to return to earth to mingle for seventy-two hours with their descendants and relatives, and the rural classes especially are sure that they actually do feel the presence of their departed ones. Often two or three stools or cushions are left unoccupied at the feast, on the supposition that the spirits will want places reserved for themselves. Food and drink are ceremoniously set before these empty stools or cushions, just as at all other places at the little dining tables.

Of course, the Japanese do not believe that the souls of their dead actually eat the *physical* food, but they do maintain that the spirits do partake of the *essence* or the *spiritual* quality of the viands. Back of it all is very much the same idea that we white people have in mind when we put flowers upon graves, except that the Japs put food and drink upon tombs and altars.

Painstaking indeed are the preparations for the Feast of the Departed, or *O-Bon*, as the natives call it. The floors, walls, and ceilings of the houses are swept and dusted with exquisite care, and flowers garnish every nook and corner of the dwelling. In the alcove, where stands the family altar to the ancestors, rice, tea, bits of sugar, and cakes are placed with grave ceremony. For the spirits of the dead must be made to understand that they are cordially welcomed. Some of our Americans might feel inclined to laugh at the whole affair, but it must be admitted that the ideal back of it all is really beautiful.

The part of the Feast of the Departed that all foreigners—and perhaps the Japs also—like best is the picturesque dancing that goes on during the three days. This feature, known as *Bon O'dori*, requires weeks and weeks of previous rehearsal; for your Jap believes in approaching perfection in every activity, and he has infinite patience. The village girls will dance all day and all night, weaving in and out in a performance so intricate and puzzling

that it completely bewilders the foreign observer.

The Japanese damsel, however, knows thoroughly what it is all about; for she realizes that if she is skilful enough in this native dance she may win her partner as a husband. The rural Japanese parents are exceedingly strict toward their daughters, and to many a belle the *Bon O'dori* dance means the only opportunity in the year to meet, talk, and frolic with the young fellows of the neighborhood. And thus it happens that on the third day of the Feast of the Departed many an engagement is announced on the village green by the proud fathers.

The dances for this particular festival are so old that Japanese historians cannot discover just when they were first used. But the songs heard during the dancing are absolutely new—composed by village poets especially for the occasion. It is a weird sight—the brightly decked peasants dancing under the soft light of paper lanterns suspended in the pines and cherry trees, while those ancient Japanese instruments, the *semison* and drums, produce a strange, minor music.

Then comes the evening of the third day. Once again the fires are replenished, and fresh candles are put into the paper lanterns. For there must be plenty of light to aid the spirits in their departure. Even little horses, made of straw, are placed upon the altars and in the streets, so that the spirits may not be wearied by walking the long journey back to the Spirit World.

And now, as twilight draws near, the people flock to the nearest river or lake, where will be chanted that marvelously solemn farewell to the souls of the dead—the *Segaki*. Boats and barges, bedecked with red and white ribbons, row out from the shores. And then over the waters echo the voices of the priests calling upon whatever gods there be to be merciful to the departing. From the shores the people sing the "responses" with a solemnity that thrills the foreign audience.

Thus the old, old custom, brought to Japan by the conquering Chinese centuries ago, and now almost forgotten by the Chinese themselves, has become the most joyous national ceremony of the little kingdom in the far-off sea. Western ideas and ideals have somewhat changed the festival in the larger cities, but in the country towns and villages it is as quaint and weird and "other-worldly" as ever.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for October, 1933.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.
Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur H. Chamberlain, who, having duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers, are: Publisher, Overland-Outwest Publications, Los Angeles, California; Editor, Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Business Manager, Mahel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, California.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and address of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine, Consolidated, Los Angeles, California; Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Mahel B. Moffitt, San Francisco, California; James F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN.
(Signature of Editor)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1933.

ESTHER E. NELSON.
(My commission expires January 30, 1936.)
(Seal). Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Shanghai Butterfly

A Short—Short Story

By STEVE FISHER

A QUAIN narrow street, Chinese shuffling up and down, rick-shaws rambling by, white men and women in evening dress, swaggering sailors, drunken soldiers, white glaring lights going on and off: "CABARET CASTANOVA—The Bright Spot of Shanghai, Where Only GAYETY Prevails."

With shining black hair half to her shoulders, sparkling black eyes, thin tightly drawn lips, the immaculately garbed girl in the white linen dress, created no little scene as she pushed her way into the revolving glass door of the night club.

"Is Gordon McDougal here?" she asked the head waiter.

The fat Chinese, nodded. "Yes, you wish to see him?"

"I wish to see him."

"You are a friend?"

"I am a friend."

"Then follow me."

She followed the waddling head waiter to the balcony and to a secluded little room that overlooked the dance floor.

"Mr. McDougal is in here." He smiled, slightly.

"Thank you."

The fat Chinese turned and started back down the steps. The girl knocked.

"Come in," came a deep voice from inside.

The girl pushed her way inside. She closed the door behind her. Standing was a chief petty officer of the United States Navy, dressed in his white uniform. His hair, the same color, seemed to match. Seated at the small table was a crudely dressed Chinese woman. Her face was wrinkled, her narrow eyes wan.

"You are Chief petty officer Gordon McDougal?"

"Yes."

The chief looked down at the Chinese woman. "Shall we discuss it elsewhere?"

"This is all right," the girl answered. "What I have to say won't involve your Chinese friend."

McDougal flushed. "Half Chinese—my, er, wife."

The girl waved her hand, as if bored. "You've been in China quite some time, haven't you?"

The chief fumbled with something in his pocket, eyed an empty chair, saw it was useless. "Yes," he answered. "I have."

"Nineteen years ago," the girl went on in a cool, even voice, "you met a show girl—the Shanghai Butterfly!"

"Yes—"

"A baby was born."

The chief's eyes dropped. His white face grew whiter, his temples stood out, throbbing. "But, but, what has this to do with you, young lady? "Why are you here asking me these things?"

"Never mind why I am here. Please answer my questions."

The chief's words stumbled. "Why, er, er, before the baby was born I was ordered back to the States for duty. When I finally got duty back in Shanghai the baby was dead, the 'butterfly' had lost her position on the stage, and—"

"Yes, Mr. McDougal, I know the story."

The half caste Chinese stood up. "Please—"

"Sit down," the white girl snapped, "this doesn't concern you."

"What are you driving at?" the chief demanded.

"Just this, McDougal, I am Lexo. I am your daughter."

The chief fell back, shaking his head, pointing at her. "No, it is impossible, No—"

"Not impossible, McDougal. I didn't die. I was left in the hands of missionaries. Nice life I had. I ran away with some tourists who took me back to the States. Then, not a year ago, I met the woman who had raised me in the missionary. She told me the true story of my life. How you left the Shanghai Butterfly with a baby on the way. No more stage career. No money. She had to entertain at cheap cabarets, do cheap acts, play with soldiers and sailors, sell her body. All because of you."

The chief swallowed, his temple was throbbing harder now, his hands were trembling.

"When I was told that, McDougal, I swore I would come back and get you. I swore that you would pay for the horrible injustice inflicted upon my mother!"

"Lexo—" weakly.

"Oh, I found you all right," she went on, her voice growing a little shrill, semi-hysterical, "the missionary told me where you'd be. It took time, but I have you now; and McDougal." She pulled a tiny revolver from her purse, "McDougal, see this? I am going to shoot you with it, and when that bullet enters your putrid body, just remember the Shanghai Butterfly . . ."

"Don't—" the half caste pleaded.

The girl wavered unsteadily. "You stay out of this," the girl ordered, "you cheap Chinese pig, you stay away . . ."

"Lexo . . ." the chief called, helplessly.

"DON'T . . ." the half caste, plunged forward, snatching at the gun. There was a shot. Smoke. The older woman slumped to the floor.

The chief grabbed the gun from the girl's hand. He bent down to the fallen woman. He picked her up in his arms. He kissed her wrinkled face. There were tears in his eyes.

People crowded the entrance of the little room. Two huge policemen appeared. The chief stood up.

"I did it."

The girl stood back against the wall, her hand over her mouth.

The chief smiled, a saintly smile, holy, almost like a smile one might expect of God. "It's all right," he murmured to the girl, "I don't mind going . . . now . . . I haven't anything more to live for. Shanghai is my life blood . . . but Lexo, dear girl . . . Shanghai is no good without the Shanghai Butterfly . . . Lexo, that is her on the floor . . . your mother is dead."

The white glaring lights outside were still snapping on and off, announcing "CABARET CASTANOVA—The Bright Spot of Shanghai, Where Only GAYETY Prevails."

THE LITERARY WEST

DURING recent months Los Angeles and San Francisco papers have had much to say of a National Academy of American Literature that proposed to establish centers in many large cities and to raise literary standards. Indeed from the statements contained in an attractive announcement, we were led to believe that while little had as yet been accomplished for letters in the west or elsewhere for that matter, great things were to be expected from the new organization. Now we learn through the public press of San Francisco that "The National Academy of American Literature promoted here to make San Francisco 'the cultural center of America'—folded its tents following an investiga-

tion by the Better Bureau and the State Labor Bureau." The promoter of the plan, so it was stated, had departed for Los Angeles.

Many of the best known literary and business men and women of the state gave support to the movement and were listed as officers or members of committees or boards. We are now wondering whether the failure on the part of the management to invite us to membership or a seat on the councils, was merely oversight, a knowledge of the fact that we did not have the \$10.00 requisite fee, or perhaps, an intuition that a hard-boiled editor would doubt the advisability of moving forward in such a venture at this particular time.

UCK Privates on Parnassus, by Ona M. Rounds, is a new book from the press of Meador Publishing Company, Boston. This book of 217 pages and illustrated, is under the authorship of one who saw service overseas in the Great War. Miss Rounds had unsurpassed opportunities for the curing of data and the drawing of conclusions. Her work in the library service with the American Expeditionary Forces, brought her in close touch with our boys representing many units, and all branches of service. Miss Rounds sees early, is a thorough student of human nature, and with her poise, understanding and sympathy, enabled to keep observation and facility of expression, is enabled to write interestingly and effectively. "Buck Privates" furnishes a picture of conditions on the other side at the close of the conflict, and the experiences of men and officers waiting return to the United States. It may be read with profit by young and old alike. The price is \$2.00.

A new secondary school magazine, HIGH SCHOOL WRITER, a students' monthly, dedicated to stimulation, recognition, and reward of better creative writing, announces publication this next school year. As tentatively planned, HIGH SCHOOL WRITER will consist most entirely of student-written work, submitted through subscribing high schools in competition for monthly cash prize awards.

Manuscripts of literary merit are needed for early issues. Cash prizes in amount of \$75 each month will be awarded to especially meritorious compositions. Additional information about HIGH SCHOOL WRITER may be obtained by addressing the magazine, Lincoln High School, Seattle, Washington.

California Press Association will hold its annual business meeting at Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, December 1 and 2. There will be addresses of papers of value to the Craft. In addition to solid part of the program, there will be banquets, theatre parties and other entertainment. Wend W. Richardson is President, and Harry Rogers, Secretary.

On November 16, Miss Ethel Cotton of San Francisco, presented Mrs. Beatrice Jacoby in "An Hour with a Dramatic Reader." The program was interesting and varied, and showed the talented reader to excellent advantage. The program closed with a one-act play of Eighteenth Century Life—Aetna Green."

Edwin Markham will be guest of honor at a dinner and meeting sponsored by San Francisco B Chapter, League of Western Writers, in the Coolbrith Circle and the Sequoia Club, in the latter's Club rooms, San Francisco, evening of November 23. Mr. Markham will lecture and read his poems, and there will be toasts and brief speeches by admirers of Mr. Markham.

There appeared recently in the San Francisco News a serial of 26 articles on the famous and historic spots of old San Francisco. The illustrations by Will Wilke and the descriptions by Edward F. O'Day admirably depict the romantic and

CONTENTS

Frontispiece, "Moonlight Rider," Frank Tenny Johnson	146
Edwin Markham's Message (Portrait)	147
Edwin Markham—Dean of American Poets, Ben Field	147
Melody Lane	148
On a Wood Path—Stanton A. Coblenz, A Mission of California—Betty L. Whitsell	
Day in November—Virginia Brasier	
Valeria—Ernest McGaffey	
Times of Silence—Virginia Brasier	
Graduation—Valois Van Gilder	159
Lola Montez in America—Doris Cooms Baker	149
California Names (Verse)—Margaret R. Richter	150
Choric Verse Speaking—Katherine Scobey Putnam	151
The Optimist, a Short-Short Story—Ross Eaton Carpenter	152
Suppressing the Red Menace—Leander Pitman	153
Oh, Youth! Mark Twain, Boy and Philosopher—Lorena M. Gary	154
Professional Amorous Similes—George Keefer	155
Barbados—Cyril Clemens	156
Statement of Ownership, etc.	157
The Japanese Feast of the Departed—Dr. Carl Holliday	157
Shanghai Butterfly, a Short-Short Story—Steve Fisher	158
The Literary West	158

historic story of Old San Francisco. Many of the views shown have been used as illustrations with articles in the Overland Monthly, and bits from Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, Wallace Irwin, Ina Coolbrith, George Sterling, Edward Roland Smith and others, have found place in this magazine.

ENGLISH roads and German rivers, those are the highways on which Cornelia Stratton Parker and her young daughter, June, traversed England and Germany on two summer trips. Think of the most entertaining talker you know, think of him or her as equally interesting on the printed page, vivacious, amusing, bubbling over with the pure joy of living, and you have Mrs. Parker. How she (who had never driven before) drove with June over England, Scotland and Wales, baving all the misadventures that come to unaccustomed drivers, is told with contagious humor. Dickens' birthplace, Shakespeare's shrines, the Lorna Doone country, the Cornish country associated with the tales of King Arthur, these and a hundred others they must see.

In German Summer (also published by Liveright) Mrs. Parker has carried out an idea caught from a chance conversation, that the way to see Germany is by means of a falt boat. Just what a falt—or folding—boat might be, Mrs. Parker did not at the time know. She pictured herself and June navigating the rivers of Germany in a contrivance not unlike a collapsible bathtub, and in time they were actually purchasing a wonderful folding boat that could be wheeled, folded and sacked for transportation, or steered down the rivers.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



MOST CONVENIENT Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable Bindings for All Purposes
Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings for Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made Permanent for Ready Reference

EARLE A. GRAY
1220 MAPLE AVENUE

Los Angeles, California
Telephone PROspect 0396

W. N. D.'s
ROCK PILE FLOWER GARDEN
Hardy Plants

No Hot Boxes — No Hot Bed Plants
W. N. DAVIDSON
BOULDER, MONTANA

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive - in garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny,—sound-proof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

Today's Rates are Most Moderate

Single, \$2.00 - \$2.50 Double, \$3 - \$3.50

Coffee Shop and
Dining Room
Breakfast
25c - 35c
Lunch, 40c
Famous Steak or
Chicken Dinner
50c

**NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC**
230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO



**HOTEL
ALEXANDRIA**
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of The Eppley Hotel Company's 20 hotels in the Middle West, Louisville, Ky., Pittsburgh, Pa. and the Hamilton chain of Hotels in California.

700 ROOMS • NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM	\$2.50	WITHOUT BATH FROM	\$1.50
----------------------	---------------	-------------------------	---------------

GARAGE SERVICE
to and from our entrance without charge

E. C. EPPLEY **CHARLES B. HAMILTON**
President Vice President & Managing Director

CHICAGO OFFICE • 520 N. MICHIGAN AVE. •
SUPERIOR 4416

LOS ANGELES

On your way to Chicago

to the

*Century of Progress
Exposition...*

Stop in St. Louis

A modern American city... rich in historic lore... 19 miles of river front... sixty-five city parks... world-famous zoo... Shaw Botanical Gardens... art galleries. Many other points of great interest... the world-renowned Lindbergh trophies exhibit and Municipal Opera, worth the visit alone.

Directly on your route to Chicago from the South, Southwest and Southeast.

At The *American and American Annex Hotels* you will find an air of hospitality and the utmost consideration for your comfort, meals that are the talk of experienced travelers everywhere. Special diet menu for those who need it (sent free on request) and prices that are surprisingly low.

Rates from
\$1.50

**THE AMERICAN HOTEL
THE AMERICAN ANNEX**

"On the Plaza"

Market at 6th and 7th

St. Louis, Mo.

OVERLAND

December
1933

MONTHLY
● and Outwest Magazine ●

Vol. 91
No. 10

FEATURING

ADORNMENT IN WRITING
Lorena M. Gary



BARTER AND TRADE IN EMPLOYMENT
Rolland Moore



CAPTAIN BANNING AND STAGE COACHING
Rolland Moore



CITY BIRDS
Ernest McGaffey



IT'S A CINCH
Steve Fisher

FLIGHT FROM REALITY
Jack Benjamin



MELODY LANE

THE LITERARY WEST

Founded in
1868



By Francis
Bret Harte

Issued Monthly

Subscription \$2.50 per year

25c per copy

OVERLAND-OUT WEST PUBLICATIONS



SPANISH GALLEON

From an Oil by DUNCAN GLEASON

Consider The Lilies

BY LORENA M. GARY

IN an essay about the beauty of the sky, John Ruskin says that the noblest scenes of the earth can be known but by a few; *I think* that one may say that the greatest things of the world can be understood and known but by a few. This seems to be most apparent in literature! Only a few writers can produce great literature and only a few readers can understand it. After all that has been said about critical theories and true values in literary expression, this truth still remains as a basis of all conclusions and determines all final judgments which effect the permanency of any work. The writer, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, the designer, the landscape gardener, the beauty specialist—all people who have to work with material elements to create beauty can succeed only in so far as they can see perfect beauty or see beauty perfectly. If their vision is vague, distorted, or erratic then they shall have second rate, mediocre, and even dull or cheap products. They will add embellishments to their limited vision, but if we look closely we shall see that it is external ornament added to conceal or cover deficiencies and imperfections. It is then that we begin to wonder what adornment is, how much may be used without injuring the impression, and how much is merely fictitious ornament used for the sake of creating a false impression.

In literature there are evidences of adornments which truly enhance the effect; this type of adornment is a modification of the theme presented rather than an addition to it. It is the type found in great literature. It can no more be separated from the poem, the essay, the story than rhythm can be separated from music; it is a part of it. Through it, we get the vision of the writer. This may be called "effect adornment!" The other type of adornment is adornment used as adornment; it is external and artificial; it is not a part of the theme; it is an addition to it. It is manifest on every side of us. In poetry we have as a result of it such verses as those by the satirists who seem never to have had a definite thought, or a clear conception of what they wished to say. In prose we have pages of eulogistics attempting to represent forced conversation between man and wife such as at presented to our view by Sinclair Lewis in his most recent endeavor, *Ann Vickers*; we have statues, grotesque and meaningless; we have jazz bands and blatant dance orchestras; we have theatres and churches ornamented with a combination of Oriental, Egyptian, and Renaissance designs brought together without

unity or coherence; we have hideous gothic oil stations on convenient corners, and tall brilliantly colored buildings showing to the world our Century of Progress; we have graceless and fantastic styles in wearing apparel; we have awkward and unsightly rock-piles thrown together without plan or design, interspersed with a few flowers and ferns and called rock gardens, scattered at random over the countryside in the Middle West; we see human hands decorated at the finger-tips with vermilion erubescence suggesting the bloody combats of

In literature there are evidences of adornment which truly enhance the effect; this type of adornment is a modification of the theme represented rather than an addition to it. It is the type found in great literature. * * * The other type of adornment is adornment used as adornment; it is external and artificial. It is not a part of the theme; it is an addition to it. It is manifest on every side of us.

ancient days. All these attempts to represent the beautiful as it is comprehended by those whose work it is to add splendor, elegance, or charm to life are often but futile efforts when judged by the standards of real art—art which brings out the innate beauty and needs no external embellishment or artificial adornment to express what is in the soul of man. To have such art there must be a vision of the beautiful; a power "to see life steadily and see it whole."

BECAUSE so few have this vision or power there have always been many mediocre writers. Their work has often been popular because of its adornment and outward attractiveness. It has at times served as a model, and imitators have followed the patterns made by the figurative language, the grandiloquent phrases, the euphonious language until the style became more important than the theme, that is the adornment became more important than the adorned. Such a style of writing has given rise to varied opinions about the place of adornment in critical theory. The early Greek, Roman, and Persian poets used much adornment in their epics. The reason for this was partly due to the grandeur of their themes and partly due to the power of figurative language to appeal to minds less comprehensive

than theirs. Their poems were often taken from folk lore and their audiences responded to a style which appealed to their uncultivated imagination. Exaggeration, fantastic explanations of natural phenomena, alliteration, repetition—all appealed to the people. As soon as these devices began to work smoothly the critics, Plato, Aristotle, and others began to object and to lay down rules for writing. The devices changed, new writers made new patterns and the same results came about.

The cycle continued. The question of adornment was not very important in English literature until the appearance of *Euphues* in 1579. This story was written by John Lyly, a youth who was educated at Oxford and although he did not add anything to the scholarship here, he had a great amount of superficial cleverness which enabled him to write a successful account of the culture of the period. He wrote *Euphues or the Anatomy of Wit* in 1579, and its sequel, *Euphues and His England* in 1580.* *Euphues* means a man well-endowed by nature. Lyly chose this word as a name of the hero in his story because it seemed to fit the character he wished to portray. *Euphues* was elegant in speech, polished in manners, and learned in all the arts and graces of society. The book was addressed to the "gentlewomen of England," and was written for the purpose of entertaining and disarming the "ladies." It was literature for the boudoir and bower. The style was artificial; ornamented with antithesis, alliterations, elaborate descriptions, superfine phraseology. It displayed the utmost affectation. This new style became so popular that it was given a special name. *Euphuism*, and was popular for fifty years in England. It attempted to prove the artistic value of prose by giving it some of the qualities of poetry. Sir Philip Sidney wrote the *Arcadia* in this style, but his chief resource is in prodigality of ornament and elaboration of style rather than in the frequent use of antithesis. Other authors imitated the style but naturally the people grew tired of the elaboration and artificiality, and *Euphuism* became a dead language.

THERE have, however, been regular recurrences of the tendency toward *Euphuism* since the days of John Lyly. It has been given different names such as "fine writing" and "flowery style." The names have a suggestion which is not pleasing to an author who indulges in flights of spirited rhetoric. The satirists such as Addison and Steele ridicule it; the humorists such as Mark Twain and Stephen

*p. 84. A History of English Literature, Moody & Lovett, (Scribners, 1936).

Read Farther on Page 168

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

THREE INDIAN WHYS

By LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

OUR holy Earth-mother
The great Spider-woman
Taught the game of cat's-cradle
To our tribe long ago.
Still, we keep our old promise
Not to play it till winter
When all snakes and spiders
Sleep under the snow.

When blizzard winds blow
The Navajos know
The reason for old legends say
That three wicked squaws
Who broke tribal laws
Had their noses cut off and then they
Were chased toward the north together.
Up there they still roam
And their backward looks home
Are beheld in the ugly weather.

The great flood came: with magic craft
The Indians' Father built a raft
For animals and men.
Beasts could talk then
And did, but only to complain
Incessantly against the rain.
When many months had passed
And Earth appeared at last
On, on, they scolded loud and glum.
Their punishment was far from small
Because the Creatures, one and all
But Man, were stricken dumb.



INDIAN SUMMER

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

NOW are the hills enveloped in a haze
Where mingled weft of brilliant red and
gold,
The dim cathedrals of the timber fold
Rapt—listening aisles of dreamy wood-land
ways;
Now spicy scents float upward through the
maze
Of sylvan intervals whose pulsings hold
Agrestic music; melodies of old
Such as Pan's pipe in secret grotto plays.

The glittering panorama of the leaves
Has heralded the summer months' eclipse;
With sunlight dripping from the forest eaves
Like some slow rain that from a roof-tree slips.
While Indian-summer, by the harvest sheaves
Holds the strong wine of Autumn to her lips.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

By BEULAH MAY

WINTER is here, the cattle stand in sheds
And dream of summer; dusty skates and
sleds
Come from the attic down, and woolen hoods
And mittens are the wear; logs from the woods
Roar on the hearth with nuts and cider by,
While through the air the lacy snow stars fly.
Come, lift the latch and let Dan Christmas in
And all his host with mask and mandolin,
And let me too, my dearest, come to stay
To keep with you this old, old holiday.



AN INVITATION

By ROLAND COOKE

WHEN evening time is dark with wind and
storm,
What other man than you would I invite
To share a moment's refuge, safe and warm,
Beyond the casual loneliness of night.
While shadows lengthen, softly drift and climb,
Like waves across the candle-gilded dust,
We'll make a quiet little pool of time
To mirror love and kindness and trust.

And I will marvel that in all the lands,
No other name is intimate and dear;
No other voice is medicine for pain.
Both fire and shadow touch your folded hands.
The darkness falls, but you and I will hear
The chimes at midnight, sounding through the
rain.



CALIFORNIA BEAUTIFUL

By DR. M. VICTOR STALEY

I LOVE thee, land of matchless charm;
I love thy mountain rills;
Thy lovely vales where poppies flame;
Thy pleasant, vine-clad hills.
I love the rosy-fingered dawn,
On high Sierra's crest;
I love the gorgeous sunset glow,
Which paints thy golden west.

CHORUS

What happy hours have filled my days,
Beneath thy sunlit sky!
O, California Beautiful,
Here would I live and die.

I love thee, land of cherished dreams,
And ever shalt thou be,
In all this world of sweet desires
The dearest spot to me.
No otherwhere have I beheld
A loveliness so rare;
No dwelling place have ever known,
Arched by a sky more fair.

I love thee, land of sunny slopes;
Thy groves of green and gold,
Which rival in the world's repute
Thy mines of wealth untold.
I love thy giant Sequoia's fame;
Thy towering Redwood Tree;
Thy waving fields of rip'ning grain;
Thy vast expanse of sea.

I love thee, land by Nature blessed;
Thy highways winding far,
O'er hill, by dale, through verdant plain,
Where'er thy beauties are.
I love Yosemite, thy pride;
Its rugged mountain walls;
Its limpid streams; its woodland glades;
The grandeur of its falls.

I love thee, land of magic lure,
Where earth, and sky, and sea
Together weave the mystic tie
That binds my soul to thee.
I love thee, land of heart's content;
From thee I would not roam;
Beneath thy vine and fig-tree's shade,
Is home, sweet home,—my home.



MATURITY

By JAY RODERIC DE SPAIN

YOUR love was such a transient thing for
Stirring a fleetier impulse in my breast
Than quivers any blossom when a bee
Emerges from its fragrance in her quest
For nectar. Fainter than her humming wings
Whose dim vibrations blur the virgin petals
Of blooms, you told of love in whispering
Whose modulations never pause nor cease

After you left, the vital dust you flung
The fertile pistils in my heart became
A million wild pulsations that have sung
Remembered things you whispered when
came.
Each tiny seed within my heart-pod sings
Ready to burst it when they hear your wish

The Unemployed Of Southern California Do Not Go Hungry

By ROLLAND MOORE

AMAZED I was at how the unemployed of Southern California have organized among themselves to keep "Old Man Wolf" from the door and the pot boiling. Every city and town it seems has its own unit of the Unemployed Relief Association, the smaller communities having one or maybe two units. Larger cities such as Los Angeles, San Diego and Long Beach have as many units organized as are found to be necessary to take care of the situation.

There is some uncertainty as to where the first Unemployed Relief Association unit was formed in Southern California. I was told the first one was organized at Compton in Los Angeles County, and again that the first relief work was started by Edna Duncan in Long Beach. She, realizing the extreme need of the unemployed were in, started an organization in her city. Later, this was taken over by an organization of men and women of Long Beach. At first they met with opposition from the Police Department which declared them to be "Reds," Communists and hotshot. Their meetings were broken up and members dispersed. When the true object of the band of men and women was known, the sincere men of the city became interested. They contributed money and extended help in every way possible. Then still later, the Unemployed Relief Association units were formed. There are at this time several relief units in the city of Long Beach. Some are incorporated as non-profit sharing corporations. This is true throughout the southern part of the state. Upon asking why some units had incorporated, I was told the units send trucks to the surrounding farming districts to gather fruit, vegetables and anything else eatable. The members feared that accidents might occur if damaged suits result. It was therefore deemed safer to incorporate.

At one Unemployed Relief Association unit in Long Beach, I found several members busy sorting over vegetables that had been brought

in. One man who was sorting over cull sweet potatoes told me that unemployed men in Los Angeles county are not eligible to Reconstruction Finance Corporation work unless they are absolutely down and out financially. I remarked, "You mean then, an unemployed man can not get such work unless he owes his landlord so much rent his landlord is about to put him out of his home?" "Yes, that's about the size of it," he said.

I was told each member must work two days of eight hours each per week before he became eligible to draw supplies from the Unemployed Relief Association commissary.

At Torrance in Los Angeles county the relief association unit is kept up by veterans of the World War. A veteran was in charge of the work of the unit. This particular unit has two hundred families on its membership rolls. The city donates thirty dollars each month toward maintaining their dining tables and also ten dollars each month toward buying raw materials for the Auxiliary to work with. The manager explained that the Auxiliary has a workroom where they make quilts and other household necessities, and the city employs the members to cut weeds and do other work where needed. The Torrance Relief Association has operated their own truck farm this year and maintained it by the work of their members. In addition they have also worked three other truck farms on shares. It is the intention of the Torrance unit to go into the contracting business. Asked if the contractors of the city would not, under these conditions withhold assistance to the unit, he laughed:

"Get sore at us? All of the contractors of the city are broke and are actually members of our Relief Association. We mean business about taking contracts and we already have one contract to excavate a basement for a church here."

AT THIS point in our conversation, about thirty women entered the commissary and seated themselves at two long dining tables.

They were members of the Auxiliary and now are making quilts for sale. Some of them were well along in years but others were young. None of them, however, appeared to be depressed at the financial condition the times found them in. They laughed and joked among themselves as they ate their dinners. They were served a good substantial meal cooked by other members of the association.

Quite a crowd of men congregated at the headquarters. All of the men appeared to be past the prime of life. Torrance I was told was a manufacturing city. When the factories shut down and all employees discharged, the old and young men found themselves without work. Later on, the factories resumed operations but took only the young men back on their payrolls.

Each member was, I found, expected to put in sixteen hours a week on the truck farms or other places of employment to be eligible for commissary work. The city of Torrance donates the use of a truck when it is necessary to haul garden produce to the commissary or to send a truck of eatables to some other city for trading with the other Relief Associations.

There are 108 incorporated units within Los Angeles county and no doubt there are hundreds of others not incorporated.

Each Unemployed Relief Association has a manager. Some have assistant managers and all have a truck driver and a contact man. All units work under a board of directors and a constitution and by-laws. Of all the officers in an association, the most important office is that of contact man. It is he who goes out into the country looking up unsalable but usable vegetables and fruit. He must have a wide acquaintance and know where he can get what he wants. Many times growers feel the price offered for their tomatoes, carrots, potatoes and other crops will not pay to harvest. The association calls upon the members in turn to harvest and bring by truck to the commissary that which the contact man secures. There never is a dearth of labor.

A unit may find it has been given an immense quantity of carrots, for instance. It harvests and sends a load of carrots to other units and trades them pound for pound for something the other unit has to sell. The system is the old barter and trade idea.

Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine

"DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY"

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Contents of this Magazine, Copyrighted
Published at Los Angeles, Calif. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1931, at the Post Office
at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879
Editorial and Business Offices: Los Angeles, Calif., H. W. Hellman Bldg., 354 So. Spring Street
San Francisco, Calif., 609 Mission Street
This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

The unemployed association of Newport Beach, Orange county, is in a district where it is not easy to secure vegetables through the efforts of their contact man but it does own a large fishing boat. This association fishes and trades fish for other articles of food. So likewise do the association units at Seal Beach in Orange county and Wilmington and San Pedro in Los Angeles county.

The relief association at Anaheim in Orange county is given seventy-five boxes of oranges weekly by one of the large orange packing houses there. The unit uses these oranges largely for trading purposes.

A few days ago the truck from Newport Beach came to Anaheim with eighteen hundred pounds of fresh caught mackerel. The unit at Anaheim traded oranges for the fish. The manager there called on the members of the Anaheim unit to dress and clean the fish. They worked in eight-hour shifts until the job was completed. I was at the Anaheim headquarters the day the fish came up from Newport Beach. It was a busy place. Fourteen men were at work. Fish were dressed continuously all that day and night and part of the following day. The fish were split and flattened out. As quickly as they accumulated, they were salted down for a certain number of hours. They were placed in the association's large brick smoke-house. A hot fire of orange wood was used at first to cook them, this was then changed to a fire of green wood.

Last year the Newport Beach truck hauled up to Anaheim three thousand pounds of fresh caught mackerel, all of which the Anaheim men smoked. Part of this smoked fish was hauled by the Anaheim truck to San Jacinto over in the near desert region. At that time the San Jacinto Association unit had nothing to trade. The fish though were left and a receipt for them given. The following week the San Jacinto truck brought over to Anaheim a large quantity of very excellent California dried dates which the San Jacinto unit had obtained in trade from the unit in Indio in the Coachella Valley.

The Orange county contact man learned he could get all the potatoes he wanted in the potato district at Stockton. He secured his potatoes and the next thing was to get them down to Orange county. To the Union Oil Company officials he explained his difficulty. The oil company sends oil tankers north to San Francisco and up the Sacramento River every week. The tankers return south empty to San Pedro. The potatoes were loaded on the deck of a tanker, were hauled down to San Pedro free of charge, and were unloaded by members of the Orange county units and hauled over into Orange county without expense. The government allots a certain amount of gasoline and oil to the different relief association units with which to operate

their trucks.

When all is said and done the Unemployed Relief Associations of Southern California have done wonderful work in keeping the membership out of the bread lines. They work for the help they receive and thus earning, their self respect is maintained. As soon as a member gets steady work he leaves the Association. He is, however, welcome to return if he is so unfortunate as to lose his job. Unit managers say their by-laws state that their members must be white. Some demand a residence of one year to be eligible to membership. Or again, the fact that a family needs help is sufficient.

A few months ago the gas company in Los Angeles shut off the gas and sealed the meters of unemployed who were unable to meet their gas bills. Complaint was made to the headquarters of the Unemployed Relief Association.

Flight From Reality

By JACK BENJAMIN

AMONG the catchy phrases in the colorful vernacular of present day sophistication one is often heard above all the others—"flight from reality."

As soon as we observe a person acting in a way which does not exactly dovetail with our own set of pet ideas we immediately cry out: Oh, he's flying away from reality!" We have thus seemingly analyzed his particular state of mind, discovered the causes underlying its conduct and epitomized our findings in the sententious "flight from reality."

Precisely what this "reality" is, we are not told, nor is there any attempt made to draw some line of demarcation between the realms of "reality" and "non-reality," as we understand them by the general use of the term. The individual whom we have diagnosed as suffering with a marked desire to eschew the hard facts of existence is certainly not one who openly denies the evidence of his senses. He sees the same objects we do . . . He hears the same sounds . . . He does not have delusions. Whence, then, his "flight from reality?"

Now, there are undoubtedly a large number of persons who, on account of divers reasons and causes, known and unknown, flee from what we modern intellectuals are inclined to call "realism." No doubt, in many cases, the metamorphosis in ideology reaches pathologic proportions; but that is a matter for physicians to determine, and we laymen are not at all fitted to place psychiatric labels upon persons whose actions and conduct do not suit our own set of predilections . . .

The strange thing, though, is that there is a philosophic truism at the bottom of this problem. Our existence is highly complicated and is obviously not designed for the sole purpose

Officials of the organization sent men out who broke the seals and turned the meters on again. Before leaving, the men pasted stickers on the meters on which was printed, "Do not turn this meter off again. By order of the U. R. A." The meters were not turned off again. Recently members of all Unemployed Relief Associations in Southern California were notified their gas bills would be reduced seventy-five percent for the ensuing three months.

Association headquarters' rent in all cases so far as I could learn is paid by the city in which the unit operates. Some cities donate a certain amount of money each month. At Anaheim, a large amount of canning of perishable fruit and vegetables has been done. The containers being donated by the people of the city. Sugar for fruit canning was given by the public school teachers this year, twenty sacks of one hundred pounds each.

of making us happy. Thus we are all, more or less, engaged in "fleeing from reality." And why not? Reality is often brutal, painfully cruel—and when we occasionally manage to get a glimpse of her countenance we recoil in terror . . .

Not much is lost in escaping to a land make-believe in which we seek a few straggles of happiness.

Even after extended investigation, very little evidence is to be found to substantiate the claim that humanity at large is highly desirous of learning the truth at all times or to discover the inner nature of "reality," whatever that may be. The philosophers, poor fellows, have been trying very strenuously to discover the whereabouts of "reality" for some thousands of years. To the present time, however, they are still unaware of her dwelling place.

Instinctively we are pragmatic. The thing that interests us chiefly is the nature of the impression we succeed in making (by fair means or foul) upon the other fellow. We are, far, more interested in what he will think of us, and, for the moment, we care very little for what we really are. Realism is conveniently forgotten . . .

When it pleases our vanity, we can, without any great difficulty, forget our vaunted admiration for reality, and quickly follow the trail of "appearances," the very antithesis of "reality."

Many centuries ago, Epictetus, the wise Stoic, observed that human beings are not really influenced by things, but by their thoughts about things . . .

Every attempt made to change conditions, either for ill or good, is a direct attempt to change the status of "reality." Reform.

Read Farther on Page 175

Captain Wm. Banning and the Art of Stage Coaching

By CARROLL O'MEARA

NEARLY sixty years ago a husky, suntanned lad of 14 was riding on the "box" of a stage-coach on Southern California's famous Banning line. Eagerly he studied the technique of the proud driver, observed how he held the six "ribbons," how he led the whip, applied the brake.

To dress like this man—in white felt hat, buckskin gloves and shiny black boots was living life, thought the lad. But to drive such a team of six spirited horses, with the pride and power of Aurora pounding through the avens,—ah, that was better than being president!

Is it any wonder then that the lad, when the driver let him take the reins, felt that he had the world bulldogged and branded? We can forgive him for making the best of his young moment, for driving past the old Wilmington schoolhouse as astonished classmates looked on, and with a complacent turn of his head, spitting through his teeth in accomplished boyish fashion. The lad was William, son of Phineas Banning. To a host of friends today he is known as Captain Banning, the leader of the active "drivers of six."

Captain Banning's hobby is stage-coaching. It is like saying Will Rogers' hobby is humor, for the Captain's life has been devoted to transportation. Nearly a decade before Lincoln entered the White House, Captain Banning's father was pioneering in transportation in Southern California and Arizona. And to his father, he too has operated steamships, stage lines and freight companies. No hobby was ever regarded more seriously. Not when Izaak Walton, the eternal angler, has anything on Captain Banning. Stage-coaching is the subject of his thoughts, words and deeds. Obviously, there are times when he is not driving coaches nor talking about them. At those intervals he is writing about them. With his nephew, George Hugh Banning, he is the author of *Six Horses*, justly regarded as the best existing account of Western American stage-coaching.

Like any bibliophile or art collector worthy of the name, Captain Banning abhors the article in connection with his favorite subject. Only the genuine article, the accurate word interests him. In all of history, he will tell you, there is nothing so grossly misrepresented as stage-coaching.

Stage-coaching! What does the term suggest? Warhoops, bullet-riddled wagons banging over rocky roads, rounding corners on two

wheels, shaking loose the very bones of passengers. Swearing teamsters lashing their horses to a lather, firing six-shooters for love of the noise.

"The 'pen-drivers' can be blamed for this misconception," says the Captain. "Yes, fiction, the movies, circuses and such characters as Buffalo Bill." The hallowed Mr. Cody, incidentally, doesn't rank very high in the Captain's estimation—except as a showman. "Stage-coaching, even in the wildest days of the West, never existed as it is drawn nowadays," he declares. "The coaches, the drivers, the systems, the passengers—all have been misrepresented." But suppose we let him show us—

NEAR the town of Walnut, some 30 miles from Los Angeles, he has recreated a scene from the Old West before the Iron Horse puffed its way across the plains. Here on the ranch of his old friend, T. J. Green, he has established the Home Station of the Overland Stage Coach Club. Like any representative depot on the famous mail routes of the 50's and 60's, this "station" is equipped with stables, a blacksmith shop, sleeping quarters, a clubroom, and a messhall with a Spanish oven and spit large enough to roast a whole beef.

In the blacksmith shop are old forges, tools and paraphernalia used before gold was discovered in California. The clubroom houses old photographs, newspapers, stage tickets, schedules and other historical documents. In the stables are vehicles that would enhance any museum:—a "hack-passenger 4-horse coach," two tourist stages used many years ago at Catalina Island, a "mudwagon" for heavy mountainous travel, and foremost,—a Concord Coach, the last in active service in the United States.

The Concord is Captain Banning's especial joy. Built in 1875 by the unsurpassed Abbott-Downing & Company in the city from which it derives its name, this glorious equipage saw service in the White Mountains of New Hamp-

shire before the Captain became its proud owner. Not a replica, nor a fraud such as a Los Angeles theater displays under the title "Genuine Concord Coach," this vehicle is the real article of the type that once graced his father's line, plying between the docks at Wilmington and the historic old Pico House (still standing) on the Plaza in Los Angeles.

One look at the Concord is enough to shatter all your illusions about yesterday's travel in the West. "So this is a Concord? Why, it looks like a de luxe carriage, not a stage-coach!" you exclaim. The Captain's tanned face lights up with a smile, a merry twinkle. This is the first step in your conversion.

Examine the coach. It is a handsome vehicle with graceful curved lines. Its body is finished in a warm maroon color, bordered with black and striped delicately with gold. Its wheels and axles are black and yellow, striped with red. Every detail is perfect, even to the miniature landscape painted on the doors. The box (where the driver sits) has walls of beautifully tooled leather, like the boot (luggage compartment) at the rear. Vehicles like this originally sold for \$875, f. o. b. Concord. Try to buy one now at any price.

In place of springs, the body of the coach is suspended entirely on thorough-braces, nine combined strands of heavy steerhide running parallel to the wheels and hung from the frame at either end. The purpose? We'll see that later.

The carriage comfortably seats fifteen persons,—more if necessary: three to each of the two seats on top and nine on the red plush seats within. Be seated on the cushioned seats inside for a moment. Adjust the glass windows as you please, and grasp the arm straps. Such comfort! Then you may wonder, "Is this like a limousine or is a limousine like this?"

Six horses are hitched to the outfit, three pairs in tandem, a rein for every horse. With a brisk step Captain Banning climbs on the box, all of seven feet above the ground. He grasps the "ribbons" three to a hand, one rein between each finger. The whip he holds in his right hand. At the slightest signal to the team the splendid old vehicle starts to roll.

THE team stretches out 30 feet from the carriage. But watch the turn it makes! Like three separate squads executing "column right." There you have witnessed one of the features of the venerated American system as compared to the English system of coaching.

Read Farther on Page 168

EXHILARATION

By LAURA J. LARSON

I DRANK the wine
Of the Gods last night,
On the brow of a starlit hill.
I drank from the palm
Of the wind's swift hand,
And not a drop did I spill.

Consider The Lilies

Continued From Page 163

Leacock mimic it; the romanticists such as Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens use it to play upon the sentimentality of their readers; the realists such as Jonathan Swift, John Galsworthy, and George Bernard Shaw scorn it to such an extent that they use substitutes which are as extreme in the poverty of grace and polish as *Euphrosyne* is in the superabundance of structural ornament and artificial embellishment. Adornment in poetry has caused some controversy on the part of the critics. The plea of the modern critics is for simplicity. "We must have simplicity in art," says Frank Morris;¹ "Simplicity is the simplest means to secure the fullest effect," says George N. Lewes;² "We must have precise communication," says John Middleton Murry;³ "We hear talk of 'grand style'; it is old-fashioned. This theory of style is gone. We can not study style separate from the work," says Edwin Spingarn.⁴

The impressionists are not sure about the place of adornment. The extremists in the movement prefer to think of art as an exquisite expression of delicate and fluctuating sensations or impressions of life.⁵ Sometimes these impressions call for ornament and external paraphernalia to produce the self-expression. The reader of impressionistic poetry often has the feeling that if the external paraphernalia were removed there would be nothing left. In other words, remove the adornment and there is nothing left to adorn. A few lines from a modern poet will illustrate this:

"Night from a railroad car window
Is a great, dark, soft thing
Broken across with flashes of light."

CARL SANDBURG (916).

OR

"I saw the first pear
as it fell—
the honey-seeking, golden banded,
the yellow swarm
was not more fleet than I,
(spare us from loveliness)
and I fell prostrate
crying:
You have flayed us
with your blossoms
spare us the beauty
of fruit trees."

"H. D."

This is impressionism and imagism at its height. What does it mean? How much of the adornment is artificial and how much is

a part of the poet's vision enhanced and modified by that which is a part of the impression itself? Is the vision clear and pure or is it vague, distorted, and erratic? The answer may be found in a comparison of these poems with some of the great poems of English literature. In such a comparison, the artificial embellishments will be shown up for what they are. Compare them and poems of their type with the Twenty-third Psalm; with the "Ode to the West Wind"; with Wordsworth's sonnet "On Westminster Bridge"—is there a difference?

In which poems is the adornment artificial, rococo, and external? In which is it used to create an impression? Is it used merely for the sake of adornment to conceal defects and imperfections? If so, it must be cheap, useless ornament! On the other hand, if the adorn-

ment enhances the effect by modification of the theme; if it is a part of the vision or expression and can not be separated from it, it is perfect adornment. Such adornment is desirable in any literature whether it be humanism, realism, or impressionism. It can be illustrated by a simple passage from the Bible:—

All the accoutrements and paraphernalia of a great and mighty king could not equal the simple beauty of the lilies of the field! What does it matter that there are many kinds of lilies, wood lilies, tiger lilies, chinese lilies, lilies of France? All lilies have a beauty which can not be enhanced by verbal exaltation. Purity, fragrance, harmony, grace! What can be added to the natural charm which unfolds as they grow? They toil not, neither do they spin. There is no striving for outward decoration, no twisting and twining of threads to create embellishments, nothing but the simple innate beauty of the lilies of the field! This is perfect adornment!

Captain Banning

Continued From Page 167

(which so fascinated Washington Irving when he visited England). Unlike the English outfits, all the horses are loosely hitched, enjoying unusual freedom. They can and do "dance" considerably until they reach a pace.

Soon you are on the road of the Overland Stage Coach Club, built by citizens of Walnut for the exclusive use of this organization. When you get into the grassy knolls of the scenic Diamond Bar and Tres Hermanos Ranchos your imagination will carry you back to the days of the first Vigilantes, when California was the infant State of the Union and the South whispered of secession. If your imagination doesn't react in this manner you'd better have a blood test. With nothing in sight to remind you of the Twentieth Century, eventually you will be ridin' on the memorable Overland Mail Route, journeyin' from St. Joe to Sacramento, or travelin' from Fort Yuma to the little pueblo of Los Angeles—"the jumpin' off place."

Making the journey with you over this dirt road perhaps will be an editor, a school teacher, a priest, a miner, a maid, a Chinaman and a gambler,—a typical group of passengers in the golden era of the stage-coach. Not in rags but in fine clothes will they be dressed, in attire befitting this luxurious mode of travel which costs as much as one dollar per mile.

If there is money or gold aboard, it will be in the boot, not in the "traditional" money-box on top. If trouble is expected from robbers, the armed protector of the party will be in the boot or inside the coach, not on top

where he'd form an excellent target (bandits usually shot first from ambush). If Indian attack (such attacks were relatively rare on the stage lines) the reinsman will whip the horses to top speed, but not until then will he race them. The horses must be conserved. An average pace is six miles an hour; thirteen miles an hour is swift travel.

Observe the team again as you travel along up and down hills and around sharp turns. Notice the independence of each of the three spans,—the leaders, swings and wheelers. An notice the individual freedom of each horse. The lines are remarkably loose for a team drawing upward of 2500 pounds. "Slovenly," the English coachey would scoff. But wait! This is all for a purpose. Like the Concord itself this system of hitching and driving is an American creation adapted to the demands of the period in which it was used,—to the unusual roads, the great distances.

A chuckhole lies ahead. The wheels hit it. What happens? Being free, the harness does not jerk against the horses' necks. The coach rocks smoothly onward on its thoroughbrace—the shock absorbers for horses and passengers alike. The inertia allows the wheels to come free of the rut before the traces draw taut on the animals, thus relieving them of shock and strain. The coach, the driver, the harness and the team were all synchronized in the operation of successfully negotiating a chuckhole (and chuckholes were not counted on fingers!). The passengers were served; the horses were saved.

Read Farther on Page 171

1. p. 114 *Foundation of English Style*—Paul M. Fuldner.

2. p. 109 *Ibid.*

3. p. 123 *Ibid.*

4. p. 17 *The New Criticism*.

5. p. 9 *Ibid.*

City Birds

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY

CONSIDERING bird-life, the mind naturally brings up the environment of waving woodlands, bosky dells, purling streams, tree-bordered lanes, daisied pastures and rural surroundings. But this is not always the case.



BABY SCREECH OWL

In many little towns and lesser cities the birds are to be found in the parks, and around the more thinly populated residence districts, although these members of the feathered tribe are transients, and with the arrival or departure of spring and late autumn, they forsake their nests and belongings and take wing to other and more agreeable climes.

But there are still other species of both songsters and silent birds which have deliberately chosen the larger cities for their permanent abodes. Just why or how this happened is something for the studious ornithologist to determine. That the situation exists, is a matter of absolute truth; that some subtle reason for it obtains I believe. But the origin of the taking up of a strictly metropolitan life by birds which we commonly associate with the great open spaces, and their nesting and living in the midst of more or less turmoil, betokens perhaps a "modern" outlook on their part, and a distinct and separate choice of habitat.

From my office window, an old-fashioned residence, adjoining a wide lot next to the building of the Automobile Club of Southern California in Los Angeles, formerly stood. On the roof, and from its gables, a number of western mourning doves (*Zenaidura macroura argentea*) were in the habit of walking about, courting, feeding in the yard, and perching in the trees, and every day from time to time they could be seen, making this house a rendezvous and feeding place. The lot was beautifully adorned with many trees, pines, palms, a superb magnolia

tree, a flowering myrtle, and, a prime favorite with the doves, a picturesque and magnificent specimen of the ginkgo tree.

After this house was torn down to make room for a parking lot, the doves still came back to roost in the trees, to fly about the open spaces, and to occasionally pick up a little sustenance from the gravelled covering of the parking lot. One dead branch of the ginkgo tree was a regular perching place for the doves, and each afternoon it was usually occupied by some one of these birds.

Along a double row of native palm trees in Hollywood, on the street where I live, the mourning doves make their nests in some of the palms, and can be seen coming in to roost in the evenings, as regularly as clock-work. Whether these city doves are aware of the fact that they are on the list of California's "game" birds, or are ignorant of this distinction, there is no doubt but that some of them, nest, feed,



ANTHONY TOWHEE

and remain inside the city limits, and apparently stay around in about the same locality for years.

In these same native palms there is a species of little screech-owls which nest and roost, and every evening during last summer, at nearly half-past seven, one small member of this fraternity would make his appearance. He (or she) perched each time on a palm frond which stood out from the tree opposite our porch, and sat there like a graven image for about twenty-five minutes, when a sudden drop from the tree, and a rush of wings carried the bird

in a swooping dive across the street where a number of pines and thickly-leaved trees afforded a deeper solitude.

Occasionally a belligerent mocking-bird would fly down to the front, make threatening movements toward the owl, dancing up and down the perch, but taking care not to get too near the brown and impassive bird just above. When no movement was made by the owl, the mocking-bird would fly away, and then return with a flutter of wings and menacing attitude, which, however, did not seem to impress the larger bird in the least. Finally the mocking-bird would give it up as a bad job, and promptly at the regular time, the owl would take his departure.

The mocking-birds are dyed-in-the-wool city dwellers. They live, nest, bring forth their fledglings, and seem delighted to have taken up their permanent residence in Los Angeles, and the lesser cities of Southern California. They are pugnacious little songsters, apparently afraid of nothing. It is an amusing thing to see one of them chasing a big and presumably ferocious police dog from a lawn. They peck at him and worry him until for the sake of peace he is quite willing to fold his tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

They sing early in the morning, and occasionally one of them will engage in a regular orgy of melody, keeping the concert up all night.

In Southern Climes the mocking-bird
Grey-black and brown, with silver blurred,
Sings, sings, and sings, the whole night
long.

One nervous resident of the city petitioned the City Council for leave to shoot one of these persistent serenaders, but the request was unanimously turned down by the City Fathers.

Brewer's black-birds are another type of the "boulevard" birds. These birds nest in many parts of the city, and are particularly ill-tempered at nesting time, flying down and pecking at the hats of passers-by, meanwhile keeping up a querulous scolding at the victim of their assaults. Black hats seem to be their special aversion, and they will follow a pedestrian for blocks, swooping down on him with angry protestations, and vicious lunges at his face.

These birds will often be seen in flocks, foraging on the lawns, and picking up crumbs and food particles from the streets and gutters. The glossy plumage of the male birds would appear to be treated to a daily bath and polishing, so glossy is his coat of feathers, while



CRESTED JAY



SILKY FLY-CATCHER

the rather rusty plumage of the females makes a striking contrast to the adornment of the "head of the household."

English sparrows are a true house-bird, or gutter-snipe, and they range from pairs to quite extensive flocks. They are indefatigable in their search for food, and as saucy and self-assertive as peacocks. Whether they are a blessing or a curse, they refuse to be exterminated, and their unmusical "cheep, cheep," is heard in numerous places in various cities and towns of the Pacific Slope.

City birds as seasonal visitors to the parks, can be numbered by the score. The silky fly-catcher, the California woodpecker, the Anthony towhee, the California jay, the Bullock oriole, the black-headed grosbeak, the golden-winged woodpeckers, robins, and the crested jay are among these. But they cannot be termed permanent residents of the city precisely, although the California jay, valley quail,

and some others nest and raise their young in the far-flung spaces embraced in the city's boundaries. Especially is this true of the California Valley quail, as hundreds of beves can be found in the foothills within the limits of Los Angeles. In the winter months they sometimes come down to the back yards of Hollywood and feed boldly on grain where it has been scattered for them.

Last, but not least, the humming-birds are a delight to the eye in urban ways. As they flit, dart, and hover above the flowers and shrubs, they are the very poetry of motion, and their movements at times are too swift for the eye to follow. One of these feathered arrows built its nest on a wire that crossed our front porch in Hollywood, and as long as we kept perfectly still while sitting on the porch, it stayed quietly in its tiny nest. At the least stir in our chairs it was away, and even loud talk, or a burst of laughter would disturb it.

As it hung glittering in the air above the front yard flowers, it seemed a suspended globe of some kind, shimmering in the sunlight, and with its wings droning in their miraculous rapid movement. Nothing in bird-flight approaches the rhythmical perfection of the humming-bird's passage through the air, nor could its poise while seemingly stationary above the blooms and shrubs. Thousands of these jewel-eled honey-gatherers are found in the Southern California cities and towns, and almost everywhere in the gardens and over the flower-beds and blossoming vines they will be observed swifter than light, and almost as volatile. So briefly, and then,—

Away! the trumpet-flowers sweets

So eager sought, are now his own;
And hushed his wing-beats monotone.

For swift as any sylph that fleets,
Back to his nestlings he has whirled
The humming-bird, the humming-bird

Western Cities Atmosphere

BY BEN FIELD

THE atmosphere of the West,—it is invaluable. The opportunity to emphasize it is often neglected.

What, for instance, has become of the Fiesta de Los Angeles? Are there any cowboys left in Southern California? If so, some of them should be walking the streets of the cities, occasionally at least.

When Easterners come out here they want to see cowboys, not people and gatherings that ape New York and Boston and Washington.

El Paso, for instance, has not only the rodeo but the junior rodeo. The boys are taught to be ranch-wise and cow-wise. El Paso is a cow-town, a frontier town, a border town and is proud of it. Of course that word "town" really means city, for Paso del Norte is a city of beauty as well as industry, finance and numerical importance.

But we were considering the atmosphere of the West. At El Paso you take the trolley over the Rio Grande to Juarez. You go across

the River by one bridge and return by another and there are 40 to 50 people usually in car.

The passengers are not simply people, they are exponents, representatives of conditions. There is the American with his big jaw, minus perhaps down below Juarez, a bit contemptuous of anything Mexican, yet tolerant, wise. And there is the stout Mexican woman and the Mexican woman, each with her mantilla, black

Read Farther on Page 175

t's A Cinch A Short - Short Story

By STEVE FISHER

"T'S a cinch, Mike, I tell you."

Mike Regan glared at the well-dressed man outside his cell, unbelieving. His keen, yet wildly gleaming eyes sparkled nervously. His short, stubby fingers were tipped on the bars of the cell door. Small ads of sweat stood out on his brow.

"But you aren't sure," he accused hoarsely, "you can't say positively."

"I can say positively," the other returned, slightly provoked. "Don't worry about it."

"No, don't worry," Mike croaked. "It's easy say, but if you fail, it's the chair for me, the electric chair!" His voice grew more tense, more shrill. "The electric chair, you no good out-pie-pee, and I don't want to die!"

"We've got five hours yet," the lawyer roared. "I can do anything in five hours, you ought to be glad I came to this state to fight for you. You would have to shoot a guy in some other state; just luckily I happen to be a good friend of the governor here." "There will be a pardon?" Mike asked, in the above a whisper.

"Of course," the lawyer answered. "Now you go back there and count the rivets in the wall some more. I'll have the governor over here, or a call for your reprieve, in two hours." "If you double cross me—" Mike menaced, "the gang—"

"Shut up," the lawyer finally exploded. "I'm doing all I can. I'll save you from the chair, I don't want any of your threats."

"You know how it is," the convict whispered. "I want to be sure."

The lawyer turned and made his way down the prison corridor.

Two hours seemed like all eternity; Mike paced the cell, running his stubby fingers through his hair, shaking the bars of the door, listlessly, undergoing a thousand mental torments. The thought of death actually began bothering him. He quivered at the thought of the chair; then the electricity,—volts of fire burning his body to a crisp; he shuddered.—What would come? What was death? Was there non-existence for the rest of time? If he could be sure of that, everything would be all right. But it was worse than that. He knew it was. It meant untold centuries of suffering, burning, more burning than on this earth. Mike wanted to live! He would go to Europe! He would get out of the racket! He would do a thousand things!

He peered down the long corridor as he heard the footsteps of a woman, with a guard, approaching.

Presently the woman stood in front of his cell. She was old, wrinkled, wore an eccentric bob, gray, like the Salvation Army. She

was smiling, a saintly look on her face.

The guard unlocked the cell door. Mike stood back.

The old lady walked in. She touched Mike on the head. He jerked away, stepped farther back.

"Don't touch me."

The old lady moved toward his iron cot. She seated herself. "Come here and sit down," she chanted in an even, smooth voice. "I want to talk to you."

"I haven't time to talk," Mike answered hoarsely.

"I will help you, son," the old lady pleaded.

"Yeah, you'll help me—I know, you'll save my soul from hell! Well, I don't want to be saved. Get out!"

"Why, no, I—"

Whether the road is rough or smooth the outfit travels along with very little noise. No squeaks, no bangs, and (Western writers note!) no jingling of harness. Barely a sound anywhere but the rhythmic beat of horses' hoofs and the equally rhythmic and constant clunk-dunk of the wheels purposely allowed to play slightly on the axles. The latter sound, the Captain says, "affects horses like a drum beat affects marching soldiers." No genuine Concord is without it.

Except as a signal to the wheelers, Captain Banning rarely uses the whip. It isn't necessary. But, as always, the whip is a symbol of authority, a badge of membership in the proud fraternity of Jehus once charged with the responsibility of driving such noted passengers as Horace Greeley, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Blaine and Sherman. And the hosses seem to recognize it as such.

The animals are very much aware of the brake too. When they hear it applied they slow down before it takes effect. Incidentally, the brake must be manipulated as delicately as the two handsfull of reins. Good braking goes with good driving. So does "hoss talk." Duke, on the left of the wheel team, decides to do a little "cake walk" for the benefit of the awed passengers. "Settle down, Duke," murmurs the Captain, "or sure as shootin' you'll get your name in the paper." Duke did.

ARRIVING at Home Station again after a regular "stage" (an 11-mile journey), you ask the Captain about the old-time reinsman. Are they, too, as horribly misrepresented? The Captain takes you into the clubroom and shows

"Yeah," he broke in sarcastically, shrilly, "I know all about it. But I'm sentenced to die. I'm expecting important people here and I haven't time for you."

"You don't understand."

He glared at her heatedly. "I do understand. Get out of my cell. I don't want to see you or any other woman from the Uplift Society or—anywhere!"

The old lady rose, slowly, eyed Mike curiously, strangely. She folded her hands over her bosom, shook her head sorrowfully, then she made her way from the cell. The guard locked the door and escorted her back up the corridor.

A huge negro in the cell across from Mike grinned.

"Lawdy, you sure are a brute fo' punishment."

"What do you mean?" Mike growled.

The negro laughed. "I mean this, Mike; that old lady you just told to go home is the governor of this heah state!"

Captain Banning

Continued From Page 168

you an article written more than thirty years ago by Major Ben C. Truman, U. S. Mail Route Inspector of the Pacific Coast in the 60's. Intimately acquainted with most of the drivers of that period, the Major wrote: "The stage driver of the 60s was almost always an Apollo. He was the best dresser on the road . . . His boots fit like gloves; his shirt was spotlessly clean; his clothes were made to order; his cravat was genteely adjusted. He was greatly respected by all who traveled, and admired by every woman who knew him, because he was chivalrous and punctilious, reliable and kind. He was the oracle of the barn, the inn and the station; a good talker, generally, and a superb listener. He smoked only the best cigars, was extremely moderate in the use of intoxicants when on duty, and was never profane in the presence of travelers. He read the *Sacramento Union* religiously. He loved his horses better than he did his folks at home. . . ."

Is it any wonder that Captain Banning is pleased to perpetuate the traditions of this fraternity?

Smiling, he confides that he is president of the Overland Coach Club and that he controls all its policies. Then you realize that Billy Hamilton, Hank Monk, Buffalo Jim, Cherokee Bill and all the great reinsmen of the colorful 50's and 60's have crossed the Great Divide. So far as is known, there is but one man in the United States who is eligible to membership in the Club. That man is Captain William Banning, last of the active "drivers of six."

The Literary West

BACK NUMBERS WANTED

BACK numbers wanted. We have repeated requests for back numbers of the Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine. We are now greatly in need of copies of the JULY, 1928, issue. If any of our subscribers have a duplicate copy of this particular issue, we would greatly appreciate having it sent to us and we will gladly remit twice the regular price—50c, or we will continue the current subscription two additional months.

JESSIE ROSS DE RIVER

JESSIE ROSS DE RIVER, prominent member of the San Francisco Bay Chapter, League of Western Writers, and Chairman of the Program Committee, was a recent visitor to Southern California and to the office of the Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine. A most enjoyable luncheon party was arranged including Miss de River, Ben Field, President of the League and Editor of Melody Lane, and members of our staff. Miss de River is an accomplished writer.

BEN FIELD

BEN FIELD, Editor of Melody Lane, Poetry Department of this magazine, and author of the recent volume of verse entitled "Carcassonne East and West," leaves on January 12 for the South Seas. Mr. Field will travel on the S. S. City of Los Angeles of the Matson Line, and will visit Nukahiva, Tahiti, Rarotonga, Nukualofa, Noumea, Suva, Apia, Pago Pago, Hilo and Honolulu. This is a South Seas Exploration Cruise and the first time that an itinerary has included all of the various groups of islands mentioned.

At Honolulu, on his return trip, Mr. Field, who is National President of the League of Western Writers, will consider with the literary leaders there the establishment of an Hawaiian Branch of the League. Mr. Field is a world-wide traveler and on the present trip will be accompanied by a niece, Miss Ruth Crickmore, popular teacher in the Venice Schools. This magazine extends to Mr. Field and to Miss Crickmore wishes for a most successful and enjoyable trip. Our readers may look forward to some interesting contributions from the pen of Mr. Field, whose ability is well known both as a writer of prose and of verse.

SINGING YEARS

ONE of the most delightful volumes of the year has just reached our desk. This is entitled "Singing Years," an anthology of the prose and verse of the writers of Sonoma County, California. The book of 223 pages is compiled by Sonoma District Chapter of the League of Western Writers and put out by the

Press Democrat Publishing Company, Santa Rosa. The editorial work is under direction of Byrd Weyler Kellogg, assisted by Helen Miller Lehman, Eugenia T. Finn, Agnes Stephens Farquar and Mabel Ware.

In the Foreword, Senator W. Slater says: "Knowing what I do of the contents of this book, the word I would say before you read it, is that you are going to like it. As you peruse it, page after page, you will not fail to be impressed with the large number of men and women contributors, some of whom have long since been known to fame the world over, who found in Sonoma County inspiration for their creative work."

There are in the book 261 poems and prose contributions representing nearly that many individual writers. Among these are many distinguished names that have appeared in the Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine. However, the list is so long that space does not permit their enumeration in this brief notice of the book. One marvels at the number of men and women who have achieved fame by the pen and have found residence in Sonoma County. It is no discredit to scores of writers included in the book whose work is highly meritorious, to mention a few only of the nationally known authors who have appeared in Overland Monthly, as for example, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, Robert Louis Stevenson, Luther Burbank, Peter B. Kyne, and Edwin Markham.

The book itself reflects careful editorial work, and also does credit to the publisher. The typography, paper and binding are most attractive. There is an index by titles followed by the name of the author. As a matter of record, a book of the importance and value of this anthology should carry information indicating the original source of publication of each poem or prose selection. There are two excellent photographs in the book,—one of Luther Burbank and one of Robert L. Ripley.

It is to be hoped that other chapters of the League of Western Writers may follow the lead of the Sonoma District Chapter, which has set a high mark for any group, whether east or west.—A. H. C.

LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF

A NOTEWORTHY book on Canada by a distinguished traveler and writer in *The Land of the Maple Leaf*. The author is Professor James Franklin Chamberlain, nationally renowned geographer.

Canada is really known to few Americans, and even most Canadians lack proper knowledge of their own country. Through the mind of the scientist and the eyes of a keen observer, the author discovers to the reader high-lights of

the great dominion. Accuracy in detail never sacrificed and is coupled with beauty of description. The book from cover to cover as interesting and entertaining as fiction.

Climate, agriculture, manufacture, transportation are given attention. Mining, lumbering, fishing, stock raising and other industries are featured. Great cities, extensive power developments and marvelous scenic attractions are graphically described. The life of the people, the government, social and educational developments—all are presented.

Canada in its wide sweep from ocean to ocean, its boundless prairies, its towering mountain ranges, its mighty rivers, its wide expanse of lakes, its magnificent forests, its modern cities, its enterprising and progressive people, and the glamour and romance of its historical background,—all are featured in point toward a future development as yet dreamed of.

The book is adapted to both school and general use in both Canada and the United States. It appeals to the popular taste and is invaluable as reference and as basic or supplementary in schools. The volume is profusely illustrated. Put out by Overland-Outwest Publications.

RAINBOW'S END

THERE have been many books and numerous screen pictures touching on the horrors and tragedies of the Great War. It has been left, however, for Ona M. Rounds to tell her novel, "Rainbow's End," the real human story of the terrible conflict. The character in the book are adroitly handled and the dialogue is rapid and direct. "Rainbow's End" is a moving recital of intense interest. Devoid of any maudlin touch or ultra sentimentality the book is the strongest indictment against the crime of war yet to appear.

The story centers around the lives of a group of college boys at the outbreak of the World War. They dislike the idea of war but agree to enlist and stand together. Bob, Phil, and Jack join the Rainbow Division and after a period of camp service find themselves with others of the A. E. F. undergoing the dangers from submarines in a stormy Atlantic crossing. Then follows the long and tedious training in France and the final movement to the front. Life in the trenches is vividly portrayed, as is the results of hand to hand combat, the carnage of bursting shells and the pathos of hospital scenes. There are deeds of heroism, defeats and victories and loss of comrades in battle. But emphasis has been given actual war action sufficient only to produce a realistic picture. Following the armistice, the Rainbow Division is sent to Germany and the experiences of the boys are fully set forth.

and the contrast between German and French he brought out.

Three of the comrades give their lives for the cause, and Jack, the fourth, returns home to make his contribution toward the impossibility of further conflicts. How Bob fulfilled a promise to his grandmother to record in his diary his impressions of war, and how Jack, the surviving member of the group, brought back the diary, is told in gripping form. Jack returns to France to locate the grave of his sister, the Army nurse whom he loved. He finds Bob's grave and believes that Bob has been chosen as the Unknown Soldier. Finally, Jack and Bob's grandmother visit Washington to be present at the ceremony honoring the Unknown American Soldier.

The author, who has written another book titled "Buck Privates on Parnassus," saw service in France in connection with library work. Her close association with the Rainbow Division and her keen understanding of human nature and sense of values, have enabled her to maintain poise and balance while discovering other readers the vital issues. A reading of the book will leave no doubt in the mind as to why he need for a constructive Peace Program. The book carries 272 pages and sells for \$2.00. It is put out by the Overland-Outwest Publications.

TRAVEL TREE

TRAVEL TREE by K. Ethel Hill and Evelyn Nunn Miller and Beulah May is a down-to-the-minute book of poetry, intriguing photographs of around-the-world paintings and brief, descriptive articles concerning these photographs. The volume is 8x14 inches in size and contains 40 large photographs of paintings and several fine sketches by Evelyn Nunn Miller.

Thomas E. Williams, director of printing, Fine Arts Press, Santa Ana Junior College, planned and published this very unusual work. Photography by Claude S. Turner and Walter G. Hemingway. Earle A. Gray did the binding and it is the masterful work of a beauty.

The foundation work of this remarkable publication is the paintings of world scenes by Evelyn Nunn Miller. She is a Southern California girl by re-birth, having first seen the world in the corn fields of Kansas. She received her B. A. degree and also her diploma in art from Pomona College, California. It reserved for a young Californian to induce her to mix matrimony with her pigment colors.

Nunn Miller has traveled extensively about the world and paints pictures from scenes in Palestine, Egypt, China, Japan, Europe and California, as well as other localities. And these appear photographed in her book. K. Ethel Hill describes each picture delightfully and gives us a happy introduction to the life and adventures of the painter-artist.

Beulah May pens a charming poem for each one of the several Miller sketches, interspersed among the photographs. We have seen hardly any other recent volume evidencing such successful team work by well known artists.

James A. Blaisdell, President of Claremont Colleges, writes an interesting foreword and Ferdinand Pirret an appreciation.

The edition is limited to 750 copies which are numbered.

Of Beulah May's poems, two have appeared on Melody Lane page of Overland-Outwest Magazine. I quote from one of these:

"But I must go the long road that leads
down to the boats,

That raise their rusty anchor chains and
scud before the breeze,

To call with them at every port on all the
Seven Seas."

TRAVEL TREE, Fine Arts Press, Santa Ana, California, \$5.00. BEN FIELD.

AT WAR WITH PASSION by Benet Costa. Wetzel Publishing Company, Los Angeles. 300 pp. \$2.00.

A gripping novel centering around life in the glamorous Hawaiian Islands. The author was born in Honolulu and has spent much time there and in the United States. His literary work has been varied on newspapers and periodicals. He is a close observer, a keen student of character and his pen pictures are appropriate.

In his estimate of the book, Steve Fisher, the Navy's foremost fiction writer and one of our contributors, says: "A dynamic, terse, realistic book. A novel every man or woman of the Navy must read. It will startle you, interest you from start to finish." Another critic states "Real Navy characters in a vivid human story. If you know Hell's Half Acre in Honolulu, you will want this book; if you haven't been there, read at War With Passion, it's the goods."

While dramatic in the extreme and shot through and through with action, the recital

Read Farther on Page 175

THE PARIS INN

IN the heart of old Los Angeles, quaint and replete with early California history is the Paris Inn Cafe. Situated in Market Street, the new city hall tower casts its very shadows at the door—the doorway to Bohemia and the rendezvous of Artists, Writers, Singers, Celebrities, and the Great of the business world, seeking relaxation, entertainment and good food. The proprietors of the Paris Inn are themselves artists, Bert Rovere, famous as a grand opera baritone, has not only a local reputation but a name that extends beyond the portals of this continent and into Europe. One of Bert's



BERT ROVERE

hobbies is to revive the classics in song. He has gathered around him aspirants of vocal fame, forming a choral group known as the Singing Waiters who nightly delight the patrons with their beautiful melodies. They are placed under the tutelage of great teachers and when their apprenticeship is completed, they graduate and are next heard from in the auditoriums and temples of music.

I. Pedroli, the chef supreme and partner, is also an artist. Each dish served is a poem, an epicure's delight and rated as a masterpiece, prepared under his tender care. Wines, vintages from the old world and almost a lost art in America, once again will take their place not as intoxicants or whoopee water but as a prelude and interlude with food, the jewels of the feast, the climax of a glorious tale, that leaves the glow of contentment and the satisfaction of life in general. Pedroli's order of serving beverages is interesting and is as follows: First the aperitif or cocktail as an appetizer. Apertiffs are generally of the vermouths, Italian and French, with the fish course a light wine . . . Sauterne or Cabalis, with the entr'e Cabernet or Chateau Yquem, Claret or Zinfandel. The roasts deserve a rich Burgundy or Grignolino followed by the customary Champagne or Sparkling Wines. Then follows the demi tasse. Pedroli should know how; for years he was master of the kitchen for the famous Duc De Abruzzi.

Can one wonder then at the fame of the Paris Inn. Bert Rovere's smile warms even the most frigid heart and those who have accepted his hospitality can not deny the perfection of his cuisine. The entertainment sparkles and bubbles with beauty. Pep Pontrelli, know as the dynamo of rhythm, entrances and delights with his dance melodies, and with Guido Diero, world famous piano accordionist, offers melodic gems. Helen Burns, soprano, always rates encores. Truly, Dine, Dance and Romance is an apt title for the Paris Inn . . . a chateau.

Attractive Christmas Books

ONA M. ROUNDS

Rainbow's End

Here is a volume of fictionalized realism, with the Great War as motif. It is a story centered around the Rainbow Division of which the chief actors in the drama are members. But it reflects as well the life and experiences of all our boys who participated in the conflict.

The author, who served overseas, vividly portrays the trials of camp life, the hardships of the trenches, the carnage of conflict and the heroism on field and in hospital. But emphasis is given actual war action only sufficient to produce a realistic picture. It is a moving recital of intense interest devoid of any maudlin touch or ultra sentimentalism, but with all, the strongest indictment against the crime of war yet to appear.

272 pages, \$2.00.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Songs of the Redwoods

An unusual book of sonnets, lyrics and ballads by the Editor of Wings, who writes in a masterful way of the world's "oldest living things." "Mr. Coblentz," says the Kansas City Star, "has caught the spirit of the out-of-doors. His poems have a human personal quality and a sympathy of feeling that touch the finer sensibilities. His ballads mirror the romance of western discovery and the trials of the pioneers." The Los Angeles Saturday Night believes that the author "has amply proved that his muse has a right to be heard. Not only is the poet's eye evidenced in these pages, but in technique and imagery, sonnets and lyrics reflecting the glories of California's majestic redwoods reveal the spirit of true poetry. . . . The cover design is especially attractive and suggestive of the redwoods worshiped by the poet. Altogether an alluring little volume, within and without."

Photographic frontispiece of the redwoods by Harold A. Doolittle. 80 pages, \$1.50.

ERNEST KLETTE

The Gold of Fiddler's Gulch

A delightful story for young and old. The glamour and romance of the mining days of old California is happily blended with dramatic and stirring events of the present day. The locale of the story lies in the foothills of the Sierras. The characters move upon a shifting stage in balanced cast; the tempo is rapid and the interest sustained throughout. Permeating the story is a thread of mystery coupled with the love theme that, with dialogue and action, creates many intense moments.

The sketches and jacket by H. C. Petersen are of special merit. 164 pages, \$1.50.

BEN FIELD

Carcassonne—East and West

A book of poems that in delicacy of phrasing, in word color and tone shading, in richness of vocabulary and depth of thought, and in sympathetic appeal, will satisfy the tastes of the most exacting.

"A sense of beauty and a deep spiritual gift," says the Herald, Ontario, California, "pervades Ben Field's poems. He expresses a wistfulness throughout that is truly poetic in expression, but deeply rooted by nature. Ideals are herein found again, and glorified to the utmost, yet in simple language, and never does the reader find too great a stress upon the imagination, for each poem touches, yet leaves the vision whole." And The Daily Colonist of Victoria, B. C., says: "...A delicate touch of tender sentiment permeates his (Field's) work. His pen is versatile, for he is equally at home in stirring poems of patriotism and dainty love lyrics that breathe sincerity and understanding."

96 pages, full cloth, art jacket, \$1.50

ORDER TODAY

OVERLAND-OUTWEST PUBLICATIONS

502 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles

NEW BOOKS

Human Chips

BORIS V. MONOMAC

A highly dramatic and fictionalized recital based on historic fact of political and military life in the Russian Far East.

Illustrations in black and white by Kenneth Anderson. 128 pages, color jacket, \$1.50.

Marquee Ballyhoo

MAURICE L. KUSEL

and M. S. MERRITT

A gripping novel, swift in action, accurate in character portrayal and vivid word-pictures.

The attractive jacket for this compelling novel is by Joan Windsor Oriskany. 288 pages, full cloth, \$1.50.

Interpreting Education

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

80 pages, paper bound edition, 50 cents

Scattered Kernels

FLORA COBLENTZ

A remarkable little volume of essays, the result of "automatic writing." A study for student, philosopher and business man. A unique contribution.

The Land of the Maple Leaf

JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN

This writer of many books on geography and travel, has produced a popular volume on Canada for both school and general reader. Profusely illustrated.

A Road to Opportunity

W. D. PITTMAN

An economic study by a student of social and economic problems. An analysis of conditions as at present exist, with causes leading thereto and suggestions for future action.

OVERLAND-OUTWEST

PUBLICATIONS

502 H. W. Hellman Bldg.,

Los Angeles, Calif.

WESTERN CITIES ATMOSPHERE

Continued From Page 170

veloping.

And do they have a package purchased on the American side? The all-important customs official must know about it, he must inspect it. If it is wrapped and not readily to be seen, then the senora or senorita must slightly go to the customs office, Aduana you know, yes, exceedingly important!

But there is something more vital than the customs. It is not that slender Mexican woman with the mantilla who looks as if she might be an invalid. No that is not it, although the thought of tragedy is near enough, God knows, is something else. Here are two peoples, two races commingling and they are wide apart. Yes they are very different, although Mexico has an appeal for America and vice versa. But oh how far apart!

That dark girl with the interesting eyes, most aslant they are, she looks as if she might have known the god, Quetzal! And the Americans, how many, just how many of them would have gone over the Rio Grande except for the liquor and the languorous eyes of the señoritas and the gambling? But there is something even more different yet in these things. I wonder if I can adequately express it. They all know, the brown and the white, they know—subconsciously at least—that men are the way to—somewhere. This knowledge makes, helps make up life. But the difference refers to is the manner in which each race expresses itself, its approval or disapproval of being spiritual." Men do not like it, you know, until they have gotten into it and learned what it is all about. The indefinable, inalienable earth, the brown hills and the voluptuous river, willow-greened, clutch at men and at us. They say: "Why go spiritual? Stay with us in pagan voluptuousness, here at the river on the Rio Grande."

How I love the sullen River, God how I love it!

FLIGHT FROM REALITY

Continued From Page 166

Before, are also in the class of those who go to leave the shores of material facts when they set out to better conditions.

Also, when we realize, at times, the futility of waging warfare with the iron-bound destiny surrounding us, we invariably make an effort to escape to the delightful land of "it."

And then, who knows? Perhaps we really begin to realize ourselves into the state of mind in which the world looks a bit more cheerful, somewhat less harsh and heedlessly cruel to our

CONTENTS

Frontispiece, Spanish Galleon (plate)	
Duncan Gleason	162
Consider the Lilies—Lorena M. Gary	163
Melody Lane	164
A Christmas Greeting—Beulah May	
An Invitation—Roland Cooke	
California Beautiful—M. Victor Staley	
Three Indian Whys—Lilian White	
Spencer	
Indian Summer—Ernest McGaffey	
Maturity—Jay Roderick de Spain	
The Unemployed of Southern California	
Rolland Moore	165
Flight From Reality—Jack Benjamin	166
Captain William Banning and the Art of Stage Coaching—Carroll O'Meara	167
Exhilaration (Verse)—Laura J. Larson	167
City Birds (Illustrated)—Ernest McGaffey	169
Western Cities Atmosphere—Ben Field	170
It's a Cinch, a Short, Short Story—Steve Fisher	171
Literary West	172

feelings: what harm can there result if we derive a little happiness from this fairy land?

Man is composed, as it were, of two selves. One deals with the external world. It aids him in adapting himself to his environment. It assists him in his material struggles. It is undoubtedly of imperative importance in the scheme of his life. There is another self, however, and, though it cannot come to his rescue when he is engaged in a conflict with the objective factors of his existence, with material matters, so to speak, it does, nevertheless, caress him with the soothing hand of dreams. Without that self, man could not progress very far. And, to tell the plain unvarnished truth, we all seek it in our "flight from reality."

LITERARY WEST

Continued From Page 173

is founded upon actual circumstances. The scenes and dialogue lead on in a ever-increasing tempo so that the attention of the reader is held to the last word. The book reflects a most successful future for a promising author. —Mabel Moffitt.

W. N. D.'s

ROCK PILE FLOWER GARDEN

Hardy Plants

No Hot Boxes — No Hot Bed Plants

W. N. DAVIDSON

BOULDER, MONTANA

The Only Latin Quarter
Rendezvous of Los
Angeles

PARIS INN CAFE
210 E. Market St.

The Home of the
Famous Singing Waiters

WINE — DINE
DANCE — ROMANCE

Pep Pontrellis Orchestra
Guido Diero — Famous
Accordionist

Bert Rovere's Parisian
Revue

Brilliant — Sparkling
Bubbling

FREE WINE

Reservations Phone MI. 8481

HOLLYWOOD
PLAZAMOST CONVENIENT
Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single

\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.

Eugene Stern, Pres.

"The Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive - in garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny,—sound-proof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

Today's Rates are Most Moderate

Single, \$2.00 - \$2.50 Double, \$3 - \$3.50

Coffee Shop and
Dining Room


Breakfast

25c - 35c

Lunch, 40c

Famous Steak or
Chicken Dinner
50c

NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC
230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO



**HOTEL
ALEXANDRIA**
INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

The Alexandria Hotel is an affiliated unit of The Eppley Hotel Company's 20 hotels in the Middle West, Louisville Ky, Pittsburgh Pa. and the Hamilton chain of Hotels in California.

700 ROOMS • NEW LOW RATES

WITH BATH FROM	\$2.50	WITHOUT BATH FROM	\$1.50
----------------------	---------------	-------------------------	---------------

GARAGE SERVICE
to and from our entrance without charge

E.C. EPPLEY **CHARLES B. HAMILTON**
President Vice President & Managing Director

CHICAGO OFFICE • 520 N. MICHIGAN AVE. •
SUPERIOR 4416

LOS ANGELES

Order These Books Now!

"HUMAN CHIPS"

By BORIS V. MONOMACK

Russia is a land of mystery and glamour. "Human Chips" is a fictionized historical recital based on fact. It tells of political and military life and of plot and intrigue resulting in death and destruction to loyal and patriotic subjects. A thrilling narrative, as interesting and compelling as a novel. Written from personal knowledge and inside information.

128 Pages - - - Price \$1.50

"The Gold of Fiddlers Gulch"

By ERNEST KLETTE

Author of "The Crimson Trail of Joaquin Murietta," etc.

The present day characters of the story are tied into the life of the early California mining days. Mystery, adventure, love, drama and comedy are meshed with history to produce a tale of human interest for young and old alike.

164 Pages - - - Price \$1.50

"RAINBOW'S END"

By ONA M. ROUNDS

The background of this book is found in the great war and in the life at home before and during the catastrophe. Not a traditional war story—the strongest indictment against war that has been written. Those who saw service on either side of the Atlantic and those who served at home will be held in interest throughout the reading.

272 Pages - - - Price \$2.00

OVERLAND-OUTWEST PUBLICATIONS
H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California

Index to Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine

Volume 92, January to December, 1934, Inclusive

A		L	
Air Corps, Ships of the—Ernest McGaffey.....	137	Literary Expressions (With Portrait) Orra Eugene Monnette.....	37
Antonia Melvill (with Portrait)—Ethel Hill.....	117	Literary West, The.....	17, 85, 99
B		Literature, Brother Leo Speaks On.....	52
Bargain for All, A (A Short Story)—Amy Bower....	111	Los Angeles First Book Fair (With Illustrations)—Ethel Hill.....	47
Bear Flag Incident, The—Warren N. Woodson.....	59	M	
Book Collecting As A Diversion—Flodden W. Heron..	24	Mark Twain and Jackass Hill—Freemont Older.....	118
Book Worm and His Books, The—Laura Bell Everett	19	Marquesas and Many Islands Beyond, Cruising in the (Illustrations)—Ben Field.....	35
Bret Harte—Laura Bell Everett.....	49	Melody Lane.....	14, 46, 60, 76, 96, 112, 134
Burroughs, Edgar Rice, Creator of Tarzan—Margaret Roueer.....	67	Mountain Ranges and Peaks of California, The (Illustrated)—Ernest McGaffey.....	39
C		N	
California, A Zig-Zag Journey Through—Lannie Haynes Martin.....	98	Nature's Representative—Lannie Haynes Martin.....	133
California's Curable Ills—Frank F. Martin.....	117	New Deal, Laughter and the—Cyril Clemens.....	79
California—Here They Come—Bruce A. Findlay.....	110	O	
Colton's Journal, Gems From (Portrait)—Francis B. Hack.....	7	Once I Was a Kidnapper—Ona M. Rounds.....	138
Catalina, Wild Life at—Alma Overholt.....	137	Orange Growing, California ((Illustrated)—Ernest McGaffey.....	113
D		P	
Dialogue With a Flea—Jack Benjamin.....	101	Poetry, Reflection in its Essence Into the Known—Unknown or Is—Lorena M. Gary.....	82
Dissertation on Matrimonial Strife—Jack Benjamin....	51	Pony Express Stations Used As Cattle Barns.....	122
E		Poverty in California, No Excuse For—Upton Sinclair	81
Educational Program, The Emergency—Arthur H. Chamberlain.....	75	Pretto Bell, America's Youngest Aviator (Portrait) Lannie Haynes Martin.....	97
Escapes—Lannie Haynes Martin.....	136	R	
Endless Show, The—Kermit Anderson.....	65	Redwood Highway, The (Illus.)—T. G. Mauritzen	2
Eldridge, Paul—A Study in Genius—Jack Benjamin..	115	Russia As I Saw It—Frances N. Ahl.....	41
F		S	
Fear—Lannie Haynes Martin.....	133	Saga of the Desert Indian (With Portrait of Carl Oscar Borg) Everett Carroll Maxwell.....	45
Flippant Philosophy—M. S. Merritt.....	24	San Francisco—Lannie Haynes Martin.....	133
Frog, The (A Short Story)—Edmund Coram.....	114	Speech, Loss Of—Lannie Haynes Martin.....	79
G		Starvation Leads to—(A Short Story)—Steve Fisher....	66
Gone Modern (A Short, Short Story)—Donovan Marshall.....	10	Steve Fisher—100,000 Words Per Month.....	50
H		Stevenson, Robert Louis and British Samoa—Ben Field	63
Hawaiian Islands, Early Tax Laws in—Fred Lockley....	9	Stevenson, Robert Louis (with Portrait)—Quentin Pope.....	3
Hawaiian Sugar Plantation, An—Fred Lockley.....	66	Strife, A—Jack Benjamin.....	51
High Sierra, The Call of the—Thorwald G. Mauritzen	124	South Sea and Pacific Island Voyage, Reactions from A—Ben Field.....	109
I		South Seas, Desire In The—Ben Field.....	77
Incredible Case of Samuel Mathias, The—Howard Liern Edsall.....	43, 61	South Sea Fire Walkers (Illustrated)—Ben Field.....	93
Index to The Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine, Vol. 91, January-December 1933.....	27	T	
Illustrations.....	2, 4, 34, 36, 58, 74, 92, 108, 132	The Return of Luck (A Short Story)—Eleanor Grey	13
J		Theatre, Progress of the Experimental—Everett Carroll Maxwell.....	118
James, George Wharton (With Portrait)—Bessie B. Sloan.....	11	Thrift Education, The Importance of—C. W. Conrad	15
Jewish Philosophy, New.....	115	Transportation, The Epic of Early—Laura Bell Everett	120
Josh Billings: A Neglected Humorist—Cyril Clemens..	12	Tree Planting, A Notable.....	102
Jays of Civilization, The—Jack Benjamin.....	23	Trout Fishing, Southern California (Illustrated)—Ernest McGaffey.....	95
Junipero Serra, Fra—Tommy Temple.....	135		
K			
Kanst, John, A Pioneer of Art (Portrait)—Leetha Journey Probst.....	5		

V	
Value, Per Se—Lorena M. Gary.....	42
W	
Winter Sports by Choice—J. W. McCarthy.....	48
Writing, Secret of Great—Carlton Kendall.....	80
Z	
Zig-Zag Journey, Second Lap in (Illustrated)—Lannie Haynes Martin.....	116

VERSE—MELODY LANE

—A—	
A Loyal Friend—Lannie Haynes Martin.....	76
A Question—Ona M. Rounds.....	102
A Sonnet—Myrtle Stedman.....	46
—B—	
Ballade of Mary Queen of Scots—Ernest McGaffey....	60
Beauty—Ruth Le Prade.....	112
Beware The Minstrel—Roland Cooke.....	60
Bougainvillea Illusion—Lotus J. Costigan.....	60
—C—	
California—Jack Greenberg.....	46
California's Glory—Ben Field.....	96
Crimson Dress—Ruth Le Prade.....	134
—D—	
Daybreak—Ernest McGaffey.....	134
Dream Fiber—Elinor Lennen.....	134
"Dulces"—Kate Kirkham.....	112
—F—	
Franklin D. Roosevelt—H. J. Herby.....	23
—G—	
Gutter Philosophy—George Keefer.....	44
—H—	
Hills At Dawn—William Allen Ward.....	76
—I—	
I Came Upon A Field—Louis Mertens.....	14
I Give You A Gift—Leonard Cooper.....	134
In A San Diego Garden—Winifred Heath.....	14
I Shall Go Home—Mabel Phillips.....	96
—J—	
Joaquin Miller—Evelyn Bacigalupi.....	14
—L—	
Lake Arrowhead—Lannie Haynes Martin.....	76
Lonely For Hills—Elinor Lennen.....	76
—M—	
Mirage—Arthur Truman Merrill.....	96
My Friend's Epitaph—Leon Joseph Gaylor.....	112
My Garden—Ona M. Rounds.....	16
Mountains—Stanton A. Coblenz.....	46
—N—	
Nothing Less Than the Rain—Elinor Lennen.....	96
—P—	
Pacific Ocean—Elinor Lennen.....	134
Passing of the Pueblos—D. Maitland Bushby.....	60
Peace On Earth—Belle Willey Gue.....	134
—R—	
Range Horses Running—Ruth M. Bacon.....	76
Reminder—Helen Hoyt.....	112
Roads—Virginia Keating Orton.....	14
—S—	
San Francisco Chinatown—Patricia Clements.....	14
San Diego Night View—Reed Towne.....	76
Seeing Carcassonne—Ben Field.....	76
Seasons and Reasons—George Keefer.....	67
Smiling Masks—Jessie Doss De River.....	46

Song—Helen Hoyt.....	
Sunset Hour—Helen Maring.....	41
—T—	
Tamalpais—Emily Alice Howard.....	11
The Birth of the Columbia—Ben Field.....	4
The Columbia Is Singing—Bernice M. Rice.....	4
The Columbia River—T. H. Williams.....	11
The Deserted Mission—Annie M. Long Deboer.....	5
The Dearest Season—Belle Willey Gue.....	11
The Dogs of Niagara—Ben Field.....	1
The Forsaken Shrine—Buelah May.....	6
The Jealous Cavalier—Arthur Truman Merrill.....	13
The New Star—Mary Hester McCoy.....	2
The Hard Road—Belle Willey Gue.....	4
The Harbor—Joseph McDowell Mathews.....	44
The Kiss—Louis Ginsberg.....	6
The Looking Glass—Ernest McGaffey.....	11
To An Argonaut At Eighty—Robert Whitaker.....	7
Trees In the Rain—Alex R. Schmidt.....	7

—U—	
Until You Came—Nell Griffith Wilson.....	11
—V—	
Variations On a Theme—George Quick.....	7
—W—	
Welcome To the Woods—Stanton A. Coblenz.....	1
What Is "Dying"—Anonymous.....	96
When April Comes—Belle Willey Gue.....	70
World From a Boat—Virginia Brasier.....	11
—Y—	
Yucca—Marie Todd.....	134

FRONTISPICE ILLUSTRATIONS

Lake Tahoe.....	2
Desert Design—Wood Block Print—Harry Douglas....	4
Mountain Scene.....	34
Piute Indian Chief—Raschen.....	36
Redwood Forest.....	58
Argonaut.....	74
Navajo Home and Black Mesa—James Swinnerton.....	92
California Flowering Gold.....	108
George Creel, Portrait.....	132

BOOK REVIEWS

Note: Title of book is followed by name of author, publishers and reviewer.	
A Child Went Forth, by Helen M. Doyle. Gotham House—A. H. C.....	99
Adventuring on Desert Roads, by Ann Hutchinson. Harr Wagner—A. H. C.....	119
Authors Today and Yesterday, by Stanley J. Kunitz. H. W. Wilson Co.—Ben Field.....	86
Bible Readings in Character and Citizenship. A. L. Morgan. Cokesbury Press—A. H. C.....	21
Diamond River Man, by Eugene Cunningham. Houghton Mifflin—Ben Field.....	99
Diary of a Cross Country Traveler, by Karl Long, Jr. Arthur H. Stockwell—A. H. C.....	21
Dreamers' Gold, by Lawrence E. Nelson—Ben Field.....	87
Feng Ching, by Natalia Dobbins. Sutton House—A. H. C.....	21
John Swett, by William G. Carr. Fine Arts Press, Santa Ana—A. H. C.....	99
Mistress of Monterey, by Virginia Stivers Bartlett. Bobbs Merrill—A. H. C.....	21

Molders of the Mind, by Norman Woelfel. Columbia University Press—A. H. C.....	21	nie Hayes Martin.....	99
Oil for the Lamps of China, Alice Tisdale Hobart. Bobbs Merrill—A. H. C.....	21	State Names, Etc., by George E. Shankle. H. W. Wilson Co.—A. H. C.....	99
Old Waybills—The Romance of the Express Companies, by Alvin F. Harlow. Appleton-Century Rolling Wheels and Hills of Gold, by Katherine Grey. Little Brown.....	119	The Golden West in Story and Verse, by Rufus A. Coleman. Harper—A. H. C.....	99
Shelter of Song, by Elizabeth Voss.....	120	The Rainbow Trail, by Torrey Connor—A. H. C.....	99
Southwest Blue Book, by Lenora King Berry. Lan-	85	West O' the Colorado, by Leonard T. Schwasofer, Jr. Hemet, California, News—A. H. C.....	120
		Write It Right, by Ambrose Bierce. Union Library Association—A. H. C.....	119

AUTHOR'S INDEX

—A—	Ginsberg, Louis	60	McCarthy, J. R.	48
Ahl, Frances N.	Gray, Elinor	13	McCoy, Mary Hester	23
Anderson, Kermit	Greenberg, Jack	46	McGaffey, Ernest	39, 95, 113, 137, 60, 112, 134
—B—	Gue, Belle Willey.....	46, 112, 134	—H—	—O—
Bacigalupi, Evelyn	Heath, Winifred	14	Older, Fremont	118
Bacon, Ruth M.	Herby, H. J.	23	Orton, Virginia Keating	14
Benjamin, Jack	Heron, Flodden W.	24	Overholt, Alma	137
Bower, Amy	Hill, Ethel	47, 117	—P—	
Brasier, Virginia	Hack, Frances B.	7	Phillips, Mabel	96
Brother Leo	Howard, Emily Alice	111	Pope, Quentin	3
Bushby, D. Maitland	Hoyt, Helen	60, 112	Probst, Leetha Journey	5
—C—	—K—		—Q—	
Casper, Leonard	Keefer, George	44, 67	Quick, George	76
Chamberlain, Arthur H.	Kendall, Carlton	80	—R—	
Clements, Patricia	Kirkham, Kate	112	Raschen	36
Clements, Cyril	—L—		Rice, Bernice M.	46
Coblentz, Stanton A.	Lennen, Elinor	76, 96, 134	Romer, Margaret	67
Conrad, C. W.	Le Prada, Ruth	112, 134	Rounds, Ona M.	16, 102, 138
Cooke, Roland	Lockley, Fred	9, 66	—S—	
Coram, Edmund	—M—		Sloan, Bessie B.	11
Costigan, Lotus J.	Maring, Helen	46	Stedman, Myrtle	46
—D—	Marshall, Donovan	10	Swinerton, James	92
DoBoer, Anna M. Long	Martin, Lannie Haynes	76, 79, 97, 98, 116, 133, 136	Sinclair, Upton	81
Douglas, Harry	—N—		Schmidt, Alex R.	76
—E—	Martin, Frank G.	117	—T—	
Edsall, Howard Luin	Mathews, Joseph M.	46	Temple, Tommy	135
Everett, Laura Bell	Mauritzen, Thorwald G.	124	Todd, Marie	134
Field, Ben	Maxwell, Everett Carroll	45, 118	Towne, Reed	76
35, 63, 77, 93, 109, 14, 46, 76, 96	May, Buelah	60	—W—	
Finday, Bruce A.	Merrill, Arthur Truman	96, 134	Ward, William Allen	76
Fisher, Steve	Merritt, M. S.	24	Whitaker, Robert	74
—G—	Mertens, Louis	14	Williams, T. H.	112
Gary, Lorena M.	Monnette, Orra Eugene	37	Wilson, Nell Griffith	14
Gaylor, Leon Joseph			Woodson, Warren N.	59

THUNDERCLOUD

By WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

A T sunset
The thundercloud on the horizon
Is a medieval castle,
Raising its white dome far into
The sky.

CARILLON

By IRENE STANLEY

I hear
The airy chime
Of amaryllis bells,
Frostily pink, a fragrant burst
Of song!

Books of the West

New and interesting volumes have recently been issued by Overland-Outwest Publications—Fiction, Travel, Education, Verse, Economics, Essays. Send for latest list with description and price. Address all communications to

OVERLAND—OUTWEST
PUBLICATIONS

305 DOUGLAS BUILDING

LOS ANGELES

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and
OUTWEST MAGAZINE



Featuring:

STEVENSON (R. L. S.) IN SAMOA

Quinten Hope

COLTON'S JOURNAL

Frances B. Hack

WHY THRIFT EDUCATION

C. W. Conrad

ELEANOR GREY

BESSIE I. SLOAN

DONAVAN MARSHALL

FRED LOCKLEY, LEETHA JOURNEY PROBST, JACK BENJAMIN and Others

FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

\$2.50 Per Year

JANUARY, 1934

25c Per Copy



Robert Louis Stevenson

New Side Lights on His Life in Samoa

By QUENTIN POPE



Few men of letters have made as valuable a literary contribution as has Robert Louis Stevenson. His days spent at Vailima in Samoa were rich in the romance of the South Seas. But he is remembered by many readers for his sojourn in California, in San Francisco and the Bay region and in and around Santa Cruz. No lover of good literature and no one who desires to write acceptably should pass over lightly the product of Stevenson's pen. EDITOR.



NEW MATERIAL on the life and personal habits of Robert Louis Stevenson has been revealed by the presentation of the Turnbull Library, in Wellington, New Zealand, of a twenty-page Stevenson manuscript of annotations and information on his life in Vailima.

The manuscript has been in the possession of the Hon. W. H. Triggs, formerly editor of leading New Zealand newspapers, and now a member of the Legislative Council of that country. In 1892, when a young journalist, Triggs met Stevenson in Auckland, when L. S. was on his way back to Samoa on a visit to Sydney. The meeting was arranged by Mr. L. H. Balfour Wilson, a friend of Stevenson, and as a result of the encounter, Mr. Triggs wrote an article on Stevenson's mode of life in Samoa. As promised, the manuscript was submitted to Stevenson for his approval and he returned it with many annotations and pages of additional information.

The disparaging description of Apia, with its criticisms for Stevenson's choice of Samoa, given by Triggs as the small public library

and the fact that the island was one of the most suitable for a man with Stevenson's phthisis, provoked an outburst.

"CERTAINLY if that were all I should prefer to go to Hell," wrote Stevenson. "Nor was it purely a question of health, Honolulu suited me equally well. I chose Samoa instead of Honolulu, for instance, for the simple and eminently satisfactory reason that it was less civilized. Anyhow, I conceived that it was awfully fine. As to the library, it was begun to a not inconsiderable extent from duplicates and discards from my own overflowing one. My own library was brought out from England."

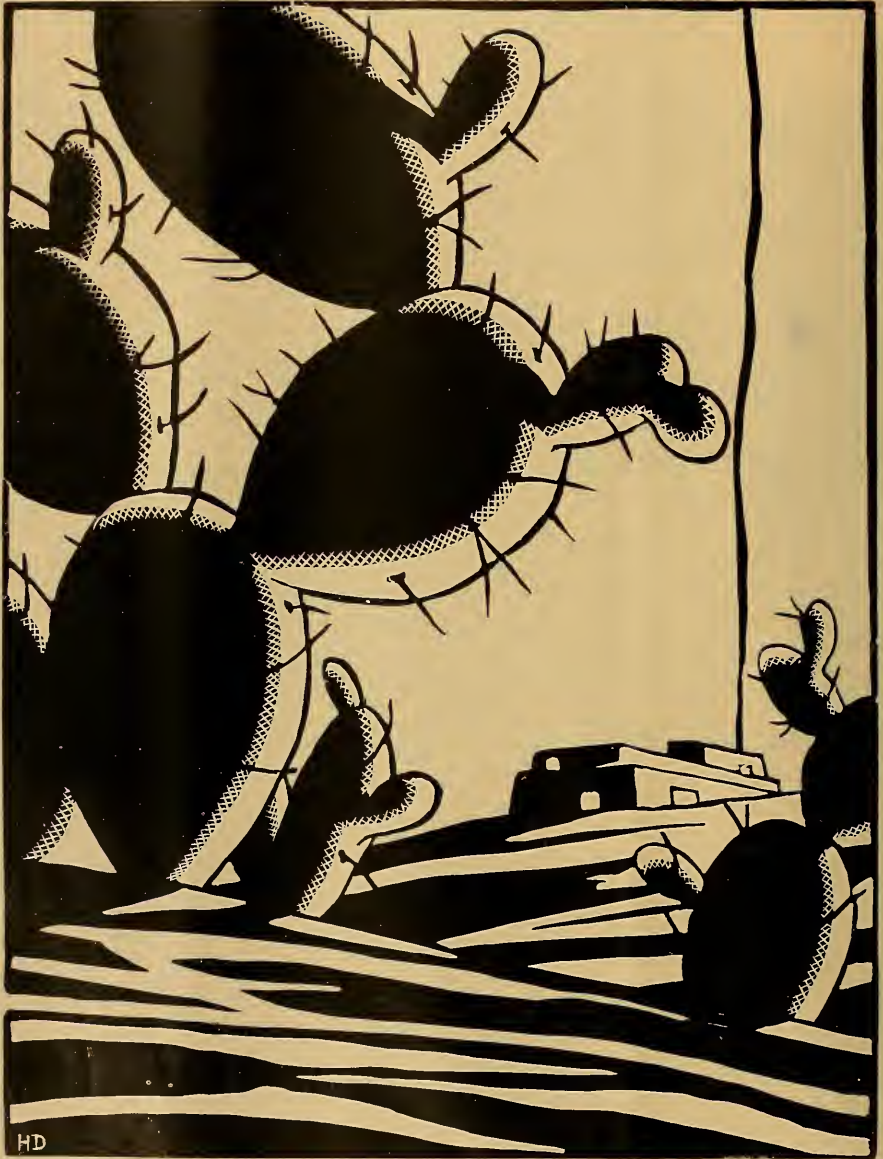
"I made one cruise for my health; I made two others for the fun of the thing," comments Stevenson upon a statement relative to his travels about the Pacific. "The first cruise was in the yacht Casca, and lasted a year. The second in the 64-ton trading schooner Equator, and lasted six months; and the third in the trading steamer Janet Nicholl, about four months."

"One part of the road lies through plantations, though not through thick ones," states

Stevenson when describing his house in Samoa. "Get past that and you come to a road that is not a road at all and to bush that is only new this year, being cleared in patches. . . . All the wood to build my house was carried about a third of the way on the men's shoulders and all the stores and parcels were brought by pack saddle. We have a couple of old Auckland tramcar horses—a most excellent selection, the biggest and handsomest horses on the island. You can see them coming up through the forest with its tall trees, lianas and wild pineapple. The Sydney Civil Service Co-operative Society—our universal provider—are always most attentive to Donald and Edie, whose tonnage they have accurately gauged, and pack accordingly.

"My house alone cost me not less than £2000, so you may conceive how far you understand the cost of things in this happy island. I bought about 350 acres at about £1 an acre. It was thought extravagant at the time, even by myself, but no one could buy land so cheaply now.

[Read farther on page 6]



Courtesy of California Arts & Architecture

DESERT DESIGN—WOOD BLOCK PRINT BY HARRY DOUGLAS

OVERLAND MONTHLY

*Founded by Bret Harte in 1868
and*

OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Founded by Charles F. Lummis, 1894
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Editor*

Editorial and Business Offices: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, H. W. HELLMAN BLDG., 354 S. SPRING STREET. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 609 MISSION STREET.

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

published at Los Angeles, California.
Entered as Second Class matter, July 29,
1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles,
California, under the ACT OF MARCH
1879. Contents of this magazine
copyrighted.

VOLUME 92 — 25¢ per copy

JANUARY, 1934

\$2.50 per year, Number 1

John Kanst a Pioneer in Art

By LEETHA JOURNEY PROBST



JOHN KANST

TODAY with Los Angeles a recognized art center, with more art dealers in the business than is good for it and with a score of exhibits running at any one time, it is difficult to recall a period when there was practically no art activity in the city either regards production or buying. Yet it is within the memory of many when Los Angeles was still a frontier town, because no one had at that time been disillusioned in imagining there was, somewhere at hand a frontier.

Around Los Angeles lay a back-country, a vast hinterland whose resources had not been to be surmised, and the dream of a harbor had not been dreamed. But these dreams were dreamed; the sagey hinterland blossomed with unimagined fecundity; the harbor bit is way inland and great ships anchored in its shelter. Yet another dream came into being, less tangible but as vital and reaching as any other; that in the Southland where the climate rivalled that of ancient Athens, art would spring forth, a natural and native accompaniment to the developments which transformed a little frontier town into the fifth city in the United States. It took vision to see the back-land development with its great water systems; to see a harbor accommodating its international commerce. It also took vision, especially in 1866, to see Los Angeles as a Mecca for artists; to see art not an incidental thing, but a recognized necessity in the minds of a great metropolitan community.

Such was the vision of the late John Kanst who recognized a need which would make itself felt when the waterways and harbors ceased to be matters of immediate interest and had become instead matters of accomplishment.

Until John Kanst's arrival on the scene, Los Angeles—that is adult Los Angeles—had known little of art. The rooms he opened at Fourth and Los Angeles Streets and which

so proudly bore the appellation "Art Gallery," showed a well selected line of prints and a few original paintings. A little later, when the loft rooms failed to meet the many requirements of an Art Gallery, Mr. Kanst moved into a building opposite the old Post Office, and exhibited the first display of original paintings shown in Los Angeles. George Innes, Thomas Moran, William Keith, Henry Koch were some of the exhibitors. Did Los Angelesans want to see pictures? They thronged the gallery and the exhibition sold out at prices which would make artists of today desert the advertising field and return to their studios. There were not enough pictures to supply the demand. Eastern artists were not then sending canvasses to Los Angeles for exhibition purposes, so Mr. Kanst went east and collected as many paintings as possible by reputable eastern and foreign artists, shipped them west, and held a large exhibition and subsequent auction which netted over \$20,000. The most prominent and influential people bought them and later years told the tale of the connoisseur's judgment. In every instance they increased considerably in value and their artistic merit proved a never ending source of joy to those who bought them.

In the Blanchard Gallery, later occupied by Mr. Kanst, Paul de Longpre's lovely canvasses drew an endless stream of admirers. John Kanst was the recognized friend of artists. Here on his walls their paintings would be hung with some assurance of being viewed by appreciative visitors, for John Kanst knew his public as he knew the artists, and he did not make the mistake of underestimating either.

Gradually artists who came to Los Angeles to "warm up" and visit, warmed up in another sense of the word and remained to produce works of art. Southern California cried out for interpretation in line and color, and this cry was sensed in such men as William Wendt, Hanson Puthoff, Gardner Symons, Granville Redmond. Guy Rose, a native son, interpreting California in a mood

ideally poetic, not so much found California as California found him.

As more and more easel pictures were created with California as the dominant theme, John Kanst felt that his patrons would welcome the idea of "one man exhibitions," and the first showing of this kind was held in the old Hazard's Pavilion, exhibiting the work of Gardner Symons. The next step was an all California Artist Exhibit held in the Long Beach Public Library. Refuting all adverse prophecies made concerning it, it was a huge success. How great a success those most interested could not realize. California had at last found herself in art. Her moods of mountain and sea, hill and valley had become articulate through artists who loved her so well that from that time onward they accepted proudly the classification of California Artists.

For years the Kanst Gallery on South Hill Street was the art rendezvous for all Southern California. Here artists and art lovers met and mingled and the genial John Kanst—motivated by an ideal neither purely sentimental nor purely commercial—saw to it that public taste was educated regarding paintings. Never did he deal in nor show a spurious piece of art. The lovely gallery which finally housed his collection—located high up on Mulholland Drive and overlooking the city he saw become a city—was his last achievement. In this too his choice was a pronouncement; an avowal of his faith in art and its impelling lure. "He found his calling and carried it to perfection because he never abused the gift." These words, spoken by his widow who will carry on his work, may be construed as an epigram defining success.

John Kanst was truly a pioneer. Now that we are removed sufficiently from purely dynamic development to see with a certain amount of perspective, we know that not all of the pioneers were engineers. In the passing of John Kanst Los Angeles lost a great man, one of its foremost citizens and one to whom it will long remain indebted.

Robert Louis Stevenson

[Continued from page 3]

IT MAY surprise you to learn that I pay lower wages than anyone else in Samoa and it is my boast that I get better served. Visitors have frequently said that Vailima is the only place where you can see Samoans run. People always tell you that Samoans will not work, or even if they do never stay with you beyond a couple of months. Such seems to be the general experience; it is not mine. The reason of this is neither high wages nor indulgent treatment. Samoans rather enjoy discipline. They like, however, to be used as gentle folk. They like to be used with scrupulous justice—they like a service of which they can be proud. This we tried to give them by 'trying' all cases of misdemeanour in the most serious manner with an interpreter, forms of oath, etc., and by giving them a particular dress on great occasions.

"If, during your visit to Apia, you saw a few smart, handsome fellows in striped jacket and a Royal Stewart tartan native lavalava, which as you are aware, is a kind of kilt and not a loin cloth, they were Vailima boys. We have a tree at Christmas time and a great native feast upon my birthday and try in other ways to make them feel themselves of the family. The Chief is the master; to serve another clan may be possible for a short time, and to get money for a specific purpose.

"Accordingly, in order to ensure permanent service in Samoa, I have tried to play the native chief, with necessary European variations. Just now it looks as if I were succeeding. Our last triumph was at the annual missionary feast. Up to now, our boys had always gone home and marched in a body by themselves into the meeting, clad in the Vailima uniforms and on their entrance were saluted as 'Tama One,' which may be literally translated into Scotch as Mac Ritchies (children of the rich man).

"We have a child on the place, a small fellow of eight or thereabouts. My daughter had amused herself in dressing him out in fine lavalava, white line coat and straw hat. In this guise he was striding about in front of the Tivoli Hotel when the proprietor noticed him. 'Hi, youngster,' he asked in Samoan, 'who may you be?' Feloa'i replied with pride, 'I am one of the Vailima men!'

"Of course this almost involves discharging nobody; they must learn to count upon the house as a permanent refuge and I am rather hopeful that I may be able to carry out my plan on these lines. Cases of misconduct must be met with some kind of

punishment. At first I always discharged. Now that we are beginning to take so much the character of a clan and that, by the previous process of discharges as by the survival of the fittest, we have so good a clan together, I am trying to substitute fines upon a large scale. The other day I cut down the wages of one defaulter by half. This was cheerfully accepted and the man is still with us. In fines, if the boy is Catholic, the amount is taken by the culprit to the Catholic Mission; if Protestant, to the Protestant Mission.

IF YOU had come up to the house at about 5 o'clock you would have seen Mr. Osborne and Mrs. Strong playing lawn tennis with some of the boys who take it 'a tour re role' and sometimes go on with the game by themselves after the bosses go in to dinner—bosses I cannot say they are with regard to the game, for some of the Samoans are capital players. It is particularly pleasant, too, to hear them sing in their houses at night, shouting with laughter and speechifying. At my last birthday feast there were some great doings, one or two of which will illustrate the feelings of the boys. (When I say boys, I mean men).

"Every chief who respects himself in Samoa must have an officer called a 'tulafale'—usually 'English speaking man.' It is a part and perhaps the most momentous of this officer's attributions to cry out the names at the ava (kava) drinking. This is done in a peculiar howl or song very difficult to acquire, and I must say, to understand. He must also be fairly well versed in the true science of Samoan names, as no chief above a certain rank is ever 'called' under his own name; he has to have an 'ava' name for the purpose.

"Well, I had no tulafale and Mr. Osborne held a competition in which three or four of them howled against one another. The judgment of apollo fell upon one boy who was instantly a foot taller. I am sorry to make such confessions of my disrespectability, but I must continue. I had not only no tulafale—I had no ava name. I was called plain, bald, 'Tusitala' or Ona, which was only a sobriquet at the best. On this coming to the knowledge of a high chief who was present, he paid me the graceful attention of giving me one of his own; and I was kindly warned before the event that I must look out and recognize my new name of 'Au-ai-tauma-le-Manuavo.'

"The feast was laid on the floor of the

hall; 50 feet by about 8 feet of solid provisions; 15 pigs, cooked whole underground 200 lbs. of beef; ditto pork; 200 pine apples; 400 head of taro; together with fish chickens, Samoan prepared dishes, shrimp oranges, sugar-cane, bananas, biscuit with tinned salmon in proportion. The biscuit and tinned salmon were not exactly to our taste but they are a favourite luxury of the Samoans. By night—and we sat down at 8 p.m.—there was nothing left barring a few oranges and a single bunch of bananas. This is not to say, of course, that it was all eaten. The Samoans are comparatively dainty at a feast, but so soon as we rose, the arduous and difficult task of dividing what remained between the different guests was at once entered into and the retainers of our guests, white and Samoan, departed laden to the store. The wretched giver of a feast thus awake on the morrow with a clean house, but it was not all loss. All gifts or favours in Samoa are to be repaid in kind and in proportion, and to my feast nobody had come empty-handed. It was rather strange to look on the next morning and see my courtyard all with cocks, hens and chickens.

"YOU MUST not be led into the idea that (offences) are on frequent occasions, misdemeanours serious. The boys are awful good on the whole. They are more like a set of well-behaved young ladies. They are a perfectly honest people. Nothing of value has ever been taken from our house where doors and windows are always left open; and on one occasion when white ants attacked a silver chest the whole of my family property was spread upon the floor of the hall two days unguarded.

No such things as shoes and stockings ever worn by any of us at Vailima. At home my costume consists invariably of an undershirt and a pair of trousers, all told. You seem to have got the information of my African costume perfectly correct—consisting, if I please, not of a flannel, but a fine linen shirt with proper corduroy riding breeches and elegant riding boots. . . .

"I rise with the sun, neither before nor after. I have never put in more than eight hours (work) and that I consider about three too many. I generally begin about eight and finish when luncheon is ready at twelve. . . . I either read or write again, or receive an occasional guest, or if my company are Samoans, I may sit down to a solemn ava drinking with the correct libations and salutations. This is a thing in which I consider myself a past master; and there are perhaps not twenty 'whites' in the world who could say as much. At 6 I dine on fish and claret and go to bed at 8. (I am not) a hopeless invalid. Although the routine of my life is so sedentary, I often make considerable excursions on horseback."

Gems from Colton's Journal

By FRANCES B. HACK

IN STUDYING history or contemplating fiction of a definite period, one finds that certain incidents that seem trifling at the time of reading, linger longer in memory than the statistical data of that period. And, in a mental compilation of broken pieces of time that we can reenter only through the printed page, we gather information nearly as accurate as statistical record, and far more interesting to the general reading group.

For instance, California history from its inception is widely read. A member of a younger generation may discover through an old resident of his community that the property he calls his own was once within the boundaries of an old mission tract. He may find that the little creek that runs at the foot of his property once was large enough to admit a ship, or that its cool waters at the time supplied the community with its daily drinking water.

Or again a chance remark or an old map, may bring to one that her little cottage is on the former grounds of an old rancho—perhaps the land grant of an old Spanish general of the California Conquest. Those living in the valleys may find that de Anza's mous footstepes trailed through their doorways—and those dwelling on the peaks may discover their lofty habitations were once hiding places for the original Californians. Helen Hunt Jackson, in her immortal tale *Ramona*, "hides her pursued redskins in the fights of the San Jacinto Mountains.

With the romantic strains of their pioneer heroes still flowing in their veins, many children of the Golden West, seek to verify the reports that have fired their imaginations, and the library shelves are emptied of their Dwyers, Hittells and Bancrofts. Volume after volume is opened and laboriously worked over; old maps of land grants are dug from dusty files, and when the information is fully verified, it still is the humorous incident, the entertaining episode that remains deeply seated in the mind of the seeker.

Recently I read Colton's *Three Years In California*. It is rich with humorous happenings and beautifully written. Obviously a man of nature, Colton could not have painted a more beautiful word picture of the Garden of Eden, than he did of California, that time languorous and under the spell of Spanish charm and gentleness.

Being in diary form, Reverend Walter Colton, N.S.N. (official title) succeeds in transporting posterity back to that serene period which preceded the gold rush, instead

of tempting us with a romantic past veiled with unpenetrable curtain. He works from that beginning into the wildly beating heart of the gold rush period.

Colton was taken from his berth on the Congress, under Commodore Stockton, and appointed Alcalde of Monterey by that illustrious gentleman. His journal from that moment covers California in development including war, social and criminal activity, and his own participation in the gold rush.

The following is not a resume or a review of an old book, it is a written statement of appreciation for a series of beautifully painted pictures. Humor, pathos, good judgment and integrity were displayed by this ecclesiastical Alcalde. The incidents and quotations are typical.

TWENTY of a tribe of wild Indians and their chieftan, who had swooped down upon a ranch and carried off a number of high bred horses, were apprehended and brought to Monterey for trial. Colton reported the chief as over seven feet in height.

After an acquittal which must have surprised the burly tribe, but which surprise did not register on their stolid features, Colton recognized the chief in his official capacity. He conferred upon the seven footer more authority by holding him responsible for the acts of the members of his tribe. The chieftan was instructed to report to Colton every two moons.

In order to impress them with the power of the new government, (this was during the period of the California Conquest) the tribe was taken on board a sloop o' war, and the crew, mustered for the occasion, demonstrated the instruments of war with which their ship was protected. To win their good will, members of the tribe were given new blankets, and about the neck of the chief was hung a medal proclaiming his distinction.

A PRIEST of Colton's jurisdiction was about to loose the property of the old San Antonio Mission, through confiscation by a Spaniard who had been granted the right by a former administration, to extend his property boundaries into the realm of the Mission grounds. Colton ordered the Spaniard to produce the aforementioned privilege in writing or document, but the order had been only a vague, verbal one. Consequently, the San Antonio Mission property was returned to its presiding priest.

"Those sacred domains are the patrimonial inheritance of the Indian, and they once embraced the wealth of California. But they

have fallen a prey to the State exigencies and private rapacity. They ought at once to be restored to their primitive objects or to be converted into a school fund," wrote Colton.

Perhaps Colton was the first to utter a word toward the preserving of the California Missions against the march of Western progress.

A MOTHER came to Reverend Colton and complained that her son, full grown, had struck her. Colton thought a moment, then sent for the son and placed a riata in the hands of the mother "whom nature had endowed with strong arms." The son received a good "licking" from the hands of the mother. "and," said Colton "no more complaints from that quarter."

AN OLD Russian who had a farm at Santa Cruz, in Colton's jurisdiction, requested that Colton summon his son-in-law for the purpose of collecting a delinquent board bill. The erstwhile son-in-law was a Frenchman who had run away with the daughter of the old man. After the elopement the daughter and her acquisition moved back under her father's roof.

"Pay up, or take your wife and run away again," said Colton. And the Frenchman chose the latter course.

"The running before the honey-moon is pleasant enough," said Colton, "but running after that sweet orb has waned is rather a dismal business.

A CHARGE of horse stealing was brought against a fourteen-year-old boy. No house of correction for delinquent children was in existence at that time, and Colton saw no reason for placing a child amongst the hardened criminals of the prison camp. He finally sent for the boy's father, and had that gentleman lash his son soundly.

Afterward Colton admonished the father of the youth.

"Inflict the rest, Soto, on your own evil example. Had you been upright yourself you might have expected truth and honesty in this boy. You are more responsible than the lad for his crimes. You can never chastise him into the right path and continue yourself to travel in the wrong."

COLTON tells about a California picnic. "the Californians on horseback, "each with his lady love in the saddle before him He as in duty bound, rides behind, throws his feet forward into the stirrups,

his left hand holds the reins, his right encircles and sustains her, and there she rides safe as a robin in its nest."

The picnic is not limited to youth. Old as well as young indulged in this innocent sport. The horse, gaily decorated, awaited at every door his rider. Basket after basket jolted merrily with the riders toward the picnic destination; whole spiced hams, poultry, game, pies and all kinds of pastry.

Musicians were taken along and on some grassy lea, canopied with pines, the dance began. Thus, between the dance and the festal board the picnic progressed, until, as Colton says in an idyllic lapse, "ere the evening star ascended its watchtower the merry group were on their fleet steeds, bounding over hill and valley to their homes. The shadows of the moonlit trees fell in softness and silence where all this mirth had been; only the silver tones of the streamlets were heard as they murmured their music in the ear of night."

The horsemanship of the native Californian was a never failing source of delight to the easterner. The child was literally born on horseback. Even as a young baby there was scarcely a day when he was not in the saddle.

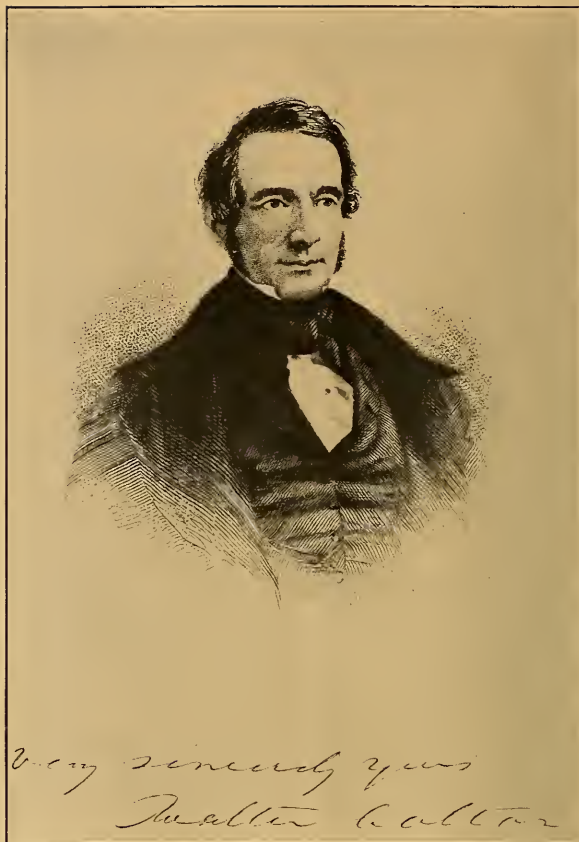
"Thus," says Colton, "the Californian literally rides from the cradle to the grave."

UPON the old Spanish hospitality which has only found its rival in the famous Southern hospitality, Colton dwells at length. So hospitable were these sons and daughters of the Golden West, that in Monterey a private hostelry was unable to maintain itself. One was not expected to await an invitation to the home of a Spaniard, he was to come prepared to make himself at home without the least bit of warning or ceremony. Not even a letter of introduction was necessary, just an allusion to a mutual friend, and the home was thrown open to you.

"Generous, forbearing people of Monterey," said Colton. "There is more true hospitality in one throb of your heart than circulated for years throughout the courts and capitals of kings."

No need for an orphan asylum in California, Colton writes. The amiable and benevolent spirit of the people hovers like a shield over the helpless. The question was not, who shall be burdened with the child, but who shall have the privilege of rearing it?

A man came to Colton for permission to adopt a family of six children. His claim lay in the fact that his wife was the god-mother. Upon being asked how many he had of his own the father answered proudly "Fourteen as yet." And his desire for the orphans was sincere.



Courtesy California State Historical Association
WALTER COLTON

ON ONE occasion Colton purchased from an Indian woman six hens and a rooster. The rooster was bought for half of the price of a hen. Upon being asked why she charged so little for the fine fellow, she answered, "He lays no eggs, and his crowing does little good." Afterwards Colton remarked, "There are a great many who crow over what others have done."

COLTON was responsible for the first newspaper in California. He puts it modestly. "The honor, if such it be, of writing its prospectus, fell to me."

Colton's partner in this enterprise was a Kentuckian, "six-feet high in his stockings, buckskin dressed, and fox skin hatted." Colton said that the printing press, even at that time was old enough to be preserved as a curiosity. There were no rules and no leads. The letters had to be scoured before their

faces could be seen. From a sheet of tin necessary rules and leads were cut with jack knife. The natives (California "rolled their own" and the paper that they used came originally in a square about the size of a foolscap sheet. On this was printed the first paper in California.

One-half of the paper was printed in English and the remaining portion in Spanish. The subscription fee was five dollars a year and the price per copy 12½ cents.

Later the Kentuckian journeyed to Yerba Buena (San Francisco) to procure a wife. He was gone three months and returned without the wife. Of this Colton said: "Whether his solitude is a thing of necessity or chance I have not inquired. A man's celibacy is misfortune with which it seems wicked to trifles. It is too selfish for pity and too

[Read farther on page 19]

Early Tax Laws in Hawaiian Islands

By FRED LOCKLEY

IF YOU think your taxes are excessive, it will comfort you to read the Constitution and Laws of the Hawaiian Islands as promulgated in 1840. The Constitution was agreed to by the nobles and was signed on October 8th, 1840, by Kamehameha III and Keoluhoi.

There were two forms of taxation in the Hawaiian Kingdom of the early day—the poll tax, to be paid in money; the land tax, to be paid in swine. A man was required to pay \$1.00 poll tax, a woman half a dollar, a boy a quarter of a dollar and a girl an eighth of a dollar. Where currency was not procurable, 33 pounds of arrowroot was taken as a dollar. Sugar or fish nets were also accepted in lieu of currency. The land tax was as follows: A large farm, one swine, one fathom long; a small farm, one swine nine cubits long; a very small farm, one swine one yard long; or in lieu of a fathom nine \$10, in lieu of a three cubit swine \$7.50 and in lieu of a yard swine \$5.00.

The law read: "If neither a fathom swine ten dollars, then two yard long swines or, in lieu of these, then four one cubit swine or other property of equal value or if none of these, then inquiry shall be made, both of the land-holder and the landlord and he whose fault it is shall be dispossessed of the right to the land. If the fault is common to a landlord and tenant, they shall have three months to put the land in good order, at which time they shall leave it, for it appears that the land was truly valuable and the landlord and tenant neglected to pay the taxes. This is doing a real damage and is a great laziness. For the purpose of fairness and equality in taxation if the taxpayer and the owner of the swine do not agree as to the size of the swine, then the taxed swine shall be weighed and the fathom swine shall be considered as weighing 330 pounds, the three cubit swine 250 pounds and the yard swine 167 pounds. All the swine which are annually forfeited to his majesty the King shall be at his discretion to give them out again or to lease them or to put them into the hands of those who will use them for beneficial use of them."

The regulations for the labor tax were as follows: "Two weeks labor shall be done for his majesty and for the landlord and for two weeks the people shall have wholly to themselves. If there be important public work to be done for the benefit of the people

at large, there shall be twelve working days. The landlords who are guilty of appropriating to their own use the labor of people on days which do not belong to them shall be fined. The tenants shall be free for six months from working for those who have thus treated them. When public labor is to be done of such a nature as is of common benefit to the King and the people and twelve days in a month are devoted to such labor, then all persons whether on the land or not, and also all servants, shall do such work or pay a fine."

A SPECIAL LAW was made respecting parents who have numerous families. Parents having six or more children whom they supported wholly, were exempted from certain money and tax regulations. Very severe penalties were visited on those termed "Idlers." The law read as follows: "As for the idler, let the industrious put him to shame and sound his name from one end of the country to the other. Even if food is withheld from him on account of his idleness, there shall be no condemnation for those who thus treat idlers. To those who give entertainment to sluggards, they are bringing shame on the industrious. Let all obtain their food by labor."

In those days they evidently believed in holding land only for beneficial use and not for speculation, for laws were passed dispossessing owners of farm lands who did not make use of them. The law read: "Furthermore, let every man in the Hawaiian Kingdom who possesses a farm, labor industriously, not only to secure his own personal interest, but also to promote the welfare and peace of the Kingdom. Those men who have no land for the purpose of obtaining the object of their desires, may apply to the land agent, the governor or the King for any piece of land not being cultivated and such shall be given to him. If a landlord perceive a portion of his land to be unoccupied or uncultivated and in the possession of a single man, then the landlord shall divide that land between his tenants."

Many pages of the laws were taken up with regulations as to fishing, particularly as to fishing in tabooed fishing grounds. The native fishermen were allowed to catch transient shoal-fish to fill two or more canoes, if they were small, but if the fisherman should borrow a large canoe, then a duty was upon

the fish. The tax officer was required to lay a protective taboo on certain kinds of fish at certain seasons to protect them from extermination.

The 12th Chapter of the Code relates to "The Business of Females" and reads as follows:

"This is the appropriate business of all the females of these islands,—to teach the children to read, cipher and write, to subject the children to good parental and school laws, to guide them to right behavior, so that they may be better than their parents. If the parents do not understand reading, then they must commit the instruction of their children to those who do understand it and the parents must support the teacher. Inasmuch as they feel an interest in their children, they must feel an interest in the teacher also. Tax officers will look to and manage this matter."

The laws also provided for the descent of lands to heirs and the division of water for irrigation. There were regulations respecting quarantine, the making and maintaining of roads, weights and measures, domestics, servants and hired men, as well as vagrancy laws, apprenticeship laws, laws respecting lost and found articles, forgery, perjury, assaults, lewdness and other misdemeanors.

AMONG the rather unusual laws are those on marriage and divorce. Here are some of the regulations: "It is illegal for one man to have two wives; it is illegal for one woman to have two husbands. A man cannot cast off his wife at his pleasure nor can a woman cast off her husband at her pleasure. If two persons wish to marry it is not proper to act hasty. They must proceed cautiously in order that one may become acquainted with the character of the other, lest difficulties arise after marriage. Foreigners shall not intermarry with the females of the archipelago without the consent of the governor, in writing, nor shall any foreigner marry a native unless he exhibit evidence that he has not a wife living in any other country. If two married persons do not live happily together, but quarrel often and become famous for the same, then they shall be brought to trial and shall both be confined in irons. They shall be confined separately, and not together. They shall be confined at night only and each morning they shall be set at liberty to go where they please, and they shall be confined every night until they cease quarreling."

Under the laws regulating schools, the preamble reads: "The basis on which the Kingdom rests, is wisdom and knowledge. Peace and tranquility cannot prevail unless the people are taught. If the children are not taught, ignorance will be perpetual, therefore be it enacted, wherever there are any number of parents having 15 or more children of a suitable age to attend school, if

Gone Modern

A Short Short Story
By DONOVAN MARSHALL

TWO REMNANTS of the old west remained upon the Bar Q. Old humpback reared her deformed spine suddenly and inharmoniously from the rolling prairie to frown down from dizzy heights upon passing motorists as she had frowned upon Coronado and his band of picturesque marauders centuries before; and "Buffalo" Bill Hixon rode herd and repaired fence, two six guns strapped down to his thighs. But except for these two reminders of the glamorous past, the Bar Q had gone modern. It was only natural therefore that Buffalo should be a target for numerous jibes and witticisms from the younger although less virile hands.

"Howdy Buff'lo, ketch any rus'lers t'd'y?" or "Kit Carson was out heah lookin' fer yuh t'd'y, Buff'lo!" were sallies which were almost certain to greet the old puncher as he ambled into the bunk house. But for the most part Buffalo took it all good naturedly and gave as good in return, often with interest, for he was a shrewd son of the old west, was Buffalo Bill Hixon.

It developed into a kind of duel, hardly a feud, this give and take, with Bob Hanson, the good natured, florid faced owner of the Bar Q, as unofficial referee. When the boys would devil old Bill more than common and the old puncher would grow a bit crimson about the ears, Bob would come to the rescue with a, "leave Buff'lo be, boys—I on'y wish th' rest o' yuh war as handy with a hoss an rope—then mebbe it wouldn't take a whole week tuh round up a bunch o' crippit steers." And again when Buffalo had essayed to prove his marksmanship at the expense of "Shorty" Wade's ten gallon hat and possibly Shorty's left ear, Bob had intervened to the relief of the younger hand.

"Hey Buff'lo!" yelled Shorty Wade, one Saturday evening as the boys were packing themselves into the battered ranch flivver. "If you'd condescend tuh mix with th' eleet, we'd be glad tuh let you ride th' radiator."

There was a chorus of loud guffaws from Shorty's comrades and a disgusted snort from Buffalo.

"Ef yuh soory excuses fer cow hands want tuh ride tuh town en a baby currage, go right ahead but while ole Bill c'n fork a mount—waal he'll go tuh town like a red blooded he man." And with that parting shot Buffalo turned on his heel.

Shorty should have known when to stop but apparently he didn't. "Aw Buff'lo," he chided, "that ole grey mare o' youm wont no more 'n get started afore you'll meet us comin' home agin."

"Yeah, thas right," agreed "Rusty" with a mischievous twinkle in his blue eyes. "Setch a pity too—you wont get tuh here th' Lyric's noo vit-phone—cause it clozes at mid-night."

Rusty had added insult to injury.

"Me enter that there hoodlum house!" The old puncher's eyes were narrow slits. "Why I'd-I'd—," words failed Buffalo so great was his scorn and disgust.

"Yeah, we know," nodded Rusty sagely, "you'd rather be strung up by th' toes."

"Murder! It's jes plain murder, thas all—murder of th' grand ole west by a bunch of adelesent dudes!" volunteered Shorty, giving his best imitation of the old puncher.

Buffalo had commenced to crimson about the ears. "Arful smart uns aint yuh—waal listen to ole Bill—there aint nary caf bin branded by words, no siree bob—action, thas what brings home th' bacon." Without another word the old puncher flipped a gun from either holster and as the echo from their blended reports died upon the breast of old humpback, Bob Hanson stepped from the shadows of the ranch house.

"Heah, what's the runkus?" he wanted to know.

"Nothin' — nothin' atal," said Shorty. Suddenly a sly look stole into his eyes. "That is—," he amended, "Buff'lo an me were jus arrangin' a little bet."

"Oh a bet eh!" Bob's voice showed his relief. "What's th' bet, Shorty—maybe I'll win on it?"

"Waal les see—," Shorty scratched his head,—"I'm bettin' Buff'lo thet he'll enter that there Lyric hoodlum house afore another pay day rolls around."

"That right Buff'lo?"

The old puncher closed his jaws with a snap. "Shore!"

The rancher turned to Shorty, his interest was growing. "What's th' stakes?"

"Ef Buff'lo wins—," Shorty paused,—"I'll buy him that there bandaner, with th' red and yellor stripes, he's been awantin'. But ef I win—Buff'lo has gotter herd calves in th' babby currage and wear a white shirt an' a stove pipe hat."

"Whoopee!" Rusty was unable to contain himself.

"How about it, Buff'lo — yuh game?" Shorty wanted to know.

"I shore am," agreed the old puncher, "an yuh better be savin' yer dinero cause yer goin' have to buy that there bandaner." And with that parting sally he stalked away pulling angrily at his mustaches.

"Yuh see," Shorty explained to his admiring companions, as they jolted along toward Westville, "it's a cinch. Buff'lo don't know thet thy've gone an moved th' Lyric into what usta be th' saloon an he'll go a stam-peding into there fust thing. By th' time they stop him he'll have lost th' bet."

"Whoopee! Buff'lo in a silk hat!" Rusty all but fell from the car in his exuberance.

FOR SEVERAL minutes after the battered ranch flivver disappeared from view, hidden by a cloud of dust, Buffalo stood and debated. "Might as well play safe 'n stay home," he mused. "—No, ef I do thet," he reasoned, "they'll think I'm afear'd."

As Buffalo astride Firefly loped easily over the shrouded prairie his heart was a trifle sad. Were the boys right after all? Were the old days gone from the range never to return? The old puncher denied the truth of these assertions strenuously. "No snortin' coughin' tin buggy could ever take the place of Firefly, no siree bob!" Buffalo gave him a reassuring pat.

There was the usual Saturday night crowd wending in and out of the shops, standing in groups on the corners. Buffalo dismounted in front of Pete Hall's blacksmith shop and looping his reins over the hitching rack ambled down the street in the direction of his old stomping ground, the saloon. A few newcomers to Westville turned for a second glance at this curious breath of the past, but to the majority Buffalo was a familiar figure.

Buffalo paused to stare with a mingled emotion of admiration and contempt at a gaudy billboard which advertised Sam Hixon in his latest picture, Vengeance. The admiration was for the hero's brilliant neckerchief, the scorn for all individuals who believe such cheap melodrama to be the old west.

Buffalo was in front of the saloon now. Suddenly a cry smote Buffalo's ear. He pivoted sharply. Through the open doorway of the saloon he could see a woman. She was on bended knees. Over her and threatening her stood a ruffian. There was a gun in his hand.

With a lightning swiftness old Bill sprang into action. The report of one gun blended with that of another. Women screamed. Men swore. Buffalo alone remained coolly impassive. Just outside the doorway he crouched a gun in either hand. Gently he swayed from side to side as his gimlet eyes bored the scene darkly.

"Ef any more o' youh hounds want the same dose jes make a pass fer yer guns. Buffalo was cold and deadly.

WELL!" exclaimed Shorty in disgust, and he and Rusty watched the endeavor of the irate manager and two grinning policemen to explain the intricacies of the talk picture to the rampant Buffalo. "I clean forgot 'bout that dawgoned vit'phone."

George Wharton James

By BESSIE I. SLOAN

*"Could I only hint the beauty
Some least shadow of the beauty, unto men."*



GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

CLIMBING the hill to Redwood peak back of Oakland, we came to Joaquin Miller's home, where we were always welcome. The poet's kindly blue eyes twinkled as he invited us in to meet "some very much worth while people."

It was my first introduction to George Wharton James. Miller's friend of years, and we looked into the piercing eyes under heavy black brows we little realized that this ill, intellectual looking gentleman was to come a valued friend of the Heights, as aquin spelled it.

"You are not going to the peak today; you and the good man are to picnic with me right here in my canyon where 'there is nothing to see up here except down yonder' the inscription on the poet's gate. This is the wave of the hand toward San Francisco Bay and islands with Tamalpais rising stily beyond.

We assented gladly. Coming toward us were Gertrude Boyle and Kanno, in both of whom Joaquin Miller and Edwin Markham were interested. Of the Kannos we read recently of their great success in New York in their field of art, sculpture and poetry. Another member of the party drawn together in an unexpected, delightful way was Charles Grant, well known San Francisco artist of Bohemian, whose paintings have won him fame.

Dr. James sharpened willow stakes, Kanno made the fire, Mrs. Kanno the tea, while the former browned delicious quail for our delectation. We were grouped on the ground

watching with intense interest the slow turning of the birds; the artist sat a little way apart sketching.

Joaquin Miller, always picturesque in high boots and cords, his long white beard flowing over a red tie, reclined gracefully and his talk was of many things—of the Bible, of his early days and exciting adventures, to all of which we listened eagerly as well as to the poems and songs in which Dr. James joined liberally.

Luncheon over, enthusiastically praised, the two old friends entered into a discussion of their books and I learned with what affectionate interest each regarded the other. It was truly a feast of reason and a flow of soul. They talked of Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith, Clarence Urmey, Brete Harte, London, and Fremont; of the former Dr. James has written a charming appreciation. In fact he was always writing his appreciation of someone and has done more for California literature perhaps than any other prose writer.

His books of California Missions, California Romantic and Beautiful, Indian Basketry, and The Lake of The Sky, together with the more intimate, inspirational volumes—Living The Radiant Life, Singing Through Life With God, not to forget Quit Your Worrying, are all of lasting philosophic and educational value. If I am correct he wrote over 50 columns and told me there was work ahead of him for the next fifty years, enthusiast that he was — scholar, philosopher, lecturer, Minister of the Gospel and a friend withal greatly interested in Indian welfare work to which he gave time and talent freely and whole-heartedly.

The "good man" and he had some fine trips together. In Yosemite Dr. James would think nothing of climbing Half Dome before breakfast, for at that time he was lithe and strong and walked easily and lightly in rubber-soled shoes.

ABOUT this time his dream of Foresta dawned. It was an intense disappointment that I was unable to join the party of artists, musicians, and writers who with Dr. James for leader had a wonderful and inspiring outing in an improvised camp seven miles above Yosemite, the nearest spot where acreage may be privately owned. Among the musicians were the world celebrated Clarence Eddy, Mrs. Grace Eddy, and Ellen Beach Yaw. In George Wharton James' plan Foresta was to be a place of real rest and recreation, for the encouragement of quiet thought

near to nature's heart. As I found on a later visit, a steep winding road led to this delightful pine forest, so high in the mountains that the Merced river was a winding silver ribbon below. It may have been the difficulty in reaching Foresta at that time that hindered its development but it is still in existence and only recently I received literature regarding it, so the dream may still be realized.

Always Dr. James expressed the greatest admiration for Joaquin Miller and for his dear friend Ina Coolbrith; and like Joaquin he was always a kindly adviser, appreciative of earnest work and helpful in placing it.

He asked me once why I wrote. "Because I believe it does me good," I told him.

"Then, if it does you good, why don't you send it out? It may do some one else good. Don't be selfish."

Later, during Mr. Miller's last illness, when his wife and daughter came to the Heights, we went up there frequently to see him and found Juanita and her mother charmingly hospitable to Joaquin's friends. When Dr. James came to friends in Berkeley and to us, between stays at St. Helena for rest and health after a severe illness, we would go often to see Juanita and her mother, for Joaquin was no more. And still Joaquin was there, everywhere; in the trees he loved so well, in the rock monuments he built to Moses, to Browning, to Fremont. In his "abbey" and in the beauty of his quiet hills.

He will always be there.

"There is no ugly thing on earth,

There is no evil anywhere,

No thing but hath some beauty worth

If we but choose to find it there."

This he wrote in one of our volumes of his poems, each inscribed with characteristic originality.

After his passing, Juanita found in her father's old friend, Dr. James, a source of inspiration and encouragement, for as she told me recently "George was her father's dearest literary friend." He and Ina Coolbrith.

DR. JAMES took the principal part in Mr. Miller's play of Forty-Nine which was given on the Heights for the benefit of the Indians, and in spite of his silver hair and beard, his enthusiasm carried all others with him. He spent a few days with us and in Berkeley while rehearsing the play and one night when I had retired early I was awakened by a light whistle outside my window. There was George standing in the moonlight. He asked if we would let him in as he had taken the train for Alameda instead of Berkeley which he intended. He said his footsteps "had just led him unaccountably to the Alameda train." At this the "good man" called him Romeo and an "absent-minded beggar."

[Read farther on page 12]

Josh Billings: A Neglected Humorist

By CYRIL CLEMENS

MANY figures in American literature have suffered by the lapse of time, but none more undeservedly so than Henry Wheeler Shaw, better known as Josh Billings. Born in Massachusetts in 1818, he worked as a young man at farming, and later became an auctioneer. Towards the end of his career he moved to Monterey, California, where he died in 1885.

For the most part, textbooks take a keen delight in praising neglected authors to the exoteric folk, but for some reason poor Josh does not get even this left handed boost. Here is a typical damning with faint praise: "Josh Billings's 'Sayings' are brief proverbs and epigrams, many of which would seem rather flat, if they did not attract by their bad spelling."

But whether we read the "Sayings" in the hard kernel of Josh's spelling, or the softer one of ordinary orthography, the sweet nutty meat of genuine humor and wisdom remain!

Although fugitive books were given to the public much earlier, Billings first appeared

THE TABLE of contents of the book mentions an essay dealing with every phase of ordinary life. A few of the titles taken at random, are:

"Kontentment," "Marriage," "Fashion's Prayer," "The Bizzy Body," "Fastidiousness," "Love," "Whissling," "Laffing," "Hoss Sense." Following are typical samples: "Marriage iz an old institushun, older than the pyramids, and az phull ov hyroglyphicks that nobody kan parse. Sum marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and then very sensibly cum tew the conclusion that pedigree ain't no better than skimmilk."

"Kno man kan tell just what calico haz made up its mind to do next. Calico don't kno herself."

"These bizzy people are of awl genders—"in bulk" in 1874 with "Everybody's Friend." This is an old fashioned volume of the same size and general appearance as memoirs of Grant and Greeley which are to-day met with in second hand book stores. The frontispiece is a good steel engraving of the famous humorist who never succumbed to the popular weakness of wearing a necktie. We are shown a man with long hair, heavy moustache and beard, and penthouse eyebrows. His searching gaze has something of the intensity of a seer, and far removed from that of a fool. Underneath the picture is signed in a fine bold hand, "Henry W. Shaw, 'Josh Billings'."

The drawings throughout the book, done by Thomas Nash, are quaint and amusing and depict Josh engaged in many different occupations. The first one shows him sweating profusely as he tries to grind out an essay. In another he wears a chef's cap and apron and is brewing some hash. In a third, he is pleading, with his correspondents, "Let us have peace."

maskuline, feminine, and nuter. The 'bizzy people' have no respect for time—but time, to one ov theze fellows, flies as unconscious az it doez tew a tin watch in a toy shop window."

"Easy boots iz one of the luxurys ov life, but I forgot what the other luxury iz, but I don't kno az I care, provided I kan git rid ov this pair ov tite boots."

"The lam is a juvenile sheep. They are born about the furst ov March, an menny of them die just as soon as green peas come. Lam and green peas are good, but not good for the lam."

JOSH is much given to propounding questions to the reader:

Question: "How far does sound travel?"

Answer: "It depends upon the circumstances. The sound ov a dinner horn, for

nstance travels half a mile in a seckor while an invitation tew get up in the mornig I hav known to be three-quarters ov an hour going up two pair ov stairs, and th not have strength enuff left tew be heard."

Another delightful essay is on "Whitling": "The best whisslers I hav ever hea hav bin among the negroes (I make this mark with the highest respekt to the accomplishments ov the whites), I hav herd South Karoliny darkey whissell so notral th a mocking-bird would drop a worm out of his bill and talk back to the nigger. I ain afraid to trust enny man for a small amou who is a good whissler."

"Hotels," said Josh, "are houses ov refuge, homes for the vagrants, the married mal retreat, and the bachelor's fireside. A good landlond iz like a good stepmother, he kno hiz bizzness and means to do hiz duty."

Billings's definition of "laffing" has a touch of genius: "Morally considered, it iz the next best thing tew the Ten Commandment Pyrotekneally considered, it is the fit works of the soul. Spontaneously considered it iz as natral and refreshing az a spring the road-side. Genuine laffing iz the vent of the soul, the nostrils ov the heart, and jest az necessary for health and happiness spring water iz for a trout."

One could quote indefinitely from this volume of knowledge and wisdom. "Everybody's Friend" can be compared to a grab bag; each time we put our mental hand within its covers, some delightful surprise awaits us.

George Wharton James

[Continued from page 11]

He was probably intent on planning a new book.

It was at this time that something prompted me to speak to a prominent member of the California Writer's Club about him and the immense amount of work he had accomplished. Torrey Connor, editor, poet and story writer agreed with me that an expression of appreciation would be sweet to him and she entered heartily into the scheme and arranged for an evening when he could bring his books to the club and talk about them.

How gladly we wrote, she to set the evening and I to enlarge upon it and remind him not to take the wrong train.

The night before the planned celebration I was wakeful and anxious about something, I did not know what. I decided that there was an electric storm coming. Then it seemed as if some one or something was trying to send me a message. I grew very nervous and finally exclaimed to the "good man": "Some near and dear friend is very ill; dying. It is George Wharton James!"

He said all he could to quiet my fear but

I knew that all was over. When the telephone rang I recognized the voice of my Berkeley friend.

"Don't tell me; I know," I said immediately.

"How could you know? The telegram just arrived."

I could not answer.

MY LETTER of appreciation and invitation was returned unopened. So many times we are just too late.

In October of 1930 there was held an impressive tree-planting ceremony on the Heights, charmingly written of by Dean E. Wood Smith in the December number of *Overland Monthly* and *Out West Magazine*.

Young redwood trees were planted in honor of California writers—Joaquin Miller, I. Coolbrith, Jack London, Charles Lumm Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edward Rowland Sill, and Edwin Markham.

I join the many friends of George Wharton James in the hope that a redwood tree may be planted to honor this noble man, friend and prolific writer of California.

The Return of Luck

By ELEANOR GREY

Cybele Crawford's face held magic for John Dion Thompson, handsome lieutenant of the traffic squad of San Francisco.

His mother was well aware of this fact. Cybele was positive, too, that her mother-in-law elect felt that the modern girl cannot boil water without the proverbial burning or darn stockings without making lumps in them. So Cybele was anxious to do something which would win the older woman's approval.

Gay and dainty, she rushed in one bright fine day to call upon her.

While busy with her domestic duties, Mrs. Thompson remarked, "For twenty-nine years my married life, Cybele, I've never failed complete my spring cleaning by June, and Christmas shopping by December 3."

Fortunately, Cybele felt that it was foolish worry about matters until they proved at they were worth worrying about. Even in her untroubled career of eighteen years of life, she found that they usually were.

From the time that her graduation from high school loomed upon her horizon, she tastefully informed her girl friends that she was to marry "Di" Thompson. Other girls glowed facetiously about single blessedness and financial independence, but she preferred to let one better equipped physically for the struggle do the fighting for her.

After breezily showing Mrs. Thompson her diamond engagement ring, she sat down demurely, and indulgently patted her mother-in-law elect on the cheek as she commented:

"I'll see now that 'Di' will give you lots of pretty gifts, too. Leave it to me, Mother Thompson."

The woman's gray eyes became kind; the mouth softened.

"I know you will, child," she said amiably. "I just know John Dion will be as generous to you as my John was to me."

"You keep your ring beautifully," Cybele hastily added, as she admired the woman's ring.

"Yes, Cybele, I take great care of everything that my husband gave me. Come into my room. I'll show you one of my dear husband's first anniversary gifts to me after we were married."

Mrs. Thompson took out an old-fashioned pink silk umbrella with a gay colored parrot on its handle.

"See this." With a loving pride she boasted, "It hasn't been mended since he gave it to me; just as sound in every way as on the day."

Cybele's face took on her most persuasive smile, while with her eyes she tried to be grave, as she showed instant admiration.

"How did you manage to keep it in such fine shape?" she inquired.

All the while she was frantically and ineffectually endeavoring to close the recalcitrant, old-fashioned article. Mrs. Thompson's face grew anxious as the girl, on the verge of being panicky, murmured, "I just can't close it."

Then with ready optimism, "Don't worry. I'll run down town to get it fixed."

Arising quickly, she kissed her mother-in-law to be, and departed with the open umbrella, smiling in spite of herself.

THE GIRL'S mind worked quickly. In the twinkling of an eye, she remembered that it was vacation time, and that her small brother was probably playing with his chum, a boy who lived in an apartment house nearby.

As she neared the house, she found that her arrival was at a most inauspicious moment, for her brother with his friend was just being hurled bodily out of the place by the irate janitor, because they had been caught hanging monkey-fashion from the chandelier in the main hall.

Seeing Cybele they rushed to her, not without first, however, hooting at her ridiculous plight of carrying an antiquated umbrella open in the hottest part of San Francisco day.

"What? 'Fraid of sunstroke? Raining, Ciby?"

She tried to be placating.

"Never mind, Johnny. You and Sam carry it this way down to the umbrella shop. Just walk ahead of me a little way."

"Ah, gee, I don't want to. What's the matter with it? Why? Won't it close?"

Then, as if he had finally made up his mind, the unamiable youngster exclaimed, "Not on your life, Cib."

A hurried, secret conversation then followed between Johnny and his friend, Sammy Arnstein.

Soon Johnny, with scornful, half closed eyes and a smile on his lips bargained. "Say, Cib, we'll walk the line, if you'll give us a nickel apiece for every block,—every block, remember, and no kidding about the doc."

Cybele did some hasty calculating as she thought of the few coins she had in her purse. Then she agreed to the terms.

As they started, a crowd of boys sprang like the Myrmidons of old into line behind them, Titters could be heard from all around. Cybele was terrified as the followers began to

pelt stones, orange peels, and other available articles at the open umbrella.

All the while they kept up a tirade of remarks; "Gee, I'm wringing wet." "Let me get under, Sam." "Soak them, fellows." "Pipe those birds." "Hot dog."

Such a commotion was caused by the boy's actions that the girl, chagrined almost to distraction, took the umbrella from them into her own hand, and sought shelter in a bank on Market Street. As she did so, the customers lolled at their business, while their glances lingered only a polite instant on Cybele.

Meanwhile Johnny and Sammy stood at the door of the bank, clapping their hands, then their knees, as they stood convulsed with laughter at Cybele's predicament and her attempts to regain her poise.

One of the clerks at the back of the counter came forward as he noticed the girl's dilemma. Her face was flaming now and her eyes wistful.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss?" he politely proffered.

She laughed easily and pleasantly as if out of genuine amusement, while her cheeks became even more flushed.

"Let me help you," he tactfully persisted, as Cybele made further ineffectual attempts to close the umbrella.

"No, I guess I can't very well, either," he finally stammered, "at least without breaking it to pieces."

Meanwhile his fellow clerks behind the counter were snickering at his attempts to play the gallant to a maiden in distress.

At last he volunteered, sympathetically, "It's pretty old. Not much use anyhow. Your grandmother's?" he naively queried.

By this time, the girl had rescued it from his threatening grasp. She had suffered agonizing visions of seeing the old umbrella shattered beyond repair.

Giving him a slightly chilly, half-grateful glance, she answered, "No, it belongs to a dear old lady friend."

Now as she held the umbrella tightly in her own hand, a relieved note crept into her voice.

"She'd suffer horribly if anything happened to it."

"Sentimental about it, I suppose," the clerk intercepted. "Old people get that way."

Then she made her way over to her brother who was still convulsed with laughter.

REPROACHFULLY in a lowered voice she spoke, "Johnny, now listen, I'll give you fifteen cents a block if you walk ahead of me down to Fifth Street."

"No, a quarter a block or nothing, Sis," was the ultimatum which he uttered, in spite of her coaxing.

[Read farther on page 20]

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

THE DOGS OF NIAGARA

By BEN FIELD

UNLEASHED, the billows run,
Throwing the waters back;
They leap and snap in fun,
They snarl and spurn the track.

A thousand dogs come on,
Shaking their frothy lips,
Charging where men have gone
Down with their broken ships.

On with a leap and roar
To the perilous edge of doom,
On through Niagara's door,
Where the waters rush and boom—
Over the brink, to the hell
Of that mist-choked gorge they've
gone,—
Dead in a fate most fell!—
But Niagara still sweeps on,

WELCOME TO THE WOODS

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

ALMOST it seems an angel's hand
Leans over me as I return
To slopes where tall-limbed redwoods stand
And fields where many a clustered band
Of golden poppies wave and burn.

Oh, like the peace of Paradise
After a battle's mist and roar,
This world of canyons, woods and skies,
Where low the rustling hill-wind flies
Across the wildflowers' spangled floor!

Oh, like the long-sought gates of home
After the shoals of jagged seas,
These nodding paths where now I roam,
With blue-gray peaks beneath the dome
Of azure-hung immensities!

Almost it seems an angel's hand
Leans over me to heal and bless,
Borne from a sooty-towered land,
I walk with mountains, and command
A heaven in the wilderness!

IN A SAN DIEGO GARDEN

By WINIFRED HEATH

EVENING stillness creeps upon the world,
There is a dryad whispering in the
trees.
Pale gold, the sun's high banner slowly
furled,
Wakens my soul to an old worshipping.

ROADS

By VIRGINIA KEATING ORTON

THE NEW road is short and straight;
The old road is long.
The new road has never a curve,
The old road's like a song.
With beauty-turns and smiling twists
Beside the mountain streams.
With quiet pools for speckled trout,
And melodies for dreams.
The new road is built for speed,
Two-tracked and surfaced prime;
The old road is a vagabond,
It takes no thought of time.
The new road is crowded full,
With racing life it rings;
But I — I go the old way:
I like the road that sings.

I CAME UPON A FIELD

By LOUIS MERTENS

I CAME upon a field of blossoms white,
Fair flowers which our Geoffrey once
would call
The "days-eye." As I watched them rise and
fall
Was it a fancy? Did I see it, quite?
A day dream? A chimera?—For a wall
As white as winter snow stood up, and all
The daisies seemed to curtsy, fair and bright.

And Geoffrey and his pilgrims on the way
To Canterbury paused and cried: "God wot!
The daisies nod, and we will nod, also!"
And there I saw them, all as plain as day,—
The knight, the coke, the Man of Lawe,
(well got!),
And that fair Eglantine whose face we know,
At once my eyes grew dim with mist of
tears,—
Tears I had thought might never flow again,
Tears which refreshed as that sweet Aprile
rain
Which Geoffrey knew, and loved in bygone
years.
And when the mist had gone and all my
fears,
My eyes were opened, but I looked in vain
For field of daisies, pilgrims I had fain
Evoked, as one who back from death appears.

Gone were the vast conceits of Geoffrey's pen.
Gone friar, lady, and that gentle knight,
The prioress, the buxom Wif of Bathe,
The miller and the reve, plain, homely men—
And suddenly 't was dark as any night,
And winds of winter moaned along the path.

JOAQUIN MILLER

By EVELYN BACIGALUPI

HE longed to walk the lonely ridge
and linger o'er God's handiwork.
Huge granite slabs, jagged tipped,
Tall Pines crowned by celestial snows,
Brown Bears stalking their virgin trails,
Great rivers full of sparkling fish.

Brother he was to the Mountain Larks,
Gay plumaged birds, placid lakes.
He matched his song with the gushing stream
And tempered his verse to autumnal earth,
Quaking Aspens welcomed him
To their trepid heights of awakening life.

He rode the Lode with Murietta,
Jeweled hilts in the moonlight twinkling
gleaming.
Adventurous spirit, stripping souls
Naked for the Lord's sun to shine through
Heart rich with love of God and man.
Alive with joy for birth and creation.

SAN FRANCISCO CHINATOWN

By PATRICIA CLEMENTS

THE East is by a western bay
Within a city, cool and grey,
A city, fair and grey.

Against a sky of evening blue
The housetops twist in strange review,
Pagoda buildings in the dusk.

Long Oriental slant-eyes peer
From windows draped in eastern gear,
Old porcelain and tusk.

Sweet, heavy incense fills the air
In shops stocked with imported ware,
Ginger and cake to feast.

And farther down some ill-lit street
High-colored strains of music beat
The rhythm of the East.

The West has reared a daughter fair,
My city of the charming air,
My city, cool and grey.

UNTIL YOU CAME

By NELL GRIFFITH WILSON

MAY brings white Lilacs by my open door
And drifting sweetness never seen
before
Until you came.
Oh, you have made me wise in nature lore
And glorified white lilacs with love's flame

The Importance of Thrift Education

By C. W. CONRAD,
Assistant Superintendent
Los Angeles City Schools

THRIFT is defined as doing well, flourishing, prospering or succeeding. The cause of the doing well or prospering is given saving, economical management or good bandy. It is the antithesis of waste and wandering.

If thrift is good, worth while and important, education in thrift is good, worth while and important.

To remove the "if" let us see what the testimony for or against thrift may be.

We shall hear first from nature. The plan of creation involves thrift but not waste. We are about the economy of nature. Matter is indestructible. It may change its form but is not destroyed. Nature loves integrity. It values wholeness or soundness. Saving, salvaging, thrift preserve integrity or soundness. The Creator does not create in vain. His handiwork has value, function, purpose. Furthermore, nature does not hoard or store up to no purpose. There is a storing up, saving or conservation but it is for a purpose. A hoard is functionless and functionless is out of place in nature.

What is man's testimony regarding thrift? Thrift is encouraged by law, the will of an organized society. Our own California school law provides for and requires the teaching of thrift.

Our federal government after the Great War campaigned in the interest of thrift among the American people.

To promote thrift the American Thrift Society was organized with the motto. "For success and happiness" and with the following ten point creed, (1) work and earn (2) live on a budget (3) record expenditures (4) open a bank account (5) own life insurance (6) own your home (7) make a will (8) invest in safe securities (9) pay bills promptly (10) share with others. Today the creed would probably be modified but it is in most points sound.

The National Education Association, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the Federation of Women's Clubs, Kiwanis Clubs and similar organizations have promoted Thrift Week, beginning about January seventeenth, the birth date of Benjamin Franklin, the great apostle of thrift, whose whole life was an exemplification of thrift.

Such men as Cicero, Confucius, Thomas Jefferson, Wm. E. Gladstone, Theodore Roosevelt, John Wesley, Thomas Edison are a few among thousands of great leaders who in word and deed have testified to the value of thrift.

"Save and teach all ye are interested in to save; this paves the way for moral and material success," said Thomas Jefferson.

Confucius has told us. "A man without thought for the future must soon have present sorrow."

"Extravagance rots character; train your youth away from it. On the other hand, the

The article here presented is the substance of an address delivered by Mr. Conrad at a "Thrift Education" session of Teachers' Institute, Polytechnic High School, Los Angeles, December 18, 1933. The thought is so good, the manner of presentation so sane and interesting, and the subject of such vital importance at this time, that we print the address in its entirety. All too often thrift is thought of as miserliness. Moreover money saving and the financial phases are frequently understood to comprehend the sum total of thrift education. We commend Superintendent Conrad for his keen analysis.

Editor

habit of saving money, while it stiffens the will, also brightens the energies" is an expression from Theodore Roosevelt.

John Wesley gave this advice. "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can."

According to S. W. Strauss, "Laying aside a few dollars each week does not necessarily make one a thrifty person. Thrift means so much more than merely saving money. It means personal efficiency. It means plans. It means self-control. It means foresight. It means prudence. It means sane and legitimate self-confidence. It means all that makes for character. It is as much removed from miserliness on the one hand as it is from extravagance on the other. As we build the ideals of thrift, we build character."

LET US consider certain examples of thrift.

There is thrift of time leading to industry and plenty, the waste of it leading to idleness and poverty. "Sloth clothes a man with rags." "Lost time is never found again." "Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting." "Plow deep while sluggards sleep and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." "We are taxed twice as much by our idleness as by the government." "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time for that's the stuff life is made of." "He that riseth late must trot all day and

will scarce overtake his business at night." "If time be of all things the most precious, wasting of time must be the greatest prodigality."

In man's early history it was necessary for him to spend most of his time gaining the bare necessities of existence. By degrees men found that by working together and dividing their tasks they could save time. Time saved gave leisure for thinking. Thinking and necessity led to invention. Invention in turn saved more time for thought and thought led on to culture and a higher civilization.

There is thrift of money. Money saved makes capital. Capital is the surplus that permits enterprise and enterprise stimulates progress.

Then there is social thrift generally called conservation. On all hands we have rich natural resources of minerals, oil, gas, water, game and timber. It is our patriotic duty to use these resources with care that we in our day may enjoy this blessing and that posterity may also fall heir to this rich legacy of natural wealth.

Not the least important kind of thrift is that of body or health which means wholeness or soundness of body. It is unfortunate that we sense the importance of this kind of thrift only when health breaks down.

There is thrift of the mind or the cultivation of talent. Here we have the great saving and developing force of education, one of the greatest boons of the age.

We must not omit thrift of character which is integrity or the wholeness or soundness of our moral being. Essential elements are self-control, self-denial, industry, temperance, honesty, independence, prudence, efficient living and an altruistic spirit.

WE HAVE been considering positive phases of thrift. The value of thrift may be understood no less by a consideration of examples of thriftlessness or violations of the principle of thrift. Such violations come under the general heading of waste which is the opposite of thrift.

There is the sorry waste of the body involving intemperance, vice, disease and death. The drunkard, drug addict, glutton and debauchee are the great wastrels of the body. Their portion is poverty and their course leads down to death. If we would know the extent of this waste we must survey the hospitals of the land maintained at tremendous cost to society. Waste of body due to violation of hygienic law and exemplified by

disease has been one of the major obstacles to progress in the history of mankind.

We have observed waste of mind in uncultivated intelligence, talents buried under a bushel, minds growing up to weeds in ignorance, idleness and futility. Ignorance with its offspring of superstition, bigotry and intolerance has often blocked the great highway of the world.

Perhaps the greatest waste of all is waste of character. We find that the greatest losses to society are due to the weaknesses and failings of men. How much has been lost through the cheat and swindler, who, parasites that they are, scheme to live off the labor and savings of others. Those who though able to pay, run away from the payment of their just debts and those who, having gained credit through confidence, abuse that confidence and default are common cheats and waste the substance of their neighbors.

There is the cheating and the waste that come from shoddy workmanship. There is skimping of time, loafing on the job, use of inferior materials and a general "getting by." Ruskin tells a story of one who hired a man to build a house. The man with fraud in his heart thinking to gain thereby built the house as poorly as he could, using only nails enough to barely hold the house together. When the house was finished the employer gave it to the workman. Soon a great storm arose and because the house was so poorly built it was destroyed by the wind. If the workman had not been a cheat he would have had a good home. Let us hope that all such dishonest workers are similarly punished.

There is the tax dodger who causes loss to the honest man who must make up for what the dishonest man fails to pay.

THERE is the waste that comes to the one who invests unwittingly in watered stock or bogus bonds. Sometimes the investor is gullible and his gullibility affords an opportunity to the cunning rogue and swindler to cheat, defraud and waste the means of the investor.

Another form of waste or violation of the principle of thrift is gambling. The gambler does not work and produce like an honest man. He too is a parasite living on the substance of others and giving nothing in return. This is waste because nothing is produced. Saved money is merely passed from one man's pocket to another's. Gambling is unresisted robbery. Monte Carlo shows us that the price often paid is suicide.

We have too the waste of extravagance. Extravagance is the breakdown of self-control. It is the enthronement of wants or desires. Norman Dane says, "Wants, if we let them, grow to be great tyrants, and one of the first benefits of saving is that, through self-control, we free ourselves from their grip." Wm. E. Gladstone gives us this pertinent

advice, "Keep down as much as you can the standard of your wants, for in this lies a great secret of manliness, true wealth and happiness; as on the other hand, the multitude of our wants makes us effeminate and slavish as well as selfish."

We see on all hands examples of extravagance. Let us take one. I understand that sometime ago bonds were sold to the American public to the extent of \$225,000,000 for a loan to Cuba. According to the press

My Garden

By ONA M. ROUNDS

*I DID not plant my flowers then
In rows or in a bed;
Because I had no garden spot
I wrote some rhymes instead.*

*The lyric form I wisely chose
For daffodils in May,
But sonnets favored hollyhocks
Or tulips on display.*

*The ballads grew like fragrant buds
Of roses wet with dew,
Or changed into a pansy face
That mingled gold with blue.*

*The free verse spread like gadding vines
That brighten in the fall;
While blank verse aped a hawthorn hedge
And saved an outer wall.*

\$200,000,000 was used for a road across the island and \$25,000,000 for a capitol building in the poverty-stricken city of Havana. The capitol building of our own great country cost far less than that. The builder of this Cuban capitol made so great a profit that he gave back a \$20,000 diamond and built it into the rotunda of the capitol.

The Biblical character who left his father's house to go into a far land where he spent his means in riotous living is the familiar example of the thriftless wastrel throwing away not only his money but his manhood and self-respect.

OUR STORY must include some remarks about greed. The miser stands for greed. His treasure is the hoard. He wastes because he uses his means neither for his own good nor that of any one else. Dane says, "The miser who treasures money for the sake of money more often than not leads a life of squalid poverty because there is no poverty so bad as the poverty of soul from which he suffers."

Conceived in greed and brought forth in havoc is war, youth-devouring, soul-blasting world-impooverishing, God-mocking war. We are told that lobbyists active in the interest of concerns profiting from war actually worked at Geneva against disarmament. Even today when the world is in such misery as result of armed conflict, Mars chuckling at the threshold of the councils of men is impatient to let loose again the dogs of war to lay waste what is left of civilization. To American people have a gentle reminder: the waste of war in the form of a public debt amounting to more than twenty-thousand and one-half billions of dollars, merely an interest on which constitutes a heavy burden. We are the more poignantly mindful of the debt because of the fact that more than eleven billions of it are owed us by ungrateful Europe.

While we can be thankful that war is not always with us, it has a close relative in the form of crime that hounds us day and night without ceasing. This wastrel is costing us we are told \$13,000,000,000 a year. Chief of Police James E. Davis of Los Angeles says that this nation supports 3,000,000 law enforcement officers at a cost of \$10,000,000,000 annually.

These examples of waste or violations of the principle of thrift that I have mentioned together with many others that I might mention keep a large part of the human race in poverty, the logical result of waste of kinds.

In conclusion let me quote from Norman Dane, "When the hearts of people shrink with what they gain the world grows harsh and cold, and a dislike is spread of those who have money. The dislike gives rise to discontent, and the discontent stirs up ill will and sharpens fear. Nobody feels either sure or so safe. Hence enterprise is checked and 'slacking' is encouraged. Waste takes place in consequence and the times grow harder. Thus unthrift of the spirit leads to unthrift of means and substance. On the other hand when the hearts of people expand with their possessions the world grows warm and genial and good to live in and there is no dislike of those who have money, but, on the contrary, a deepening respect for the Discontent tends to die away; there is a common feeling of being sure and safe; enterprise is urged on and becomes bolder; more is done, and wealth grows apace. Therefore just in the same way, but in the opposite direction, thrift of the spirit means thrift of means and substance. All this is as simple as it is true, only people do not trouble themselves to think it out."

With thrift so great an element in successful character let us by thorough education instill into the minds of the young the importance of thrift.

The Literary West

DR. PLUMMER HONORED

A MOVEMENT of more than ordinary significance is that promoted by Salt Lake City, Utah, business and professional men who "honor notables while they live." Most recent to receive the honor Dr. Charles G. Plummer, noted physician and Boy Scout executive, traveler and naturalist. In authorship, Dr. Plummer has achieved distinction. He has for a decade served on the Advisory Editorial Board of *Overland Monthly* and *Out West Magazine*. The citation of appreciation presented Dr. Plummer, similar to that given other notables, reads: "While you are still alive, filled with energy and actuated by mental and physical powers enjoyed only by a ripe and superb adulthood, we wish to express our appreciation of the great service you have rendered to this state."

ORRA E. MONNETTE, LEAGUE PRESIDENT

THE BOARD of Directors of the League of Western Writers through its Chairman, Arthur H. Chamberlain, announces the appointment of Orra E. Monnette of Los Angeles, to the general presidency of the League, and Ben Field, resigned. Mr. Field is now on an extended trip to the South Seas. Mr. Monnette has long been a member of the League and at the time of his recent appointment was serving on its Board of Directors. He is Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors, Bank of America, and an officer of numerous important financial concerns with local and state wide affiliations. His civic connections include the presidency of the Board of Directors, Los Angeles Public Library, and member of the City Planning Commission. His researches embrace the fields of history, genealogy and patriotic endeavor. Several books are to the credit of Mr. Monnette, including "Five Isaac Kendalls of Hartford, Connecticut," "Israel Clark, Ancestral Pioneer," "John C. Fremont Hull," "A Janeway Lineage," "Monnette Family Genealogy," "California Chronology," "A Decadent Test and Monosyllabic Essay on Literature," etc. He is the author of a volume of poems, entitled "Red Shining Star." Mr. Monnette is prominent in club and fraternity life and is much in demand as a speaker at public events. The League of Western Writers is fortunate in securing Mr. Monnette for the important office of president. His place upon the Board of Directors is taken by Mr. Field, whose untiring efforts in behalf of the

League have done much to advance the standing of this far-flung organization.

OUR EDWIN MARKHAM

THOUSANDS of friends of our much beloved Edwin Markham are grieved to learn of his illness. At Oklahoma City on his return trip to the East, after a stay of some weeks on the Coast, he was stricken seriously ill while addressing a banquet. During his stay recently in Southern California and the Bay region, Mr. Markham was much in demand for lectures and dinners. His message published in our November issue has drawn favorable comment. Mr. Markham never neglects an opportunity to lend support to *Overland Monthly*, he being an honored member of our Advisory Editorial Board. His complete recovery is earnestly wished.

CATALINA ISLAND GOES BACK TO '49

A NNOUNCEMENT is made that Mr. Phil Wrigley, heir to the William Wrigley, Jr., fortune, and owner of Catalina Island, is planning to bring back the glamour and romance of the "Days of the Dons" and the mining era by building upon the island, villages, trails and missions to reflect the romance of the past. Said Mr. Wrigley: "I am going to bring back a parcel of old California and set it down on Catalina Island. Out there we talk a good deal about the climate, mountains, great cities, and what we refer to as 'God's country.' I want to find something else to talk about." Mr. Wrigley is enthusiastic in his project. He says, no idea of the cost but that a few more millions to those already spent on the island would result in "old missions, small winding roads, trading posts, and all the historic aspects of the Gold Rush brought to life again." Mr. Wrigley believes that it would require five years to complete the plan. In the meantime, a thorough study will be made of what is needed. The project is a worthy one, and has the hearty endorsement of this magazine.

LITERATURE MEDAL AWARD

BOOKS for entry in the Third Annual California Literature Medal Award Contest of the Commonwealth Club of California must be mailed not later than midnight of January 31. These books with letters of entry should be sent to the Literature Medal Award Jury, Commonwealth Club of California, Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco. Entries are restricted to books bearing a 1933

original publication date, and authors must be residents of California, although the entrants are not restricted to California theme. Both fiction and non-fiction books are eligible. The awards consist of one gold and not more than two silver medals.

The members of the jury for the 1933 award are: Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, President University of California, Dr. Hardin Craig, Professor of English, Stanford University, Brother Leo, Head of English Department St. Mary's College, Dr. Tully C. Knoles, President College of the Pacific, Dr. Ernest Carroll Moore, Vice President and Provost, University of California at Los Angeles, Mrs. Hattie Hecht Sloss, San Francisco, Mr. Will C. Wood, President Commonwealth Club.

RUPERT HUGHES ON "LITERARY" MAGAZINES

IN THE January "Author and Journalist" is an interesting report of an address by Rupert Hughes at the Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles. The report is made by Steve Fisher, one of the popular contributors to *Overland*. Quoting the report:

"Mr. Hughes was emphatic in stressing his views on the so-called 'literary' magazines which start from *Story* and go on down the line. Their way of saying 'We are artists: our stories are significant,' Mr. Hughes says, reminds him of the man who goes about saying to everyone, 'I am intelligent; I am above you'—when that man makes nothing, starves in a garret and you are gleaming six or seven hundred a week from your 'unintelligent' job. The editors of these so-called 'high art' books take stories no other magazine would touch—they usually leave you with a doleful end and no story at all—just writing, and bad writing at that. Yet their authors call themselves 'artists.' *Saturday Evening Post* and *Cosmopolitan* authors are mere 'commercial hacks' in their eyes—not 'artists.' Winding all this up, Rupert Hughes said very expressively: 'An artist—that is, a *real* artist, is one who doesn't give a damn whether he is an artist or not!' Predicting a short life for these literary books—if they can be called by their own self-appointed title—Mr. Hughes said that these 'artists' will starve more than ever now that the depression has lifted and the real magazines are blooming forth again—either starve or learn to write what people want to read.

"Of other interests, and answering a belated question from the gallery, Mr. Hughes said: 'The new writer, as I see it, had absolutely no chance during the past three years of

depression, cut advertising, dying magazines, and general panic. Now there will be no more magazine deaths — except those that would die regardless of hell and high water. Although the new writer will have to struggle like all get-out during this coming cycle of months, in order to crash them, he *certainly* will be able to crash a year from today if he has anything at all on the ball. If there ever was a time to learn writing, my friends, it is now. 1935 is going to see fiction conditions better than ever before!

"Answering another tyro's question, Mr. Hughes stressed heavily the matter of developing characterization in everything one writes. 'Open your heart to every one,' he said; 'get every reaction, every man's or woman's slant—don't be narrow, or selfish, or stuck in your shell, which is the natural trait of most writers. Open up that heart—it won't cost you anything and will do more for you than any text-book on learning real human characters.' And he added: 'Don't copy anybody's style—copy only correct spelling and punctuation.'"

The "Author and Journalist" comments upon Mr. Hughes' remarks, as reported by Mr. Fisher, as follows:

"Mr. Hughes's views are entitled to respect, whether we agree with him or not. For ourselves, we emphatically disagree with his estimate of the experimental and literary magazines. We shall disagree with him even though his prediction of their short life and the starvation of their writers should be borne out. The courage of the men and women who launch these magazines and write for them, in a commercial age which does its best to crush out every value not measured by the dollar, arouses our sincere admiration.

"Perhaps they are a bit self-conscious in their claims to significance and artiness. But may not this form of self-consciousness be as easily forgiven as the blatant self-consciousness of money success? Perhaps these magazines and their writers do tend rather heavily toward the sombre and doleful. Undoubtedly there is bad writing as well as good writing to be found in them. They are not all equally good; some are quite amateurish. The important thing is that they are experimenting, trying out new forms, seeking to rise above the shackles of popular appeal and overworked sure-fire formulas. If a man is willing to starve in a garret in order to strive toward an ideal, far be it from us to deny him the bitter satisfaction of looking down on his plutocratic brethren with their several hundreds a week."

BRET HARTE'S PEN PICTURES

EVER so often there arises a prophet in Israel to declare that Bret Harte in his writing did not reflect the true California of the Days of '49. A recent pronouncement of Professor

Josiah Royce is in point. We quote from the Christian Science Monitor of November 25 last, an article under caption "Did Bret Harte Know the California of '49?'"

"It has been charged of late that Kipling in the earliest and the best, because the most natural, of his writings—in the sketches that gave us at once most pleasure and most instruction—did not paint the true India. It has been charged of late that Lafcadio Hearn, in those pictures of the Orient that have charmed two hemispheres, did not paint the real Japan. And now comes Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard with the startling declaration that Bret Harte, whom thinking Americans are more and more disposed to regard as the most distinctively and originally native of all our writers, did not paint the real California of the '49 period. Says the professor:

"As a Californian I can say that not one childhood memory of mine suggests any social incident or situation that in the faintest degree gives meaning or confirmation to Bret Harte's stories. But it is also true that Bret Harte never saw the mines in '49 and '50, and that years later he collected the chance material of his stories from hearsay. It is also true that the social order which he depicts is an order that never was on land or sea, and that his tales are based upon a deliberately false romantic method."

"Unfortunately for Professor Royce," says the Monitor, "all the evidence is against him. It is true that Bret Harte was not in California in 1849 or 1850, but he was in California in 1856 when civilization introduced by the 'Argonauts' was beginning to make itself felt, and all through the period of which '49 and '50 were simply the beginning. Those who worked with pick and shovel in those days, in the gulches and canyons of the Sierra Nevada have since testified to the marvelous accuracy of Bret Harte's descriptions and portraits. Some who were adventurers, gamblers and saloonkeepers in the gold fields during the '50s have borne like testimony in later years. The files of newspapers of the period testify to the fidelity of Bret Harte's art to truth. The civilization which the Forty-Niners brought to California was only an exaggerated form of the civilization in the river towns of Illinois and Missouri—the states which did more than any others to people California at that day—for years before and after the outbreak of the California gold fever, and Mark Twain, John Hay and scores of other observers and writers have testified to this.

The best testimony of all, however, is that conditions, situations and episodes, like unto those painted by Bret Harte, modified only by the changes that have affected every quarter of the country and every class of people in the country, have since existed and devel-

oped in other mining camps from Virgin City to Leadville, from Butte to Cripple Creek.

"The fact that Professor Royce's childhood memory does not suggest any of the incidents or the situations observed, pictured and immortalized by Bret Harte, should have no weight even with Professor Royce himself. No doubt many thousands of things have occurred round about him even in his manhood hours of which he has taken no note. As a learned professor he ought to know, and in all probability does know, that it does not follow from the fact that we fail to see things or to be impressed by them that these things have no existence, and are invisible to others."

TOURING TOPICS vs WESTWAYS

IN the language of Phil Townsend Hanna, editor, "Vale Touring Topics," a Westways!"

Which is another way of saying that the time honored title "Touring Topics" is no longer relegated to limbo and "Westways" is elevated to the spotlight. Hundreds of names were suggested from which to select a new title for the former Touring Topics, and Westways has been chosen. The Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine from their historic educational sanctum dating back to 1868, extends the right hand of fellowship to "Westways" as it did to "Touring Topics" at the inception of that magazine, the publication serves its readers as satisfactorily under its new name as it has done in the past, Mr. Hanna may be congratulated indeed. The publication has made a distinct contribution to Western life and literature.

We note that Editor Hanna uses as a caption for his editorial the familiar "ETC" We say "familiar" because Bret Harte, as the editor of Overland Monthly, wrote his never-to-be-forgotten editorials under that captio-

SAN FRANCISCO CHAPTER

THE SAN FRANCISCO Chapter, League of Western Writers, under the Presidency of Dr. John T. Grant, is presenting this year some excellent programs. At the meeting January 16, Mr. John D. Barry spoke of "The Technique of Writing for Publication"; Mr. Lloyd Eric Reeve, a story writer of prominence, told some of the secrets of writing and selling. Harr Wagner spoke of the Publishers Point of View.

League members of the Bay Chapter recently took part in a critical discussion of "The Technique of Verse Construction" under direction of Dr. Carl Holliday in connection with the League's Poetry Section.

Colton's Journal

[Continued from page 8]

is for mirth. But let my partner go; he'll get a wife in due time, indeed he has done already and that is about the number at nature provides. Some, it is true, take second, and a few totter on to the third, meaningly that they might have good company when they totter into the grave."

WHEN the announcement that gold had been discovered was made in Monterey, Colton was as skeptical as the other inhabitants. But after insistent reports, Colton dispatched a messenger for verification. Before the messenger returned—"a straggler in from the American Fork bringing a piece of yellow ore weighing an ounce," he declared it real, others a humbug. When the messenger returned with the verification Monterey was in an uproar. All went to the mines, as Colton said, "some on litters and one on a litter."

Colton had only a community of women, but even some of them had flown. Colton's servants left and two of his military friends who were left in the same lurch joined forces" with him. "A general of the U. S. Army, the commander of a man-of-war, and the Alcalde of Monterey in a smok-kitchen, grinding coffee, toasting a herring and peeling onions! These gold mines are going to upset all the domestic arrangements of society, turning the head to the tail and the tail to the head. Well it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good; the nabobs have had their time, and now comes that of the 'niggers'. We shall all live just as long, I believe quite as fit to die," wrote Colton, in his characteristic philosophy.

Shortly after this a sailor brought a bag of gold down from the Yuba. It contained hundred and thirty-six ounces. This time

a whole platoon of soldiers and three sailors deserted "leaving only their colors behind."

"The master has become his own servant and the servant his own lord!" exclaimed Colton.

Whether Colton contracted the gold fever or not he does not say, but later on he writes with startling clearness of his trip to the golden area.

He and a few companions procured a wagon, supplied it and sent it on ahead of themselves. After days of hard traveling they arrived, and turning suddenly in a ravine they came upon their first gold camp. Colton says he jumped from his horse, took a pick and in five minutes found a piece of gold large enough to make a signet ring. His actual participation in the rush is vividly portrayed by Colton.

AMONG California's pioneers we find a group of interesting and versatile men. Each in his way has contributed his fragment to the mosaic of our loved State, but in Colton's "Three Years in California," each fragment is a jewel in itself.

The Old Colton House still stands in Monterey, a tribute to the perseverance of Alcalde Colton. It was erected from the proceeds of taxes on liquor shops, fines on gamblers, and so forth, and was built by convict labor.

It was under construction for the period of a year, and was built of white stone quarried from a neighboring hill. It was a combination school house and public auditorium, the lower floor being used for the first purpose and the upper floor for the latter.

The prison was also constructed by convict labor, and said Colton, "Many a joke the rogues have cracked while constructing their own cage."

trier, "that we'd all need to understand exposition."

"We do all need it," assented the Bookworm, "and when I master the art, I'll sail somewhere and write a book like *Bali, Enchanted Isle* by Helen Eva Yates."

"I'm glad to know how you pronounce it," said the Artist, "*Bali* to rhyme with *holly*. It looks interesting."

"Read it by all means," said the Bookworm. He held up a large volume. "This is as easy," he said, "as a story, *The Tragedy of Tolstoy*. I suppose everyone is interested in him. His daughter, who wrote this, was here in California for a year or so and now lives in Pennsylvania on land the Quakers gave her. Think of the changes that woman has seen! Tolstoy! if Europe had listened to him and disarmed, we shouldn't be in such a muddle."

"Do any of you know Tolstoy's humane teaching regarding animals?" asked the Hostess.

"I do," volunteered the Retriever. "There's a writer at Beverly Hills, Dr. Vance Joseph Hoyt, who is a man after Tolstoy's own heart in his success in giving us a new point of view in thinking of the animal world."

"You've been reading *Zorra*," observed the Artist.

"Yes," replied the Retriever, "and *Malibu* and *Silver Boy* and *Bar-Rac*. I read them all to my nephew. Now there's a man for you, a physician who is devoting himself to introducing young folks—and the rest of us—to wild animals."

"What did Browning say about every book's being for grown people, though children may get a chance at some of them?" asked the Bookworm.

"How should I know if you don't?" flashed back the Artist.

"Let's agree to it even if we can't quote it," suggested the Hostess.

"Frances Frost's *Pool in the Meadow* belongs there," remarked the Artist, "for it is called *Poems for Young and Old*. Her winning the Katherine Lee Bates prize was what called my attention to her. Her work is exquisite. Read *Blue Harvest* and *These Acres*, too."

"Speaking of poets," said the Hostess. "I've been rereading MacGregor Jenkins's *Emily Dickinson, Friend and Neighbor*, published two or three years ago. It's delightful in the joyous human picture it gives, the recollections of a man who as a boy played with Emily Dickinson's niece and nephew."

The Bookworm smiled genially. "Isn't it good," he exclaimed, "that we are getting some such books! *Romantic Rebel*, Hildegarde Hawthorne's life of her grandfather, is of the same sort. Here Hawthorne has been made a sort of Gloomy Gus, and very unjustly as she shows. The book is supposed to be written for young people, but I'm sure we are all young enough to enjoy it."

"We are," they declared in chorus. "Do you know," asked the Artist, "that Hildegarde Hawthorne, Mrs. Oskison, is on her way home from Europe to California to remain here?"

"I know that her father, Julian Hawthorne, the Dean of American authors, makes his home in Los Angeles," replied the Hostess. "and speaking of books for the young of all ages, let me recommend *Swords of Steel*, a Gettysburg story by Elsie Singmaster. It's a true picture of Pennsylvania during the Civil War."

[Read farther on page 21]

The Bookworm and His Books

By LAURA BELL EVERETT

W HERE are you these days?" asked the Hostess, when she met the Bookworm on the steps of the library. "In the *Margin of History*," he answered quizzically, "and inviting my friends to the Margin. I want you to see some of my new books."

"Won't you bring them over? I'll try to get the group together."

When the Bookworm arrived with his arms full of volumes, they were all there to the Brower.

"Tell us first," said the Hostess, "What is his *Margin of History* that we are invited to?"

"It's the work of a man who can write,"

replied the Bookworm with emphasis. "Sir Harry Luke, the author, presents those little European republics, San Marino and Andorra, Dalmatia, and various short-lived kingdoms that we never heard of. I'm greatly enjoying it. I think you will." He held up another volume. "*The Craft of Exposition*," he said, "is what I have been looking for."

"I should expect a bigger volume," said the Hostess with a smile.

"Not large," responded the Bookworm, "but clear, very clear. While I read a good deal, I don't like to write, and I was glad to find such clear directions for writing explanations; for expositions are nothing but explanations, long or short."

"Then I should think," remarked the Re-

The Return of Luck

[Continued from page 13]

The girl finally, sorely pressed, accepted the bargain.

"Cash at the end of each block, remember, Ciby," he added with an impish grin on his face.

Cybele frowned as her eyes fixed themselves in a dismal stare. Her heart sank to her boots' tips. Soon her face relaxed again showing something fresh and delicate about it like dainty spring flowers. The boys walked a short distance in front of her with slouchy, indifferent steps.

As they marched along, they tried to keep the umbrella high in the air. As they did so, they knocked off the hats of passersby and scratched the faces of dignified women. When annoyed pedestrians realized the cause of their vexation, they became wrathful on the spot.

One bald-headed man, whose hat was rudely toppled off, began to run after them. Cybele, noticing his threatened attack on the boys, quickly remonstrated with him. Straightway, the man, impressed by her comeliness, desisted from harming the lads. All the while idlers were gathering behind them.

At a few of the stopping places, Cybele just remained quiet, regarding the boys silently, while the unexpressed ripple of the boys' gait spread to the faces of the onlookers.

Near Eighth Street, there was a crowd of pedestrians standing on the sidewalk watching a monkey dance to the accompaniment of some shrill organ-grinding noise. While the Italian organ-grinder was collecting his pennies, one mischievous youngster picked up the small animal, and put him upon the open umbrella which the boys were carrying.

The Italian was unaware of what had happened. So the boys, simulating total unconsciousness of anything's out of the ordinary happening, rushed on with Indian-like stoicism. Meantime the frightened animal assumed an appealing posture on the top of the open umbrella.

The outraged organ-grinder by this time had lost track of the boys, and hurried through the crowd as fast as he possibly could, gesticulating angrily.

At the same time he cried, "My bambi! My bambi!"

All the while, shopkeepers came out to the front doors of their shops, and amused passengers on the street cars looked on. Unperturbed, however, Johnny and Sam hastened through the crowd with an "attaboy," "devil-may-care" air enveloping them. They walked so fast that they were soon far ahead of Cybele.

Nervously she put her hand to her head, patted, and stroked her bobbed hair, as she

tried to catch up with them. Then she became terror stricken, as, nearing the boys, she saw persons in the crowd leaping to save the frightened monkey as it frantically tried to extricate its paws from the torn silk covering of the umbrella.

By this time, they had reached the busy corner of Sixth and Market. Coming to an abrupt standstill, the boys beckoned to Cybele. Her cheeks now were flushed and her body trembling.

Johnny then whispered steadily, as he looked deeply and unpitifully at her, "Got to give us our quarter each, Ciby, right this very minute, or we'll not budge another step."

The crowd stood still. Tears came into the girl's eyes. Johnny was now tight-lipped. The monkey seemed to be cursing in seven dialects, staggering as it wriggled and clawed at the umbrella. As the girl gazed into her purse, she realized that she was penniless.

"I haven't another cent, Johnny," she timorously murmured.

Johnny was beaming but wordless. Acidly he claimed his fee. His face was cruel with its contemptuous grin, as he spoke slowly and impressively, "Not another step without the money, Ciby."

The girl was all on edge by this time. A hatred like a snake's bite for once filled her soul toward all small boys. Taking the umbrella uneasily from him, trembling at the same time, yet with no sign of indecision, she quickly proceeded to shake the monkey onto the sidewalk.

Quickly the Italian laboriously pushing his organ elbowed his way to her, crying vehemently as he grabbed up his pet, "Oh, lady, sacre-bada luck alla da time. No kill my Bambi."

Lovingly putting his arms around the little animal, he rubbed him against his face, caressed him, and repeated, "My sweeta baby—My Bambi—My Bambi!"

There was a smile on his lips now and a gracious mood in his heart; no longer was he saturnine, but gay as a columbine.

HOPING to lose him and the gathered crowd, the girl began to cross the street, still holding the umbrella with its torn silk covering over her head like a queen spurning her slaves. But the organ-grinder was not to be lost so easily. He proceeded to follow her with his slack, indifferent step, all the while holding his beloved monkey securely under his arm. For an instant, she was silent with a fast beating heart. Then she stopped and looked quizzically but kindly at him, as if

not to rebuke him too sharply for his ignorance.

In a gentle, half-musing tone he answered her gaze. "Too bigga crowd, rough, no people. Badda Luck alla that time, lady."

Still the crowd continued to follow them, causing a decided congestion on the boulevard as they fought like small boys' points of vantage. The noise about her was a choking, chilly effect. She experienced a weird sensation, a feeling that another person was quite close to her. Standing hidden under the umbrella, she felt a shivery jog down her spine. Suddenly the feeling crystallized itself. She heard some one's walking heavily, decided tread. Then roughly her umbrella was grabbed from her. Next the soles of a bundle of wiry rags hitting hard against the bitumen surface of the street fell upon her ears. Her taut body grew a little stiffer, because her face had been covered by the open umbrella, she unintentionally had driven protruding points of the spokes of the umbrella into the neck of the traffic officer. Flushed and angry at the laughs on the faces of the pedestrians at his discomfiture, the policeman had grabbed the old umbrella roughly and angrily.

At the same time he shouted, "Quit it kid. What do you think you're doing?"

Just as he was saying this, some one pushing into him, and knocked the umbrella out of his hand. The impetus of the article sprawling under the feet of the crowd, Another pedestrian annoyed by scratching contact with her legs gave it an added kick. This smashed the last remaining bits of torn silk out of the now badly damaged framework, until the rod alone remained.

"The umbrella!" was all that Cybele shocked by the policeman's rough handling uttered, as looking up into the face of traffic officer she espied her lover.

His eyes opened wide with a sort of terror, his face blanched; his voice was barely intelligible. Confusion covered his face completely.

"Cybele! What? You here?"

Then he proceeded to go after the small umbrella.

When he returned with the battered old one he was a crest-fallen individual.

No longer was he magnificent,— pale like a victorious lion with terrific energy, and fro at the busy thoroughfare, while eyes acted like beacons to drivers and pedestrians. He had that day been assigned temporary duty to take charge of the traffic at Fifth and Market Streets, because the regular officer of that station was ill.

"Dion!" the girl exclaimed, as she turned her face to his.

While speaking, she looked frightened.

[Read farther on page 3]

The Book Worm and His Books

[Continued from page 19]

"I like Elsie Singmaster. I'll read it," said the Artist. "Do you know *The Pursuit of Happiness*, a story of New York young people in the time of the Revolution, by Honora Sill Ashton? You see how both emphasizes youth and the past struggles of this nation."

"You advised us to watch Virginia Stivers Bartlett," remarked the Bookworm to the Artist. "The evening we were talking of *Mistress of Monterey*. I invite you to watch Katherine Brush as she satirizes the classic type of woman. Notice her skill in *Her Women*. I feel that so far she has been merely playing round. When she has great dream—" He spread his hands. "And here is a book I haven't read yet." He held the volume.

"To think of seeing a volume you haven't

read yet!" exclaimed the Artist roguishly.

"It's just off the press, *The Journey of the Flame*, a year in the life of Senor Don Juan Obrigen, known in the Three Californias as Juan Colorado," explained the Bookworm, not heeding the jibe. "It looks tremendously interesting. It is by Antonio de Fierro, Blanco and Englished by Walter de Steiguer."

"Even the maps look intriguing," commented the Artist.

"And here's a book," pursued the Bookworm, "that I should have mentioned in connection with *The Margin of History*. *She Saw Them Go By*, a romance by Hester W. Chapman, takes a young English woman to one of the Balkan States. A capital romance it is, well written, of which we have too few."

Book Notes

STRESS OF MONTEREY by Virginia Stivers Bartlett. The Bobbs Merrill Company, 320 pp. \$2.00.

The setting for this delightful volume is the Pacific Coast at the time when our fathers were laying the foundations of Government on the Atlantic side of the continent. The author understands well how we weave the historic background into the dance and glamor with which California invested in those days. There is emphasis on the pioneer life and the glory and office of the founding of the Missions. There is a novel of primitive forces. The force is beautiful, passionate and selfish woman added to everything but her own happiness; stubborn force of a strong and simple lover torn between two loves; the driving spiritual force of a saintly, crusading priest fighting the banner of his Lord in a wilderness-empire."

CHINESE SKETCHES

CHING CHING, Natalia Dobbins recent book of Chinese Sketches under title "Feng Ching" continues to attract attention and favorable comment. Its unique character and interesting subject make a strong appeal. The author, prominent San Francisco woman and member of the League of Western Writers, gives a splendid background for her work as a resident in China. Mrs. Dobbins' literary ability and quality of close observation has enabled her to interpret the life of the Orient and to reproduce it in excellent literary form. The book is a veritable compendium of information on literature, art, music, science, philosophy and customs and customs of China. Material is needed under such heads as Chinese Ceramics, The Lotus Flower, Buddhism and its order, Music in China, Southwest Monks, Chinese Pictorial Art, In a Temple, etc. The author says in her preface, "Living in the Orient, one sees so much of the Oriental, and so little willingness on the part of foreigners to cooperate in a friendly way with the native inhabitants. In China there is so much of beauty and wisdom to be found but so few travel-

ers, or even foreign residents, take the trouble to seek it out. Often when it is right before them, they fail to see it, certainly in its entirety or its full significance."

The book is 8 1/4 x 10 1/2 inches, carries 150 pages, and is beautifully printed on several types of handmade Chinese paper, thus giving a wide variety in the book. The art work merits favorable commendation. The copper plates with the accompanying titles stand out as real works of art, the product of Mr. S. Wing, Chinese artist of note. Admirers of Chinese prints will find a number of these reproduced in delightful fashion. There are 500 copies in the first de luxe edition numbered and autographed by the author, the price \$3.00 per copy. The book is put out by Suttonhouse, Publishers, of Los Angeles.

BIBLE READINGS IN CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP selected and arranged by A. L. Morgan. An admirable book for any one but of particular value to the Bible story teller. The book is in three parts: *The Art of Story Telling*, *The Craft of the Bible story teller*. The book is in three parts: Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn. 354 pp. \$1.50.

MOLDERS OF THE AMERICAN MIND by Norman Woelfel. A critical review of the social attitudes of seventeen leaders in American education including John Dewey, William C. Bagley, E. P. Cubberley and others. Columbia University Press, 304 pp. \$3.00.

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA by Alice Tisdale Hobart. The Bobbs Merrill Company, 403 pp. \$2.50.

The author of "Oil for the Lamps of China" knows thoroughly the Orient or she could not have produced the present volume. More than that she knows how to write in an interesting and entertaining manner while at the same time holding to the factual. While the scene is laid in China, the spirit and application is that of the American mind.

THE PERFECT MOUNTAIN OUTING

MOTURING

Over the Marvelous New
Angeles Crest Highway

To "The Austin Home—and Yours" at

SWITZER-LAND

At the brink of the bold gorge of the
Arroyo Seco, just below the
unique Switzer-Land Chapel.
Leave Foothill Blvd. at Haskell St.,
La Canada. New Lunch Room,
Store and Auto Park at The Inlet,
near the Highway, one mile from
Switzer-Land. Also Auto Park for
Guests at Camp Entrance.

Switzer-Land presents each week-end a series of Events by Popular Artists, that are well worth a special trip just to attend the Saturday Night Program as well as the services at the Christ Chapel on Sunday morning. Rates have been reduced. Table d'hôte and a la carte meals served at moderate prices. Cabin and room accommodations. Send for new folder. Reservations at all leading bureaus. Taxi Service from Pasadena.

LLOYD B. AUSTIN

Phone Sterling 9933-F-2

P. O. Box 179, Pasadena, California

No review of the book can do it credit. It unfolds economic and social problems and deals with human affairs in a most unusual and startling way. One of the chief actors in the story in the interest of his American company leaves no stone unturned to accomplish financial results. The book in its range is from the starkness of primitive disaster—fire, flood, famine, plague—to the incredible fantasies of Chinese politics. And through it all runs the ever-enthralling story of steadfast individual endeavor.

DIARY OF A CROSS-COUNTRY TRAVELLER by Karl Long, Jr. Chronicles experiences of the author in his trip from Detroit to the Pacific Coast and return. Arthur H. Stockwell. London. 64 pp.

New List of BEST SELLERS MAZES Reading World.

We are printing these NEW books by the millions and can hardly keep up with our flood of orders. All past book-selling records are being broken.

We have sold 200,000,000 books in 12 years—over 400 freight car loads—but judging by the way in which these NEW titles are being grabbed up, we expect to reach the BILLION MARK BEFORE VERY LONG! Go over this NEW LIST at once—don't delay a moment—and then check off the titles you want to read.

HERE ARE THE BOOKS THAT ARE BREAKING SALES RECORDS;

SELF IMPROVEMENT		289 U. S. Marriage and Divorce Laws	1369 How to Be a Gate Crasher	937 Refutation of Deism. Shelley	
7 How to Get a Liberal Education by Yourself	880 What I Saw in Russia	1355 How to Throw a Party	1535 How to Throw a Party	1020 Why I Am an Infidel. Burb	
78 Hints on Public Speaking	1256 Darrow-Wheeler Dry Law Debate	1592 History of Gambling	1592 History of Gambling	1138 What Atheism Means	
112 Secrets of Self Development	1387 Racial Intermarriage	1688 100 Cocktails	1688 100 Cocktails	1187 Ghastly Purpose of Parables	
364 How to Argue Logically	1425 Open Shop. C. Darrow	1399 Journalism from Inside	1399 Journalism from Inside	1311 Dead Aims of Catholicism	
1143 How to Prepare Manuscripts	1447 Can People Be Made Good by Law?	1400 Advertising from Inside	1400 Advertising from Inside	1332 Debunking Laws of Moses	
1174 How to Write Business Letters	1467 Party Issues in the U. S.	1422 How Business Men Avoid Litigation	1422 How Business Men Avoid Litigation	1372 Why I Am Not a Christian	
1204 Dictionary Musical Terms	1468 How to Deal with Crime	1470 How to Become a Radio Artist	1470 How to Become a Radio Artist	1385 Defense of Devil	
1340 How to Get a Job	1469 U. S. Industrial History	1528 Getting Into Print: Practical	1528 Getting Into Print: Practical	1388 Are Clergy Honest?	
1351 How to Get Ahead	1483 Trial by Jury. The Great Burlesque	1546 Chinese Cook Book	1546 Chinese Cook Book	1404 Myth of the Soul. Darrow	
1364 How to Use Dictionary	1506 How Capitalism Developed	1567 Making Men Happy with Jams and Jellies	1567 Making Men Happy with Jams and Jellies	1405 Dialogue Between Priest and Man	
1365 Vocabulary Building	1512 Is This Century the Most Admirable in History?	1595 Facts About Calendar	1595 Facts About Calendar	1440 Can Man Know God?	
1366 How to Write Blue Books	1525 Menace of Modern Prison	SCIENCE		1463 Ha Religion Made Useful Con-	
1367 Prepositions and How to Use Them	1526 Peace Plans from A. K. T. Kellogg			1485 Religion of a Free Man	
1369 Personal Magnetism	1543 Is War Inevitable?			1486 Are Atheists Dogmatic?	
1395 How to Red Proof	1544 Why I Do Not Believe in Capital Punishment			1487 A Manual of Debunking	
1432 How to Hyphen and Divide Words	1547 How Can We Wipe Out the Crime of War?			1489 What Is Christianity?	
1433 Fascinating Pastimes with Words	1549 Why I Do Not Believe in Censorship			1490 Is Einstein's Theory Atheistic?	
1444 Making Words Work for You	1560 Why I Quit Prohibition			1499 New Light on 10 Commandments	
1473 How to Find What You Want in a Library	1572 How America Was Forced Into World War			1501 Mussolini and the Pope	
1503 How to Use Effective English in Speech Writing	1573 Hoover's Record in White House			1535 Debate with Jesuit Priest	
1504 How to Overcome Self-Consciousness	1577 Can Americans Be Made Good by Law?			1545 Why I Do Not Fear Death	
1555 Rules for Success in Business	1578 Was Pres. Harding Murdered?			1597 Meaning of Atheism	
1726 How to Think Creatively	1579 How Newspapers Deceive			1618 Why I Reject Idea of God. H.	
BEST FICTION		1580 Serious Lesson in President Harding's Case	1722 Fortune Telling from Dreams	1625 Is There a Return to Religion?	
215 Miraculous Revenge. B. Saw	1588 Debunking the Coolidge Myth	PSYCHOLOGY		1637 Absurdities of Bible. Darrow	
223 Wife of a King	1594 Does Death Penalty Curb Crime?			MISCELLANEOUS	
375 Love Story of an Old Maid	1602 Principles of International Law			1309 Is the Yankee Vanishing?	
1017 Without Benefit of Clergy. Kipling	1639 Story of British Imperialism			1350 Curiosities of English Language	
1457 Sketches of Naughty Ladies	1682 Story of American Imperialism			1413 My Prison Days	
1458 Princess and Tiger	1687 First Principles of Banking			1418 Broadway Gangsters and Their Rackets	
1605 Girl in Snappy Roadster	1711 Economics of Taxation			1419 Curious and Unusual Deaths	
1609 How Roast Goose Vendor Was Paid. Rebalis	1712 Great Dates in History			1437 Curiosities of the Law	
1610 One Lover Among Many	1723 Amazing Career of Al Capone			1454 Dict. of Cont. Authors	
1624 Woman Who Inspired Fatal Passion	1724 Next World War: How It Is Being Prepared			1460 Statistics About America	
1627 A Piece of the Princess	1725 Story of Tammany Hall			1464 Clarence Darrow: Minority M.	
1628 Merry Tales of Childhood	SEX		171 Has Life Any Meaning?	1465 European Statistics	
1642 Maidens and Women. Heine	203 Love Rights of Women			1480 Causes of World War	
1643 Under the Hill	66 Sexual Rejuvenation			1508 Facts About Poisons	
1647 Abbe Aubain Falls in Love. Merimee	1043 Study of Woman. Balzac			1524 Famous Eccentric Americans	
1660 Jolly Beggars. Burns	1258 Why I Believe in Companionate Marriage			1533 Famous Infant Prodigies	
1670 Death's Old Comedy	1371 Sins of Good People			1683 My Life at U. S. Naval Acad	
1684 To Please His Wife. Hardy	1420 Why Wives Leave Home			1710 Magic Numbers	
BEST LITERATURE		1421 How to Get a Divorce	1510 Epicurean Doctrine of Happiness	HOW TO ORDER	
79 Enoch Arden	1436 Strange Marriage Customs	1449 Love Affairs of Wesley	1522 Why We Write Like Human Beings	List books desired by number coupon; order at least 20, and money order, check, currency, or stamp.	
146 Snowbound	1476 Facts About Your Sensations	1477 How Glads Affect Personality	1540 How We Can Live Happily	Always add 10 cents to personal check exchange. No C. O. D. From foreign countries remit by international money order or draft on U. S. bank at 7 per book, postpaid; minimum order \$5.	
148 Strength of the Strong. Jack London	1478 How Glads Affect Personality	1484 Why Preachers Go Wrong	1541 What Life Means to Me at 72.	SINGLE COPY 25c	
149 Son of the Sea. London	1496 Sexual Factor in Divorce	1497 Companionate Divorce	1547 Evil of Error	The 5 cent price is good only on order for 20 or more books. Less than per copy, 25 cents. Books are 10 cent size, well printed, clear type, neat card covers, carry them with anywhere.	
229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere	1499 Rational View of Sex	1509 Rational View of Sex	RELIGION		
237 French Poems in Prose	1516 Facts About Gonorrhea	1523 How to Avoid Catching Venereal Diseases			
285 Unconventional Amour. Moore	1538 Rational Sex Code	1600 Questions and Answers About Birth Control			
334 Child's Garden of Verse	1546 Encyclopedia of Sex	1604 Venereal Disease Problem and Its Treatment			
766 Gallant Cassian Pupils of Love	1608 The Art of Love	1638 Cases of Sex Suppression			
799 Deserted Village	1677 How Army and Navy Fight Venereal Diseases	1678 Moral and Social Aspects of Venereal Problem			
1569 Baccaccio Loves of Love	1679 Various Types of Venereal Diseases and Treatment	1709 White Slave Traffic			
1587 Amazing Loves of King Carol	1713 Sexual Impotence Its Cause and Treatment	1186 Golf Rules			
HEALTH		1277 Hindu Magic Self Taught			
1242 Care of the Skin and Hair	1278 Ventriloquism Self Taught	1279 S. Jeshow Tricks Explained			
1241 Fasting for Health	1285 Gamblers Crooked Tricks				
1333 Common Sense of Health					
1389 Tobacco Habit					
1393 Fake Way to Health					
1426 Foot Troubles Corrected					
1435 Constipation: Its Correction					
1436 Daily Exercises for Busy People					
1478 Poor Posture Corrected by Exercise					
1479 Correction of Underweight and Overweight					
1534 How to Test Urine at Home					
1553 Beneficial Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion					
1553 Beneficial Heart Exercises					
1556 How Sun's Rays Will Give You Health and eBaury					
1562 How to Live Long					
1563 The Marvels and Oddities of Sunlight					
1575 History of Venereal Diseases					
1576 Facts About Masturbation					
SOCIAL PROBLEMS					
139 Crimes Against Criminals. Ingersoll					
374 Psychology of Suicide					

USE THIS ORDER BLANK FOR NEW BEST SELLERS

E. J. McKEON, 502 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

I enclose \$----- for the books listed by number below, at 20 books \$1.00, plus 1 cent per book for carriage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE--Always add 1 cent per book for packing, handling and carriage; otherwise, no least ship express collect.

Take your pick of the NEW books listed on this page at the rate only.

\$1 FOR 20 BOOKS

of your own selection. Add one cent per book for postage. Canada foreign price seven cents per book delivered.

USE THIS ORDER BLANK FOR NEW BEST SELLERS
E. J. MCKEON, 502 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

I enclose \$_____ for the books listed by number below, at 20 books \$1.00, plus 1 cent per book for carriage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

NOTE—Always add 1 cent per book for packing, handling and carriage; otherwise we must ship express collect. Add 10 cents to personal check.

The Joys of Civilization

By JACK BENJAMIN

THE DAYS of Darwin the theme-song of life was adaptation. The conditions of modern society, however, have given birth to an entirely different refrain. Today the ruling necessity is—efficiency. Yes sir! Efficiency, preferably technical efficiency. . . . Though the machine nourishes civilization, nevertheless, exacts a heavy price for its gifts. There are certain good folk who merely believe that most, if not all, of our more and more sensitive emotions have been and to shreds of the gears of cruel, revolving wheels. Romance, too, has passed away. What is left seems to be a miserable imitation compared with the power of the olden days. We cannot serenade our lady love any more. She now lives in a pent house on the tenth floor and we certainly can't expect to come out on the balcony to do a sunset scene. . . . Still—we often have plenty of excitement. These reflections were in Mr. Hixby's mind as he walked toward the subway station before descending, he leisurely purchased evening paper, hoping to have an opportunity to read some of its contents on the home. He pocketed the change received

from the newspaper vender and joined the army of home-goers.

Now, subway travelling is not as easy or simple a matter as it appears to be on the surface. It requires a brave and determined spirit, the ability to shove one's body into the space a good cigar would occupy and, oftentimes, the skill of a gifted contortionist.

AFTER walking down a few steps of the station stairs, Mr. Hixby suddenly came to a dead halt. The whole brigade occupying the stairway behind him also came to a halt. . . . What has happened?

Ah, some luckless individual, carrying a nickel in his hand so as to have his fare ready and lose no time, had dropped it, and with his desperate effort to recover it from its hiding place somewhere beneath the thousands of feet, had completely blocked all progress for those behind him. An everyday incident. Nothing to become very excited over. Still some of the people muttered harsh criticisms aimed at the intelligence and reasoning faculties of the unfortunate one who had dropped his nickel, but the rest of them, veteran subway navigators, just merely waited.

Mr. Hixby, from past experience in such

[Read farther on page 25]

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in garage — forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny, — sound-proof, with bath and shower — and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

TODAY'S RATES
ARE MOST MODERATE

Single, \$2-\$2.50 Double, \$3-\$3.50

NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC

930 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c.
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

By N. J. HERBY

THEY milled about the mountain base below
Where Hope's dead harvest on the desert lay,
With the horizon's rim a cheerless gray,
No council clear to point the path to go
Or make the fallow fields abundance grow.
Dark caverns hissed deep rumblings of dismay;
False leaders chattered, but none knew the way
Or smote the rock to make the waters flow.
As with despairing hearts they sought a man
To guide them, bearer of a daring plan.
Inspiring confidence, dispelling doubt,
At once arose a prophet thus endowed
Whose word of promise magnetized the crowd.
"Trust me and follow; I shall lead you out."

Serene high on an eminence he stands
Regarding neither javelin nor stone
Against his firm determination thrown
With violence by envious, slimy hands,
Nor callous obloquy from foreign lands
Upon ingratitude's hot breezes blown
In hate by deputy and chamber shown,
Obedient to the demagogue's demands,
Within the compass of his fertile plan
Are first the poor and the forgotten man.
He thrives on meat of censure, no applause;
And while on him the nation's burdens fall,
He swerves no jot from sacred duty's call
To whom the Human is the highest cause.

THE NEW STAR

By MARY HESTER MCCOY

MY NATIVE land to you
My pride lifts up her head;
My heart in reverence is bowed
As to a votive shrine —
Accept my homage and my gratitude.

Upon your bonny flag
Is blazoned a new star,
A star that never yet
Was dipt in brother's blood—
The bright, white star of world-wide,
stainless peace.

All hail, America,
For your most noble part!
Hail to our Chieftain great
Who holds the torch on high!
All hail the nations that shall lend their aid!

As Israel's prophet led
While all her armies prayed
May we uphold his hands
Who leads to nobler heights—
Uphold his hands with prayers till set of sun!

Tuesday, January 30 — 52nd birthday anniversary of
President Franklin D. Roosevelt

ONLY 1 TICKET now required for a Compartment to San Francisco or Portland



SINGLE occupancy of a compartment, which formerly required a ticket and a half, now requires only one rail ticket. In addition, the cost of a compartment to San Francisco has been reduced from \$12.75 to \$8.50. Similar reduction to Portland. These savings combined with recent rail fare cuts bring compartment-travel costs to a new all-time low.

Pullman fare for a single bedroom or private section between Los Angeles and San Francisco has been cut to only \$5.40.

Next time you go anywhere
TRY THE TRAIN!

Southern Pacific

H. P. MONAHAN, Gen. Pass. Agent

BOOK COLLECTING AS A DIVERSION

By FLODDEU W. HERON

Highlights from a discourse made some time since before the Section on Literature of the Commonwealth Club of California.

TO MY MIND there is no diversion so fascinating as book collecting. Cicero said, 'Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age, the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity.' The great lure of this game of collecting is the chase. Browsing and foraging in old book shops, searching through catalogues for this or that item, is not only an unalloyed delight, but is interesting in other ways. Books may be acquired by gift, thievery (usually accomplished through borrowing), and purchase. The path lies between the bargain happened upon in the five cent box at the booksellers and the purchase of a Gutenberg Bible. Book collectors specialize in various kinds of books. One may collect books on either sports, angling, printing, bindings, early editions, sciences, noted presses, or one may confine him-

self to one or two authors. Personally, I prefer 19th Century editions of English literature. There are both book-worms and book-butterflies. There is nothing too trivial about a book to interest a book lover.

Collectors always want first editions, because they are nearest to the heart of the author. A first edition tells of the hopes and fears of the writer and speaks of the circumstances under which it was printed. A book may be collected for points, (a slight change in the printing or composition which marks the edition), or for associations, as in that copy of Gray's Elegy owned by Wolfe, which he joined with the miniature of his sweetheart, and which he carried through the siege of Quebec and afterwards returned to his sweetheart; and which was sold with the miniature to an unknown purchaser for a fabulous amount. First editions of rare books are an investment. They are becoming fashionable as wedding gifts which enhance in value as time passes. An instance: Queen Mab, by Shelley, sold for \$6,000 in 1813, in 1928 for \$68,000."

Flippant Philosophy

By M. S. MERRITT

WORDS OF WISDOM —

MONEY hardens more muscles than any amount of exercise—especially around the heart and head!

Anyone that puts on the garment of truth these days is usually out of style!

Things are so tough right now that a lot of us are parked on the Wolf's doorstep!

Most of us can't be charitable these days because charity begins at home—and how are you going to be charitable if you haven't got a home!

A lot of former musicians are now specializing on the humdrum!

Doing evil is often excused as a quick way of making good!

Getting down on our knees more might help some of us to get on our feet again!

There's no use throwing the pearls to the pigs—because a pig wouldn't look right in a necklace anyhow!

The race isn't always to the swift, and a slow guy seldom gets started!

Spring goeth before summer and pride before fall!

TODAY'S SOUL COMFORT —

A RICH man may have a tough time getting into Heaven, through the needle's eye—but the poor man doesn't walk through with a high hat on either!

[Read farther on page 25]

Vacation Tours

18 Days All Expense

MEXICO

195 Tours

First Class

\$500 Hawaii, South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia, First Raratonga, Tahiti & return Cabin

\$577 Honolulu, Japan, China, the Philippines, & return. First Second

\$655 AROUND THE WORLD \$460 First Cabin Los Angeles Back to L.A. Second

EUROPE, ALASKA, SOUTH AMERICA

— We Are Agents for All Lines —

D. F. ROBERTSON

TRAVEL BUREAU

408 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

VAndike 7915

THE MANY friends of Mrs. Elizabeth Vore whose home for many years has been Camp Meeker, California, will be saddened to know of her passing on December 1933. Mrs. Vore was one of the early contributors to Overland Monthly and a staunch supporter of the magazine throughout life. A woman of no inconsiderable literary ability, she wrote both prose and verse. Her last bit of writing to appear in print published in the Overland Monthly of November last—a verse entitled "The Spirit Home."

THE 1933-34 edition of the South Blue Book, edited and published by Leonora King Berry, has made its appearance. For thirty-one years local so has looked upon this valued publication its faithful guide to the location of prominent families, names of clubs, their offices, of Los Angeles and vicinity.

"The book has known but one ed who has kept in constant touch with ever shifting conditions of the city, registers annually a greater number of changes than any other municipality in world, and knowledge born of long experience has been brought to the compilation the present edition."

As an authentic club and social directory this compact volume is of great value. It may be secured of the editor, Address: Leo King Berry, 3418 North Broadway. price is \$3.00.

The Joys of Civilization

[Continued from page 23]

ters, remained standing and even tried to read a bit of his newspaper. Patience becomes more than a virtue; in cases of this kind, it assumes the spirit of pure consolation. . . .

Now, whether he fell into a slight doze whether his drowsy thoughts carried him to a land of metaphysical speculation, Hixby did not know; but the squadron the stairway suddenly came to life and on to move. . . .

Mr. Hixby, not prepared for so sudden a variation from immobility, lost his footing. In order to save himself from falling all the way downstairs, he clutched at the object nearest him, which happened to be the sleeve of a portly and quite dignified man. The man immediately sustained an injury, better known as a rip at the shoulder and the dignified gentleman began to tell Mr. Hixby what he thought of "falling drunks."

At this point, Mr. Hixby was about to get out to the street and hire a taxi, but, seeing a veteran subwayer, he decided not to let anything stand in his way from boarding the train.

THE SCENE on the subway platform was sufficient to make the Black Hole of California look like a deserted golf course in comparison. It was covered with people who were crowded on the platform, hoping somehow to get their way into the tightly packed trains that rolled into the station. Chances for getting into one of these trains were not good; that was quite evident. But, no one was discouraged. They were accustomed to this daily battle. . . .

The train at last arrives. Its brightly colored headlights inform the sophisticated suburban riders of its route. Slowly its doors begin to open and their motion is accelerated by the impatient riders who desire to get on. . . .

A few passengers make their way out of the train, but most of the most unheard of grunts, sighs, groans, etc., etc. This causes an immediate commotion, shoving and yelling on the part of those waiting to make their way in. The train seems to act as though it wanted to demonstrate the falsity of the statement that all bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

Mr. Hixby picks out a formidable looking fellow, and takes a position right behind him. It is, of course, a rare piece of strategy which shows a utilization of ways and means of getting into a subway train during the morning's rush hour.

For exactly two steps made with sickening

effort on the part of Mr. Hixby, he manages to retain his position and enjoys the protection of her bulk. . . . She makes her way through the mass of people near the doors of the train as though they were made of tissue paper. She steps on this one's foot, jabs an angry elbow into someone's ribs to the accompaniment of muffled grunts, pushes another aside ruthlessly and, in general, proceeds to make her way through the crowd—a victorious Napoleon!

Mr. Hixby is suddenly shoved aside and loses the advantage of his protected position to someone who has seen the fruits of the warlike female's progress.

A dirty trick? No. All's fair in love, war and subway travel. A gigantic subway guard approaches the mob trying to make its way into the train.

"All aboard. All aboard!"

He pushes the people mercilessly, till the weaker ones hold their breath so as to be able to occupy the little space allotted to them at this moment by the all-wise fates.

By dint of hard labor and greater luck, Mr. Hixby managed to be among the few chosen ones who made their way into the train. Someone was standing placidly on his foot, but he could not even see the person. Such things are difficult in the subway, and he didn't want to ask an innocent person to get off his foot and get into an argument on account of a mistake.

A voracious reader stuck a sharp corner of his newspaper into Mr. Hixby's right eye as he turned his sheet inside out to read the latest returns on the stock market.

A garlic loving laborer occupied a position of such unwelcome proximity that Mr. Hixby's olfactory organ was experiencing the tortures of the damned. . . .

Added to these discomforts, someone managed to keep up a constant coughing into his ear.

A strong desire to sneeze came over Mr. Hixby, and for a full minute he struggled to conquer it, only to sneeze very suddenly when he thought it was all over.

It seemed ages since he entered the packed confines of the train, but it shortly approached the crowded platform of another station, and Mr. Hixby found himself pushed out without any ceremony. . . .

Here the whole scene had to be acted over again. Once more to push, shove, fight his way into the train.

But, as Mr. Hixby at last got off at his home station, his only comment was: "Such is life."

True California Hospitality for Californians

Fresh from the decorator's touch —
The house is yours: Cordial, oldtime California friendliness greets you. Since my return, the Hotel Manx gleams with freshness. Nearly all rooms re-decorated, refurnished, and the latest styles in colored tiled bath and shower. Circulating Ice Water. Dining Room and Coffee Shop in connection. Garage Service.

MEET ME AT THE MANX!

Harvey M. Toy

Managing Owner, Chairman
California Highway Commission
under Gov. Friend W. Richardson

New Deal Rates

Detached bath—Single \$1.50-\$2.00
Detached bath—Double, \$2.00-\$2.50
With bath—Single, \$2.00-\$2.50-\$3.00
With bath—Double, \$3.00-\$3.50, \$4.00

HOTEL MANX

Powell at O'Farrell — San Francisco

71 ACRES OF GOOD DESERT LAND

10 miles from Palm Springs. Has 80 ft. State Highway through property. To be subdivided into 5 and 10 acre tracts, with community well for domestic use. Irrigation can be developed.

Write G. G. ALLEN, BOX 201
Palm Springs California

BEST WISHES

for the

New Year

GLOBE DAIRY LUNCH

Flippant Philosophy

[Continued from page 24]

Hope was given man to help him work out his destiny with labor. Then man stretched hope to presumption to avoid the labor!

Some outward things bring peace within. But real peace begins within, and looks out on all things unruffled.

[Read farther on page 26]

OLD — RARE AND UNUSUAL BOOKS

Old Magazines and bound volumes of Rare and old magazines, also new current books and magazines at Bargain prices. Old books bought, sold and exchanged. Our service can supply you with almost any book or magazine you wish, we get you that hard to get book. **Free Catalogue.**

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE

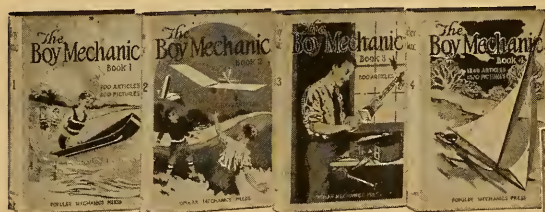
0413 Bryson Bldg., Los Angeles, California



BIG PROFITS being made by **WORLD'S SPECIALTY CANDIES** new method; no expensive equipment or machinery. System operated anywhere, kitchen, shop or factory. Simplified home study course. Learn today, earn tomorrow. We furnish supplies; few dollars starts you. Write today for proof of students' success. Free booklet explains.

LIBERTY CANDY & SUPPLY CO.

Dept. E, 355 South Broadway
Los Angeles, California



"How to Make It" Books

Most men and boys possess an inherent love for making things. Be sure of pleasing him by selecting some of these interesting books published by Popular Mechanics Press.

FOR BOYS (all ages 8 years or over)

THE FAMOUS "BOY MECHANIC" LIBRARY—4 Big Volumes. 4000 Worth-While Things to Make—all the things so dear to the heart of every boy. Enough to last him until he is a grown-up man. Books 1-2-3-4. Each has 460 pages, hundreds of illustrations, size 7x10 inches, Cloth. Price \$2 per single volume or \$7 for complete set of four books.

FOR MEN AND BOYS (all ages)

MAKE IT YOURSELF is the Boy Mechanic grown up. Both father and son will revel in the 300 different articles dealt with—such things as ships models, ingenious toys, amusement devices, novel furniture, useful appliances and things for the home, etc. Cloth, 460 pages. Profusely illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.
POPULAR MECHANICS BOAT BOOK—Every man and boy wants a good boat. This book shows the amateur how to build any type of popular small boat at little expense. In addition it contains everything about boats and boating that the small boat owner wants to know. Cloth 269 pages. Fully illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.00.
OUTDOOR SPORTS THE YEAR ROUND—A fascinating book for young or old. Hundreds of ideas for new popular sports as well as old favorites. Covers every season and is especially complete on winter sports. Many unique articles on making sport equipment. Cloth, 352 pages. 650 illustrations. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$2.

Any of the above sent postpaid upon receipt of price or C.O.D. anywhere in U.S.A.

Write for Catalogue describing 5000 books on 2000 subjects.

POPULAR MECHANICS PRESS

Dept. A.O.

204 E. Ontario Street

CHICAGO

Early Tax Laws

[Continued from page 9]

they live near each other or in the same village or in the same township, they must procure themselves a teacher. The tax officer shall give notice by crier, of the time and place at which all the male parents shall meet, and they shall choose three of their number as a school committee, and they together, shall look out for a teacher for that place. If the number of children in any village be less than 15, then they shall unite with others nearby. All children from 4 years, upwards to 14 must attend school."

The Nobles and the House of Representatives in council, passed a law prohibiting all swift riding on horses, in the roads, streets or avenues of all villages and provided that all persons riding horseback or in carriages should travel in the middle of the street so that persons might walk on the sides of the streets in safety.

WE MIGHT with profit revive the law entitled "The law to promote the quiet of the night." It reads as follows: "Whereas

it has become an evil that many persons making noises in the night, so disturb the rest of other persons, that they cannot sleep and whereas innocent persons are made suffer through the fault of the guilty whereas it is the business of the law to relieve the distress of the people and to protect the injured, therefore, at a Council the Nobles and of the Representative Body the following is enacted: If one call loudly to another by night, after nine o'clock that without good reason, or sound instrument unnecessarily, such a one commit a fault and shall be fined according to magnitude of his offense and if it be thought necessary, he could be confined in the morning. This applies to all who go about in a riotous or tumultuous manner by night and it shall apply to every kind of noise which might disturb the rest of those who would sleep, but a man may call aloud in a case of fire, or if there be any other reason for his making a noise."

Flippant Philosophy

[Continued from page 25]

HOLLYWOOD —

Joe E. Brown tells this one about the being tough in the East: On a vaudeville where he was making a personal appearance was a dog act. Along about dinner time, owner of the act called to his dog: "Come Fritz, I give you liver." And right after a hundred actors changed their names to Fritz. Wonder if some of those former hat stars who were so particular about their billings wouldn't be glad to co-star with Mickey Mouse now!

Then there was the actor who was always complaining that his shirts came back from the laundry only half clean. Later he found out that the Chinaman running the laundry had only one arm!

Momentarily patriotic, a certain egotistical star joined the National Guard. When company was about to be photographed, Captain ordered: "Left face!" But the star persisted in showing his right. Exasperated, the captain singled him out:

"Hey, you, I said 'Left face'!"

"But I don't photograph well on side," the star bleated.

A certain temperamental star who had hard time keeping a domestic, was interviewing a hesitant applicant—

Star: "Which would you rather have sixty straight or seventy-five with abuse?"

Applicant: "I might as well take abuse, I'll get it anyhow!"

The Wolves at the doors in Hollywood are better off than the average wolf—because they're all at Screen doors!



The Return of Luck

[Continued from page 20]

He remembered the rough tugging of the umbrella out of her hand. Then an intense, anxious look spread over her face for an instant. This was soon replaced by a sort of stoical endurance.

As Crawford gently led his fiancée across the street to safety, she let him take her hand. While there were tears in her eyes, there was no rancor in her heart, no hurt, or barb about her. Thompson's keen gray eyes looked troubled. His underjaw fell, as his eyes fixed themselves in a troubled stare.

Tenderly he smiled as he said contritely, "How do you suppose I ever could have guessed that you were hiding under that old umbrella, Ciby dear? I thought it was some sneaky kid. That's why I was so rough."

A ripple of gaiety spread over the faces of the passersby as they saw the traffic-squad man accompanying the pretty girl across the street. Cybele gave only a timid glance at him, as Dion's attentions were received with the usual pretty grace.

"Wait a minute, Cybele, and I'll call a taxi to take you home."

Thompson was just as good-looking and thoughtful as ever, as he tenderly addressed his fiancée. His good humor and handsome air, on the other hand, could not escape the most casual onlooker, the girl observed herself.

Meanwhile Ciby's brother and Sammy stood on the curb at a safe distance, ready to go. They shouted gleefully, "Goodbye, Cybele. Sorry you got pinched. We'll get it to bail you out."

As she looked at them, she seemed inexperienced, unconsciously crying out for protection and needing shielding. Dion bent his grave in her honor.

Finally the machine drew up to the curb, and Thompson helped her in. When she was seated, he stood, and began with rallying and short laughs to tease her.

"Remember, no more bad boy stunts today, Cybele. No more obstructing the traffic on busy crossings."

She looked at him deeply, seeming to be in a sort of coma. Then she began to cry. Dion put his arm affectionately around her and squeezed her hand assuringly.

"See you tonight, Cybele?"

"Terribly sorry I'm not off duty so as to be with you, Cybele," he stammered as he affectionately held her hand.

"Perfectly all right. Only promise me one thing, Di, that you'll not say one word to your mother about what's happened or about me seeing me."

THEN she ordered the taxi driver to take her to the Emporium, the largest dry goods store on Market Street. Here she purchased silk, by charging it to her father's account, to cover the umbrella. Upon leaving the shop, she dismissed the taxi and betook herself to the City's Remedial Loan Association. There she divested herself of a ring, and pawned it. With the money thus obtained, she had the battered umbrella repaired at a nearby shop with silk, that looked as much like the old kind as it was possible to get.

Armed with the newly covered, neatly closed umbrella, she hurried back to her future mother-in-law's.

"Here's your umbrella with its catch all repaired, Mrs. Thompson. Sorry that I had to keep your luck so long away from you."

Mrs. Thompson took the old-fashioned umbrella with endearing touch.

As she opened it, a mist filled her eyes. "It's just as good, you see, as when John gave it to me, never's been in any other hands than yours and mine, Cybele dear. I was so proud of it, that I never let anyone else even touch it. That's why I almost hesitated about letting you take it down town, dear."

She gave the girl an approving smile as she spoke. A flicker of amusement, entirely unnoticed by Mrs. Thompson passed over the face of Cybele, while her eyes brightened with suppressed mirth.

Just as she was talking, in walked Dion himself, gay and cheery as ever; his day's labor over. He looked deeply at Cybele and his mother, who smiled adoringly at him.

"See, John Dion, your father's first anniversary gift to me—my luck returned. I was telling Cybele that it's as good as when your father gave it to me. Of course, he paid well for it in those days. Money never counted with him. They don't make silk like that nowadays."

Cybele smiled to herself.

"An umbrella!" he said amusedly to Cybele.

"What'd you do with—?"

Then as Cybele shot an appealing glance of warning to him to cease his comments about umbrellas, he quickly became cognizant of the situation. Not even by the batting of an eyelash did he further disclose his sweetheart's secret.

While his mother was kissing the gay-colored parrot on the handle of the umbrella, Dion kissed his fiancée, and added, "They don't make anything so fine these days except Cybele, Mother."

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



MOST CONVENIENT Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable Bindings for All Purposes

Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings for Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made Permanent for Ready Reference

EARLE A. GRAY

1220 Maple Avenue
Los Angeles, California

Telephone PRospect 0396

W. N. D.'s
ROCK PILE FLOWER GARDEN

Hardy Plants
No Hot Boxes — No Hot Bed Plants
W. N. DAVIDSON
Boulder, Montana

JUST FROM THE PRESS

"A ROAD TO OPPORTUNITY"

By

D. W. PITTMAN

A discussion of present conditions and the way out. 144 pages.

Price — \$1.00

• • •

"LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF"

By

JAMES FRANKLIN CHAMBERLAIN

A book on Canada for school and general reader. Its physical features, climate, scenery, productions, commerce and industry.

Fully Illustrated. 216 pages. Price — \$1.00

• • •

"SCATTERED KERNELS"

By

FLORA COBLENTZ

Selected Epigrams reflecting a sound philosophy of life, helpful to readers in the home and to business, professional and thinking people generally. A volume produced under most extraordinary conditions. Introduction by Stanton A. Coblentz.

72 pages. Price — \$1.00

• • •

——— Order Direct from the Publishers ———

Write for Catalogue of Complete List

Overland - Outwest Publications

"Books of the West"

502 H. W. Hellman Building
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and

OUTWEST MAGAZINE



Featuring:

CRUISING TO THE MARQUESAS

Ben Field

RUSSIA TODAY

Frances N. Ahl

LITERARY EXPRESSIONS

Orra E. Monnette

MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA

Ernest McGaffey

VALUE—PER SE

Lorena M. Gary

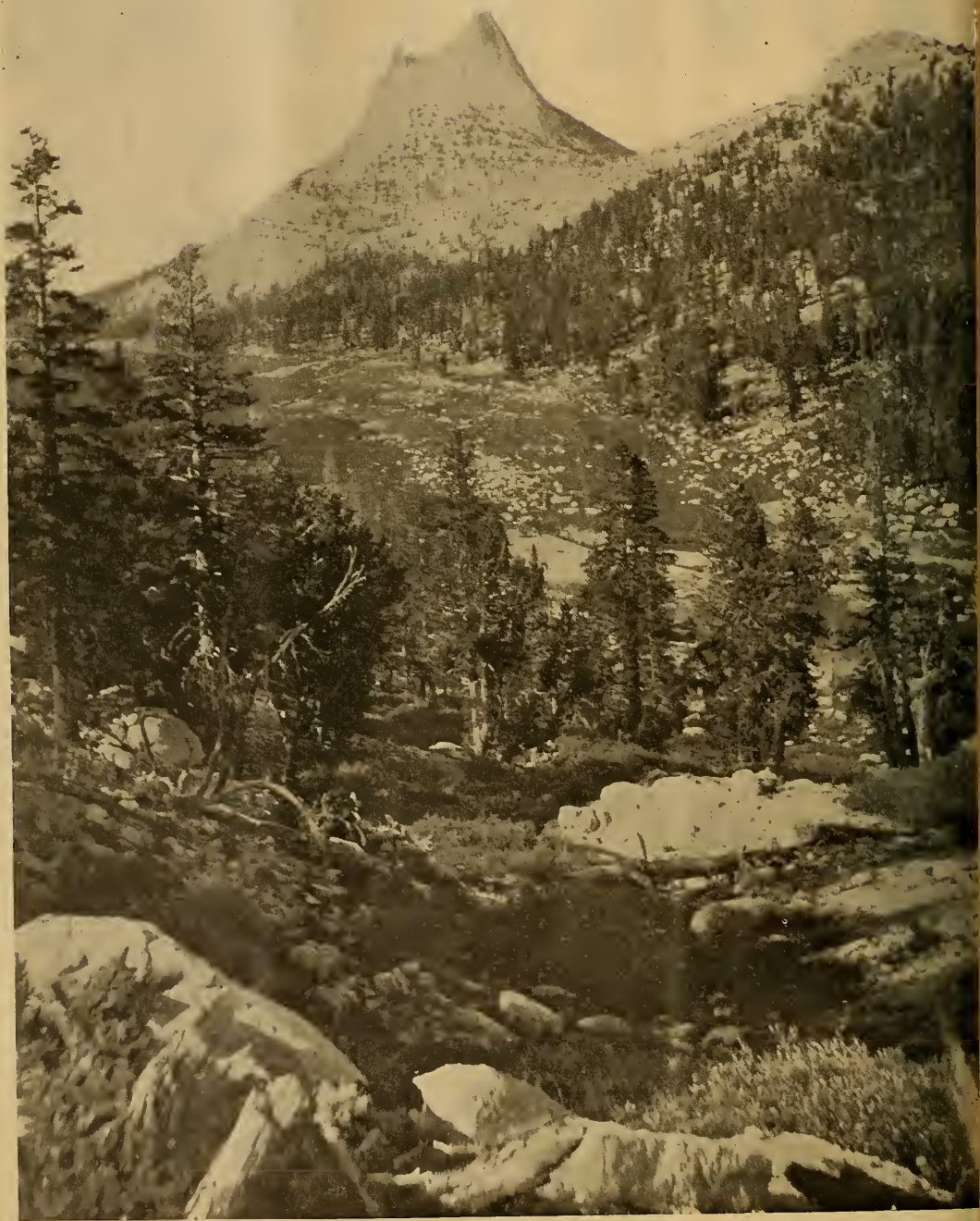
FIRST BOOK FAIR IN LOS ANGELES BRET HARTE REVIVED
WINTER SPORTS OSCAR BORG, ARTIST VERSE BY LEADING POETS
STORIES BY HOWARD LINN EDSALL and JACK BENJAMIN

FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

\$2.50 Per Year

FEBRUARY, 1934

25c Per Copy



With
idea
mo

Lond
g with
making—

on Aug
person a
in Angl
Three fr
in the
ish Seas
based at
which
ed at Ta
ports
voyage
to the

are or w
the ship
an ancho
resses.
Malafa,
former Pa
and is so
terious
nir than
as so
no focus
mail day
and th
re and i
and wa
to City
company;
eal as
ize fac
fir de
venue d
those r
ze had
the
the
of the
we
roughbo
city
months
e V
the brig
ous
dell sta
so
Vall
dell

Cruising to the Marquesas and Many Islands Beyond

By BEN FIELD

WHEN you pull up the anchor of the fifth city in population and the most desirable in attractiveness, of the United States of North America, and sail away with the metropolis, you have done something—quite.

Los Angeles is accurately represented in the person and identity of the Steamship City of Los Angeles.

Three hundred of us, about, are down here in the little latitudes, exploring the South Seas. Never before has a great, floating hotel cruised out to the strange islands in which we are bound. Steamers have called at Tahiti and at Pago Pago and some other ports of course for years past. They were voyaging from Australia or the East Indies to the Pacific Coast of the United States or were on world tour. But for a white, shimmering, populated steamer to stop anchor in the harbors of Nuka Hiva, the Marquesas; Rarotonga, South Cook Islands; Fookualofa, Tongan Islands; Noumea, New Caledonia; and Suva, Fiji Islands, not to mention Papeete, Apia, Hilo and Honolulu—that is something else again. And all on one glorious voyage of exploration! Do you wonder that a thrill of fine expectancy possesses us, something even more subtle than comes from just the usual experiences of tropical days and nights, magical surroundings and the getting away from business rain and immemorial monotony?

I said we had pulled up the anchor of a great City. It is so. These Americans, fellow countrymen! The very large majority of our personnel is American, though foreign countries are fairly well represented. And what do they do? Just what healthy, young Americans do at home—dance, sing, swim, patronize the usual pleasures, enjoy the times, read the morning Polynesian, (radio news of the world around), idle and sleep, make love, attend Sunday church service—did all out here on the wide Pacific. Therefore I say the anchor of Los Angeles has been weighed and we have sailed away with the City.

Presently however I expect to see a new vision. We are to take moving pictures to the heights and in the jungles of the Marquesas. Even into the back country of small islands that were (and may perhaps still), our exploring feet will push their way. Will Tarzan come to the South Seas? Who shall say?

MR. RALPH CHANDLER, president of the steamship company, who is on board, assured me we were on a veritable cruise of exploration. "If our expectations are confirmed," he said, "other voyages will follow at regular intervals."

Sitting on deck and occasionally taking a flyer at the inanimate horse racing, it was a

Few accounts of a cruise in the South Seas are as interesting and informative as the one herewith by Ben Field, Editor of Melody Lane, in this magazine. Mr. Field prepared the article on the high seas and sent it from Papeete on January 22. His description of the Marquesas is of a group of islands seldom visited and characterized by O'Brien as the most beautiful islands on earth. Mr. Field, who left California January 12, is now returning leisurely via Honolulu.

Readers of Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine may anticipate a continuation of this delightful story from Mr. Field's pen. He is accompanied on his trip by his niece, Miss Ruth Crickmore.

bright Marquesan day. The weather was delightful, the heat hardly more pronounced than at home in California, though we were within a very few miles of the equator. The reason is that prevailing trade winds cool the atmosphere.

"This boat," he continued, "used to be a fine German yacht and was the especial property of the Empress. Then it became a part of the North German Lloyd fleet, operating between Hamburg and Bremen. At the time of the World War it was interned as a war prize in New York harbor."

"It seems to me," said I, "there is a certain amount of poetic justice in the fact that a wonderful war-time steamer, once owned by royalty, should now be used to carry passengers on cruises to the South Seas; passengers who otherwise would go to Europe and add to the wealth that tourists have left annually in the pockets of Europeans. Perhaps France will smile when she sees that Americans, who no longer enthuse as of yore over Paris and all that is French, are now going to Tahiti, Marquesas and New Caledonia. In other words, Little France of the South Seas will henceforward

reap a modicum of the benefit that once went, by the hundreds of millions, to the Republic that has seen fit to repudiate its debts."

The French Republic might respond favorably to a suggestion that it cede to the United States one or more of its chain of island groups in the South Seas. If Frenchmen imagine that they are never going to pay in money even a portion of what they borrowed, why might they not cancel a part in islands? France gives almost no paternal care and even scant thought, it is said, to the Marquesas.

This remarkable exploration cruise to the South Seas has a sort of semi-Chamber of Commerce backing. Growing out of this cruise there will probably be regular Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce excursions to this part of the world.

While most of us and the great majority of the magazines of the West are interested in building up the Californian and Western empire, here is an idea objectified that has for its purpose not only the building up of the West, but also the advancement of the islands of the Pacific. This region is part of what Arthur Chamberlain includes in his "Pacific area." Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine has been vitally concerned, for nearly three-quarters of a century, since Bret Harte first published the Overland, in building up all of the Western country.

Sitting day after day with the delightful passengers aboard our steamer, chatting with new-found friends or perhaps with our genial captain or first officer, we hear stories of life and romance. Our pursuer is a man of parts. He can preside at the ever-busy office or equally well over the passengers' Sunday morning meeting. Or perhaps he will lead the horse racing on deck or present a fine front at the dance. Needless to say he is a man of genius for has he not given each passenger just what he or she wanted, harmonized every difficulty and helped create an atmosphere of happiness and content? A lady from Berkeley exclaimed: "Traveling broadens one, does it not? And as Joaquin Miller put it, 'Everybody is good or trying to be good.'"

NOW AS we come to the equator we are athrill with expectation of something about to happen. What good fortune we are having! The weather is comparatively cool.

[Read further on page 38]



OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868

and

OUTWEST MONTHLY

Founded by Charles F. Lummis, 1894

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Editor*

Editorial and Business Offices: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, H. W. HELLMAN BLDG., 354 S. SPRING STREET. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 609 MISSION STREET.

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

VOLUME 92 — 25¢ per copy

FEBRUARY, 1934

\$2.50 per year, Number 2

Literary Expressions

By ORRA EUGENE MONNETTE

A PURPOSEFUL critique of modern literature would have to present a new background of social reactions related to a complex and varied human existence, hard, serious and unflinching, in order to form fair judgments of writers and their productions. It is not certain that an analysis or topical review of modern civilization, upon which most books are predicated, furnishes the deep and subjective animus of inspiration and idealism for writing. It is to be doubted if the books written since the World War can be said to be adequately literary in mood and action. Antecedent by deep and scholarly investigations into science and philosophy, just now reflected in the emerging and formulating of new social theories and political divergences, it is less certain that any mighty grasp of thought and movement has yet come to create the masterpieces of modern literature. The environment is too serious, too tragic, too immense, that purpose and motive are overshadowed by need and desire, rather than reflecting strong reaches to the coveted goal of compositional, poetic, dramatic and epic achievement. The day of the great book is not soon at hand.

Has the literary flavor been lost? Dissipated, amid the pressing necessities of the hour? In any interpretation of present and future events, must the presentation be either serious, by analysis, or imaginative, by exhortation, or philosophic, by reduction? These observations lead to two thoughts: a metaphor suggests itself as the word "tang" is so long and so aptly described the freshness of salt air, and its invigorating qualities. Here is the tang of the modern book—its invigorating thought and style? Example if you will, among the thousands of commercially propagated books, a few only, showing altered themes, lofty style or artistic craftsmanship, a book where the soul of whose

author has shot through the pages a gripping impulse for idealistic, inspirational, masterly movement, to point the way of grand and glorious "stepping stones to the stars." This writer finds none, and even by a curious literary adventure, great as his mind is, H. G. Wells, in his "speculative spree" fails at this point, as it so seems.



ORRA EUGENE MONNETTE
General President, League of Western Writers

THEN, a second thought,—discarding science, with its involved theories; biography with its elevation of human leaders, some unworthy, to lofty ascription of place and power; modern political tendencies, wholly selfish and monetary; the commercialism of Life and God, himself—all is said to be wrong! Then, trite Humanism, a new hope, without Christ, the Cross and Love, where

lie the ideal, hope and flavor of literary presentation, to animate, to stir, to move Men to achieve, not in craftsmanship alone, but in the magnus opus, which shall be the Star of Guidance to mankind, noble perception of his destiny?

The sailor, up in the crow's nest, sees the wide expanse of waters, here and there a sail—the wind softly blowing, then a storm coming up from the horizon, and he gives the signal below, for "all hands on deck." Mind, heart and soul are now to struggle for a New Ideal in Literature. Shall the Great Thought, the Great Writer, the Great Literature, come out of the West?

Most social revolutions have, in historic examination, been predicated upon atheistic tendencies and ruthlessly exposed to selfish ambitions. They were always evidenced by murder, rapine and wars. Did this represent either social advance or economic progress? The books of those times tell the sad, sad story. Their literature was cosmopolite, except where the conscious reaction was toward social idealism, but, upwards, to Faith and Religion. The view must be ever in the Morning, looking eastward, from one's casement, to the Rising Sun. The West is a point of vantage, and, behind, at Eventide, the close of the Day, the setting Sun, and, thus, glorious Morn always opens the Reckoning Day!

The League of Western Writers is concretely the center of this literary environment, what are its concepts, hopes and ambitions? Will the literary flavor, the tang, wherewith it shall be salted, anew, and the Great Purpose, draw great souls to its worship, during the year, 1934? That the Sweep of Life itself and the Faith of the Future shall reward in brilliance of Thought and Performance, than ever the most glorious and most faithful of the Past. Shall we hope, as we pray and believe.

Cruising to the Marquesas and Many Islands Beyond

[Continued from page 33]

a good breeze blowing and clouds tempering the sun. One could almost imagine that the cruise were one to Avalon, Catalina Island, so enjoyable are air and water. But there is an indefinable something that is of the tropics and of strange lands.

Pollyhemus and Neptunas Rex boarded us during the night and left ultimatums with the captain. We must either get out of the equatorial regions, right quickly and not cross the line, or else all land-lubbers and pollywogs will be disciplined and treated rough. For the benefit of those benighted persons who live at and north of the Tropic of Cancer, a pollywog was defined as one who has never come face to face with the equator.

Old Cap. McGonigle, passenger, shouts: "There aint no equator! Some smart second mate or the like'll put a hair across a binocular lenze and fool ye! Don't tell me!"

"Hush," Mrs. Carterer replied, "that's sacrilege! I've seen it with my own eyes, a long line stretching across the water."

"He, he, he!" chortles old man Cap. McGonigle.

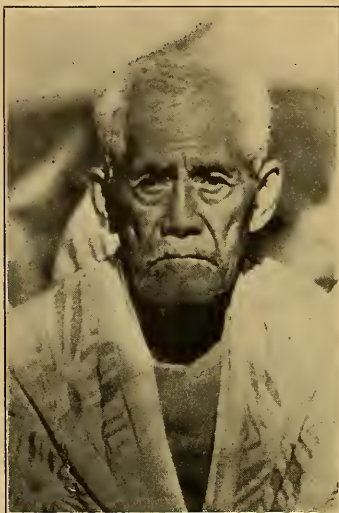
Well, Pollyhemus and Neptunas Rex invaded the dining saloon and had a hell-uf-a-mix-up with the Captain. They jerked a lot of the men and some of the ladies out of their seats, (I saw it with my own eyes, and these swashbuckling fellows were dressed like pirates and their faces and hands were half red with blood), and summoned them to appear before the Royal High Court of the Raging Main. It is whispered about that these unlucky passengers are to be initiated into the terrible Ancient Order of the Deep.

I have to report that they came, Neptune with his trident and his Queen, his retainers, his Crimes' Crier, advocate, nymphs, mermaids, pirates and sharks and many a hanger-on, in bloody and awful symbol. A score or more of our most respected passengers were tried. Many were convicted and compelled to walk the plank and, if they demurred, were thrown bodily into the sea, (swimming pool).

It was good buoyonery and, best of all, at the last and unexpectedly, Neptune and his Queen and all of his high retainers were also unceremoniously hurled into the sea. But some of us would have liked it if part of the ceremony had been given over to song and symbol, poetry and beautiful drama of the universally known and loved celebration of crossing the equator.

WE DROPPED anchor at Nuka Hiva,

Marquesas Islands, about 7 a.m. January 20th. The Denise, two-masted motor yacht came off with the French port officials. Soon the necessary formalities were concluded and we began our harbor trek in ship's motor boats to the little stone pier on the blossom-colored beach. Tree blooms to the number of a score of different kinds and shades made the beach prismatic. It is a



GREAT MARQUESAN CHIEF HITU
The Last High Native Chief, 82 Years Old

very small village that occupies the brown-sanded strand, (sand almost the color of the smiling natives), but it is joyously beautiful. Coconut palms and bread fruit trees and other tropical growths engreen the canyons that stretch back to the mountain tops some 4,000 feet above the sea.

The gods must have been in mirthful spirit to have tumbled the gigantic rock formations about as they did when Nuka Hiva was upflung. Or was it that the continent of ancient Mu sank and pulled a quarter of a world with it, an hundred thousand years ago, and left these mountain tops to be called the South Sea Islands in another and long-after day?

Over two hundred of us strolled about with cameras and parasols and rain coats, eager-eyed for flowers and naked children and strange, wonder sights. In a native,

frame home of one room, scrupulously clean, we made the acquaintance of husband, wife and two attractive daughters. Emblems of the Catholic Church hung on the wall. Cigarettes were accepted and lighted by the man-of-the-house and a package offered by the lady was courteously received. One of the party, observing a magnificent conch shell lying on a table, I took it up and by wiggles and motions concluded a bargain. The quick shower having ceased, we wandered on through the streets and lanes of the seldom-visited Elysium, my lady holding the conch shell to her ear betimes and telling us it sang Kaoha. (I love you, good-bye) as the natives say it does.

Our steamer, smoking its big stacks assuringly there in the offing, had sent us a delightful lunch and great bottles of water. So we ate happily on the green sand and the beach sand and the native girls, children smilingly drew close. They had some of our sandwiches, chicken, and desert and showed their appreciative friendliness. The young bloods of the tribe stood about in many kinds of primitive, modern costumes and very large white hats, high, fiber hats. Occasionally one would mount a small, lean and shaggy, hill and dash along the road or beach in a series of seeming bravado. Others stirred copies of a very small shed near by. Outside of these movements, we gained the impression that life in Nuka Hiva is a philosophical matter of a little joy, a little dream and a little rest and all of this continuing forever.

The Tri-Color of France floated overhead, but France is a long way from the twelve islands of Marquesas. As we skinned across the waters of Tai O Hae Bay round the waiting steamer, we saw that an enterprising foreigner had built what you might call a gentleman's home at the mouth of a canyon, over a little ridge from the village. Here the beach sand was amazingly close, not far from the front of the green hills home. But the binoculars disclosed that the verandah and the front door had fallen into the palm-blessed home was deserted.

This letter will be sent from Papeete. After our stay at Tahiti, we go on to the islands and I do not know when I may send you another story.

NUKA HIVA—E KAHOA!

Nuka Hiva—E Kaoha!
On your high, bold cliffs Marques
Shines the glinting, westing sun
And the sea birds circle upward, and
We sail, our visit done.

Nuka Hiva—E Kaoha,
We have seen Hesperides!
In a farewell like Aloha
Call we now across the seas:

Nuka Hiva—E Kaoha!

The Mountain Ranges and Peaks of California

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY



*Mount Whitney,
Southern California
Height
14,496
feet*



IN NO STATE of the United States, and perhaps in no country in the world has there been such a re-arranging and shifting of the earth's surface in the work-shop of Great Architect of the Universe as in California. From the earliest changes from nebulous to the concrete, from the dawn of Creation on through the Mesozoic era and its corollaries, the Triassic and Jurassic periods, the thunderous crash of submerged continents, the grinding progress of mighty glaciers and the rise or fall of valleys and plateaus at last found those who are now living in the State the inheritors of the final ages of the Glacial Age.

From Tecate mountain in San Diego to the south, to the lofty summit

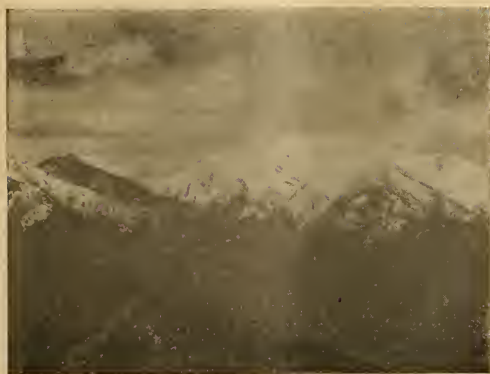
of Mount Shasta to the north, separated by the Great Valley, or central valley of the State, the mountain ranges of California rise in serene and splendid majesty. The Sierras, including the Sierra Nevada, Klamath, Sierra Madre, San Bernardino and San Jacinto ranges, date from the Jurassic times. The Cascade ranges, with Mount Shasta, date from the close of the Cretaceous era. The Coast ranges, still later in origin, date from the middle Miocene.

No words can describe the towering magnificence of these eternal hills, reaching cloud-ward, besieged by the storms and lightnings, warmed by the summer suns, and heralding through their massive forms the power and mystery of Creation. These Sierras

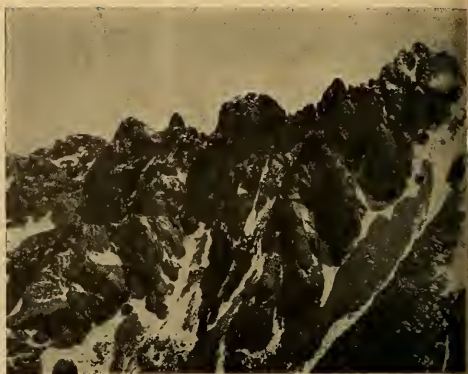
embrace the highest peaks in America outside of Alaska. Mount Whitney rises to an elevation of 14,496 feet. There are fifteen others over 14,000 feet in height; thirty over 13,000 feet; forty over 12,000; forty-eight over 11,000; seventy-five over 10,000, and 120 over 9,000 feet high, certainly an unrivalled array for a single state. The long-drawn-out eras of the Cretaceous and the Tertiary ages saw many cloud-piercing summits and mountain-tops slowly ground down and lessened in stature. But at the commencement of the Quaternary period, the Sierras were visited by an upheaval which raised their crests to the lofty heights of approximately 20,000 feet. On such elevations more snow descended than



*Mount Ritter,
Northern California
Height
13,155
feet*



MT. SAN ANTONIO — OLD BALDY



MT. HUMPHREYS

the heat of the Summer months could melt, and the gradual accumulation of hardened drifts formed the glaciers of the Glacial Age.

Of these, eleven living glaciers are still to be found in California, mute evidences of the marvelous workings of Nature during that great winter of winters. The Black Mountain glacier, the Maclure glacier, the Mount Ritter glacier, and near Mount Dana, Mount McCloud and at the head of Parker Creek are three more, and at Mount Shasta, in Northern California are five which form the finest group of the glacial formations extant in the State. These five are Whitney glacier, Bolsam or Big glacier, Wintum glacier, Hotium glacier and the Konwakiton, or Mud glacier.

These Shasta glaciers are equally picturesque and enthralling as any of the Swiss glaciers so widely advertised and celebrated. The glittering snowfields are wrapped in garments of eternal snows, the deep blue of the glacial ice giving back the rays of the sun in kaleidoscopic tints of varied hues, and the blood-flower, or *Sphaerella nivalis*, will leave under the foot-steps of the visitor a crimson trail where it is down-crushed by the shoes of the passer-by. Sometimes a miniature avalanche roars past, its echoes dying away below. Occasionally the climber will have to cut steps to advance along his pathway, or to avoid the trap of an abysmal and threatening crevasse.

TWO OF the mountain peaks of California have a peculiar and thrilling interest as the once-belching cones of the volcanic period. Of these, Mount Shasta, rising 14,380 feet sky-ward, is the southern end of the Cascade Range extending northward to Mount Rainier in the State of Washington. Time was when this noble elevation was haloed by smoke and fire, and torrents of boiling lava rushed from its seething crater

to flood the mountain-side and deposit its withering burden on the slopes below. Now all is changed. The shaggy lion lies impotent and dormant, shorn of its fiery vigor, and sleeping peacefully among its cloud-shadows, while at its base the forests of pine, cedar, and silver fir brood silently in the sunlight.

But Mount Lassen, whose peak boasts an elevation of 10,437 feet in height, has a very different individuality. While its actual disturbance of note was some years ago, it continues to manifest evidence of internal commotion from time to time. Its flanks and lower slopes are swathed in lava formations of grotesque and irregular contour, and lower still will be found pool sand springs of bubbling and boiling mud. As the only active volcano in the United States, it takes it upon itself to occasionally give off clouds or smoke, but these spasmodic convulsions are more in the nature of a reminiscence of its former grandeur than a notification of present danger.

The Yosemite Valley is one of the notable examples of river attrition and glacial erosion. At one time, the Merced river flowed approximately near the top of the Valley, but the upheaval of mountain range and the erosion of century-old glaciers dug out the Valley to its present state, and the river dropped down to the bed it now occupies. Superb rock mountains and masses flank the Valley at different points. Half Dome, Liberty Cap and El Capitan being among those most conspicuous. Yosemite contains the highest water-falls in the world, and by far the most beautiful.

FROM the many peaks of San Diego County, north through Orange, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside, Ventura, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Kern, Tulare, and Inyo and Mono Counties on the south,

together with mountain groups in Imperial County, up to the Tehachapi and north to the very northern border of California, the mountain ranges extend and are found in every County of the State. In Inyo and Mono Counties, they are so numerous and so dominant that this area has not inappropriately been named "the Switzerland of America," with Mount Whitney, its being located both in Inyo and Tulare Counties, and dozens of peaks of from 9,000 to 14,000 feet high, this region challenges comparison with any mountainous district of the Universe.

Here, too, the hundreds of mountain gleam like liquid emeralds in the sunlight while the forests at the foot of the mountains, and extending up to the timberline, add to the loveliness and fascination of the part of the State, which has been aptly designated "the land of far beyond." In Tulare County, on the edge and slopes of the range are found the groves of world-renowned quinoa Gigantea Big Trees, unparalleled real world-wonder, the last stand of forest monarchs, some of them more than four thousand years old, monuments of beauty and serenity, the oldest of living things.

Further east and north lies lake Tahoe, Queen of the California inland waters, just as the bluest of Pacific seas, encircled by shores of utter tranquillity. Sixty-two thousand, two hundred and twenty-five feet above the Pacific Ocean, it might almost seem to be suspended in cloud-land itself. It was discovered by General John C. Fremont on August 14th, 1844, and after various designations, was finally named Tahoe, or Water, in the language of the Washoe Indians. It was rightly considered as one of the most celebrated and fascinating bodies of fresh water in the world.

[Read further on page 4]

Russia As I Saw It

By FRANCES NORENE AHL

WHEN the traveler enters Russia, or any other land for that matter, he must be careful or he will see only what he is looking for. Only the man who is truly educated is to any large degree free in bringing back what he takes into a country. Now when we approach Russia we must first try to understand it. We must temporarily, at least, leave our own viewpoint. We must not judge Russia by American standards of living.

And so in the following paragraphs as I relate to you the "Russia As I Saw It," I am thinking in terms of Russian standards. I am mindful of the conditions of the Russian masses before the revolution, I am cognizant of the historical background of this primitive people fundamentally agricultural and Oriental in character.

In Russia scarcely an institution—property, family, religion, morality—has escaped revolution.

The Soviets are attempting to build a civilization based on an entirely new pattern. They want a society without the institution of private property, without religion, with freedom, and with external compulsions removed from family and love. The present generation is being reared in the idea that the accumulation of material substance is the worst of wrongs; that religion is a monstrous unreality. Russian women are taught to be economically independent and to take part in all the affairs of the state on a basis of equality with men.

Russian children are atheistic. The English speaking guides told us that "the young generation does not care for religion." Children under 18 are not in church or Sabbath school. The guides were quick to remind us that religion has been a failure.

Odessa, the most thriving port of the empire in czarist days, has lost all semblance of prosperity. Situated high above the sea, its fine boulevards and palaces that formerly gave it an external beauty are now in decay. Numerous ruins bear witness of difficult times since the revolution. In this city with a population of 475,000 the cross remains but 15 churches. Throughout Russia the crosses are now gone. The people have even pulled them out of the cemeteries and burned them in ovens. Few Russians longer have Bibles. In many cases the pages of this Holy Book have furnished cigarette paper.

The Bolsheviks are hostile to religion and hope eventually to wipe out all churches and all faiths. No believing person is admitted to membership in the communist

party. If a member shows any leaning toward religion he is immediately expelled.

Never in its history has Christianity faced a foe so determined and so energetic as the Communists are. With forces of science, morality, art, social service and a new faith, they are waging a conflict for the control of youth. Soviet weddings and soviet funerals are taking the place of church weddings and church funerals.

Every community and every factory is to have at least one club house. I was interested in the club rooms in the factories I visited. The walls were hung with Russian mottoes and with portraits of Lenin and Stalin.

In no country are amateur theatricals as widespread as in Russia. Each sanitarium and rest home for the laborers—and there are 100 such on the Black Sea—has its stage. I was particularly attracted by the curtain for the stage in a tubercular sanitarium at Yalta. It represented industry. On the left side was a large locomotive, on the right a tractor; above, an airplane. At the top was a Russian motto which our guide translated to read, "Leninism is our banner."

I have already suggested that the theory of the communists is the abolition of private property. If communism succeeds in Russia, collectivism in some form or other will spread throughout the world, and private property as a source of income will vanish.

One cannot own a home, an automobile in Russia. There are probably not more than 100 privately owned automobiles in the entire country, and most of these are taxicabs. Nearly all banks in Russia are state banks. 85 per cent of the wholesale trade is in the hands of the state. The state owns the hotels and most of the shops.

At Yalta and at Odessa we ate at government hotels most elaborate food sent from Petrograd. Russians were not permitted in the dining rooms—not even the guides were allowed to eat with us at Yalta.

One day while we lunched at Odessa near the great Potemkin Stairway where the upheaval of 1905 took place, we had an excellent opportunity to observe right below us one of the modern kindergartens and playgrounds of the Soviet Union. We were served all sorts of delicacies from caviar to ice cream. Hundreds of Russian children but a few feet below us knew nothing but dark bread and water. The girls, clad in their best, wore plain red frocks cut square across the yoke, a strap over either shoulder. They

were barefoot. The boys, as is the custom in Russia, were nude to the waist.

The chief purpose of revolutionary youth is to prepare itself for life in a communistic society. Political education is an outstanding feature of Russian education. At the close of 1930 compulsory elementary education—a 4 year course—was introduced for the first time in Russian history. In that year 12,000,000 children were in the Soviet schools—46 per cent more than at the outbreak of the World War. Not less than 60 per cent of the population was illiterate when the czarist regime was overthrown. The effort of the Soviet government is to wipe out illiteracy among persons below the age of 35. Practically every organization in Russia including the Red Army is assisting in the movement to liquidate illiteracy.

A week before we arrived in Odessa, a special paper was published telling the people just what gifts they might or might not accept from the American visitors. The Russian people were told to sweep their yards clean, to dress in their best and parade the streets or stay in their back yards as the case might be. It was a holiday. Thousands lined the streets and cheered the American visitors. Practically all business stopped but at the factories where they wished to take us.

We visited one of the modern bread factories in Odessa. There are 5 such in the city. I believe this particular one turns out 140 tons of bread a day—the loaves are all of the 3 pound size. After watching the factory operate, a westerner would not consider the processes either sanitary or hygienic. Yet this bakery represents a long step forward in Russia. We must not forget that this people are by nature agricultural not industrial.

What is the position of woman in Russia today?

As a result of the revolution Russian woman has attained complete political equality with man. She has the right not only to vote but to hold office. Women are members of the All-Russian Soviet, the chief governing body of the nation. Woman has complete legal and social equality with man.

In the educational field she is attaining equality with man. She is entering the professions of law, medicine and engineering. In the universities and technical schools more than one-third of the students are women. Some women students are in the military colleges, and several have attained the rank of general in the Red Army. Russia is learning to shoot as no other nation in the world. She is openly and earnestly preparing for war.

In Russia woman's place is no longer in the home. In fact, the home and the sanctity of home life is fast disappearing. Women

[Read further on page 53]

Value--Per Se

By LORENA M. GARY

BACK of all discussions of human values, behind every opinion concerning what constitutes true worth, regarding every criticism which seeks to explain why a piece of writing, be it prose or poetry, is great literature there is one question which, as far as I can discover, has never been explicitly and finally answered. The question is this: How much of the value in any given experience is within the experience itself and how much of it is within us? This is a question as old as philosophy. Socrates and Plato had as firm convictions about it as had Emerson and Carlyle. Religious creeds have been based upon it. The Puritans and the Quakers, the Mormons and the Christian Scientists have determined their standards and beliefs by it. Judgments of literature have been made by it. A reviewer for the *London Mercury* declares that Sinclair Lewis is the greatest American novelist; the professor in American Literature calls Longfellow a modern Edgar Guest; the college freshman complacently informs you that Booth Tarkington is the greatest novelist in the world.

All these suggestions are the result of attempts to estimate values. They go back to the same question: How much of the value is in the experience and how much is in us? One who tries to answer this feels his impotence before the convincing arguments which have been presented upon each side of the question. The illimitable possibilities of interpretation, involving as they do—time, place, material worth, aesthetic quality, eternal or spiritual truths, human ability to comprehend the abstract, make one feel as Browning felt when he said:

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I
 receive;
Ten who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom
 shall my soul believe?

The last line of the poem states the question in a more subtle way. Whom shall my soul believe? Where can I find a standard by which to judge the worth of human experience? How much must depend upon the experience and how much upon me? If I can answer that question about human experience, I can answer it about literary value, for literature is the truest and deepest

record of human life. After I have answered it to fit my own life, I can not be sure that it will be of any help to another. The best that I can do to determine value is to discover and select the elements in a given literary experience which mean most to me because of their beauty, their sincerity, their truth, their ability to arouse in me emotion of any kind, or their power to make me think. Now all of these elements are hidden somewhere beneath the surface. They have to be sought. Their value is in the literary experience as it comes to me from the printed page. In that respect their value is intrinsic. As much of this intrinsic value will come to me as is within my power of understanding. Sometimes, however, I may attach more value to the elements than seems to be there. For instance, I may read Whitman's poem on Death: "Darest thou now O Soul!" in one mood and feel the influence of high adventure, the daring spirit of the poet as he goes into the unknown region. In another mood, a more critical and doubtful one perhaps, I may read it and feel that Whitman is far too vague and abstract for human interpretation. Surely the poem must have some power hidden in it if it can move a reader at any time.

That hidden power in literature is its intrinsic value. It is there at all times. Occasionally the process of comprehensive interpretation works slowly. Take another example. The first time I read *Sartor Resartus* I did not like it. Later I had a course in college which compelled me to study the works of Thomas Carlyle. Again I read *Sartor Resartus*. The second time I read it I liked it. I found that it had sincerity, it had truth, and that it had power to make me think. It had all those qualities the first time I read it. What had happened? Had the value of the classic changed? No! Its intrinsic worth was elemental and no amount of neglect, stupidly, or contempt could alter it one iota. The intrinsic value may be an eternal worth, as that great force borne in upon us by the "Everlasting Yea" in *Sartor Resartus*, or it may be a momentary one which comes and goes as our mood changes in such poems as Wordsworth's "The Lost Love." One stanza will show what I mean:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

This poem moves me because of its imagery, its beauty, its simplicity; but it does not plunge me into abstract thought as does the "Everlasting Yea." Is it any the valuable? Not in its place and for its purpose! Literature has to maintain a balance of its elements even as human life must varied. To say that one element is more valuable than any other is to make judgments upon that which can not be measured by any human standard—that is, any standard except that of taste or preference.

IT IS EVIDENT that all literature, with the name has not the same amount of intrinsic value, but literature which has intrinsic value based upon the elements of beauty, sincerity, truth, ability to arouse emotion, or power to stimulate thought, is of value to me if I have the understanding which is necessary to experience the effect of any of these elements. Therefore value is both in the work itself and in the reader. When the writer created the work, it is doubtful if he even considered values. He needed no definition to guide him. Instinctively he knew that value is the relationship of a thing, the estimate in which it is held according to its real or supposed worth or importance. He was concerned with inspiration; his message; or his desire to express his deepest thought; it was not business to determine the importance. I was concerned with what his inspiration, message, or his self-expression can do for or in me. More than that, I am concerned with those literary experiences which come from mental contacts with the greatest storytellers; the greatest poets; the greatest philosophers or in other words, the great minds in the world's history. If I can set my standard of value up to their high level, if I can comprehend even a little of their inspiration, then I can read the *London Mercury* without fear that Sinclair Lewis will overshadow our contemporary writers. I can smile at the attack of the American literature professor upon the serious Mr. Longfellow; I can suggest to the college freshman that he read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Priestly, W. H. Hudson, or any other great writer.

My appreciation of values will probably be determined somewhat in the manner suggested by the critic, Sainte-Beuve: "The reader has once learned the secret of the value of the great, he will never be able to lend complete approval to something on a lower level." (p. 147 *Literary Criticism*, Philomathes Press, New York.)

Limitations of space in this issue resulted in omission of notes on the Literary West and book reviews. Readers may look for some interesting features next month.

The Incredible Case of Samuel Mathias

By HOWARD LINN EDSALL

THE MEREST trifle made this house stand out from others of its kind on both sides of the street: "Room for rent 2 weekly," said a neat sign on the porch. Entered in and out among the rows of typical red brick houses were other signs, bidding mutely for lodgers, but not as tediously.

It was obvious from his long sigh of relief Samuel Mathias needed cheap lodgings. He mounted the narrow front steps with the certain footing of weakness. Although it was a bright, sharp afternoon in early December he was panting, and sweat was trickling down his large pale face. His frame seemed to droop and almost to rattle around the long tweed overcoat. He wore octagonal-rimless eyeglasses, popular in the West. Beneath them his drawn face had the gray texture and color of a mushroom. Visible in a young man of twenty-eight, his wide mouth had a firmness that was altogether pitiable—it was as though a doom will had driven him relentlessly after his guiding star wanted him to go. Every felt hat that perched high on his wide head had the brim pulled over one jauntily.

He had the soft, rather naive quality in the pale eyes showed that his guiding star was only not a ruthless ambition, although it must have been a kind of fearless pride and independence. But at this moment he seemed to be low ebb, a tired young man who needed a decent room within his means; and who, having found it in this respectable little town, would at once go to bed and stay there until he was fit to face the world again. Fifteen minutes later he was asleep upon a sofa, and his new landlady, Mrs. Walter Toomey, a large, plump, fair woman of middle age, came out to take in the sign.

At six o'clock her husband arrived and delivered a sardonic "No luck!" as soon as he opened the door. He was a carpenter who had not worked for six months; and he looked somberly, as he removed his heavy overcoat, "I'm damned sick of it." He was a short, blunt-shouldered man of fifty, with thick grey hair and a wind-burnt skin, tanned now by ten hours of strong black

sun. "Walter," said his wife, "don't shout so. We have a roomer—" She put her hand to her lips. "Paid me a month in advance. I didn't want to take it all," she whined. "I'm sure that \$8.00 was all he had and I think he's—starving."

"You have to show me," said Toomey,

sarcastically imitating his wife's whisper. "Didn't he want board?"

"Walter, I don't think he can pay for board."

Walter Toomey scratched his chin. "Needs work, then?"

"Yes. He looks very honest to me, Walter. Almost—well, as though he'd die before asking for charity. A young man. I thought I'd have him down to supper."

"Yeah," said Toomey briefly. He walked heavily across the small living-room to turn on a scarred midget radio. "Much as I'd like to, Helen," he said a trifle bitterly, "charity begins at home. We can't keep on feeding strays, and why start with him?"

"Said something about going as long as he could pay his way," said Mrs. Toomey, folding her arms, "when I took his suitcase and said 'You travel light, Mr. Mathias'."

Toomey turned toward his wife. His dark face was gloomy with worry and impatience. "Forget it, Helen. We've enough to do with minding our own business. Charity cases ourselves—almost!"

"Don't talk so loud about charity—you know this house is small. He'll hear you. I want you to ask him down, Walter."

Toomey gave a practical man's grunt of dismissal and turned a dial.

Mrs. Toomey took a deep breath. "Well—if the head of the house won't, I will. You're not yourself lately, Walter!"

SAMUEL MATHIAS, only half asleep upstairs, heard this conversation dimly, —a corroborative warning echo of his own thoughts. Charity? He shook his head. It would never come to that. . . .

A scant month ago the possibility seemed remote, and eight months ago he would have laughed at the thought. For when he first arrived in Philadelphia, 190 pounds of buoyant youth, he carried with him \$400.00 and a fine crisp letter in answer to his, from Mingus, Inc., Musicians' Supplies, offering him a connection similar to his last one in Tapsar, provided he wished to come East. That was just after the Tapsar firm had gone bankrupt.

Even now he disliked the thought of his desolating experience with Mingus, who found they could not take him on after all, because then he learned, with greater shock than the dissolution of his own firm out West had given him, that Business was struggling like Laocoon in the coils of something sinister, spoken of seldom, and then only behind locked doors, as The Depression.

He learned about it, but in common with several million others, he refused to believe in it, and therefore he did not plan at once to husband his resources.

For one thing, he had not been that prematurely shrewd and business-like youngster of the Rockefeller tradition, but rather an ingenious young man, for all he worked his way through college in fine, upstanding American style. Not that he found tiny sinecures, of course; he performed various chores that are admirable in the abstract, but which did not make him popular in dashing fraternities, and he took a business course because that seemed the practical thing. But as he himself realized, he could never acquire the keen alertness, the intuitive strategy, and the diplomatic manner required by his first job after graduation. And so he was replaced as salesman for the band instrument house and taken into the office as assistant sales correspondent.

At first he barely hung on by exhibiting an intense loyalty and dogged thoroughness. He was extremely shy, conscious of his huge head, his clumsy manner, his broad-thumbed miller's hand, and his inarticulateness among glib young men. But when his chance came, at twenty-five, he undoubtedly made good. As one of his customers wrote him, in language as candid as his own, "I like to deal with you because I know what I am getting."

But his record did not win him instant approval in the swift-moving East. He found it unbelievably hard to convince prospective employers that he could adapt himself to the few barely possible openings that came his way. And so it gradually began, the months of anxiety and bewilderment, the dreary rounds as business grew worse and jobs grew less, the help wanted columns, the agencies, the cheap boarding houses, the struggle to keep up simple appearances as a white-collar man worth having. Finally, after borrowing on his watch and most of his presentable clothes, he was reduced to a mere roomer in his boarding house, eating scant meals elsewhere. He was husbanding his resources now in terrible earnest. But his landlady preferred boarders, and a week later he was seeking a room, with \$8.00 in his pocket, nothing to speak of inside of him, and the sure knowledge that he must find work quickly — quickly, or lean upon others for charity, and so lose the last pitiful shred of self-glamor that has kept less modest men than Mathias inwardly alive and singing when there was little else to live for. . . . Perhaps he had only himself to blame, however, for yester-

day the brisk young employment agency manager had said to him :

"We've a job here, and you're first on the list. But—er, after you comes Mr. Brophy. He's married. Three children. You're alone in the world, and—Brophy needs it badly. What say?"

His sense of self-preservation had striven poignantly for an instant, and then Mathias said with a sigh, "Let Brophy go. If he doesn't land, then I'll try." And Brophy had landed the job. . . .

MRS. TOOMEY mounted the stairs rapidly for such a large woman and tapped on the door. "It's Mrs. Toomey," she said sweetly. "We want you to have supper with us on your first night."

Walter Toomey came to the foot of the stairs and seemed about to say something, but his wife shook her hand backward at him.

"Thank you, Mrs. Toomey," said Mathias slowly, thinking that Toomey's comments on charity were all too true. "That's very kind of you, but I'm afraid I can't. I'm on a — diet."

"Now, Mr. Mathias," said Helen Toomey playfully, "you're not sick, are you?"

"Not sick, Mrs. Toomey. Just — on a diet," said Mathias quietly.

A note of impatience crept into Mrs. Toomey's voice. "How long have you been on that diet?"

Mathias hesitated. Strictly speaking, it was not that kind of a diet.

"Mr. Mathias!" protested Mrs. Toomey. "After I've been so —"

"A week, then," said Mathias desperately. "Please don't sound so anxious —"

"But I am anxious," cried Mrs. Toomey. "Here you are in our house, refusing to eat with us, and looking like a — starving giraffe! It's more than a body can stand."

"Oh," said Mathias, and had to laugh. "Giraffe, Mrs. Toomey?" And then he sighed. "Anyway, you're awfully decent to concern yourself with a stranger. But I cannot, under any conditions, accept what amounts to — charity. I — forgive me — I've always paid my way." Mathias was on firm ground now. "Always. And, after a point, it's either freeze or starve, and no work, no eat. I'm a little past that point, that's all. But if I don't find work in about twenty days, why at least—I won't freeze!"

His words made Mrs. Toomey gasp. "Walter," she cried fearfully, "did you hear what he said?"

A rumbling bellow came from the foot of the stairs. "How many times have I told you, Helen, to mind your own business? Yes, I heard him!" There was a ripping and splintering sound from the ground floor. Apparently Mr. Toomey, enraged at things

in general, was smashing a chair. "I admire him for it!" he roared. "Yes I do." Again the smashing sound. "It's a lousy, T-squared, knothole of a mess when an upright man has to starve or beg. Helen," he boomed wildly, "last night Joe Teale shot his wife and daughter and himself for the same reason. Man I worked with sixteen years. I learned it at the union, but it's in tonight's paper. Since we borrowed on my insurance, Helen, I'm thinking strange things, and if we don't get this bird out of here—"

GUTTER PHILOSOPHY

By GEORGE KEEFER

AN ANT that blindly rides a spinning chip
Will be no less the master of his ship
That takes its course through gutter, ditch,
and street

Than I who am with eyes replete.

His bark may for a moment pause beside

A leaf whereon a fellow ant may ride;

One cannot see the other clinging there,

Yet somehow of his presence is aware.

My spinning chip has coursed through stream
and flood,

My fragile bark has spun through tears and blood.

I have not raised my voice to summon aid;
My eyes are closed and I am unafraid.

Some day another drifting leaf may float

Beside my silent, solitary boat,

And I, ant-like, shall blindly be aware

That someone, loving me, is clinging there.

"I'll leave," said Mathias, greatly distressed.

"You will not!" Mrs. Toomey ran downstairs with precipitous speed, dangerous for such a large woman. With both hands on her generous hips she faced her fuming husband determinedly, but with fear in her eyes and pale lips.

"Walter—what's come over you lately? You act like a child. Mr. Mathias will get a job tomorrow! Look what you've done to that dining-room chair!"

"Hurroo!" said her husband sullenly. "So will I get a job tomorrow—hah! show 'em to me, that's all! I'll fix the chair," he added coldly, "give me something to take my mind off things tonight. But Mathias eats with us—or—"

Mrs. Toomey suddenly emitted a high

hysterical laugh. "Men are strange animals," she said. "While ago you didn't want me to eat with us, Walter."

Her husband glared at her, and then vied out a word he began to gather up the remains of the chair, which he carried, with great dignity, to his workshop in the cellar.

Mrs. Toomey climbed the stairs slowly. "Oh, Mr. Mathias," she pleaded, "won't you join us? My husband's terribly upset."

"Mrs. Toomey," said Mathias very humbly, speaking for himself as much as for her. "I don't think it would be wise to do good for any of us in the long run. I accepted your kindness. I might keep on posing on you, and there'd have to be an end to it sometime."

"But, good heavens, Mr. Mathias—I!"

"Tomorrow, maybe," said Mathias humbly. "I have —" his voice did not sound hopeful—"I have a — peach of a prospect. With The Sensational Used Car Exchange. A new mailing list, and they say they'll give me a snappy live-wire with a red-hot record who can show his stuff." He chuckled. "Anyway, my record ought to land me a job."

"They're gyps," muttered Mrs. Toomey tearfully. It seemed from her tone that the better things were becoming too much for her.

"What's that?" Although he pretended to himself that he did not understand her, he was chilled to the marrow. This job—

"Nothing. Only — oh, that's fine," said Mathias.

"If I land this," continued Mathias solemnly, "or anything else, and if you'll have me, I'll be a paying boarder here."

Mrs. Toomey bit her lips. "Well," she said flatly, "all right. It's dreadful, but you can stand it —"

The subdued voice of Walter Toomey called upstairs dispiritedly, "Let's eat with him, Helen. I'm hungry."

BUT MRS. TOOMEY could not know how dreadful it was, he realized in the morning at the offices of The Sensational Used Car Exchange. In spite of his remarkably well dressed appearance (he had been successfully on the trousers of his blue suit and his quietly independent manner, Mathias was so close to the ragged edge physically that he felt almost as though he had slipped over and was falling through space. He had to have this job. To his horror, Mr. Theobald B. Fuller seemed to sense this with some fallible instinct, for he was disposed to be curt and patronizing by turns.

Apparently he could be both very kind and quite possibly he could be just as magnetic to customers when he chatted because Mr. Fuller looked as if he could

[Read further on page 5]

Saga of the Desert Indian

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

CARL OSCAR BORG had been an Oxford graduate he would have undoubtedly become an historian in the accepted sense of the word, but romance intervened and in life he heard the call of the Vikings shipped before the mast.

His youth was spent as a seaman, attended high adventure up and down the Seven

his travels by land also lead him far afield sailing through Scandinavia, France, Italy, and South America, Mexico and the Southwest.

Thus he came to man's estate possessing the store of knowledge gained by observation and personal contact, which later served as a colorful background for the development of his artistic career.

Born in Grinstead, Sweden, in 1879, he received not only the physical training which is the lot of those who must toil for a livelihood in the hillside regions of a none too fertile land, but a deep reverence for nature and the mental stimulus which is the environment of Swedish life and environment.

The actual development of his art began in the West, inspired by the drama of the desert. Ruined pueblos, crumbling adobe, the simple, primitive life of the Indian appealed to his poetic nature.

Self-taught, Borg rapidly developed a direct and simple pictorial art, forceful and notable for its purity of light and clarity of color.

His first gallery showing in California was wholly with authentic and dramatic scenes of whaling vessels and North Sea scenes, subjects with which he was most familiar at that early period of his career.

For a time, after locating in California, he painted shore marines, landscapes, and occasionally a portrait. Notable among the latter are those of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Thos. Mann and Charles F. Lummis. Incidentally that fine likeness of Don Carlos should be as a permanent memorial in the Southwest Museum, or the office of Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine, the Los Angeles Public Library, three notable institutions for which he shed blood and tears.

In late years Borg has become one of the most truthful and sympathetic painters of the Southwest Desert and Indian Country and its Navajo and Hopi tribes.

devoting his talents to recording upon canvas, not alone an artistic, but also a historic record of a fast vanishing race, the

artist feels that he has a service to perform in preserving to posterity a great human document, and his contribution, not alone to art, but also to the ethnology and archeology of the West, is of inestimable value.

Several of this artist's most heroic canvasses hang in the University of California at Berkeley, — commissions painted for Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, and include, "Hopi Snake Dance," "Ninon Kachina Dance," and various other Indian ceremonials.

Like the great da Vinci, no medium of

artistic expression is foreign to Borg's talent.

He works equally well in oil, watercolor, etching, wood-block print, tempera, monotype, and pen and pencil, — however, he professes a preference for tempera. — a difficult medium few painters employ.

Personally, I have always felt that Borg excels as a dry-point etcher and some enterprising publisher should contribute to the tomes of California by bringing out a folio edition of this artist's profound etchings of Desert and Indian subjects.



CARL OSCAR BORG—Courtesy Biltmore Salon

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

SMILING MASKS

By JESSIE ROSS DERIVER

OH, THE MASKS — the smiling masks!
We are maskers—one and all!
On the stage-of-life we're maskers,
We are dancers at a ball.
In a room that's dimly lighted—
Casting shadows on the wall
From behind the mask that's smiling,
Smiling mask—so magical!
I'm a mask—you're a mask—
We are maskers—all!

THE HARD ROAD

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

I SEE two roads before me—a smooth one
and a rough,
And I must walk on one of them if I have
strength enough.

I cannot stand here waiting—the past's be-
yond recall—
I must go forward to the end whatever may
befall.

If I should take the smooth road my feet
might dance along,
And if my heart were very light my lips
might sing a song.

I might find many travelers there and they
might flatter me
And I might smile and answer them with
pleasing courtesy.

And if I take the rough road I might be
much alone,
But through the silence I might hear the
soul's deep undertone.

I'd stumble many times perhaps—I might
grow worn and faint—
The future might look dark to me from
pictures thought would paint.

The easy road's inviting, fair flowers are
blooming there
And merry voices call to me to turn away
from care.

But I will choose the hard road and when
my journey's done
My rest may be the sweeter for the tasks I
did not shun.

THE BIRTH OF THE COLUMBIA

By BEN FIELD

GREAT mountains rose, resplendent,
In a far, snow-hid land,
Rough-hewn and sharply jagged
From an almighty hand.
And one stood up to southward
And one shut off the north
And round about them, fleeing,
There raced a river forth.

And fear was in the caverns
And death was on the tide
As the cold and harried river
Leaped down the mountain side.

And the young, unnamed Columbia
From its birth of mystery
Rushed, in that day of chaos,
Down to the boisterous sea.

A SONNET

By MYRTLE STEDMAN

WHEN days are light and the sun shines
bright,
I love you.
When stars and moon beam down at night,
I love you.
And even when a foggy sky, confronts me
in the midst of June
And when I look up in the heavens, and find
a ring around the moon
My heart still sings the same old tune,
I love you, love you, love you.

THE HARBOR

By JOSEPH McDOWELL MATHEWS

HERE is a port for ships of every kind.
Leviathans with turbines' mighty
power;
The broken set their sails to Heaven's wind
And with the giant dock at sunset hour.
If set of sail be true and if the mast
Be upright what of turbine's strength, or
steam?
Or length, or beam or draft since at the last
The frailest bark may sight the beacon's
gleam?

SUNSET HOUR

By HELEN MARING

THE SETTING sun is flame,
With a rose path on the water
Cutting the purple waves
Like petals of a flower.
The clouds of the west catch fire
Above blue shadows falling.
Thoughts are like humming birds,
Ruby of throat and swift.

MOUNTAINS

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

LONELY they stand as craters of the moon
Lifting mute brows in prayer, win
mile on mile
They point beneath the starlight's pallid
Or under the hot golden eye of the moon.
These scarred and hammered spires! that
lagoon
Flanked by tormented walls! this river
That twisted glaciers crown! cliff and
Writhing and ruinous as a wind-carved
Surely, the desolation has a heart
Throbbing beneath the ice and shale, to speak
Faint supplications to the clouds and sky
And, in the ages' listening ear, impart
The rockbound agony of crag and peak
While storms and generations billow by

THE COLUMBIA IS SINGING

By BERENICE M. RICE

OH, THE SUN shines bright in the
northwest
And Pacific winds blow sweet;
Where the harvest moon is in perfect
With a symphony of wheat.
There are evergreens in the great north
And the lumberjack's clear call;
And the camp fire's flare finds the deer
bear,
Which retreat as the white chips
There is mystery in the great northwest
There are legends quaint and old
There are falls that leap as they vigil keep
Over mystic sands of gold.
There's a feel of home in the great north
Planted deep by the pioneer;
There's a friendly hand in a friendly land
And a friendly spirit here.

Los Angeles First Book Fair

By K. ETHEL HILL

QUEEN CALIFIA,

MYTHICAL QUEEN OF
CALIFORNIA

extile mural painting by
Blanche Collett Wagner,
President National League
of American Penwomen,
Los Angeles Branch.



HEAR YE! Hear YE! Hear YE! Los Angeles is to have its first "Book Fair" from February twenty-seventh to March third inclusive, at the Biltmore Hotel. Not a Book Sellers display, is this while undertaking, but an exhibition of the literary achievements of Southern California.

Slowly, yet surely the eyes of the country are turning to the evidence of a cultural development going on along the Southern coast of California. Artists in every line are attracted to this sunset land and find a new expression in its soul-satisfying and spiritual atmosphere.

Having many every-day conventionalities when he crosses the Great Divide, the rebound traveller comes to this open country with its rolling sea, rugged mountains, and scorching desert, to find a new vigour in life. Love of adventure, curiosity or intuition may have brought him; whatever it is he looks around with interest. What is it that is different? He strives to fathom it. Soon he is possessed with a great desire to live in the out-of-doors. He widens his arms, breathe deep and contemplate the vast expanse of sky, of ocean,

of land, and thus to come close to the heart of Nature. In doing so he becomes conscious of a great power, develops a clearer vision, becomes fired with fresh inspiration and turns to his chosen field, or mayhap a new field, to express in a fuller way.

Hollywood Bowl and the fine musical seasons with opera and concerts are the result of this high vision, on the part of music lovers. The great International Art Exhibit, a feature of the Tenth Olympic Games, when artists for the first time were acknowledged as contestants for Olympic honors, was another evidence of this vision. The coming spring will announce a national competition in art to be held in Los Angeles with generous purchase prize offered by the Los Angeles Art Association. Now in the march of Progress, comes the first Los Angeles Book Fair, that recognition may be made of the combined achievement of the Southland's literary folk.

The idea originated with the Local Branch of the National League of American Pen Women, and this pioneering group of women have undertaken to raise the funds to make it possible. Sponsored by the leading clubs of the community and with the active

co-operation of local publishers, editors and authors, plans are taking concrete form, according to Blanche Collett Wagner (Mrs. H. R.), General Chairman, and Adeline Dudlin, vice-chairman. Civic organizations, educational leaders and outstanding citizens commended the idea highly when it was proposed. Under such encouraging stimulation the work goes on.

The Book Fair will open the evening of February twenty-seventh with a colorful banquet at the Biltmore Hotel. A delightful program will follow and there will be an exhibition of thirty-five paintings by the Women Painters of the West. Events are being planned for each day of the Fair with teas, book reviews and musical programs.

The Books are to be shown in large glass cases. Exhibition space is without expense to the individual and is open to all publishers, editors and authors of the Southland. No effort is being spared to make the event a gratifying success. Thus a greater public interest will be aroused in the literary achievements of the community and a group of people who are doing much in its cultural development, will be encouraged and inspired to greater successes.

Winter Sports by Choice

By J. R. MCCARTHY

ONE OF the many differences between California and most of the rest of North America lies in the fact that Californians enjoy their winter sports by choice.

Those who would play outdoors during the winter months in the East, Middle West and North must play at winter games or nothing. In much of the South there are no winter games, properly so-called. Millions in the southern states cannot play in the snow or on the ice no matter what their wishes may be; millions in the northern states have to play in the snow or not at all; in California we play winter games or summer games, just as we choose.

On a January morning the Californian may play outdoor tennis in the park around the corner, or he may go tobogganing on a nearby mountain. He may have a round of golf over gay green links, or he may go skiing or snow-shoeing on mile-high snow-bound hills.

This interesting situation may have a great deal to do with the zest with which people of the Golden State play in the snow. Only those who are eager for the sport leave the green valleys and ride up into the white mountains. Only the young and hearty (the young in spirit at any rate) are cutting figure eights on glassy mountain lakes. The old folks and the sedentary middle-aged, who do not choose to run, are to be found sitting in front of gas stoves down in the cities, suffering from an incurable disease called bridge.

Where is there enough snow for winter sports in California? This is a question often asked by the visitor. The answer is simple: any mountain more than a mile high is almost certain to be snow-covered for at least part of the rainy season. As the elevation increases, to six thousand, seven thousand, eight thousand feet, the snow becomes deeper, harder, more lasting.

"Aha," says the visitor, "but where are these mountains which stand a mile or more high?" Again the answer is simple, and can be given while lighting a Murad. "Oh, any place."

In the Sierra Nevada, of course, the peaks rise to almost three times five thousand feet. One would not need to wait for January to take a faster sled ride than one needed on the slopes of Mount Whitney. Only a few miles north of Mount Whitney, overlooking Owens Valley, Palisades Glacier brings the Arctic to within eight or ten hours' easy drive from Los Angeles. But the High Sierra

peaks are by no means winter playgrounds for the populace. Only experts may dare Sierran heights and storms.

Yosemite is growing hugely in popular appeal as a winter playground. Here is to be found everything that the winter sports enthusiast desires, even to the noise and the crowds. There may be more beautiful scenery than that of Yosemite in the snowy

CALIFORNIA

By JACK GREENBERG

FROM Texas up to wintry Maine.
From Coast to distant Coast
There is an endless glory chain
With links for all to boast.

From Canada to Mexico,
Across and in between
Delights await the hearts that know
How Nature paints her scene.
But of them all there must be one
That holds the leading hand.
The favorite of moon and sun,
The choice of all the land.

For mountain, valley, warmth and calm,
For star and sky and slope,
For giant tree and spreading palm,
For flower, bird and scope.

I cast my vote in open booth
And gamble on its fate,
That Time, who counts and knows the truth
Elect our poppy state.

months, but it is impossible to imagine something more glorious while one is standing awed in that valley of wonders. Readily reached from almost any part of California, Yosemite, in winter or summer, is a heritage dear to the heart of every citizen.

In the southern part of the state, which all the world has learned to consider a land of sunshine and oranges and blonde actresses, various winter playgrounds are growing steadily in favor year by year. The nearest and most easily reached of these (from the standpoint of the center of population in Los Angeles) is Mount Lowe. By trolley, incline and trolley, the wayfarer rides from the city's heart to the mountain's shoulder,

from carbon monoxide to snowballs, in all two hours. Mount Lowe Tavern is on southern slope of the San Gabriel range (sunny side), and the "beautiful" usually melts readily. But the snow sometimes deep even here, and it makes excellent for the wary and the unwary. And trolley trip is worth anyone's time, how fleeting the flakes.

Other well known recreation spots on range are Mount Wilson, a few miles from Mount Lowe and reached by automobile from Altadena or by trail; Opid's Camp reached by auto either from Mount Wilson or from the Angels Crest Road; Camp Barren north of Uplands; Wrightwood, on the north side of the range, by road from Bernardino and the Cajon Pass; and Pines Camp, a Los Angeles County recreation center on the desert heights of the Gabriels.

Paranetically it may be mentioned that the San Gabriel range, extending from Cajon Pass to Newhall, from Pasadena to Mojave Desert, does not know its own name. It has long been known locally as the San Gabriel. Official maps for many years call it the San Gabriel range. Now, just about the time when the public was beginning to know the mountains the San Gabriels, the Forest Department seems to have changed its name and decided to agree with the public and call the range the Sierra Madre. The fact that part of it lies in the San Bernardino National Forest has inclined many people to speak of the eastern portion of the range as a part of the San Bernardino Mountains.

We now seem to be approaching an agreement on the name Sierra Madre. But this excellent name is being generally ignored in magazines and newspapers. Sierra Madre Mountains—which is as silly a locution as Rio Grande River.

Southern California enjoys excellent winter playgrounds in the San Bernardino and Jacinto ranges. Lake Arrowhead, with its fine hotels, beautiful lake and winter sports program, is easily reached over the high road and is the favorite of thousands. Clear Lake, all the joyous camps in the Big Bear Valley, the Rim of the World resorts, Fish Lake Home—all these have their happy visitors in the hundreds and sometimes by the thousands after every big snow. In the San Jacinto Mountains, where the snow lies deep in late spring, are several popular resorts.

At all the larger California winter playgrounds the novice may receive instruction in such mystic arts as ski-ing, snow-shoeing and skating, although the emphasis is usually placed on skis. In general, people are surprised to know how to sit in a toboggan.

[Read further on page

Bret Harte

*The Eightieth Anniversary of Harte's
Entrance Through the Golden Gate*

By LAURA BELL EVERETT

THE WRITER who first made the name of California known around the world, the author who developed the short story so fully that Kipling imitated him, came to San Francisco from Albany, New York, by way of Panama and disembarked on the steamer *Johnathan* on March 26, 1854.

This is an anniversary of moment in the development of American literature, marking, does, a formative epoch in the life of the man who has wrought so greatly in the literary form in which America has been so original, the short story. "The Luck of Long Camp," "Tennessee's Partner," and "Outcasts of Poker Flat," place Bret Harte with Edgar Allan Poe among the great writers of the short story.

California could not know that her reader of the picturesque was the slender, youth half way between his seventies and eighteenth year, sedately escorting a sixteen-year-old sister through the Golden Gate and across San Francisco Bay to Oakland. Francis Bret Harte was no chronicler of facts and figures, nor was he a realistic writer. Never in any land grew up the strange towns of Harte's stories, yet they are the stuff that defies the inroads of time. As he transformed dusty, dying mining towns into permanent realms of the imagination.

Harte's work on the *Golden Era* and the editing of the *Overland Monthly* are important in the history of California publication. Harte found himself at the age of twenty-two the first editor of *The Overland*, and then upon the *Atlantic Monthly*, the magazine that was soon to call him forever home from California.

The Golden West, however, took her captive and, little as Bret Harte had been in the mining region, much as he had

been offended by its crudities and savagery, he continued, whether in the eastern states or in his later years in Europe, to write of California.

Bret Harte was a great enough figure to call out a substantial biography by Pemberton early in this century, and another nearly ten years later, by Merwin. Those who would understand the sensitive nature of the man must read *The Letters of Bret Harte*, edited by his grandson, Geoffrey Bret Harte, and published eight years ago. It is sufficient refutation of the harsh criticism and cruel comments that had been made upon his supposed neglect of his family.

In the most recent book, *Bret Harte, Argonaut and Exile*, George R. Stewart, Jr., Professor of English in the University of California, presents an authoritative biography, the result of a careful study of original sources, confirmed by visits to all the places associated by record or tradition with the name of Bret Harte.

Considering the California love for the celebration of anniversaries, it is to be hoped that much attention will be given during the present year by schools, colleges, and literary clubs to the prose and poetry of Bret Harte, on this eightieth anniversary of the entrance of the author through the Golden Gate.

Material: *Bret Harte, Argonaut and Exile*, by George R. Stewart, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, 1931.

The Letters of Bret Harte, Edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte. Houghton Mifflin, 1926.

The Life of Bret Harte, by Henry Childs Merwin. Houghton Mifflin, 1911.

The Life of Bret Harte, by T. Edgar Pemberton. Dodd Mead & Company, 1903.

Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine, since 1868.

The Mountains of California

[Continued from page 40]

CALIFORNIA'S mountain ranges are filled with valuable minerals, and their higher regions store the snows on which dependences based for the supplies of water on which the State relies for irrigation, water-power, and water for domestic use. Coincident with the use of the ranges in this respect is the vital and urgent necessity of preserving the forests of the State, in order that the water supply from the melted snows

may be scientifically controlled and distributed.

So also, the mountains are the inheritance which Nature has so bountifully provided for the present and for the future as recreation areas for old and young. And as well as they are the frequent depositories of the issuance of the Hot Springs for which the State is famous. And in the forests and foothills at their base much of the game of the

State, deer, grouse, quail, and mountain quail higher up are found.

Coral reefs on some of the mountains prove that these peaks were at one time islands in the Miocene sea. They are found in Barrett, Garnet, and Alverson Canyons in Imperial County, and are preserved in sandstone formations in their original beauty.

All mountain roads either in Southern or Northern California have been sign-posted by the signs of the Automobile Club of Southern California or the California State Automobile Association, and enable motorists to visit practically every point of interest reachable by these highways. Offices of these organizations furnish free and accurate information to their members, and to out-of-State visitors at all times, which is invaluable in saving time, money, and delay. Even in the winter months, when winter sports are being carried on at the mountain resorts, many of them can be driven to in automobiles.

The mountain passes and innumerable canyons among the mountains will be found to contain outdoor scenes which will never fade from the memory of those who are fortunate enough to see them. Lakes, rivers, water-falls, forests and foot-hills offer a wide variety of views for the nature-lover, and a camera should be taken along to get some of them for future reference.

Whether in the Spring, with its tender array of dainty wild-flowers; in the Summer, with the sunlight filtering through leaf-canopies, and the song birds waking echoes in the tree-tops; in Autumn, when changing gold and russet of the sycamores, or the white blossoms of the dog-wood drape the canyon-sides with snowy radiance; or in Winter, with mountain-top and stony turrets inlaid and festooned in robes of purest ivory, the mountains are indescribably lovely. In all seasons and all moods the splendor and glory of their environment is unescapable.

Winter Sports

[Continued from page 48]

although the present writer has witnessed instances where lessons were indicated.

Warm clothing may be rented—yes, even clothing!—in some centers, but it is well to go forth into the California wilds prepared for real winter. When you are eight or nine thousand feet up in the air and have three feet of snow around you, it is apt to be coolish at night. "Give me wool and hardy leather."

And another thing. Chains. Put good chains, tried and true, in the car before you start. Otherwise, if you are lucky, you will be turned back from the mountain grade by an official. If you are unlucky—but let's not bring that up. Take chains.

ONLY 1 TICKET

now required for a

Compartment

to

San Francisco or Portland



SINGLE occupancy of a compartment, which formerly required a ticket and a half, now requires only one rail ticket. In addition, the cost of a compartment to San Francisco has been reduced from \$12.75 to \$8.50. Similar reduction to Portland. These savings combined with recent rail fare cuts bring compartment-travel costs to a new all-time low.

Pullman fare for a single bedroom or private section between Los Angeles and San Francisco has been cut to only \$5.40.

Next time you go anywhere
TRY THE TRAIN!

Southern Pacific

H. P. MONAHAN, Gen. Pass. Agent

Incredible Case

[Continued from page 44]

the real Mr. Fuller beneath ten layers of adaptable personalities. He was probably on the youthful side of forty-five, but heavy, and bald on top, with black wary eyes, and a loose skin that had been strenuously shaved and massaged for the day into an aggressive ruddiness that might not wear well.

Mathias shook hands with him perfunctorily, envied his poundage a bit wistfully, and sat down. They were in a flashy office which adjoined a tremendous barn-like garage off a downtown side street that smelled of gasoline fumes, sulphurous acid, and burning rubber.

"Well, Mathias, shoot the works," said Fuller patronizingly, leaning back and looking at the ceiling. "You're from Missouri," he sniggered, "well so am I. Come on—sell me." But his expression was that of a man who expects to be asked for a loan of \$5.00.

"As you know," said Mathias, greatly disconcerted, "I sold band instruments by mail. I used a method of my own, and did \$40,000 gross for my department in three years."

Mr. Fuller's wary black eyes came back to Mathias with astonishing rapidity. "You did," he said, with unflattering emphasis on the pronoun, "and how?"

Mathias smiled, unaware that it made his

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



MOST CONVENIENT Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

[Read further on page 52]

Steve Fisher—100,000 Words Per Month

STEVE FISHER, Navy's Foremost Fiction Author and one of *Overland's* regular contributors believes in heavy wordage. This up and coming young man averages 100,000 words per month and sells them all—even to the last period.

In the December, January and February issues the following magazines, besides our own, carried his work: *Top Notch*, *Author and Journalist*, *Zippy*, *American Defence*, *Paris Gayety*, *Navy Magazine*, *Paris Nights*, *Our Army*, *Ten Story Book*, *Love Revels*, *Our Navy*, *Spicy Detective Stories* and the *Navy News*.

From the press of William Goodwin, Inc., New York, Steve expects his novel *Women from Hell* to meet early Spring publication. Before June he intends to do two more novels: "*Navy Lady*" and "*Fate Had A Laugh*." It is probable he will then go to Asia to write his much anticipated: "*Shanghai Blonde*."

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1934

Frontispiece (Plate)	Mountain Scene
Cruising to the Marquesas and Many Islands Beyond, (Illus.)	Ben Field
Plate, Indian Chief by	Raschen
Literary Expressions (With portrait),	Orra Eugene Monnette
The Mountain Ranges and Peaks of California, (Illus.),	Ernest McGaffey
Russia As I Saw It, Frances Norene Ahl	
Value — Per se, Lorena M. Gary	
The Incredible Case of Samuel Mathias, Howard Linn Edsall	
Gutter Philosphoy (Verse), George Keefe	
Saga of the Desert Indian (With portrait),	Everett Carroll Maxwell
Melody Lane	
Sunset Hour, Helen Maring	
The Columbia is Singing, Berenice M. Rice	
Smiling Masks, Jessie Ross de River	
A Sonnet, Myrtle Stedman	
The Birth of the Columbia, Ben Field	
The Harbor, Joseph McDowell Matthews	
The Hard Road, Belle Willey Cue	
Mountains, Stanton A. Coblentz	
Los Angeles First Book Fair (With Illus.),	K. Ethel Hill
Winter Sports by Choice, J. R. McCarthy	
California (Verse), Jack Greenberg	
Bret Harte—80th Anniversary of Harte's Entrance Through	
Golden Gate, Laura Bell Everett	
A Dissertation on Matrimonial Strife, Jack Benjamin	

A Dissertation on Matrimonial Strife

By JACK BENJAMIN

COLLEGE professors often complain that few students evince any marked originality when applying for a doctorate. Grants to Ph.D's offer the fruit of their labors in the form of laborious but uninteresting dissertations which only deepen the frowns of the worthy pedants.

It is with a view of making the task of student and also of the instructor easier and less conducive to apoplexy that I venture into the field of pedagogy to offer the following theme to those engaged in seeking original material for a thesis:

What is the cause of the inevitable scrap and general enmity between hubby and wifey out for a friendly stroll?

Again and again, it has been observed that at both the first and second mates of the Matrimony may be on the very best of terms at the beginning of a walk, they are ready candidates for the district attorney's office when they return home: assuming of course, that they do reach home.

Let us observe a happy couple as they enter their peaceful abode and start down the avenue. Perhaps we may be able to discern the cause of innumerable arguments and fights by watching this pair. Surely such recovery would be of inestimable value to ill-tempered humanity which is in need of the balm of peace.

Hubby stops to light his pipe. . . Wifey, trying to get a closer look at the dress a pin ahead of her is wearing, walks on. . . Wind blows out hubby's match, as all she has done since they entered the door of the match trust. . .

Wifey looks over the dress on the woman carefully and arrives at the determined conclusion that she would like to have one of that, too. . . Reminds herself that hubby refused her a new gown last week. . . Goes to talk with him about it. . . Sees he is not at her side. . . Looks around and discovers that he is way back, desperately trying to light his pipe. . .

At this point, let the serious-minded note that both hubby and wifey are hungry, but for different reasons.)

Wifey walks over to hubby who just had her match blown out by the tantalizing pin and lets him have a piece of her. . . "Respect for a wife, etc. Should be by her side. . . Is he ashamed to be with her? Did he have any special plans for not wanting to be seen with her

at that precise moment? What was the idea?"

Hubby growls. . . Searches in the depths of his pockets for another box of matches. . . Finds that one of his pockets is badly in need of repair. . . Tells his wife what he thinks of women who take an interest only in dresses and never see to it that their hubby's pockets are kept in repair. . . Words. . . Words. . . Words. . . A few passer-bys stop to look at what's going on. . .

Wifey walks on. . . Hubby follows her. As soon as they reach the main thoroughfare, wifey stops in front of the first large store and gazes longingly into the window. . . Hubby, unaware of what's taking place, walks innocently on, thinking that he may have a package of matches somewhere in his pockets. . .

Hubby suddenly discovers that he is doing a solo stroll. . . walks back angrily to his wife and inquires why he wasn't told about the stop. . . Does she think he's a "mind-reader?"

Wifey calmly replies, as though nothing of any importance had happened: "Keep quiet. There's something here I want to see."

After a few minutes, she walks on again. . . Hubby finds a match in one of his vest pockets and succeeds in lighting his pipe. . . He begins to derive a little enjoyment out of the stroll. . . Takes a few mouthfuls of air into his lungs. . . Great stuff, this walking.

Wifey stops again at another window. Hubby also stops. Wasn't fooled this time. No sir! He looks into the window. . . Sees that it is displaying feminine apparel. . . Is embarrassed to be seen looking at such things. . . Quickly walks over to the curb, where he stands smoking his pipe, quietly and contentedly. For no good reason at all, the pipe suddenly goes out. . . He tries to light it again and wifey calls to him just as he had borrowed a match from another man. . . Match, of course, goes out. . . He mutters something or other under his breath. . . Wifey says: "What's the matter? Don't you want to walk with me?"

"Certainly," replies hubby, with a snap. Wifey doesn't like the way hubby said "certainly." . . Looks at him with a questioning frown.

An hour has passed. . . Hubby has made thirty stops in front of store windows and

True California Hospitality for Californians

Fresh from the decorator's touch —
The house is yours: Cordial, oldtime California friendliness greets you. Since my return, the Hotel Manx gleams with freshness. Nearly all rooms re-decorated, refurnished, and the latest styles in colored tiled bath and shower. Circulating Ice Water, Dining Room and Coffee Shop in connection. Garage Service.

MEET ME AT THE MANX!

Harvey M. Toy
Managing Owner, Chairman
California Highway Commission
under Gov. Friend W. Richardson

New Deal Rates

Detached bath—Single \$1.50-\$2.00
Detached bath—Double, \$2.00-\$2.50
With bath—Single, \$2.00-\$2.50-\$3.00
With bath—Double, \$3.00-\$3.50, \$4.00

HOTEL MANX

Powell at O'Farrell — San Francisco

71 ACRES of GOOD DESERT LAND

10 miles from Palm Springs. Has 80 ft. State Highway through property. To be subdivided into 5 and 10 acre tracts, with community well for domestic use. Irrigation can be developed.

Write G. G. ALLEN, BOX 201
Palm Springs California

is now very angry. . . Tells his wife that he wants to "walk," and not stop every few minutes. . . Wifey replies harshly: "All-right. Walk on! I don't need you. I never get a chance to look into store windows, etc."

Hubby answers. . . Rather he tries to answer. . . Wifey shuts him up quickly. . . Wifey goes away in a huff and leaves him standing on the corner, looking foolish. Two girls passing by, snicker. . .

Hubby tries to derive some consolation from a smoke. . . Buys a package of matches. . . Tries to light his pipe. . . Wind blows out ten matches. . . Hubby is ready to have a fit. . . Gives up trying to light his pipe. . .

Goes home in a rage and revenges himself upon womanhood by reading Schopenhauer's "Essay on Women."

OLD — RARE AND UNUSUAL BOOKS

Old Magazines and bound volumes of Rare and old magazines, also new current books and magazines at Bargain prices. Old books bought, sold and exchanged. Our service can supply you with almost any book or magazine you wish, we get you that hard to get book. **Free Catalogue.**

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE

0413 Bryson Bldg., Los Angeles, California

MAKE MORE MONEY
CANDYMAKING HOME

BIG PROFITS being made by WORLD'S SPECIALTY CANDIES new method; no expensive equipment or machinery. System operated anywhere, kitchen, shop or factory. Simplified home study course. Learn today, earn tomorrow. We furnish supplies; few dollars starts you. Write today for proof of students' success. Free booklet explains.

LIBERTY CANDY & SUPPLY CO.

Dept. E, 355 South Broadway
Los Angeles, California



“How to Make It” Books

Most men and boys possess an inherent love for making things. Be sure of pleasing him by selecting some of these interesting books published by Popular Mechanics Press.

FOR BOYS (all ages 8 years or over)

THE FAMOUS “BOY MECHANIC” LIBRARY—4 Big Volumes. 4000 Worth-While Things to Make—all the things so dear to the heart of every boy. Enough to last him until he is a grown-up man. Books 1-2- and 4. Each has 460 pages, hundreds of illustrations, size 7x10 inches, Cloth. Price \$2 per single volume or \$7 for complete set of four books.

FOR MEN AND BOYS (all ages)

MAKE IT YOURSELF is the Boy Mechanic grown up. Both father and son will revel in the 900 different articles dealt with—such things as ships models, ingenious toys, amusement devices, novel furniture, useful appliances and things for the home, etc. Cloth, 460 pages. Profusely illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.

POPULAR MECHANICS BOAT BOOK—Every man and boy wants a good boat. This book shows the amateur how to build any type of popular small boat at little expense. In addition it contains everything about boats and boating that the small boat owner wants to know. Cloth 268 pages. Fully illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.00.

OUTDOOR SPORTS THE YEAR ROUND—A fascinating book for young or old. Hundreds of ideas for new popular sports as well as old favorites. Covers every season and is especially complete on winter sports. Many unique articles on making sport equipment. Cloth, 352 pages. 650 illustrations. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$2.

Any of the above sent postpaid upon receipt of price or C.O.D. anywhere in U.S.A.

Write for Catalogue describing 5000 books on 2000 subjects.

POPULAR MECHANICS PRESS

Dept. A.O. 204 E. Ontario Street CHICAGO

Brother Leo
Speaks on Literature

THE OFFERINGS of the Section on Literature, Commonwealth Club of California are notable. At a recent meeting Brother Leo of St. Mary's College spoke on “What Is Literature?” Epigrammatic fragments of his address are here given:

“When we ask, ‘What is literature?’ we are in the position of Pontius Pilate asking: What is Truth? The answer to both questions must be the same: Truth is the beauty of goodness, and literature is the beauty of unqualified sincerity. . . . When we see life as a whole we recognize the fundamental questions as those of the only real moment. . . . Journalism and literature are two very different things: Arthur Brisbane writes journalism, Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote literature. . . . What makes a great writer great? That can be answered only on the basis of principle. There is a common element in all great books — the element of spirituality; and by that I do not necessarily mean anything connected with religion;

rather I mean to infer the things of spirit—the dividing line that lies bet the spiritually mental and the frankly material segregates a domain of the seeing that expresses itself in terms of rever letters. . . . Writers who had common this spiritualized mental technic were He Dante, Virgil, and Shakespeare. . . . Works of great writers remain after them only because they had something impo to say, but also because they knew well cunningly how to say it. The least c may also have something important to but, lacking the sublimated technic w with to say it profoundly, we remain ‘i inglorious Miltons.’ . . . The quali art is vitality, and that energy becom tagious. . . . Art was given to show u truth of things we could not see excep art. . . . Living minds possess life and forth life in the spiritual ratio of their ing. Dead minds retain the desiccatio their unliving, and die the more thei retention. . . . The greatest literatu that to be found in those books which beautifully and adequately express the a of that daily wonder we call life.”

Incredible Case

[Continued from page 51]

huge haggard features almost frightening that Fuller squirmed uneasily.

“I told the truth,” said Mathias calmly. “I described in detail every dent in a every scratch, nicked bell, worn tone v uncertain pitch, sticking stops or un slides in trombones, clarinets, bass h cornets. I told what repairs we had r if any. And I gave the price, and guar everything to be as represented.” He sto and swallowed a boyish lump in his th for Fuller was shaking his head angrily.

“Do you mean to tell me,” cried F incredibly, “that if you came here y tell our prospects, let’s say, that a Sp Six had 600-W in the rear, cracked cy head, worn rubber, slapping valves; she pumped oil in the cylinders, rattled hell on the road, and that the rad wouldn’t hold water over night—and the nice shiny paint job wouldn’t last weeks?”

Mathias cleared his throat. “I would, said swiftly, in cold desperation, “or wouldn’t put it that way—”

“That’s a dumb way to sell!” snar Fuller, waving his hand. “You’re wast time here.”

Mathias moistened his lips with a tongue. “Wait a minute,” he said as s ily as he could. “I’m showing you it

[Read further on page

Vacation Tours

18 Days All Expense

MEXICO

15 Tours First Class

100 Hawaii, South Sea Islands, \$360
1st Cabin
Raratonga, Tahiti & return

177 Honolulu, Japan, China, \$352
1st the Philippines, & return. Second

155 AROUND THE WORLD \$460
1st Cabin Los Angeles Back to L.A. Second

EUROPE, ALASKA, SOUTH AMERICA

— We Are Agents for All Lines —

D. F. ROBERTSON
TRAVEL BUREAU

18 South Spring Street, Los Angeles
VAndike 7915

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable
bindings for All Purposes
Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings
in Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made
Permanent for Ready
Reference

EARLE A. GRAY

1220 Maple Avenue
Los Angeles, California

Telephone PRospect 0396

W. N. D.'s
PICK PILE FLOWER GARDEN

Hardy Plants
o Hot Boxes — No Hot Bed Plants

W. N. DAVIDSON
Boulder, Montana

Russia

[Continued from page 41]

even if married are encouraged to become economically independent. The smartly dressed woman has practically disappeared from the scene.

I attended the opera house in Odessa where a special concert had been arranged. The program included numbers by some of the finest artists in Russia. Ambassadors from Turkey, Japan, Germany, France and Italy were in the boxes. On the stage there was no display of gorgeousness, no glitter of diamonds, no shimmer of gowns to dazzle the eyes.

WHAT is going to happen in the Soviet Union? Will Russia succeed in her great communistic experimentation? Russia is in transition. She does not profess to have achieved communism as yet. But it is the ideal for which she is working.

Russia is functioning under the dictatorship of the Communist party which comprises a very small but very militant minority of the population. Whether or not this dictatorship endures remains to be seen. One thing is clear to the visitor in Russia—at the present moment there is not in sight any power that can possibly overthrow the Bolsheviks. They control all the agencies essential to revolt.

Whatever may happen to communism, the world will long remember the concept that rational economic planning is a probable way out of the anarchy of wasteful competition. Russia's greatest contribution to civilization will probably be her conception of a planned economic order.

The future safety and welfare of the world require that Russia turns her face West rather than to the East. Doubtless our recent recognition will help to bring this to pass.

Incredible Case

[Continued from page 52]

It worked. We didn't lower the price of the poorer merchandise, and we got a better price for the best. And our customers came back, because they could judge to a hair the values they were getting in my department."

"Maybe it did," said Fuller, laughing richly at some absurdity. "Maybe it did. But it's not the Sensational Way at all. We take cash, and we don't want our customers to come back, see? We couldn't use you, Mathias. Every Sensational Man has got to be the kind that can sell birdseed in an aquarium." Mr. Fuller shook his head pityingly.

[Concluded in next issue]

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in garage — forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny, sound-proof, with bath and shower — and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.



TODAY'S RATES ARE MOST MODERATE
Single, \$2-\$2.50 Double, \$3-\$3.50

NEW HOTEL OLYMPIC
230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c.
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

Just Out! **1000 New Ways To Make MONEY**
in spare time work at home

Here, at last, is your chance to add to the family's income. These are new, practical instructions that anyone can follow. No canvassing or selling. There is not one word of guess work in this marvelous, helping hand book. Every idea is fresh from the records at Washington. Each one of these 1000 plans is actually making money for women and men now.

AUTHENTIC INFORMATION No matter what your age, sex or condition, you will find here several ways of making money right in your own home. Then you can buy the things you need so badly, get out of the rat, be your own boss! These 1000 Ways are taken from latest reports to the U. S. Dept. of Labor, Dept. Home Economics, Dept. of Agriculture, Congressional Library, Office of Education.

RESULTS GUARANTEED Be the first in your neighborhood to use these new, money-making ideas. This book: "1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" is guaranteed to find a way for you to make extra money immediately. If it does not, you may return book for refund. You owe it to yourself to investigate. TODAY, send \$1.00.

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE
o413 Bryson Building
Los Angeles, Calif.

OLD COINS WANTED

\$300 paid for 1894—S Mint Dime.
Big Premiums paid on other coins.
Coin Book showing prices we pay, 25c.

COIN COLLECTORS request our **LISTS AND ORDER FORM**, 3c.; Transportation Token List, 10c.; Auction Catalogue of Rare Coins, 10c.; Lincoln's Saloon License in Antique Frame, 75c. One Year's Subscription to Home-Hobbyist Magazine, a Quarterly for all Hobby Collectors, 50c.

KOIN-X-CHANGE, 0-35 S. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

INTERESTING FEATURES FOR 1934 ISSUES

During 1934 our special staff and other writers whose names are well known will contribute notable articles including:

HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

Writers of distinction will bring before our readers the romance of the early days; deeds of daring in discovery and exploration; trials and triumphs of pathfinders and pioneers; settlement and development of the West through more recent historical epochs to the present time. These articles will be factual and of value to students and general readers and will be gripping in their interest.

TRAVEL — RECREATION — SIGHTSEEING

Where to go and what to see graphically told by those who know; the scenic attractions and beauty spots of the out-of-doors in mountain, valley and shore resorts; camping and life in the open; journeyings and so-journeyings in Nature's Wonderland.

FICTION, SHORT STORY, LITERARY FEATURES

The best in form and content from the pens of acknowledged writers. The style, diction and English standard of these columns, will as always be used as models of excellence for young writers and members of English classes. Frequent reprinting of literary masterpieces by famous authors first appearing in this magazine. The best in verse finds favor with our readers.

MATERIAL WEALTH AND PROGRESS

Agricultural and horticultural growth, industrial development, manufacturing and transportation, shipping, power development, irrigation and allied important topics treated by experts.

THE MINING REVIVAL

Gold and silver mining in California, Nevada, Arizona and the West generally is coming rapidly to the front. Attention will be focused upon these interests.

THE PACIFIC AREA

As the "front door" to the Pacific, California and the Coast stand in a strategic position. Articles dealing with trade relations with the Far East, China, Japan, the Orient and the Islands of the Pacific, now our next door neighbors, will receive emphasis.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Nowhere can out-door recreation and sports be indulged in the year round as in California and on the Pacific Coast. Polo, tennis, golf, yachting, hiking, hunting, fishing and winter sports as well, claim attention.

And space is devoted from month to month to social and club activities, music, art, the drama, home life and educational phases. Personality sketches are offered of those who have made or are making the West in trade, manufacture, commerce, finance, the professions, social welfare and literary life.

These features to be found in the magazine of Bret Harte, which since 1868 has been "devoted to the development of the country."

JUST FROM THE PRESS

"A ROAD TO OPPORTUNITY"

By

D. W. PITTMAN

A discussion of present conditions and the way out. 144 pages.

Price — \$1.00

• • •

"LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF"

By

JAMES FRANKLIN CHAMBERLAIN

A book on Canada for school and general reader. Its physical features, climate, scenery, productions, commerce and industry.

Fully Illustrated. 216 pages. Price — \$1.00

• • •

"SCATTERED KERNELS"

By

FLORA COBLENTZ

Selected Epigrams reflecting a sound philosophy of life, helpful to readers in the home and to business, professional and thinking people generally. A volume produced under most extraordinary conditions. Introduction by Stanton A. Coblentz.

72 pages. Price — \$1.00

• • •

— Order Direct from the Publishers —

Write for Catalogue of Complete List

Overland - Outwest Publications

"Books of the West"

502 H. W. Hellman Building

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and
OUTWEST MAGAZINE



Featuring:

THE BEAR FLAG INCIDENT

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE ENDLESS SHOW

SUGAR FROM HAWAII

THE CREATOR OF TARZAN

Stories by HOWARD LINN EDSALL and STEVE FISHER

A Page of Verse



Melody Lane

FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

\$2.50 Per Year

MARCH, 1934

25c Per Copy



REDWOOD FOREST

The Bear Flag Incident

By WARREN N. WOODSON

Portions of an address delivered June 14, 1933, for the Elks' Flag Day exercises, Los Molinos, California. The account here given is of intense interest, although some historians would differ as to its accuracy in detail, especially as to geographic location of inception of ideas leading to the actual theatre of the Sonoma episode. Many local references have been deleted in this reprinting. (Editor)

BUT FOR the sad fact that there obtains such a mass of divergent statements relative to the author of the Bear Flag, I might speak to you with a fuller degree of confidence. Faithfully I have perused the pages of four accepted authoritative historians to find it nothing less than perplexing to endeavor to reconcile their various contents of supposed facts.

I have gone so far as to appeal to the Grand Secretary of the Native Sons of the Golden West for original and authentic notes relative to the birth, the life, and the passing of his peculiar and spectacular flag, yet his record, while elaborate, fails to conform to the stories of the other chroniclers.

All are agreed however, that the actuating motive of the Bear Flag movement was to free California from Mexican harassment and misrule, and to found and to foster an independent State, much after the plans of the State of Texas—the Lone Star State; for, the Bear Flag was likewise a lone star flag.

The thought that stimulates and sustains my interest in, and effort to secure salient facts concerning the Bear Flag is the ever-present thought that it was in what is now Tehama County, since May 10, 1856, on which date Tehama County was created, that the conferences which led to the determination to resist further Mexican encroachment were held in the home of the late William Moon, which historic place was located some two miles south of Woodson Bluff.

The chronicler of this story points out that it is upon the written and spoken testimony of the late Judge E. J. Lewis of Tehama County and the late Nathaniel Merrill that he bases his conceptions of the Bear Flag incident. Neither were present as witnesses, because he continues:

"Neither of them arrived in what is now Tehama County until '49, while the Bear Flag flareup occurred in '46. But, in those days, men were not so numerous in this region but that all knew each other, and had plenty of time to communicate to each other stories of such vital importance as were entered in this curtain-raiser—upon a scene which culminated in taking from Mexico that which is today our California."

All writers are practically agreed that five men dominated the organization, operation and conclusion of the Bear Flag campaign, they being Ide, Ford, and Merrill from our

Community, with Grigsby and Semple from down the Colusa way.

"Since shrines of romance have become so publicized and popularized, it is, indeed, most regrettable that the old Moon house, which I owned for ten years, was destroyed. As late as 1910 its outer walls of hewn oak were plumb and well preserved. It could have been well preserved for a century longer. Around it clustered a world of early romance. Like Faneuil Hall, of Boston, it was the cradle of many conferences which led to drastic and history making action. Here it was that the district Alcalde held court and dispensed justice with crude formality.

"It was early in June of '46 that Henry L. Ford, a partner of William Moon, was told by a courier that General Castor was then assembling horses on which to send out a company of Mexican soldiers with orders to burn the crops and buildings of, and to dispossess and expel all American settlers found located north of Sutter's Fort. It was this same young man Ford who, on this occasion, served as the Paul Revere of California, hurriedly riding as he did, as far South as the Yuba river, where Marysville now stands, giving to the scattered settlers the alarm of approaching danger at the hands of the Mexicans.

"Immediately the old Moon house became the rendezvous of the promoters of the Bear Flag Party, which was quickly organized, for the protection of the early settlers of Alta California; and, for the further purpose of capturing Mexico's northern outpost, or garrison, at Sonoma.

"JUDGE Lewis writes it down that because of some four years of service as a dragoon in the U. S. Army, our Henry L. Ford, of the Moon house, and a cousin of Nathaniel Merrill, was selected as the military leader of the Bear Flag party. Mr. Merrill also claims that it was young Ford, appreciating the propriety, if not the necessity, of having some sort of insignia, or banner, under which to march, and if needs be, to fight, was the author of the Bear Flag, which flag was made from a washed, one hundred pound flour sack, shipped into California from Chile. A red star and a red border for this improvised flag were cut from a worn red flannel shirt. Who the Betsy Ross, to do the needle work was, no one has volunteered to say, for we find no record of a woman having entered

the threshold of the Moon house until 1850.

"In the upper left hand corner of this flag was a star, and facing the star was a crudely painted bear—so crudely painted that the Mexicans mistook it for a Cho-Chi-No, or a little hog. Along the lower face of this flag was painted the two words, California Republic.

"At this juncture there enters into our picture William B. Ide, who played a most important part in the drama which culminated in the capture of General Vallejo, (a real friend and sympathizer of the Californians), yet Mexican military commander of Alta California, together with his Castillo, or Fort, and two other Mexican officers.

"Ide and Ford not having been recipients of land grants at the hands of the Mexican government, had not taken the oath of allegiance, so they became prominent members of the Bear Flag party of thirty-three men, who at dawn of June 14, 1846, without firing a shot, took peaceable possession of the military barracks of Sonoma.

"EVIDENTLY because of his superior mental qualifications, Ide was elected President of this organization of conquest, and it was he who drafted the Declaration of Occupation. To my mind it was a document of rare diction and fine settlement. So full of heart was this document that I cannot refrain from here quoting a brief excerpt from it. He said, "I do solemnly declare my object to be to invite all peaceable and good citizens of California, who are friendly to the maintenance of good order and equal rights, and I do hereby invite them to repair to my camp at Sonoma, without delay, to assist us in establishing and perpetuating a republican government, which shall secure to all, civil and religious liberty; which shall encourage virtue and literature, which shall leave unshackled by fetters, agriculture, commerce and manufacture.

"I further declare, that I rely upon the rectitude of our intentions, the favor of heaven, and the bravery of those who are bound and associated with me; by the principles of self-preservation, by the love of truth; and the hatred of tyranny, for my hope of success.

"I further declare, that I believe that a country to be happy and prosperous, must

[Read further on page 71]

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

BEWARE THE MINSTREL

By ROLAND COOKE

OH, DO NOT go with the minstrel boy!
Marry a farmer and settle down,
Or wed with a merchant in the town,
But not with a roving minstrel boy.

For he's nothing ever to give to you,
But strange wild things that will not do,—
Skies over the earth and woodland fire,
And song—more song than you'll desire,
And a rainy roof, or one with stars
That shine, Oh bright by the pasture bars.
Only a breast to hold you close
As a violet, or a woodland rose,
Nestled snug where the hill trail goes.

So, do not go with the minstrel boy.
He sold his flocks for a penny-five,
And what has song to do with life?
And can he buy you a winter coat
With the Spring entangled in his throat?
Oh, he has strength and a star-drift note,
But locks are stronger in the town,
And gold has a pleasant, jingly sound.
So wed the merchant and settle down
In plum blue dresses that sweep the ground
Or yet a farmer with barns and hay,
And nothing to do but spin all day.

Ah, do not go with the minstrel-lad.
He'll give you a kiss and a snow-white
flower,
And cradle you sweet in a daisy bower.
He'll love you, yes, and sing with joy,
But—Oh—don't marry the minstrel-boy!



BOUGAINVILLEA ILLUSION

By LOTUS J. COSTIGAN

NEW LANDS for one who travels here
Where flares the Bougainvillea vine;
Where rioting magenta-bloom
Makes every pergola a shrine.

New Lands for me. . . yet as I peer
Beyond a ruined portico,
The crowded tomb-stones taunt my eyes,
Alas! Death passed her long ago!

THE FORSAKEN SHRINE

By BEULAH MAY

LONG has the shrine been forsaken, cleft
to the rain and the breeze,
The altar stone smothered in brambles, the
portico fallen away,
Silent the echoing threshold, save for the
murmur of bees.
And swallows have hung on the cornice
their houses of wattle and clay.

Down in the barberry thicket Praxiteles'
Venus is cast,
Gone her grave priests in their vestments
who guarded and tended the flame,
The maids who brought garlands of roses,
the shepherds in sandals of bast,
Villagers, hunters and sailors who bearing
their offerings came.

What if the shrine is forsaken? Smiling and
cool and remote,
Spring comes again to the forest, the crocus
buds bloom through the snow,
The fallow deer stir in the coppice, the night-
ingale sobs in his throat,
And Venus, carved, Greek, and eternal, rules
from long ago.



SONG

By HELEN HOYT

THE FIRST time I loved,
Gladly
I gave myself to love;
The second time I loved,
O madly
I gave myself to love;
The third time sadly,
Sadly
I gave myself to love.



THE KISS

By LOUIS GINSBERG

WELL, now that I have kissed you
And you have gone away,
I'll spread that glowing minute out
Each dark day.

To be in any hurry
Would do its beauty wrong,
Since I must make that minute last
My whole life long.

BALLADE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

DAUGHTER of James, and Mary of I
rairie
I who am prisoned and condemned to die
Long on these dungeon stones must
remain

To note my watchful jailers pacing by,
A spectral glimpse of flying scud have I
And stars at midnight by the dusk set free
By God's just grace thus kindly given me
And this is all; except that grey as glass
Up rise the ghosts of my dead lovers there
And point accusing fingers as they pass.

I see the block where Chastelard was slain
To meet his fate; the headless trunk to lie
While quick the wood his scrawling blood
did drain
Lapping like hound whose jaws are lean
dry;

And Darnley, strangled near the ruins high
By Bothwell's minions when he sought
flee,
Cozened and murdered by my fell decree.
Yea, thus as lights which haunt some dark
morass,
Up rise the ghosts of my dead lovers there
And point accusing fingers as they pass.

I hear the tones of Rizzio's voice sustain
A chord wild-plaintive as the lap-wing's
A world of longing in the tense refrain,
And closely blended with its rhapsody
Comes back the turquoise of Italian sky,
Cloud-castles, and the foam-racks of the
The dream is gone, aye! if a dream it be
While quickly sped as rain-drops on the glass
Up rise the ghosts of my dead lovers there
And point accusing fingers as they pass.

ENVOY

Prince! round my donjon, winds in elvish
glee
Rail as they shake the lightning-blasted tower
And as the clouds in moonlit grandeur move
Up rise the ghosts of my dead lovers there
And point accusing fingers as they pass.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868
and

OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Founded by Charles F. Lummis, 1894
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Editorial and Business Offices: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: H. W. HELLMAN BLDG., 354 S. SPRING STREET. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 609 MISSION STREET.

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

VOLUME 92 — 25¢ per copy

MARCH, 1934

\$2.50 per year, Number 3

The Incredible Case of Samuel Mathias

[Concluded from February Issue]

By HOWARD LINN EDSALL

"YOU'RE not a Sensational Man," he said, settling his coat. "I knew it as soon as I saw you. But I'm always ready to be shown—"

Things went whirling for Mathias temporarily, but the ghost of a smile crossed his gaunt face. "I thought so myself," he said quite calmly. "And yet" — his wide smile was grim as he realized his own necessity and the truth of what he was saying — "with that new mailing list I can build solid repeat business for you—if you need

"We need the business," said Fuller jocularly. "We don't—need you." He relaxed as though that were settled and looked warily at Mathias through half closed suspicious eyes. "Look a little shot," he said considerately. "How long have you been out of work, anyhow?"

Mathias sat as though frozen. Treading the heels of this defeat was an enormous shadow of the future. And then he grew angry. He frowned, and for the first time he felt surging resentment against Fuller personally. First the man laughed at a sound business method, and then dismissed him as negligible and funny numbnoodle.

There was a gleam in his mild sunken eyes and a dangerous catch in his voice as he said levelly. "That doesn't matter."

Fuller laughed shrewdly. "You bet it doesn't," he said, with great self-satisfaction. "I thought you'd put up a front with old T.B. Fuller, eh?" He lifted a pinkish, slightly soiled hand. "Your clothes look all right, but you can't fool me! We need men who can make good here, men with character. Well, man—" Fuller seemed to have solved the mystery to his great delight — "You're a den and —"

"Don't say it!" Mathias voice was caverous, and he felt as Walter Toomey must have when he smashed the chair. He loomed

up gauntly like a well-dressed scarecrow. He was not down-and-out. He would never be down-and-out. "Don't say it!" And then he swayed. Against his will, he swayed and closed his eyes. He was physically weak, and the impact of what he was up against shocked him like a buller. He knew he was fighting for his self-respect and keeping at bay the final psychological disaster of realizing that he was down-and-out by holding fast to his belief in his own value, despite appearances. That had subtly dignified him, as it had given him strength when even hope was dying. And Fuller was attempting to take it all from him.

"I'm still able to look every man in the eye and tell him to go to hell," said Mathias, frightfully calm. "Another famous old saying where I come from." His forehead wrinkled over his octagonal eyepieces as he looked at Fuller. He took his hat from the desk. "Go to hell," he said quietly, turning away. His shoulders began to shake loosely in his overcoat, and he was laughing when he left The Sensational-Used Car Exchange. But the laugh held overtones of such desperate hopelessness that Mr. Fuller remained speechless.

MATHIAS returned home long after meal time at the end of a barren day that called upon his sources of endurance until every tissue, nerve and cell in his tough young body was wincing in rebellion. Hunger was simply an aching, sullen inner protest, almost obliterated, not to be identified unless he thought about what it meant; and then it was terrifying, filling him with screaming panic—a panic that made him want to run from something remorseless that would kill him.

Mrs. Toomey opened the door for him. Obviously she had been waiting. Her eyes were red and anxious, and if such a large sensible woman could be said to flutter, Mrs.

Toomey fluttered; and her throaty voice was frightened. There was something about her that made her quaintly pretty to Mathias—as laughter makes a boy of an old man, and grief can make a mature woman seem like a helpless little girl.

"Oh, Mr. Mathias!" she said chokily. "I thought you'd never come. Walter hasn't come home to supper."

At the sound of her voice Mathias felt choked, and his heart thumped like a funeral drum as he realized that this was not simply a matter of delinquency on the part of Walter Toomey. He stood there stupidly, and after a moment he sat down because he had to.

"Probably found something, and it kept him late," Mathias managed to say.

Helen Toomey shook her head. "This terrible anxiety is getting him. He's been worse tempered and snarly than I've ever known him to be in twenty years, and he says things that make my flesh creep. Lately he wonders if it's pro'ly his fault that we're like this, and if it is, why—" She paused, and her eyes filled. "And then this terrible business of Joe Teele doing away with his family. And then—" She looked at Mathias almost accusingly. "You."

Mathias winced and rubbed his forehead helplessly with the back of his hand. It was woefully difficult to believe that he had complicated Toomey's life, and yet in his numbed exhaustion and bewilderment he was prepared for the worst.

"What have I done?" he asked sympathetically. "What could I have done?"

She looked at him pityingly, and moistened her lips. "He says we're nothing but waste lumber and sawdust," she cried hysterically. "He says you showed him that none of us are needed or wanted in this world."

During his worst moments in the past eight months, Mathias had never let him-

self believe that such a thing was true. The stark shock of hearing it made him sit erect in his chair.

"He's right and he's wrong," he said, terribly in earnest. "We're not needed or wanted unless we show we are!"

Mrs. Toomey burst into tears. "You two don't seem to be showing it," she said soddently. "I tried to kid him out of it, but he came back to that. He's always worked and been used to good times, and he just can't stand this. He said today that unless one of you had some good news soon, today or tomorrow, it would be for him like it was for Joe Teele!"

"Maybe if I left here," said Mathias softly, "he'd forget about it. I didn't stir up anything today."

Mrs. Toomey shook her blonde head pitifully. "Young man," she said, pulling herself together, "don't you forget that people are sort of mixed up with each other. If you left, he'd think about you starving or begging, and he'd wonder, and it would be worse. But if he does come home," her voice gathered firmness, "I'm going to do my best to quiet him down. Keep out of his way, and—it's up to you to tell us you want board tomorrow night. I'm not responsible if you don't."

The bitter foresight given Mathias lately by his own aging realizations protested fiercely against this deadline. "But," he objected hopelessly, "it's been tomorrow and tomorrow for—months."

"Have you given up, Mr. Mathias? Tell me, plain!"

"No," he said vehemently, and colored. "Of course not."

"Then get a job tomorrow. Keep out of his way until tomorrow night." Her voice was no longer firm; it was a pleading wail. "Oh, you've got to, Mr. Mathias!"

Beads of perspiration came out on his forehead. With all his heart he pitied her. But he had never been able to dissemble, and now he felt the burden of half the world upon his lean drooping shoulders as he made a pathetic attempt to comfort her.

"Don't worry," he said, with a terrifying straight smile that made his words unintentionally ambiguous, "our troubles will be over tomorrow night." And his throat ached as he wondered if Toomey would solve his problem as Joe Teele had done.

EXHAUSTED though he was, Mathias slept fitfully. His own immediate misfortunes had never appalled him as overwhelmingly as Mrs. Toomey's, for there was no self-pity in him. He heard Mr. Toomey return at a late hour, and he grew tense as Mr. Toomey's rumbling voice filled the house with thunderous protest. Seemingly beside himself, Toomey told his wife in an unchecked flood that he had been down to

see ex-Judge Fewsmith, who was organizing the Citizen's Private Police as a result of a mass-meeting held days before by 50,000 property owners who had resolved to stamp out racketeering and gang killings in the city.

"He wouldn't take me, Helen," blared Toomey, "account of the time in 'twenty-eight when I was pinched for driving with only two drinks in me, when I got the bonus on that Vogdes job, remember? I told him I was only human, and he said he had a tough job to do and couldn't help the way most people were made. I told 'm plainly that I was down-and-out and losing my little property, and he said he was sorry, but they wanted men who could show the job needed more than they needed the job!"

Afterwards, when Mathias thought he simply must go down and interpose, he heard Mrs. Toomey's voice indistinctly, and then whispering, and finally silence. A little later there floated up to him the sound of Walter Toomey's midget radio playing clear shrill jazz from some frolicsome night-club in Chicago. But before Mathias went to sleep a hope came to comfort him: Tomorrow he would apply to Judge Fewsmith. Perhaps—just perhaps—he had something to offer there.

A light slushy rain was falling late in the afternoon when Mathias found himself before the offices of ex-Judge Fewsmith and The Citizen's Private Police. His heart sank as he saw the curt placards on the windows and the entrance, to the effect that job-hunters, floaters, political hay-makers, and axe-grinders need not apply. The offices were in a shabby, badly-heated store on Chestnut street, formerly used as a campaign headquarters. He was among few applicants at this late hour; and he knew he had chosen his time aright. But soon he doubted there were ever many applicants.

Judge Fewsmith was a man whose personality had a flawless aristocracy of clear, hard outline, etched on fine steel by long intimate contact with all the corrosives to be found in modern society. He was twice as old as Mathias, quite as tall, almost as spare, and dressed meticulously in grey. Hair and close-cropped moustache were grey, and his stern eyes gave no sense of color whatever, seeming to have behind drooping bifocals the cynical, knowing sparkle of a camera lens and a brilliant light. He sat on a slightly raised platform back of a plain pine desk, and although the office was furnished with economy and taste, Fewsmith himself made it seem like Council in the richest palace of the Doges.

He smiled grimly as he glanced over Mathias's various papers, asked a few questions, sighed wearily, and at once began to attack, courteously and obliquely, and with ex-

quisite irony, all those who had no reason to apply to him.

"We usually have two kinds," said Fewsmith in a conversational tone, and yet with such precision and emphasis that a courtroom must have been dominated by him. "We get the honest, well-meaning but weak man who needs some sort of a job to get him over a bad winter, and—men who are in the army in peace time because there's nothing else to do." He leaned back and studied Mathias impersonally. "Where do you live?" he asked abruptly, his colorless face revealing nothing.

Mathias hesitated—hesitated and seemed to size himself up. "Not there," he said seriously, and shook his huge bony head.

Fewsmith nodded. "All right. We'll come to that. We have accepted only a very small percentage of those who come here—men of standing whose records show no questioned personal integrity, and a willingness to take grave responsibility. Men man enough and intelligent enough to realize the grave responsibility is. Because, you see"—and Fewsmith seemed to relish irony—"we have the effrontery to suppose we can make all the unprincipled 'big shot' and all their big and little fusses—sputter in prison!" He frowned. "A job no city does yet. We need men desperately. The kind we need won't or can't come because of family or business—but they're financially sound." Fewsmith paused and asked, abruptly, "How bad do you need this job?"

A cruel uncertainty gripped Mathias. He knew he had in him the best elements of Judge Fewsmith himself, and yet he needed this job or any job so badly that he dreaded to think about it. His naive, mild, blue eyes blinked back of his odd-shaped eyepieces as Fewsmith stared at him in unblinking appraisal that was like a clear ray of light. Then Mathias stiffened, Fewsmith's words and his austere manner carried an implication that touched his pride.

"No worse, I guess, than the job needs me," said Mathias, smiling doggedly, meeting Fewsmith's bright eyes without quail.

Fewsmith's thin lips pressed together, drooped at the corners. He shook his head to the rhythm of *one-two!* "Quite the opposite, Mathias," he said—and yet he said it as though he did not want to say "I did not expect you to support the legitimate deception of your white-collar front by lying—when I've known for fifty minutes that you're as near starving to death as any man I've seen outside a breadline."

Mathias gasped. He stood up quickly and the sudden effort took the blood from his face, leaving it more pallid than before. But he kept control.

"Still," he was able to say harshly, with

[Read further on page 6]

Robert Louis Stevenson and British Samoa

By BEN FIELD

WE DROPPED anchor in the reef-protected harbor of Apia, British Samoa at noon-time of a bright day in February. Before us stretched as beautiful a scene as the eyes of man ever viewed upon. Wide canyons and valleys led upward to mist-clad mountain tops. The earth was emerald green. Coconut palms and banana and bread fruit and many other tropical growths trooped away to the

There was but one blot on the landscape. A giant, rusted wreck squatted before us as if defying the beauty that was about. It accentuated the beauty. It was the blasted petal of an otherwise perfect to the discord in a sweet harmony.

The last time the mortal eyes of Robert Louis Stevenson swept that Bay of Apia, which he loved with an undying intensity, he beheld that wrack and wreck of a great

Step carefully Miss! Wait until the ship lifts with the wave."

My Lady gave the ship's officer a scornful glance and jumped for the chugging launch. She landed safely enough while I gingerly after her. The ship's officer granted his relief. We were being transferred from the Steamship City of Los Angeles to Tivoli Wharf.

"Talofa," somebody said as we reached the landing. I turned to see a smiling brown man at my elbow with tapa cloth and beads for many trinkets for sale.

"Oh!" exclaimed My Lady. "I want some of those."

"Better wait until we return" I replied. "We're going to Vailima right now, you know. Just as soon as we can find a suitable car."

Several launches were bringing our cruise passengers ashore, and soon there was quite a crowd about and in amongst the many natives who were squatted on the ground or sitting with their wares for sale. The rain began to come down, warm, golden drops ran from our faces along with the perspiration. It was hot, undeniably hot; but that is what to expect in the tropics, so we were happy and content looking upon the huge sights of Apia. And yet they were altogether strange for we had but now come from Suva and Noumea and Nukualofa.

It was a matter of some days past that we had sat at a umukai at Rarotonga and feasted with those fine and wonderful people of the South Cook Islands.

"They are about like the Tahitians," My Lady whispered "and the tapa cloth looks almost the same as that we got at the Tongans."

"You are right and there's a conch shell that reminds me of Nuka Hiva and the Marquesas."

"But the cloth isn't quite the same either, it's darker and heavier and the shell is shaped

The article by Mr. Field in our last issue featuring his "Cruising to the Marquesas and Many Islands Beyond" has drawn much favorable comment. We are doubly pleased to present this month his story on his Visit to the Home of Robert Louis Stevenson. In this connection we call attention to the article on Stevenson in our January issue. One marvels as he reads Mr. Field's delightfully written story of the tremendous contribution of Stevenson during his all too short life. Editor.

differently. Ah, there come some fighters with war clubs! Do you see how different the clubs are? Not like the Fijians have at all."

"Come on now!" shouted our cruise manager, "here are the cars for Falefa Waterfalls. Who's going to the Plantations? Here you are for the Sliding Rock. Ah, there's my crowd for the Robert Louis Stevenson home. Remember now you'd better all go to the village of Lepea first. Sivas will begin soon, dancing you know. But they will last and later you can see the Siva Lapalapa or action dance and the Siva Maululu or group dance. There'll be at least 150 dancers so don't miss it."

My lady and I with two or three others approached a beautiful, new American sedan. "We'd like this one," I said.

"All right, the Big Boss is going in that limousine there. I know where you want to go first. Haven't you been worrying me about it for a week? Vailima and Mount Vaea and Government House that used to be Stevenson's home."

And so we rolled away from the hubbub

and the shouting and took the streets through the little city of Apia, out along the road that had been trod a thousand times by the sandaled feet of the man, beloved of all the world. — Robert Louis Stevenson. The way was shaded and engreened by tropical growths, flowering trees like the royal poinciana, the red flamboyant, the frangipani, the hibiscus of scarlet and lemon, the flaming jasmine. — all of these and many more with coconut palm and bread fruit and banana leaned toward us or arched above.

"What was it he called this road up to Vailima?" My Lady asked as the liquid sunshine splashed against our sedan windows. Anon the sun would shine through the clouds and the whole visible landscape would be a jewel with brightness.

"The Samoans called it The Road of Gratitude or The Road of Loving Hearts, because they loved Stevenson. And they named him Tusitala because he endeared himself to them all."

"I'm athrill with the prospect of seeing Vailima! Can we find the waterfall and the swimming pool he made, do you suppose? Oh, there isn't anything in all the world more wonderful than this!"

"Yes," I said "Byron went to Greece, Stevenson to Samoa. We are going to see the greatest shrine of them all, now in a few minutes; but some day we'll go to the Grecian Isles and do homage to that less lovable but often loved Poet who is buried there. We'll remember as Ina Coolbrith remembered when she sent her wreath of laurel to him by Joaquin Miller."

"How far is it to Vailima?" whispered My Lady.

"Only four or five miles, we must be nearly there now."

"There is Government House, the Governor's residence," said our chauffeur, "and this is the end of Ala Lota Alofa, The Road of Loving Hearts."

We were entering on to wide and beautiful grounds, parked and sodded with a fine grass and soon our sedan stopped near the broad verandahs of Stevenson's Vailima.

I approached the limousine which had already arrived a little ahead of us. "Shall we pay our respects to Governor Hart?"

"Yes, I think we should," and so it was we entered the cool halls of Stevenson's

one-time home, Vailima the beautiful, Vailima, the shrine that is wonderful.

ALL ALONG the picturesque way there had been sights and incidents experienced to remember. Thatched Samoan homes and a few almost modern villas and cottages met our eyes and frequently there were native men and women and younger people. Children showed their white teeth as they smiled in greeting and more than one "Talofoa" was called in friendliness. This word means "How do you do or Good Morning."

Now we studied the ample two story villa that Stevenson built, some of it with his own hands. Many nearly level and other rugged acres surround it. Wide verandahs and vine-covered porches characterize the home. Palms and bananas and other tropical growths nestle close and offer shade and refreshing seclusion. Samoan men and youths in charge, as they were in the days of Tusitala, came to greet us and offer their services in guiding us about. The Road of Loving Hearts is nearly level and altogether smooth as it ascends gradually from Apia. There is no climbing until the visitor at the shrine undertakes the ascent of the considerable mountain, near at hand, where the great man is buried. We were made to feel at home, and welcome shone from the faces of the people in charge. After wandering about the grounds and inspecting the well-preserved home for some time it was suggested that we visit the water falls, and the swimming pool that Stevenson had created. These were not far away, just at the edge of the grounds and down a winding, rocky path. We could hear the falling of the water. Still it was raining softly, between the bursts of sunlight through the clouds. A brown-skinned, Apollo-like youth took my arm and insisted on helping me down the rocky trail. Sometimes perhaps a visitor would slip on the wet, black stones. Lava rocks they were.

"Oh!" exclaimed My Lady, and "Oh, how beautiful!" came from the lips of members of our little party. One or two gazed in silence on the sixty-foot cascade of water as it tumbled from a green-bowered cliff above to the pool where Stevenson and his family had often bathed in the old days. "See the cocoanuts and the bread fruit!" some one exclaimed. Truly it was a bower of beauty.

"No wonder Robert Louis Stevenson loved Samoa and Apia and built his Vailima here at the foot of this mountain," My Lady said.

As we came back to the main grounds and looked fairly again on the fine two-story home that now houses the Governor, our guides informed us that formerly there was an inclosed verandah on the second floor at the extreme right. This was Stevenson's den and work-room and here it was

that he passed to the Beyond. In this house before us, Mr. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne lived for many years with the great man. There was much entertaining during those happy years. Mighty Samoan chiefs and humble Islanders as well and scores of Samoan officials and visiting admirals and sea-captains and travelers to the South Seas were at home here, for as long as they chose to remain. The hospitality of Vailima was proverbial. Robert Louis Stevenson spent many working hours alone, generally seated on his fiber mat; but much more of his time was accounted for in the presence of the friends he loved. He was essentially a social man, a man's man when all has been said.

Vailima knew the King of Samoa, Malietoa Laupepa and also Mataafa, the intermediate King, while Malietoa was in exile in Africa, sent there by the Germans. Other friends and visitors were Uo and Tuimaleaifigafu, native chiefs and Ale the warrior and Tamasese the Elder, who had a large following for kingship. Still others were almost too numerous to mention. Tusitala's friendship for Samoan people, both royal and commoner, included Vao the young and comely daughter of Seumanutafa. Then also there was the Princess Faamu, only daughter of King Malietoa Laupepa, who was a favorite as a young girl. Looking upon the dancing maidens and women of Apia, later on that day, I thought of these attractive young women whose pictures I had seen. The dancing girls, too, were attractive, nay some were positively beautiful, and they were dressed much as Vao and the Princess Faamu were wont to dress at times in those lovable days of Stevenson's dream-life.

CLIMBING up Mt Vaea to the tomb of Stevenson on its summit was very different from the easy viewing of his former home and grounds. The way was steep and the rocks were wet, as was the undergrowth. The ground, too, was slimy and slippery. But finally we reached the top and were amply rewarded with the fine view and with the sight of the massive granite and cement work where he was buried. On it is inscribed, "1850 Robert Louis Stevenson 1894" and his own lines of beauty, written, we can not doubt, in anticipation:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Then on the other side: "The tomb of Tusitala," and these four words are in Sa-

moan. Following this is the speech of Ruth's to Naomi:

"Whither thou goest, I will go;
where thou lodgest I will lodge;
and people shall be my people, and thy God God;
where thou diest I will die, and I will be buried."

A Scotch thistle and a hibiscus flower cut into the stone.

What can one say of Stevenson's creative writings? So much is there that I shall not but little comment. Versatility in literature was one of his greatest characteristics. He could and did write entertainingly and constructively on a great variety of subjects. His scintillating, intriguing achievement in South Sea stories, then in history and even in poetry that is fine, ennobling, dramatic and again in novel and drama—versatile dominance is truly remarkable.

I think he will be remembered through the centuries for his kindly spirit in literature and his kindness and gentleness in life. Little children loved him and common people and great personages admired him. We were drawn to him in the bonds of affection. A granite monument could not be so good a tribute as this.

Robert Louis Stevenson might well have been a preacher. As a matter of fact he occupied the pulpit in Apia and taught in Sunday School. The Protestant and Catholic faiths were alike, almost, to him. He is probably preaching now or, at any rate, serving humanity-divinity which is the same thing. A million boys, and countless-fortunate beings, would thrill at seeing just a few of his creative works listed, such as these: Treasure Island, Travels with a Dog, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, The White Box, Poems, The Master of Ballantrae, Father Damien. Many of his poetic appeals to me strongly. I give two such quotations:

"Fair isle at sea—thy lovely name
Soft in my ear like music came.
That sea I loved and once or twice
I touched the Isles of Paradise."

Then again, from his New Poems:

"White placid marble gods should keep
Good watch in every shadowy lawn—
And from clean, easy-breathing sleep
The birds should waken me at dawn

* * *
And by the folded lawns all day—
No idle gods for such a land—
All active Love should take its way
With active labour hand in hand."

Quiet and tired, yet happy, we motored along The Road of Loving Hearts to Vailima. My Lady was subdued. "We have been to see a very great man," she said as she led

[Read further on page

The Endless Show

By KERMIT ANDERSON

IS entirely possible for one to enjoy an art gallery, although the pleasure is rather an individual matter. There are those who prefer to trust themselves inside a gallery. They have their nerves, or their glands. Who can say they have not found a great pleasure? There are other more positive individuals who believe they love art. They are found in the galleries. They will exclaim with restrained emotion, "Art is Divine. Is it not?" Theirs must be a saintly delight. Then there is the man with a sense of humor who gloats over the visitors as well as the experiments in esthetics. He is the epicure among inspectors. He really dines. At least laughs once in a while.

His work requires him to be in the midst of exhibition a great part of his time in order to see who is hung, he must have the humor to overcome a real disappointment in the discovery he makes each time it is the picture which is suspended. In the author. Occasionally he finds a water has hung himself in effigy. The intense satisfaction brought on by such a discovery is almost unbelievable. Possibly the traveler will be convinced that it is well worth a humane, and truly Christian viewpoint, that the Craftsman is glad to fight valiantly for the privilege and honor of painting himself. Certainly, in this light, a pseudo-humorist can choose one foot or another, and enjoy any show, from oils to live-draw, indeed, from prints to pant-

art is like religion; there are many creeds. One may call himself an eclectic, and select his at random. A good Confucian would say that we know nothing of art. He would be morally concerned with the elevation of anything he could understand. He would indicate a constant attempt toward the improvement of workmanship. He would be content to leave with the Greater Intelligence of the New World and the Young Culture an overwhelming task. — that of grasping the intangible with an imperfect technique.

It is always helpful to realize that art is something quite aside from a work of art. The work of art is as the artist made it, and the people see it. It is as sound as judgment is sound, and it is as great as the artists are great. There may be one or two things to do about a work of art: let it be, if you want it, and are able to satisfy it. You want, buy it, — and try to live with it. There may be one of a number of things that could be done about art: let the aesthetes continue to stir up a magnificent turmoil.

and be amused by the colossal dust they think they raise.

But the gallery visitor! He is an art, a nation, and an age in himself. He is a solid morsel in any valuable treatise on the arts and sciences. He pops out of textbooks on the technique of composition. The caper he cuts in such works which vainly instruct on the proper way to look at pictures is almost arabesque. And in off moments, he is a mixture of Charles Lamb's Poor Relation, and a Napoleonic Preferment. What a change there would be in art if our painters really understood him! Perhaps that is an explanation of the modern trend. It is certainly a question in some minds whether or not the modernists are leveling their brushes at abstractions or rhythms, or are trying to paint for the gallery visitor, and the jury. The great delight is that the pilgrim to the shrine of art might be anyone, from artisan to priest, from politician to subject. Truly, this is a democratic consideration.

The benign pilgrim visits the gallery because he feels it is his duty; because he is overcome by a morbid curiosity, and is a little ashamed of it; because it makes him

feel that indefinable thing called culture; because a friend insisted that he go; because someone said: "Oh, Mr. Hapgood, you do know so very much, don't you?" and because he will be able to tell a certain Mrs. Smith something about Toulouse Lautrec, which is a sounding name in any household, and, accordingly, a name to capitalize upon.

Somewhere in his cerebral cranium, in a spot relatively untouched by the high-pressure civilization of the twentieth century, he is convinced that the gallery is a stuffy communal barn for specimens of artistic truck-gardening. He can never become accustomed to the superannuated handmaidens of beauty standing inexorably in one corner or another, dabbling their noses with print handkerchiefs, and heaving hopelessly impressed bosoms. He feels horribly out of place in the still, close atmosphere; and uncomfortable in a room of nudes, unless he happens — oh, so rarely — to be alone. The Old Masters rub him the wrong way. He thinks of the tin-types in the family album. The effect of the modern school disturbs his ill-chosen, hastily-devoured lunch. He stands aghast before an impressionistic picture of a horse that gives only the impression of having stomach-staggers. He believes he is a stoic when he discovers himself looking full in the face a portrait of a green woman, done in the manner of the modern French. But he becomes a pyromaniac when a lorgnette floats to his side, and he hears the spoken word, "Magnificent!" He passes from landscape to landscape, portrait to portrait with the same attention he would give to the shelves in a pottery store. And when he is not in a museum, he feels he would like to be in one, so that it would appear he was passing through to the paleontological room. — or to the exhibitions of spears, pipes, and musical instruments. Yet he is pleased, when, for some unaccountable reason he is caught at a lecture on the handicrafts, the speaker recounts Daumier's quip about tourists visiting the galleries: "You go to the left, and I'll go to the right." Funny he never thought of it. Pretty good idea, that.

The genial observer, looking at pictures which indicate considerable thought and effort to get at an impression of life, feels necessarily a static quality in the product. That which is fixed on canvas and on paper is an illusion, a suggestion, done, but infrequently, with the cleverness and the nicety of years of craftsmanship. The observer turns gladly from the dead to the quick, finding.

[Read further on page 68]

PASSING OF THE PUEBLOS

By D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

HERE are the plains; the same, yet not the same.

For while tall grasses grow
And rain comes still, and snow. . .
There are no buffalo.
No chanting Pueblo.

Here are the mountains close against the sky;
But mountains stripped and clean
Of pines that cloaked them green. . .
Ghost pueblos here are seen
'Neath canyon walls that lean.

Here are long trails through rolling sage-
brush hills;
Brown feet went first this way
In some forgotten day,
But now these trails of gray
Lead over Pueblo's clay.

Here are the plains, the mountains, and the hills;
They cannot die like men. . .
They must remember when
Gay Pueblos roamed . . . and then
Were gone . . . nor come again.

An Hawaiian Sugar Plantation

By FRED LOCKLEY

THE NEXT time I put a spoonful of sugar in my coffee, I will have a better realization of the millions of dollars invested to produce that spoonful of sugar. While in the Hawaiian Islands, I visited a number of sugar plantations, that of the Oahu Sugar Company being more or less typical. In reaching their plantation we drove past miles of sugar cane. In places, the cane was from 10 to 12 feet high. So dense and luxuriant is its growth that it looks as if a jackrabbit would have a hard job working its way through the jungle of cane. Some of the fields were in blossom, the top of the sugar cane being crowned by a beautiful feathery plume like pampas grass. The cane itself is jointed like bamboo and varies in size from the thickness of a broomstick to the size of one's wrist. On the ground at the base of the stalks is a litter of dried leaves. Before the sugar cane is cut, the workmen set fire to the dried litter on the ground, which, blazing fiercely, burns the partially dried leaves on the cane stalk. The workmen then cut the stalk with a heavy knife. A fortune awaits the man who will invent some mechanical contrivance for cutting the canestalk, thus saving the cost of cutting it by hand. The sugar cane when cut is piled and loaded by boom type derricks on the cane cars which travel on portable tracks through the field. These cane cars are

operated by tractors or mule power, and when loaded are shunted to the main tracks.

On the Oahu plantation the field equipment consists of three sets of Fowlers steam tackles, used in plowing, six track-layer tractors, a Fordson tractor and grader for road work, seven boom type derricks, which are operated by gasoline engines and are self propelled on corduroy tracks, 18 motor trucks, 18 automobiles, 268 mules and horses and 5 motorcycles. The company operates a plantation approximately 20 miles square. They have 11,350 acres planted to sugar cane. The fields extend to tide water, being only ten feet above sea level on the Waipio peninsula, and gradually rising to an elevation of 700 feet at the Waiahole ditch. Approximately 24 per cent of the total acreage in sugar cane on the island of Oahu is embraced in this one plantation.

Unlike the Bonanza wheat farms of the West, the sugar plantations are divided into a large number of small fields which are assigned to groups of workers. On the Oahu plantation there are 77 separate fields, varying in size from 50 to 280 acres.

About 3,000 employees work all the year around. The laborers are employed on a piecework system, the cane being grown by contract. The company pays so much per ton for the cane. A group of workers will take over the contract to work a certain field,

usually about ten acres per man. The workmen are paid so much per ton for all returned in, and they are required to irrigate, cultivate and fertilize the fields, the company providing the water, fertilizer and tools. The average wage runs from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day, the company furnishing each man rent free, well built and comfortable housing that cost approximately \$1,000 each. The company also furnishes free water and fuel, and a plot for a garden, as well as medical attention and hospitalization only for the laborer but for his family. The company operates a store on a non-profit basis. The investment in the store is approximately \$175,000 and the annual turnover exceeds \$450,000. To keep laborers contented so they will not want to go to work in Honolulu or elsewhere, a clubhouse is furnished to each nationality, that the Japanese, Portuguese and Filipino and the skilled help, each have their club-house. There is also a community house where entertainments and meetings are held and there is a Japanese Social Club and a Filipino Social Club. The company provides a baseball park, and on the plantation they have a baseball league consisting of eight teams, the company providing the equipment and umpires and transportation when teams play in Honolulu. The company provides moving pictures, as well as a nurse where the Japanese women can leave their children free of charge while the mothers are working in the fields or elsewhere.

Starvation Leads To—

By STEVE FISHER

WITH WEARY eyes, Walter gazed at the drab dress that covered his wife's thin, under-nourished body. Pitifully his eyes scanned over her wan face, her sunken cheeks, the black lines under her eyes. It haunted him. His temples throbbed painfully. His fists clenched. He beat on the seat of his little wooden chair. Then he leapt from it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Grace," he shouted hysterically, "I tell you I can't stand it! These four walls, this little broken down shack on a barren, desolated lot, — the rotting pieces of wood in this room, in the bedroom, junk that we call our furniture, — and, and you—" he pointed a long finger at her, his eyes gleaming insanely, "you growing thinner and thinner, starving to death in front of my very eyes! I tell you I can't stand it, Grace! We've got to eat!"

She sighed. She had heard it so many

times before. Over and over she had heard it. — yet they were still hungry, still starving. "What did Mr. Ross say?" she asked.

"Ross," he screamed, "that rich old miser. — I hate him! He turned me away, no work, he said. He, living up there on that big farm, horses, cows, pigs, chickens, everything anyone could want for, — and us, — you and I, starving to death. Oh, I told him, yeah, I told him all right, Grace. It made no difference. He was hard, like iron."

She shook her head.

"I ought to kill him," Walter whispered, moving closer to her. "I ought to kill him!"

"And we would still be hungry," she reminded him. "Don't worry, Walter. God will find a way for us. God will not let us starve to death."

"Do we have to stay here and wait for the feast angel to come to us, Grace?"

She only shook her head.

"I suppose," he went on mockingly, "that

if we wait long enough, a genie will appear with a tray full of food."

She rose, slowly, faced him. Tenderly placed her hand on his cheek. "Please, Walter, have control of yourself. Everything will be all right." Her voice was soft, so soft.

He didn't speak, sniveled, felt his stomach. "I'll go out and get some more berries," she said.

"Berries," he ejaculated, "berries, berries, that's all we'll ever have, — berries. Damn Ross. I hate him! I hate stinky hide!"

"I'll be back later," she said, "wait, me, Walter."

He said nothing. She picked up a basket and walked slowly out of the room, closing the creaking door behind her.

He turned and walked quickly to a bedroom. There was a strange gleam in his eyes. He opened a dresser drawer, rummaged

[Read further on page 7]

Edgar Rice Burroughs, Creator of Tarzan

By MARGARET ROMER

"ARAZANA" is the home of Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan of the Apes. This estate lies some twenty-miles northwest of Los Angeles on the Highway to San Francisco. It extends the road far back into the hills of the Range where wild cats and mountain still stalk their prey.

he master of "Tarazana" allows no ing on his estate. Furthermore, he secured an appointment as a deputy game warden in order that he might better protect wild creatures that live on his land.

Two pools in the garden near the house ly clear fresh drinking water for the things. As a result of this care and action, the grounds are alive with small nials, quail and other birds. But the tain lions and wild cats cannot be nted to venture so near to civilization.

Mr. Burroughs neither hunts nor fishes. A keen sense of justice prevents his finding fun in killing. He would kill for food self-defense, but not for sport. But he has keen joy out of hunting with a camera.

One might suppose a man with the imagination to create Tarzan and John Carter and all their thrilling adventures, to be an impractical dreamer and perhaps a little queer. But nothing could be further from the truth.

Mr. Burroughs is a dreamer to the extent that he dreams his stories through, but there his dreams end and he puts them down on paper so they may profit him and others as well. Though congenial and charming in manner, Mr. Burroughs is a decidedly practical man. Writing is his profession and he goes about his work in a systematic, businesslike manner. He aims to work about four hours a day, usually in the forenoon. He is entirely free of oddities of any kind. Neither is there a grain of conceit in his make-up. He refuses to admit any claim to greatness. His books are intended only to furnish clean entertainment to the reading public. If they stimulate boys to further reading, they have fulfilled their purpose to the satisfaction of their author. That they have accomplished their mission is proved by the fact that the Tarzan books have been

translated into some seventeen foreign languages.

"Tarzan of the Apes" was at first refused by thirteen book publishers and was finally purchased by a newspaper syndicate and ran serially in more than 6,000 small-town newspapers throughout the country. Through these, it won instant popular favor and the public then demanded the story in book form.

Mr. Burroughs has never been in Africa, yet his jungle lore is true to life. It is based on his careful study of many accounts of explorers and hunters in the African wilds. The habits of the animals are accurately portrayed, as are also the descriptions of the jungle and its ways.

The tribe of great apes that Mr. Burroughs makes so real to his readers, does not actually exist. It is an imaginary combination of the cleverness of the chimpanzee and the strength and physique of the gorilla.

The language of the apes and monkeys was made up by the author. Mr. Burroughs gave his nomenclature careful study, making each name fit the creature for which it is the symbol. Thus, Goro, the moon, Bara, the deer, Manu, the monkey, and all the other terms, soon sound entirely natural.

His famous city of Opar actually exists. It is one of many such ruins and is rich in legendry. Its inhabitants, the Oparians, however, are entirely imaginary.

In his earlier years, Mr. Burroughs was an instructor in the Michigan Military Academy. Here, among other subjects, he taught Geology. This knowledge he turned to profit later in his re-creation of some of the pre-historic races of men. For instance, in his "Tarazan the Terrible," the author reconstructed a tribe of the pre-historic Pithecanthropus Erectus, or ape-men with tails, who walked erect. Also, his knowledge of Geology enabled him to reconstruct and make live again, many pre-historic beasts such as the Gryf and others.

The Martian stories are much more highly imaginative than is the Tarzan set. And who can read of the adventures of John Carver among the six-limbed green men of Mars, and not thrill and chill to his very marrow!

California's mild winters attracted Mr. Burroughs and his family for several consecutive years beginning with 1913. Then in 1919, after one of Chicago's unusually severe winters, the family journeyed to California with the intention of making it their permanent home.

In the early spring of that year, Mr. Burroughs purchased the estate which later became known as "Tarzana." This estate was the home of General Otis, a hero of the War in the Philippines and founder and manager of the Los Angeles Times until his

[Read further on page 70]

Seasons and Reasons

By GEORGE KEEFER

SPRING

VIRGINIA'S eyes are blue, like pools of water 'neath an azure sky;
Mary's teeth are sparkling jewels, no one adores more than I.
Bey's hair is golden rain that falls about her temples fair;
Bey's lips drive me insane with their entrancing beauty rare.

SUMMER

Wyn's voice is low and sweet, her laugh is like the rippling brook;
Helen's tiny hands and feet bring more than one admiring look.
Bey's figure is divine, a shapely goddess' form supreme;
Ruth is just a clinging vine, the way she dances is a dream.

AUTUMN

ALAS, Virginia, she's too fat, she moves around just like a truck;
And Mary's feet are big and flat, they're like the paddles on a duck.
Bey's complexion comes in jars, the way she paints up is a fright;
Betty's teeth are like the stars because they come out every night.

WINTER

Wyn's eyes are like close friends, they never correspond, they meet;
Helen's chatter never ends, she's got the worst loud-speaker beat.
Bey's temper's something fierce, you wouldn't think she'd be so mean;
Although Ruth's wiles my heart would pierce, she really should use
L'isterine.
So I guess I'll wait a while ere putting on the marital noose;
If can't find one to my style, I ask you, "What the heck's the use?"

Vacation Tours

18 Days All Expense

MEXICO

195 Tours First Class

\$500 Hawaii, South Sea Islands, **\$360**
New Zealand, Australia,
First Raratonga, Tahiti & return Cabin

\$577 Honolulu, Japan, China, **\$352**
First the Philippines, & return. Second

\$655 AROUND THE WORLD **\$460**
First Cabin Los Angeles Back to L.A. Second

EUROPE, ALASKA, SOUTH AMERICA

— We Are Agents for All Lines —

D. F. ROBERTSON

TRAVEL BUREAU

408 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

VAndike 7915

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable
Bindings for All Purposes
Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings
for Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made
Permanent for Ready
Reference

EARLE A. GRAY

1220 Maple Avenue
Los Angeles, California

Telephone PRospect 0396

W. N. D.'s
ROCK PILE FLOWER GARDEN

Hardy Plants
No Hot Boxes — No Hot Bed Plants

W. N. DAVIDSON
Boulder, Montana

Robert Louis Stevenson

[Continued from page 64]

against my side on the cushioned seat of the sedan.

WHEN we came to Lepea, mighty things were going on. A clashing, athletic dance, reception and entertainment were being accorded our cruise people. Sometimes Samoans dance gracefully and quietly, but generally it is with a great will and much violent, though rhythmical, movement. In front of the high, war-chief's thatched and beautiful bungalow a large assemblage of warriors with short red, fiber skirts and painted faces was dancing picturesquely. Companies of young women and girls went through their rhythmic motions at the other end of the common. Drums and loud music punctuated the gently falling rain. It was a splendid tribute and given with a will. There were war clubs and tapa cloth and pareu cloths and beads and bracelets and many things to catch the eye and the purse. The interior of the big chief's thatched home, (and he was big physically as well as in tribal status), was a marvel of cloths and mats and beads and bamboo finish and native attractiveness and beauty. The Chief was most gracious and his wife gave smiling welcome to all. My Lady filled her arms and mine with treasures. And there were photographs and picture cards to buy and the many snap shots in our cameras that we had taken all the way from the deck of our big steamer, to Vailima and back and to the other places of attraction where auto loads of our people had gone.

The Siva was breaking up. As we

threaded our way amongst the pictures and beautiful dancing girls, I espied a that took my eye, on the finger of one the most attractive of these entertainers. Touching her shoulder I pointed to the rim of the red turtle shell that came to the edge of the under side of the tortoise. It was inlaid with beaten silver. Understanding what it was I desired she immediately drew the ring from her own finger, slipped it on mine. It was a sweet, courteous thing, nor could she be induced to take payment for her treasure.

At midnight our ship steamed out of Apia Harbor, British Samoa. We had traveled many thousands of miles through the South Seas and had looked upon beautiful tropical islands. And nearly every one of these was encircled by a coral reef, as was Samoa. Now we were heading out through the opening in the Samoan reef. Under the golden moon My Lady stood at my side on the upper deck. "Why is it?" she asked, "that wherever we have seen a harbor in these Southern Seas, there has always been an opening through the coral reef outside of ships to come and go? Did the little creatures, Actinoptera who gave their bodies to the reefs know that some day big steamships would want to pass through?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "you are talking of God's natural law and of his infinite wisdom as demonstrated through even the smallest of his creations."

"I wish I could ask Tusitala and listen what he would say about it, too," she replied.

The Endless Show

[Continued from page 65]

or trying to find the principles of humanity which influence artists; and finding such principles more entertaining than the framed and arty compilations, continues his healthful consideration.

What is there about a dressy group stalking through the gallery that is so arresting? It must be their conversation, and their actions, chameleon-like, take on the color, the atmosphere, the influence of the room. The reporter would like to follow the group into the street, even into the home to learn what is foreign to their characters, and what is indigenous. As the persons assemble before one picture, and reassemble before another, poke out their necks, bend their knees, wave their hands in ethereal and Hogarthian lines of beauty; expound, exclaim, extol, vilify, argue and philosophize, there are not many actions made, or words spoken which would be made or spoken in precisely that

fashion in a confectioner's shop. These actions and words seem to be reserved for places designed for the secondary purpose of showing oneself. Whatever becomes of the prime purpose, no one knows. In such places, it is evidently not the least of the accomplishments to indicate by word or motion that one is born and bred a gentleman, or a lady. But in moments of relation, when the cravats are laid aside for the lorgnettes, and the manners with the morning coat and the silver slippers, when the last show is out of mind completely, what would an appraisal reveal? Pictures would be hanged!

Perhaps someone in the dressy group is clever enough to perceive the irony in any of the studies they look at; and perhaps the observer can only hope, and wait and go away realizing that art frequently is timely.

Case of Samuel Mathias

[Continued from page 62]

himself groped in a black void of hopelessness. "I have some value as long as I believe in it!"

Judge Fewsmith leaned toward Mathias across his desk as though pronouncing sentence, but with unmistakable pity in the read lines of his face. "Not to us, Mr. Mathias," he said wearily. "I can't help everybody who deserves it, but here—" He took a black wallet. "Here's five dollars until you get on your feet. I dislike saying it, but we need genuine public servants, not for down-and—"

Mathias shook his head like a large dog that has been unexpectedly drenched with water. "No—no!" he said sharply. "The Toomeys were kind. Maybe you're trying to say I don't think I ever needed charity. But I don't think I ever will." The room began to spin; his long frame gradually slid to the floor in a faint of sheer bodily weakness, still dimly conscious and tortured by his utter failure. Not only was the source of his strength completely taken from him by the judgment of Fewsmith, but he had failed even to win despite the unshaken courage of his convictions, to make this little world of Judge Fewsmith see that it needed what he offered for. It flashed through his mind with unbearable poignancy that perhaps there was

a kind of sinister wisdom in Toomey's threat to obliterate them all as scrap lumber and waste.

"Damnation," said Fewsmith, coming from behind his desk to take the young man's arm. "Keep your feet. You're not even down yet, young man. And if I stand for anything, you can't be! Toomey told me about you, but I had no mind to believe him until you proved it to me."

"Oh," said Mathias, suddenly irritated at Toomey. He breathed heavily as his head cleared and his strength returned with the beat of his pulse. "He did, did he?"

"Among other things as he raved, ranted and growled," said Judge Fewsmith, grimly humorous; "when I told him the job we have ahead of us needed men whose pride and strength seem obsolete today—men with old-fashioned backbone more than anything else—he said your stomach was sticking to yours because you had so much of it." He smiled at Mathias paternally. "You start as soon as you sign your name. The salary, I'm glad to say, is above the minimum requirements for health and decency—"

"—" There was a strange thoughtful smile on Mathias's face. "Then—you'll let me have an advance of fifty cents, won't you?" he requested. "I want to get a messenger-boy out to Toomey's right away, telling them that, starting tonight, I'll want board."

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in garage — forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny, sound-proof, with bath and shower — and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.



TODAY'S RATES
ARE MOST MODERATE

Single, \$2-\$2.50 Double, \$3-\$3.50

NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC

230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c.
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1934

Antispecies — Redwood Forest	58
Bear Flag Incident, Warren N. Woodson	59
Body Lane	60
Beware the Minstrel, Roland Cooke	
Bougainvillea Illusion, Lotus J. Costigan	
The Forsaken Shrine, Beulah May	
Song, Helen Hoyt	
Ballade of Mary Queen of Scots, Ernest McGaffey	
The Kiss, Louis Ginsberg	
Incredible Case of Samuel Mathias, Howard Linn Edsall	61
Albert Louis Stevenson and British Samoa, Ben Field	63
Endless Show, Kermit Anderson	65
King of the Pueblos, D. Maitland Bushby	65
Hawaiian Sugar Plantation, Fred Lockley	66
Investigation Leads to—, Steve Fisher	66
Our Rice Burroughs, Creator of Tarzan, Margaret Romer	67
Reasons and Reasons, George Keefer	67

Just Out! **1000 New Ways To Make MONEY**
in spare time work at home

Here, at last, is your chance to add to the family's income. These are new, practical instructions that anyone can follow. No canvassing or selling. There is not one word of guess work in this marvelous, helping hand book. Every idea is fresh from reports to the U. S. Dept. of Labor, Dept. of Agriculture, Congressional Library, Office of Education.

Authentic Information No matter what your age, sex or condition, you will find here several ways of making money right in your own home. Then you can buy the things you need so badly, get out of the rut, be your own boss! These 1000 Ways are taken from latest reports to the U. S. Dept. of Labor, Dept. of Agriculture, Dept. of Education, Congressional Library, Office of Education.

Results Guaranteed Be the first in your neighborhood to use these new, money-making ideas. This book: "1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" is guaranteed to find a way for you to make extra money immediately. If it does not, you may return book for refund. You owe it to yourself to investigate. TODAY, send \$1.50!

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE
4413 Bryson Building
Los Angeles, Calif.

OLD COINS WANTED

\$300 paid for 1894—S Mint Dime.
Big Premiums paid on other coins.
Coin Book showing prices we pay, 25c.

COIN COLLECTORS request our LISTS and ORDER FORM, 3c.; Transportation Token List, 10c.; Auction Catalogue of Rare Coins, 10c.; Lincoln's Saloon License in Antique Frame, 75c. One Year's Subscription to Home-Hobbyist Magazine, a Quarterly for all Hobby Collectors, 50c.

KOIN-X-CHANGE, 0-35 S. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

ONLY 1 TICKET now required for a Compartment to San Francisco or Portland



SINGLE occupancy of a compartment, which formerly required a ticket and a half, now requires only one rail ticket. In addition, the cost of a compartment to San Francisco has been reduced from \$12.75 to \$8.50. Similar reduction to Portland. These savings combined with recent rail fare cuts bring compartment-travel costs to a new all-time low.

Pullman fare for a single bedroom or private section between Los Angeles and San Francisco has been cut to only \$5.40.

Next time you go anywhere
TRY THE TRAIN!

Southern Pacific

H. P. MONAHAN, Gen. Pass. Agent

Tarzan

[Continued from page 67]

death. The palatial white stucco residence crowning one of the hills, was the General's home. It was occupied by the Burroughs family for several years after their purchase of the land, but now it has been converted into a country club and is a playground of the well-to-do. The author's family now occupies a modest bungalow at the foot of the hill near the highway.

Of all animals, Mr. Burroughs loves horses best. He keeps several mounts and finds keenest joy in the saddle. Riding is another of the subjects in which Mr. Burroughs instructed the students at the Michigan Military Academy, and he was in the cavalry division of the United States Army for several years thereafter.

But Mr. Burroughs' chief pride is his family. Two sons and a daughter have just blossomed into maturity.

None are more delighted readers of their father's books than are the children of the author. When their father first began reading the Tarzan books aloud to them, the younger son, Jack, fairly lived the part of Tarzan. It was with difficulty that his father

and mother could persuade him to eat cooked meat. He wanted to eat it raw, for did not Tarzan prefer it so? One day the astonished father saw his son following him across the yard on all fours with his nose to the ground. "What in the world are you doing, Jack?" Mr. Burroughs questioned. "Why father," replied the boy, "I am following your scent spoor."

From his childhood, Mr. Burroughs had always dreamed thrilling adventure stories but it was not until he was thirty-five that he began to write them down. This was about 1911, and a year later, his stories began finding their way into print. In 1913 he gave up his position and began giving his entire time to the profession of writing.

So this kind, congenial, practical man is contributing his bit to the happiness of the world.

Starvation

[Continued from page 66]

around, shoved a bible to one side, reached in and drew out a small hatchet. How the metal gleamed. His hatchet . . . He was hungry!

Silently he waited at the Ross farm.

Old man Ross opened the back door, his wife goodbye. The woman disappeared. The old man proceeded to the garage. Walter waited. Now he was getting in the. There was a roar as the motor sputtered and kicked.

No one heard the scream.

When Grace returned, her bag full of berries, she found blood on the floor.

She rushed to the bedroom. Walter threw an old sheet over something. His hands were bloody.

"Walter—" here eyes went wide, "What have you done?"

He looked up at her guiltily, unspeakably.

"Walter,—" there was horror in her voice.

"We were hungry, so hungry," he murmured weakly, "he was cruel, — he wouldn't let me work—"

She bent down, her fingers gripping the edge of the sheet. Quick, she jerked, stepped back, her eyes still wide, her mouth slightly agape.

"No one heard the scream," Walter went on, "the motor of the car drowned it. He glared at his kill, greedily. "Ross never miss it though," he went on, "he got too many hogs than to worry about one."



SAN FRANCISCO, ON PARADE

The city's life moves from all directions . . . and meets at Powell and O'Farrell, where The Manx entertains celebrities and visitors from all over the world!

Weekly Events

Apr. 4 Opening League Baseball Season.

Apr. 5-7 State meeting Calif. Dental Assn.

Apr. 15 Annual Charity Racing Meet, racing all month.

Apr. 17-18 Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons, State of California.

Apr. 19-20 Grand Com-mandery Knights Templars.

Apr. (date open) Columbia Theatre, "Biography" Starring Alice Brady.

From the Entrance of the Manx

Come in from the city's activity . . . through the handsome lobby to your quiet, beautifully appointed room. Here you rest, relax in perfect comfort.

Fresh From the Decorator's Touch!

Painters, decorators have been busy giving a new, brighter face to California's famous hotel . . . known for true hospitality and friendly atmosphere!

Moderate Rates:

Without bath—single \$1.50-\$2.00
Without bath—double \$2.00-\$2.50
With bath—single \$2.00-\$2.50-\$3.00
With bath—double \$3.00-\$3.50-\$4.00

MEET ME AT THE MANX



POWELL at O'FARRELL—SAN FRANCISCO

The Bear Flag Incident

[Continued from page 59]

inate with the people who are friendly
its existence, that the citizens are its
adians: the officers its servants, its glory
eward."

As a contrast between felicity of speech
part of President Ide and force of words
elegant Ford, listen to Ford's address to
command. He said, "My countrymen!
have taken upon ourselves a very re-
sible duty. We have entered into a war
the Mexican nation. We are bound to
and each other or be shot. There is no
way place about it. To defend ourselves
must have discipline. Each of you has
a voice in choosing your officers. Now
they are chosen, they must be obeyed."

ND SO, in this capacity William B. Ide
became the first and only President of the
ublic of California, which Republic ex-
for the brief period of twenty-three
for: The Bear Flag of occupation
h was unfurled over Sonoma on the

morning of June 14, '46, and the proclama-
tion of occupation there promulgated were
destined, by the hand of lucky fate, to soon
be vitiated by a succeeding military coup of
more far reaching importance and perma-
nency: for, on July the 7th, '46, just twenty-
three days after this capture of Sonoma,
Commodore Sloat sailed into Monterey Bay,
just ahead of a competitive British ship;
occupied the Mexican capital in the name of
the United States, and over that place raised
the American flag.

"Lieut. Revere was dispatched from Mon-
terey to notify Santa Clara, San Francisco,
or Yerba Buena, and Sonoma of the change
of Government of California, reaching So-
noma the third day, when the Bear Flag was
run down and the Stars and Bars raised to
the masthead, where this symbol of the heart
of our land has since remained undisturbed
in the perpetuation and protection of the
State we all love so well."



"How to Make It" Books

men and boys possess an inherent love for making things. Be-
set of pleasing him by selecting some of these interesting books
ished by Popular Mechanics Press.

FOR BOYS (all ages 8 years or over)

H FAMOUS "BOY MECHANIC" LIBRARY—4 Big Volumes. 4000
While Things to Make—all the things so dear to the heart of
the boy. Enough to last him until he is a grown-up man. Books
and 4. Each has 460 pages, hundreds of illustrations, size 7x10
ne s. Cloth. Price \$2 per single volume or \$7 for complete set of
4 books.

FOR MEN AND BOYS (all ages)

MAKE IT YOURSELF is the Boy Mechanic grown up. Both father
son will revel in the 900 different articles dealt with—such
as ships models, ingenious toys, amusement devices, novel
ure, useful appliances and things for the home, etc. Cloth, 460
pages. Profusely illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.
COLLAR MECHANICS BOAT BOOK—Every man and boy wants a
boat. This book shows the amateur how to build any type of
or small boat at little expense. In addition it contains every-
thing about boats and boating that the small boat owner wants to
know. Cloth 269 pages. Fully illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.00.
OUTDOOR SPORTS THE YEAR ROUND—A fascinating book for
the young. Hundreds of ideas for new popular sports as well as
old favorites. Covers every season and is especially complete on
winter sports. Many unique articles on making sport equipment.
Cloth, 352 pages. 650 illustrations. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$2.
Any of the above sent postpaid upon receipt of price or C.O.D.
anywhere in U.S.A.

Write for Catalogue describing 5000 books on 2000 subjects.

POPULAR MECHANICS PRESS

204 E. Ontario Street

CHICAGO



HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



MOST CONVENIENT Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near every-
thing to see and do in
Hollywood. Ideal for busi-
ness or pleasure.

Every room has private
dressing room, bath and
shower. Beds "built for
rest." Every modern con-
venience. Fine foods at
reasonable prices. Conven-
ient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

OLD — RARE AND UNUSUAL BOOKS

Old Magazines and bound volumes of Rare
and old magazines, also new current books
and magazines at Bargain prices. Old books
bought, sold and exchanged. Our service can
supply you with almost any book or maga-
zine you wish, we get you that hard to get
book. Free Catalogue.

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE

0413 Bryson Bldg., Los Angeles, California



MAKE MORE MONEY AT HOME CANDYMAKING

BIG PROFITS being made by
WORLD'S SPECIALTY
CANDIES new method; no
expensive equipment or machinery. System
operated anywhere, kitchen, shop or factory.
Simplified home study course. Learn today,
earn tomorrow. We furnish supplies; few
dollars starts you. Write today for proof of
students' success. Free booklet explains.

LIBERTY CANDY & SUPPLY CO.

Dept. E, 355 South Broadway
Los Angeles, California

JUST FROM THE PRESS

"A ROAD TO OPPORTUNITY"

By

D. W. PITTMAN

A discussion of present conditions and the way out. 144 pages.

Price — \$1.00

• • •

"LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF"

By

JAMES FRANKLIN CHAMBERLAIN

A book on Canada for school and general reader. Its physical features, climate, scenery, productions, commerce and industry.

Fully Illustrated. 216 pages. Price — \$1.00

• • •

"SCATTERED KERNELS"

By

FLORA COBLENTZ

Selected Epigrams reflecting a sound philosophy of life, helpful to readers in the home and to business, professional and thinking people generally. A volume produced under most extraordinary conditions. Introduction by Stanton A. Coblenz.

72 pages. Price — \$1.00

• • •

— Order Direct from the Publishers —

Write for Catalogue of Complete List

Overland - Outwest Publications

"Books of the West"

502 H. W. Hellman Building
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and
OUTWEST MAGAZINE



Featuring:

UPTON SINCLAIR "NO EXCUSE FOR POVERTY"

LAUGHTER AND THE NEW DEAL

EMERGENCY EDUCATION

WHAT IS POETRY?

MELODY LANE

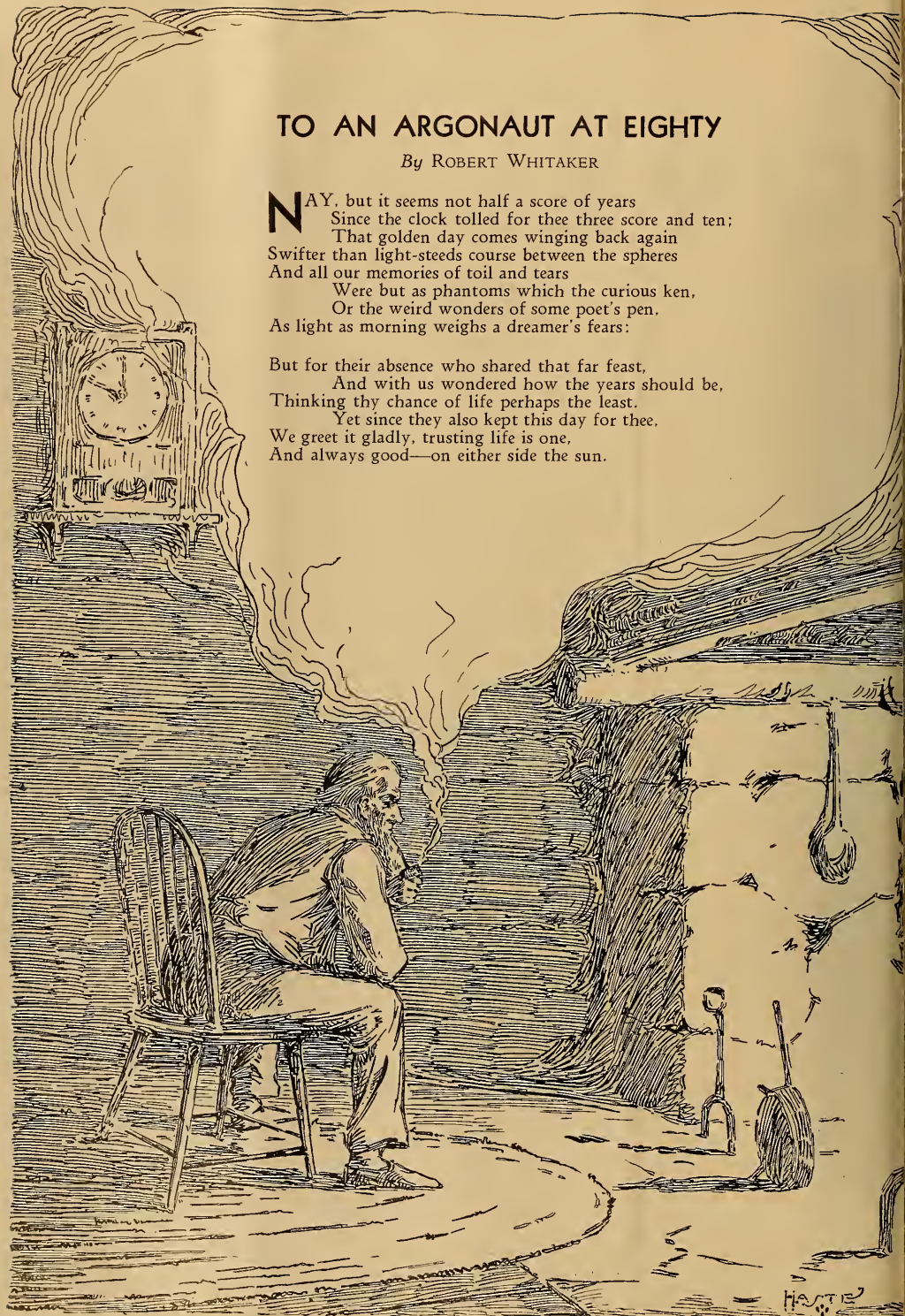
FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

TO AN ARGONAUT AT EIGHTY

By ROBERT WHITAKER

NAY, but it seems not half a score of years
Since the clock tolled for thee three score and ten;
That golden day comes winging back again
Swifter than light-steeds course between the spheres
And all our memories of toil and tears
Were but as phantoms which the curious ken,
Or the weird wonders of some poet's pen.
As light as morning weighs a dreamer's fears:

But for their absence who shared that far feast,
And with us wondered how the years should be,
Thinking thy chance of life perhaps the least.
Yet since they also kept this day for thee,
We greet it gladly, trusting life is one,
And always good—on either side the sun.



The Emergency Educational Program

It's Plan and Implications

By ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN

Federal Emergency Relief is working out in many forms. One of these is the Emergency Educational Program known as the E.E.P. This relief agency is taking care of needy and unemployed teachers and is functioning throughout the states with headquarters in the Office of Education, United States Department of the Interior. Something of the plan and purpose of the adult program is given in the accompanying article.

FOLLOWING the Armistice in 1918, this writer, then Chief of Occupational Direction in the Army Educational Corps of the American Expeditionary Forces, with a group of specially chosen men, carried on work with our soldiers throughout France and Germany. Our objective was to reach entire two million officers and men who had gone overseas; to learn of the extent and character of their schooling; their training and experience in the positions they occupied on this side; whether through early training, mis-direction and non-adjustment or economic necessity, they had been sent into work for which they were not trained or qualified or that was distasteful to them, and whether, on return to America, they desired to re-enter the old job or seek a new field of endeavor.

These men were given opportunity to participate in classes embracing many phases of education—English, Americanization and citizenship and the fundamentals for illiterates, economics, commerce, trade and industry, mechanics, art, history, mathematics and science, modern languages, training in the professions. There was carried on a vast school system in extension and adult education. Those who were handicapped because of meager education, gladly embraced the opportunity to make up for this lack. Men received a training that better prepared them for advancement on their return; and leisure time, so easy of abuse, was profitably employed. Many chose the opportunity to enter into a training that would permit them to change from a blind-alley occupation, in which further progress by them seemed difficult or impossible, to a more congenial pursuit and one better suited to native ability. This instruction and a program of study and tested reading was supplemented by conferences, counseling, and direction leading to more satisfactory adjustment.

The following excerpt from an article by the present writer, under caption "From Soldier to Civilian," appeared in a Paris paper at the time our soldiers were impatient to return to civilian life and were critical of the Government and the, to them, unnecessary delays:

"The American soldier will return to a changed America. The industrial, the commercial, the economic, the social

conditions of our country, have undergone great change during the few years past. There must soon be a complete readjustment, as between capital and labor. The cost of living must, of course, be lowered. Commodities and necessities of life are to be reduced in price. But while war prices are exorbitant, many articles can never again be purchased for what they brought before the war. Wages in many instances must increase over the pre-war scale. On the other hand, there must be a reduction in the wage scale prevailing for many mechanics and artisans and laborers who work in the war industries.

"One thing is certain, the American people, while appreciative in the highest degree of the sacrifices made by participants in the great conflict, will never again permit themselves to tolerate inadequate service or poor work as in the past. And the two million men who form the American Army overseas will as individuals no longer be satisfied with inadequate training for their particular work at home. The future of our American institutions, the success of our industrial life, the development of our commercial relations depend upon well-paid, well-housed, contented, loyal American citizens. This means for every man and for every woman an education. It means equal opportunities for schooling for every boy and every girl. There must be a minimum educational requirement for all. The man who expects to compete in the channels of trade or industry must, if he finds himself handicapped in the race, lay hold of such educational facilities as will help him in the forward push."

THIS extended reference to war days is justified in light of the present emergency. To day the need for a well developed program of adult education is of equal, perhaps of greater necessity than in the war period. Several million men and women have been out of employment and are being put to work as rapidly as the Government can act. In practically every community those able to do so have found it necessary to assist the army of the less fortunate. The unemployed must be put to work. The

problem of leisure, always important, has now become critical. A new social order is not merely on the way—it is here. The rapid introduction of the machine is releasing hand labor, shortening the hours of the working day, and thus an added responsibility is thrown upon society.

No longer is education confined to the traditional class room—it is projected into the home, the shop, the office, the social group. Recognizing this, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration is, through its manifold agencies, reaching into every State, county and local center. The releasing of funds to set up and carry on an Emergency Educational Program is resulting in untold benefit to the thousands of unemployed and needy teachers. Because of lack of funds, schools are closed or classes unduly enlarged. As rapidly as possible readjustments must be made. The extent and significance of the Emergency Educational Program is so little understood by many, a brief outline of the work is here given.

THE FEDERAL Government under the leadership of the President, has set up certain requirements and has allotted funds to carry on the work in adult education. The Emergency Educational Program is under direction of the Office of Education, United States Department of the Interior and is administered through the Superintendent of Public Instruction in each state, (in California through State Superintendent Viterling Kersey. Mr. L. B. Travers, Chief of the Division of Adult and Continuation Education is in active charge.) Any county in the state may organize adult classes, thus to take advantage of Federal funds to pay needy, unemployed teachers and to furnish schooling to unemployed adults in need of vocational training or adjustment, those physically handicapped or "unemployed or other adults who are in need of further general educational opportunities to fit them to take their part as self-supporting citizens."

In each State are a number of working centers or registration offices. (In California there are five such,—the counties of Alameda, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco and Santa Barbara.) Here the needy unemployed teacher may apply, and having secured a certificate of need may register for employ-

[Read further on page 84]

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

By GEORGE QUICK

SPRING calls me home; I did not mean
To stay away so long,
But days are gone on golden wings
And nights with golden song.
Spring calls me home to San Joaquin,
To soft, warm nights and sun-bright
days,
Where breaths of flowers wash me clean
Of all my narrow, selfish ways;
Where poppies set the fields ablaze
With "cloth of gold"; where Sierras
lean
Against the blue, shut off with haze,
Still brooding over San Joaquin.

Spring calls me home, where sunlight plays
Old melodies that draw new green
Out from the vineyards' trellised canes.
Blossoming peach trees, in long lanes,
Are so insistent to be seen,
The plowman stops his team to gaze.
I would go back to San Joaquin
And turn, once more, that friendly
loam,
To see the redwinged blackbird glean
Subsistence from the plow's dark
foam.
Last Autumn it was sweet to roam,
But when young Spring again is
queen,
Then I'll be restless for my home,—
Heart sick once more for San Joaquin.

SEEING CARCASSONNE

By BEN FIELD

I RODE by sage and laurel on the hill
And best of all the scented, jade-
green bey;
Upon a sunny mesa found poppies fill
The vision, as amorous sunlight filled
the day.
Eager, all mood, oblivious of limbs and feet,
I paused and climbed up to that holy
height,
Where angel and thunderbird will often
meet,—
The stars pierced through me all that
glittering night.

TREES IN THE RAIN

By ALEX R. SCHMIDT

WHEN rain's litany is said,
I'm no sluggard in my bed;
I must leave my roof and ease,
For the friendliness of trees.
In their sheltering arms a choir
Warms me like an open fire
On my hearth, and my heart stirs
With the voice of choristers.
Then within the silent clod
I can hear a singing god;
Never to be earth again
Since I stood within the rain.

SAN DIEGO NIGHT VIEW

By REED TOWNE

PPOINT LOMA when the sea has drunk the
sun
And light of day has folded into night,
When evening with its darkness has begun!
Across the Bay, below this lofty height,
The City spreads a colored coverlet
Of sparkling, twinkling, ever-changing sights.
Unwritten lines and plots to fit the set,
The watchers weave to suit their fancies'
flights.

LONELY FOR HILLS

By ELINOR LENNEN

I must go up to some high-reaching place,
Roofed by the sky, horizons for my
walls;
Fettered by too-oppressive steel and stone,
Here I can never answer when life calls.
Lonely for hills and all that hills command,
Dwarfed by the limits of this small plateau,
Soon my rebellious heart must claim its
sphere,
Soon my long-shackled feet must stir and go.

HILLS AT DAWN

By WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

AT DAWN distant foot hills
Are Indian warriors who wrap
Red blankets about their shoulders
And stand in melancholy silence.

RANGE HORSES RUNNING

By RUTH M. BACON

QUIET in moonlight,
A homesteader's shack
On the prairie.
Pulsing of hoofs,
Beating and drumming
On virgin sod;
Range horses running,
Squealing, biting, and kicking,
They sweep round the shack.
Again they sweep round! And again!
The lamp chimney rattles.
A window pane shatters.
Range horses running
On virgin sod,—
Beating and drumming,
Pulsing of hoofs.
A homesteader's shack
On the prairie,
Quiet in moonlight.

LAKE ARROWHEAD

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

AWAY from the roar of the city and
from the sound of the sea,
The stillness of coluds with their have
quietness sheltering me.
The lake like a mirror of silver, with f
green as jade cloisonne,
Responsive to each passing zephyr
Reflecting each mood of the day
The pines in their calm stately silence,
pantomime gods in a paly;
The night sky aglitter with barges, flo
of stars in array.
A gala fiesta of lanterns afloat in a
tideless bay.
The sunset a pageant of glory, the c
like creation's first morn.
Here deep in the heart of the mountain
town-entombed soul is re-born.

WHEN APRIL COMES

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

WHEN April comes stern winter's w
are still.
The ice that held the singing
bound
Has loosed its hold. Beside the old stone
The folded daffodils again are fo

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868
and

OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Founded by Charles F. Lummis, 1894

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Editorial and Business Offices: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. H. W. HELLMAN BLDG., 354 S. SPRING STREET, SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 609 MISSION STREET.

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

VOLUME 92 — 25¢ per copy

APRIL, 1934

\$2.50 per year. Number 4

Desire In The South Seas

By BEN FIELD •

"STOWAWAY'S on board, Sir!" The Chief Officer reported the fact to the Commander.

Why in Hell didn't you get him overboard before we sailed? That's what the Man asked. He shouted the question at Chief Officer. It's what the chief officer or, in part,—to take the gaff. If the Commander makes a mistake, the chief officer shoulder it meekly. Of course, when the captain takes his last call, if at sea; the officer must handle the ship, that's understood; but he doesn't get much credit for his ability. Now the Old Man was riled with some reason, too.

We were just away from Los Angeles Harbor and bound for the South Seas. The ship's name was Ronaleigh and as fine a steamer as sailed on the Pacific.

I went below to see the stowaway. He was a thin young man and I didn't note anything about him likely to make him stow away on a big steamship. He had been taught to hide in the closet of a lady's cabin, and hastily-hung dresses. There didn't seem to be anything particularly aggressive about him and the romantic was far from his thoughts I judged. He was just drab and a mite mulish. But when I finally got him to talking, what with a package of cigarettes and the promise of some magazines, I found out something.

You escaped from an institution of some kind, didn't you?" I asked.

Do you suppose I'd tell you, even if it hurt?" he challenged.

Well, I'm your friend," I reassured him. A penitentiary warden were after you, I didn't have anything to do with giving you up. But what is the idea? What are you hoping to do in the South Seas?"

Oh, I don't know," he replied, and there was a sing-song quality to his voice that reminded me back to young days when I could feel the salt and the tar on the ropes and the stink of the bilge-water and it was

better than French perfume. "I'll take a chance," said he. "I'd rather sleep under a coconut tree than be imposed upon by society and batted around and no work to get anywhere."

"You're going to be a martyr?" I questioned. "and induce a brown girl with red lips and naked limbs to give you sympathy? Is that it? Well, if you get a chance and need a little help let me know. Maybe the days of romance aren't all wiped off the slate after all; but don't feel too bitter if they make you peel potatoes and work hard. They've got to discourage the stowaway idea, you know, or they would have a dozen new ones every passage."

The next time I saw Johnny Duckworth was along about an hour before dark, near a coral bay at Muri, ten miles out from the little town of Avarua, Rarotonga Island. The natives, or better the citizens of Avarua, were giving us an entertainment with a umukai, and the women dancers and the men war dancers were at the height of their emotional abandonment to Rarotonga art. First we came upon two parallel lines of young women and girls in scant costume, about 20 in each line facing one another and some 15 feet apart. We walked between these welcoming, genuflecting females and looked on the most comely, voluptuous brown girls and women of perhaps the entire South Seas. The girl at the end of the line, whom we first encountered as we came forward, was so very alluring that one involuntarily began thinking of a permanent residence in the South Pacific.

For a moment there was a pause in the sinuous dancing and in the delightful singing of the girls. As the native drums were silenced, I stepped close to the particularly beautiful, red-lipped one: "May I take a snap shot of you?" I inquired, and put on the most engaging smile that a 50-year-old tourist can produce.

"No, tank you," she replied. "Johnny take my picture, he looking at me now, over there."

I turned in the direction she nodded. Johnny Duckworth sat under a coconut tree near by. "Hey there!" I shouted. "how'd you get out here?"

The singing, dancing and hip-wriggling seemed to be over for the time being. Johnny sauntered over to where I stood with Luisa, the beautiful, brown-eyed Rarotongan. "Oh, it's you Mr. Gould!" he exclaimed, as if he hadn't known all along. "well, I just slid overboard and swam for it. I couldn't stand being tied down by — ah, by trivial things, you know. They wouldn't let me set foot on land they asid. I had a nice, chummy time with a shark, too. He wanted to keep up with me and get ahead, maybe— my head, I guess."

Johnny looked foolish over his pun but Luisa went close to him and took his hand in a sort of proprietary way that said a lot. "How you say, they wouldn't let you foot on land?" she inquired.

Johnny turned red and then white. "Why, it was like this," he answered as he scowled at me: "I am the only one who can keep the books on board the ship, the accounts, you know, and they didn't like to let me ashore for fear I would find a beautiful princess like you, I guess, and not come back."

Luisa smiled with perfect satisfaction.

"Don't you know they'll find you here and almost carry you on board again?" I asked him diplomatically.

"How can they do that?" he returned cockily. "I say I'm a British citizen, don't you know."

"So that's how the land lies!" I exclaimed. "And you're going to marry this girl, I presume?" In my heart there was something strange, — jealousy. "Why didn't I have nothing in the world? Why wasn't I a stow-

away? Why should I have to go home and drudge over real estate and stocks?"

"Well," Johnny remarked, "if you have three mats and a pareu cloth and a load of coconuts or bananas you can marry a girl down here. And Luisa's the prettiest girl I ever saw!"

Luisa wriggled her hips and put a great, red hibiscus flower in Johnny's hair.

The call came from the cruise manager for lunch. We were all to sit down and enjoy the boxes from the steamer and the umukai provided by the natives. "Johnny," I said, "I'll bring you a lunch box and some fruit and roast pig."

"Johnny, he eat with me," murmured Luisa, and her words came much like Johnny's own, in a sing-song fashion that seemed to say the gods would provide and all Johnny had to do was to love Luisa and everything would be right. "I put him at top of table and look after him myself," she said.

I felt myself politely snubbed and went over to some of my white fellow-passengers. There were two spinsters from Iowa and a white-haired man with sciatica. He was deaf, and I felt irritated. "Hi!" he shouted at me, "this sweating is curing me. I think I'll stay and get me a native girl for housekeeper. —He. He. He!"

The spinsters blushed and turned their faces away and giggled.

"Try it!" I retorted savagely. Then I proceeded calmly to eat poi and taru and roast dog and raw fish and seven other kinds of Rarotonga dishes and never turned a hair.

After the umukai, cooled with ice water from the steamer and coconut milk from the laden trees all about, there were exhibitions and contests, and also a native drama of the very early times, put on by the brown girls and warriors. In one contest a youth ran nimbly up the 100 foot, slanting stem of a coconut tree and swiftly knocked down the ripe nuts. Then unerringly he slashed of the green palm branches which came floating down to the grassy sward like feathers of some great bird. As they reached the ground, or even before, they were seized by native girls who then seated themselves on the grass and proceeded with incredible swiftness to construct articles and ornamental objects from the leafy fiber.

Luisa seemed to lead at this. Presently she was seated in barbaric fashion before us, her graceful, sinuous body bending and twisting with her work, her red lips and olive cheek and enlivening smile holding us entranced. Johnny stood back of the crowd seemingly indifferent. But I looked at this voluptuous triumph of flesh and blood there on the ground and then I saw the long, almost level, silken sand, yellowing away down to the green and blue ocean water. I noted the scattered pieces of coral on the warm sand,

the reef out beyond and boys fishing from the half-submerged rocks. My gaze followed the vivid, emerald-green canyons that melted upward to the mountains, coconut gemmed, palm kissed.

Luisa made a trumpet like a cornucopia from palm leaf strips. She put it to her lips and blew a winding note. She was savagely beautiful, glorious with passion. Johnny looked at her. "Come here quick to me!" she called.

Johnny walked over to her and looked down with an air of proprietorship. "This man here he fine," she said. "He got liking for me in his heart. You tink something else!"

"Look out, Johnny," I remarked, "if you stowaway in this girl's heart you've got to make good." Luisa observed me speculatively.

"Stowaway?" she asked, "what you call that?"

I looked up to see Johnny making violent motions behind Luisa's back. "Oh," I replied, "that is checking the cargo as it is stowed away in the ship's hold, you know."

"So, I see," said Luisa.

"Come kid, let's take a walk down by the beach," said Johnny. I watched them stroll away, hand in hand. And I wondered why I cared anything about it, one way or the other. The ship's paper, South Seas' News, had reported that morning that stocks I owned were looking up. Certainly the President and his group of advisers were bringing the country back to better conditions. Wasn't that enough for me? Hadn't I been striving for that, just a hope of that in fact, for months, almost years?

I had met a few fine Englishmen at Rarotonga. They were courteous and efficient, always actively engaged in and about the interests of New Zealand, to whom the Island belongs, and the British Empire. That is one thing travelers learn to appreciate, the world around, the Englishman and his King, —the King and his Englishmen. Mr. Wethering said to me that evening as we motored back to the landing: "We're having a bit of a convention at Nukualofa, you know. The interests of England, New Zealand, Australia and the South Seas in general, and Rarotonga in particular."

"Yes?" I inquired, "what is it all about, what are you trying to do?"

"We are all concerned about the welfare of the Islanders, we want to act and legislate along lines that will be for their greatest benefit. You know an hundred years ago the white man injured the natives terribly. Now we want to make amends for that. But there is a movement among the natives to the end that they be allowed to sell their land. In most of the islands they cannot now sell, it remains in the family and passes from parents to children. That arrangement we believe is

for their greatest good. Salude, the Queen of Nukualofa, endorses it, but some of the subjects wish the law changed. Now man Duckworth, what do you know about him? He is backing up the natives, I know, to insist on what he calls their rights."

"Duckworth, Duckworth?" I questioned. "I can't place him."

"Why, I saw you talking with him there at the umukai."

"Oh, to be sure," I exclaimed, "Duckworth, yes to be sure!"

"He is getting the natives to send him Nukualofa as a delegate to uphold their demands."

"Ah yes, certainly," said I; "but read do not know him well at all."

"But is he honest?" questioned Mr. Wethering.

"Well," I said, "I think he is active, quite active."

So Johnny Duckworth, the stowaway potato peeler from California to the South Seas, was going to the Tongan Islands as a delegate to protect the rights of the natives. Much he cared for the natives or any of the unless perhaps for Luisa. And I'd quite soon he didn't care for her. Oh, heck! What difference did it make to me? I'd just watch and watch the comedy. Johnny Duckworth seemed to have points a little above potato peeling.

I climbed up the ship's stairs after a particularly choppy small boat trip from the diminutive Rarotonga stone dock. There are just a little primitive at Avarua, the capital roadstead and the coral reef and the sea-jungle that comes down to the village. Many heathen altars to gods are seen throughout the Island and the graves of the dead and loved ones are located in the front yards of the homes.

When I reached the deck I turned and looked back on the stairs. Johnny Duckworth was struggling upward, encumbered with various and sundry coconuts, bananas, cloths, fiber skirts and other devices of happy, color-loving people. Behind him came Luisa, voluptuous, red-lipped, broad-eyed and with a movement of her body that was pure rhythm. But between her beautiful eyes there was a new mark, there in all probability, Luisa had never known before. It was a frown, a furrow of worry.

"Mr. Gould, a wireless for you!" The cabin steward spoke hurriedly, he seemed to be pressed with his duties. Hurriedly, he opened the envelope, but with no little difficulty. It is a funny thing down in the South Seas how tight and secure envelopes and like become sealed! You don't have to them at all, the heat does that if, by the slightest chance, there is a little pressure brought to bear against the gummed flap. Glancing at the typed words, I stood

[Read further on page 8]

Laughter And The New Deal

By CYRIL CLEMENS

FORTH coming book under title "Mark Twain and Mussolini" by Cyril Clemens, will be put out by the International Mark Twain Society, of Webster Groves, Missouri. Mr. Clemens is a frequent contributor to *Overland Monthly*, and Mark Twain, his famous uncle, was one of the organizers of the magazine in 1868.

Chapter VII of the book is entitled "Franklin D. Roosevelt," excerpts from which are given below.

"I SHALL always count myself fortunate in having met Mark Twain when I was a boy," Franklin D. Roosevelt said at a Tuesday, December 5th, when I entered the Executive Office of the White House to present the Mark Twain Medal. The President was seated at his letter-and-document covered desk in the middle of the large office, the walls of which are decorated with colored prints of American clipper ships.

As soon as we had shaken hands the President went on to tell me that as a lad about twenty years old he was traveling through New England with his father. They stopped in Concord one night, and the next morning he made a pilgrimage to the home of the humorist who was living in his celebrated house on Farmington Avenue. The great man, with his snow-white hair, his white frock suit, and his characteristic drawl, made a profound impression upon the little visitor, who forwih became a hero worshipper. Soon he was spelling out for himself the adventures of those immortal boys, Tom Sawyer, and Mark Finn, so that before entering Harvard College in 1900 he had read all of the *Masque* works.

In presenting the Gold Medal of the International Mark Twain Society to the President, I stated that it was given in recognition of his great campaign speeches, and was ap-

propriately inscribed, "Franklin D. Roosevelt, Great Orator."

"Your language, Your Excellency, is always forceful, most understandable, yet at the same time touched with genius. . . ."

In the course of his gracious thanks the President remarked that if people liked his choice of words and his oratorical style, it was largely due to his constant study of Mark Twain's works, which had influenced him more than those of any other author.

When Mr. Roosevelt admired the workmanship of the medal, I informed him that it was executed in Paris by an expert craftsman and that a few years before Mussolini had been presented with a smaller one. It interested Roosevelt to learn that the Head of Facism had sent a greeting to America describing himself as "an old and great admirer of Mark Twain," and as one who had read over half a dozen of the American's works in the original.

"Once while I was visiting the British Museum," continued the President. "I asked the Director to suggest a book that would give a vivid picture of the early English. 'It is a coincidence,' replied the Director, 'but the best book that I can think of is by a fellow American of yours, one Mark Twain, and the book is the *Connecticut Yankee*.'"

"Did you know, Mr. President," this caused me to say, "that the slogan of your

administration, 'the new deal,' was first claimed by Mark Twain in the *Connecticut Yankee*?"

"I am well aware of that," answered the President, "for it was there that I obtained the phrase."

Besides stamps and nautical objects, the President mentioned that one of his favorite hobbies was collecting rare first editions, and that his collection contained many Twain items. Without a doubt Roosevelt is one of the most versatile men who has ever occupied the White House.

Nothing impressed me more about this truly great man than his delightful, infectious laugh. There is almost always a merry twinkle lurking in fine blue eyes, and at every possible opportunity the twinkle becomes one of the winsomest smiles it has ever been my privilege to see on the face of any man. When I narrated how my father's illness at Twain's hotel in London and the subsequent confusing by the press of the two Clemenses was the cause of the humorist's most famous saying, "the report of my death is greatly exaggerated," the President laughed with the abandon of a carefree schoolboy. Like Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt is able to bear such tremendous burdens because he realizes the truth of old Josh Billings' saying,

"Genuine laughing is just as necessary for health and happiness as spring water is for trout."

Loss of Speech

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

With all of the multiplicity of new professions, why does not some one start a school for teaching the lost art of conversation? People have almost forgotten how to

talk. This is due to a variety of reasons. Most of us have heard so much twaddling inanity on the radio, and seen so much imbelly on the screen, that the spark plugs in our mental apparatus do not click. We lack proper stimuli. Then if we go to spend and even-
with a group which might stimulate exchange of ideas, there is either an incessant,

blatant radio, a recitative monologist, a young lady who thinks she has a voice, and we waste our time, energy and hopes and go home, bored to death, irritable, and eventually become chronic pessimists.

It might be said, today, that at least seventy-five percent of all public gatherings could be resolved into "rackets" of some sort or other. You are invited to an afternoon tea. Instead of a social gathering you find a group of people who are clutching at the fringe of the social fabric, and you sit and listen to how to make yourself beautiful and then

some one tries to sell you a face cream. Or some other "guest" tells you how inexpensively she buys her clothes, and so generously offers to tell you where!

And what is worse than all of this, we are becoming inately suspicious. Having been disillusioned about so many apparently innocuous propagandas, we suspect every one we meet, disbelieve everything we hear, which makes for social and mental anarchy and prohibits all genuine interchange of ideas. There can be no real conversation but honest conversation. We are all interested in what the other person thinks. Even the most learned man can learn something from an illiterate thinker, and if we do not have a more genuine exchange of thought, the ability to think will atrophy.

Secret of Great Writing

By CARLTON KENDALL

GREAT writing implies something more than commercially successful writing. It implies that quality which brings the poetry of Shelley or the scientific treatises of Darwin into the category of literature. During his lifetime Shelley sold barely one hundred and fifty copies of his books while Darwin was forced to publish his most important work "The Origin of the Species," at his own expense. So the great writer is not always the best paid writer. Yet money is the oil of life and even he who would do great writing cannot ignore it.

In past ages the literary man was often unable to earn a decent stipend with his pen. Now, however, good literature brings a high enough financial return to keep a Poe or an Emerson in bread and typewriter ribbons even though they do not cater directly to popular tastes. Literary material of the first water is steadily advancing in earning capacity, though even yet the writer of a light western story often receives more per word than the author of a finished essay or monograph demanding high scholarly attainments and years of study. Still today the difference between the writer of adequate words and the writer of adequate checks lies not in the respective roundtunity of their paunches but in the divergent attitudes of their minds. The first strives for literary perfection; the second for stocks and bonds. To the literary man financial return comes incidentally, for his thought is not to please the public whose verdict decides the amount of his check but to please himself, to please that inward soul of him that cries for expression. Success to him means not five-figure contracts but sentences with rhythm, harmony, substance and clarity of thought.

Each type of writing has its tricks and trade secrets and each should be judged quite apart and accorded respect and consideration.

The secret of successful contemporary commercial writing lies in studying the thoughts, emotions, ideals, problems and desires of the readers of popular magazines and supplying their literary needs accordingly.

The fashions of popular writing change like the fashions of fish forks. The popular writer therefore must know his public's tastes and keep up to date. Technically, his main requirements are plain, "snappy" style, swift moving action and a vocabulary of about 8,000 words. Too well polished, too well balanced sentences are a detriment to him in gaining access to certain magazines as is a vocabulary of over 13,000 words.

Readers who devour Elinor Glyn with omnivorous greed would not read ten pages of Thomas Mann, for Mann's style is too finished and his action is not swift enough to suit them. The same is true of Harold Bell Wright and Walter Pater. Neither are to the other what Paris was to Menelaus.

Great writing, on the other hand, is more difficult to analyze like the smile of Mona Lisa. Its secret lies not so much in the material world as in the intellectual and spiritual world.

The popular writer depends almost entirely on his physical senses for his material. That is to say, he draws his settings from his direct observations of the physical world about him, his characters from his friends and acquaintances, his plots from newspaper and club stories and other equally material sources and the emotivity which makes his creation a living, pulsing, passionate reality from the physical excitation of his glandular and nervous systems. It is estimated that nearly eight percent of popular writers use stimulants of one kind or another to help them achieve a neurotic pitch.

But to the writer striving for literary perfection, the physical sources tapped by his utilitarian contemporary are inadequate. Great literature is founded upon something else, something much less easy of access than merely recorded observations of the physical world; it lies not in the surface happenings of external man but in the mainsprings underlying those happenings. A hero hanging suspended over a cliff with the villain about to cut the rope and the heroine securely tied to a bedpost does not in itself constitute great literature, for great literature depends upon the acute observations of its creator through his intellectual and spiritual centers more than through his physical organism. Therefore, until an artist rises to an awareness of the deeper impulses underlying physical acts and of finding their origin in the pre-conscious realms of racial instinct, intellectual background and spiritual intuition he cannot produce great art.

That "effluvia" which is the secret of great writing is not found in the visual world. Great writing depends on two things: the philosophy of the writer and his perfection of style. The second is an outgrowth of the first. Until a would-be litterateur develops his philosophy of life beyond a certain point, he can write neither masterful prose nor masterful poetry for he does not sense the underlying laws of stylistic expression, the essential rhythm of great art. This

point of philosophic development is the place where he awakens to what Dr. Bucke "Cosmic Consciousness."

THIS awakening is the result of an accumulation of electro-chemical forces upon the nervous system and marks a deep psychic change in the writer's life. It is in much the same manner that religious conversation affects the halitosis hundred it gives him a clearer glimpse of the truths of the universe. However in cases, of religious conversion, this glimpse like a momentary flash; but in cosmic consciousness it is often sustained and gives reservoir of truth upon which the author can draw. Great writing, therefore, is writing and until one perceives truth, receives a measure of cosmic reality, one not write greatly.

This perception of cosmic reality may occur while the individual is still a child; it may not come until the sunset of life. It depends primarily on the condition of the person's nervous system. This condition of the nervous system affects the behavior of the force operating through it. This is what we call human consciousness and may be likened to an electrical charge. If it is intense, it gives the person keener perception and cognitive faculties. He can think clearly, sharply, deeply, quickly. His images in what we term "lucids." These "lucids" are the images of genius. They are stippled with an accuracy of detail, a fineness of technique communicable to other minds. But the consciousness is not intense, the impressions are what Otto Weininger, the German psychologist, calls "henids."

Henid images comprise, perhaps, the mass of the thought-pictures of the mass of humanity who possess only half-awake minds and who are pushed through life like the tired shoppers in a subway crowd. Henid images are shadowy, general impressions lacking character and individuality.

No writing can be considered literature as that term is used, unless its author has risen above henid consciousness. Otherwise he is incapable of etching sensitive, vivid, distinctive, true-life pictures which the essence of superb writing.

The henid mind betrays itself in writing through its hazy characterization, its indefinite description, its loose adjectives. A beautiful young thing with light hair and blue eyes" illustrates a henid type of character description. To identify such a character from a group of Holland peasant girls would be an impossibility, for the characterization might apply to any one of a dozen. It is a description of a generalized type; it is of a particularized individual like Peggy or D'Artagnan. Such an image may be compared to a stereopticon slide projected on

screen so that the details of the picture blurred, only the general masses being visible.

In the older forms of art, henid imagery does not succeed; but new and more bizarre forms frequently can sustain public interest a time in spite of henid consciousness on part of their creators. This is due to the nical novelty of the newer forms which nical novelty forms the focus of interest er than does the underlying concept. ch may be unworthy of even passing ce. As a new art advances, its standards nount henid imagery so that the lesser ousnesses are constantly breaking away n the maturing recognized forms of the art and devising more and more bizarre niques.

THE very newest forms of art, like rose-color poetry and Nth impressionism, to be found the largest number of half-ent minds whose owner's lack of technical dexterity and intense consciousness deem them from succeeding in an old accepted genre where competition with lucid is keener. In the new genre, they can er their immaturity of conscious awareness with exoticism, neuroticism, sexoticism or other "oticisms," replace anapests and hribrachs with typographical rape and real anatomical atrocities by re-mixing spectrum until flesh-tinted cows disport selves beneath red-orange willows whose enta branches cast Paris-green shadows a wave-torn heliotrope brooklet.

Compare Robert Browning's exquisite n with the following published by Od-Ladnek in a Paris newspaper:

Springtime
Morning
7 a.m.
Globules of dew on the hill-side;
A meadow lark on the wing;
Slimey snails on pink hawthorn;
God in the terra-cotta heavens—
The world revolves, well greased,
on its axis.

By this we do not mean to convey that o called "Modernism" in art or literature re production of henid minds. Far from Many fine, acute minds originate new is of art often hailed as absurd at their appearance—like the music of Wagner of Henry Cowell. Through the works these, new art becomes worthy the utt respect and serious consideration. But e mings are few and often recognition be greatness and originality of their cons is obscured by the antics of lesser minds zing sensational genres, miscalled "new" as a means for easy publicity.

True thought results in true speech: like- in true writing—for writing is the oglyphics of speech.

Unless the author's original vibration is strong enough to pass from his inner consciousness to the reader's without losing too much of its vitality, it fails to recreate more than a dim, henid response in the latter and gives the reader no sharp feeling of delight or thrill. The effect may be compared to a defective dynamo incapable of charging a battery sufficiently to more than sluggishly turn over an electric motor to which it is later applied. In both cases, the intensity of the resultant reaction depends upon the intensity of the initial stimulus.

By the intensity of this vibratory response on the part of the reader, one measures the intensity of the writing; by its profundity the author's profundity; by its intellectual force, the author's intellectual force. Therefore, the result, barring defective transmitting apparatus, depends on the quality and intensity of the initial vibration. If it is strong the coefficient of friction becomes negligible. If it is weak, by no known law of physics can its effect on the reader's conscious centers be other than diminished.

The source of man's higher vibrations lies outside the physical realm and no writer who has not experienced cosmic consciousness can tap that vast reservoir of divine vibratory potential communicable only through his spiritual and mental bodies. Unable to tap this reservoir, he is unable to awaken, in his inner consciousness, those intense, poignant, sempiternal vibrations whose impulses transferred to paper we call "immortal literature."

Therefore, until a writer understands more of the origin of this vibratory activity in his brain and nervous system and the laws governing its stimulation and manifestation, he can never hope to surmount mediocrity.

In conclusion, we might say, with due respect to the achievements of both, that the hack writer writes with his pen and the literary man with his soul. This perhaps, if anything, is the secret of great writing.

A LOYAL FRIEND

I have a friend who waits for me!
Who watches all day long to see
My coming. Yet, if I be late,
Does not complain, nor elevate
An eyebrow at the old town clock.
As if my tardiness to mock
I have a friend whose soul is free
From fear, suspicion, jealousy.
Whose strength and courage strengthen me.
Whose calm assurance seems to say:
"Why doubt, hate, hurry? Live today!"
I have a friend who trusts in me;
A brave, far-seeing, truthful tree!

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

NO EXCUSE FOR POVERTY IN CALIFORNIA

By UPTON SINCLAIR

California — a land of plenty, a land of sunshine, rich in its agricultural and mineral resources, abounding in all the good things that should make it possible for millions of people to live peaceably and contentedly. Yet in this land we have hunger, starvation, unemployment and misery.

Los Angeles county is known throughout the world to be the richest agricultural district in the whole United States; yet here 290,000 people are depending for their existence upon public charity.

What is more: *There really is no good reason for the existence of this condition.*

I am telling the people of California today that we should take our idle people and put them on our idle land and into our idle factories so that they may produce for themselves.

Unless we follow this course, it is my belief that we shall never be able to lift ourselves out of the present depression.

Recently, in announcing myself as a candidate for nomination for governor of this State on the Democratic ticket, I said that I had only one motive — to End Poverty In California. A few days ago a noted political leader here stated that "... the great Peacemaker himself could not end poverty in this state."

I challenge this statement, and I shall continue to challenge it so long as a single human being is alive upon this earth.



Lake
Arrowhead
Lodge

80 Miles from
Los Angeles »
High Gear
State Highway All the Way

For Information and Reservations
ARROWHEAD LAKE CORP.
725 South Spring Street
Los Angeles, California

Into the Known-Unknown or is Poetry Reflection in Its Essence?

By LORENA M. GARY

POETRY is more than a grand inspiration brought to earth by magic transcription!

To one who is easily lifted by sudden impressions it may seem to be a "heavenly gift"; it may appear "ethereal and inexplicable;" it may suggest "divine light" suddenly shining through the human soul and reflected to a printed page. Such views are delusive and they confuse the reader who holds them, for he sees images which are presented by the poem as coming directly and spontaneously, —perfectly executed, to the poet from the abstract. As he reads the sonnet "On Westminster Bridge," he may even see Wordsworth standing at dawn with notebook and pencil in hand recording the majesty and splendor of the sleeping city as it lies before him in the serenity and stillness of early morning; as he reads "Hushed be the Camps Today," it may seem that Walt Whitman is overlooking a calm and battle-scarred field with soldiers encamped on either side, over which the hush of death has fallen because the great leader is lying in state at Washington. As the poet contemplates the scene he writes the immortal lines:

"No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
Nor victory nor defeat—no more time's
dark events,

Charging like ceaseless clouds across the
sky." *1

Or it may appear that Robert Frost is out at his boyhood home, sitting under a tree dreaming of the old days as he watches—

"the birches bend to left and right

Across the lines of straighter darker
trees." *2

and as he looks he writes the poem, *Birches!*

If one allowed his impressions to carry him away with the poet, without taking thought of how the poem gets itself written, it might be easy to believe that poetry is a divinely inspired art, and that all the poet has to do is to live in a beautiful experience or receive a sublime inspiration in order to have his hand record automatically the vision or the picture as it comes to him. Upon careful consideration, however, the more thoughtful reader will see that this is but a superficial view of what actually takes place when a great poem comes down to mankind in words arranged in a definite way upon a page.

A little investigation into the history of how poems were written reveals that although poetry may be 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings,' as Wordsworth has pointed

out, it takes its origin from emotions remembered in tranquility. To illustrate this, one may go back to the poems mentioned above. *On Westminster Bridge* was written in France some time after the day on which the poet had left London.*3 and, as he said, in accordance with the practice of "recollection in tranquility." Does the knowledge of that fact lessen the enjoyment we find in the poem? Does it make Whitman's *Hushed be the Camp Today* any less sincere when we realize that it was created May 4, 1865, after the armies were disbanded and the camps were broken up?*4 More than this, does it detract from the mood when we know that the poem was written in a cluttered, uncarpeted, upstairs room in a dreary-looking little house on Mickle Street in the sordid, monotonous tenement district of Camden, New Jersey?*5 Again, in *Mountain Intervals*, we find that Robert Frost is reliving his boyhood days spent among the hills of New England many years after he has seen "the birches bend from left to right," and because he has grown temporarily tired of the world, he dwells in recollection:

"It's when I'm weary of considerations
And life is too much a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the
cobwebs

Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over."

Surely this is poetry "recollected in tranquility," but it is not seized from the infinite and recorded instantaneously as it comes to the poet!

There is no doubt about the presence of inspiration in poetry but whence it comes and how it is recorded involve an entirely different *modus operandi*. The inspiration must come: the soul of the poet must be moved; it must soar into what Frederick Clark Prescott calls the "known-unknown,"*6 or the poet must experience what he calls the "unconscious operation" of the mind.*7 Shelley has another way of saying this: "Poetry acts in a divine and unapprehended manner, beyond and above consciousness."

Amy Lowell, in her last and greatest work, *The Life of John Keats*, summarized the theories and notions about "poetic creations" in the following quotation: "Poetry is seldom written in the midst of action or a state of being; reflection is its essence. It is the perfume of something which has been,

but is not; as remembrance and a hope, a fact no longer."*8 There are many poems which seem to represent Miss Lowell's theory and many which show her reason for saying that poetry is seldom written in the midst of action. There are exceptions allowed by use of the word *seldom*—that is if we be allowed to believe what the poets themselves have said about their creations.

An outstanding illustration of this is afforded Tennyson's *Break, Break, Break*, which was written immediately after Arthur Hallam's death in 1833. Of its composition Tennyson said, "It was made in a Lincolnshire farmhouse five o'clock in the morning between blossoming hedges." This poem may suggest more of the reflection and less of the spontaneous transcription than do some of the other exceptions. It shows, too, "remembrance," "a fact no longer":

"And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand

And the sound of a voice that is still

Odes, lyrics, elegies, and shorter poems furnish some evidences that at times, in cases, poetry has been written in the midst of action or a state of being. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that these poems have been created or conceived in the midst of action, and written down afterwards in the very words which came to the poet. Many hymns have been written in this way. The best known and undoubtedly the highest of spiritual quality is "Lead Kindly Light," written by Newman at sea, during a terrific storm, June 16, 1833. Every stanza shows the faith "amid the encircling gloom" that the Power which had kept the sailor so long would still lead on —

— "o'er erg and torrent, till

The night is gone."

Our national anthem is said to have been written in this same way, and although it does not have the high poetic quality of *Lead Kindly Light*, it may be considered one of the few American poems written in the "state of being." It is clear, after considering these poems and hymns, that Miss Lowell was careful in discriminating words in her short exposition about poetry. Had she said, "Poetry is never written in the midst of action or state of being," the statement would have been false. She said, "Poetry is seldom written in the midst of action and the truth shines forth. There are many poems, however, which because of length, time, mood, or subject could not have been written in the midst of action. The native poem needs deliberate planning and organization before the words are set down on paper. Edgar Allen Poe has shown this clearly in his essay 'The Philosophy of Composition' (sometimes called 'How I Wrote 'The Raven'').")

the time element enters into poetic expression, too. It is "a perfume of something has been, but is not." When we say how quickly a multitude of poems to our mind. "In Memoriam" (Tennyson), "The Lost Leader" (Browning), "After Sunset" (Meredith), "It's Lilac Time in London" (Noyes), and one might go on infinitely finding poems in which there is a perfume of something that has been, but not a remembrance — but a fact no longer.

Three well known poems illustrate the use of hope as it is used by Miss Lowell. The poems are about a universal subject, and each shows the poet's — "looking forward" with hope based upon meditation, and long experience. The most peaceful mood predominates Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" — written three years before his death, and seems to be a perfect example of action in essence" — a "hope" which the poet reflection! A few lines from the poem will show how the elements are blended into what Miss Lowell would call art:

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!

* * *

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!"

* * *

And then hope —

"For though from out our bourne
of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

(1889)

Now calm, peaceful, serene is this manifestation of hope and faith!

Compare this with Robert Browning's "My Last Duchess" about the problem of death: "at midnight in the silence of the sleep-time"

When you set your fancies free,
I'll they pass to where—by death, fools
think imprisoned—

Now he lies who once so loved you, whom
you loved so, —

-Pity me?

* * *

And he who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,

never doubted, clouds would break,

never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph

And he fell to rise, are baffled to fight
better,

And sleep to wake.

And, at noon day in the bustle of man's
worktime

Meet the unseen with a cheer!

And bid him forward, breast and back as either
should be,

"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed, fight on,
forever

There is here!"

(1890)

In this poem there is almost a military spirit in its certainty and hope of the hereafter! From this courageous assurance of the future, turn to Walt Whitman's adventurous wondering about "whispers of heavenly death":

"Darest thou now O soul,

Walk out with me toward the unknown
region,"

"Where neither ground is for feet nor any
path to follow?"

* * *

"I know it not O soul,

Nor dost thou, all is blank before us,

All waits undream'd of in that region,
that inaccessible land,

Till when the ties loosen,

All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,

Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any
hounds hounding us

Then we burst forth, we float,

In Time and Space O soul, prepared for
them,

Equal, equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of
All!) them to fulfill O soul." (1881)

So much for the poems which reflect "a hope, but a fact no longer." These few illustrations, chosen from innumerable poems which suggest the same process of creation, confirm Amy Lowell's statement that poetry is seldom written in the midst of an action or a state of being; that reflection is its essence; that it is the perfume of something which has been but is not; a remembrance and a hope, but a fact no longer.

In the creation of anything which is to be called literature as the ages pass, whether it be inspired poetry or masterful prose, the task is difficult and laborious. Just so much hard work as a writer will put upon his work, just so much higher will be his art! If he neglects a line, a phrase, or even a word, his work diminishes in value. Leslie Stevens says: "Whatever native gifts he (the writer) may have — nothing but constant hard and even painful work can do them justice."

In creative writing, especially poetry, we are constantly going back to reflection in its essence. We detect a perfume of something which has been but is not; we seek to penetrate the "unconscious operation," and our goal is reached only in the "known unknown." We sense the overtones divined by the ear but not heard by it; "the emotional aura" of fact, the image, the action—the remembrance and the hope! This is the creative power which sweeps us out of the real into the infinite; out of our selves into the unremittent current of human life! Power to transcribe the vision of the infinite is for

a few. These few give to the world the greatest poetry.

- *1. p. 285, *Leaves of Grass*, Holloway Ed.
- *2. p. 86, *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, Amy Lowell.
- *3. p. 69, *A Book of English Literature*, Vol. II, Snyder & Martin.
- *4. p. 284, *Leaves of Grass*.
- *5. p. 83, "Walt Whitman,"—Sir Edmund Gosse, *Modern Eng. Essays*.
- *6. p. 75, *The Poetic Mind*.
- *7. p. 109, *Ibid*.
- *8. p. 169, Volume 2.
- *9. p. 591, *A Book of English Literature*, Snyder and Martin.

Announcement

The Outwest and Overland Monthly will publish short articles by famous people who will state their diversified, and some times, conflicting points of view. This month Upton Sinclair sets forth some of his political opinions. This magazine will be merely an open forum, and does not stand sponsor for the various statements made.

Next month Helen Matheson Laughlin, Dean of Women of U.C.L.A., will discuss "Are College Girls Giddier Than Their Grandmothers?"

Also Alma Woolwine Gravel will tell "Why A Society Woman Turned Hotel Keeper."

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable
Bindings for All Purposes
Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings
for Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made
Permanent for Ready
Reference

EARLE A. GRAY

1220 Maple Avenue
Los Angeles, California

Telephone PRospect 0396

The Emergency Educational Program

[Continued from page 75]

ment. Such person must be a graduate of a high school and have had at least three years of college, or training and experience that may be accepted in lieu of the latter. The registrant indicates preference and lists the lines of work he is qualified to teach. The teacher is allotted a certain number of teaching hours per week with compensation ranging from \$16.00 to \$25.00 per week. The hourly rate is determined by the prevailing rate of pay for teachers in the community in which the adult classes are held. A minimum attendance in a class is required; (In California, a minimum of ten.)

Federal funds may be used in the payment of salaries only. The room or building for the work is furnished by the community. Where furniture, equipment, books or supplies are necessary, such must be furnished by the community, school, society or organization sponsoring the class or project, or by the teachers themselves.

LOCAL school authorities may determine the need for instruction in a given "project." (Approval of projects in California lies with Mr. Travers, whose office is in Los Angeles.) Typical projects are: Training of illiterate adults in reading and writing English; Trade and Industrial Education; Home making; Business and Commercial Education; Agricultural Education; Social-Civic Education. There are, also, projects in General Education including languages, science, etc.; and Vocational Education which comprehends training in the use of leisure and the enrichment of adult life. It will be readily appreciated that under the various project heads many different classes are held and subjects taught. The Social-Civic group furnishes an example. This project includes Americanization, economics, current events,

etc. Home-making covers sewing, cooking, design as applied in the home, dietetics. Recreation in all its phases is included under Health and Physical Education for both men and women. Clerical lines, bookkeeping, typing, stenography are typical studies under Business Education. Americanization holds a prominent place and Music, Drama, Art, Short Story writing and other literary courses are given, both in their techniques and on the avocational or recreational side.

Recently there have been authorized projects in Nursery School Education for children up to the Kindergarten age. Parental education is carried on in many centers.

Another development of far reaching importance is the organization of Community Center Forums in which are presented and discussed public questions and matters of community and general interest. Leaders are persons of "recognized scholarship with a record of active participation in public affairs."

THE OFFICE of Education, Department of the Interior, with Dr. George F. Zook as Commissioner, is performing a notable service in this emergency. Initiative and aggressiveness in the Recovery Program have marked the administration of Dr. Zook from the beginning. The country is fortunate in having in the Office of Education at Washington, as specialist in adult education and Chief of the Service Division, Dr. Lewis R. Alderman, who made a notable contribution overseas as a member of the Occupational Direction Commission, and later became Director of Education in the U. S. Navy.

The plans recently sent out by the Office of Education governing Registration, Guidance and Counseling are most significant. Diagnosis and placement, whether in voca-

tional, educational or avocational line increasingly essential in our complex life.

I N SUMMARY it may be said that the first objective in this Emergency Educational program is to secure employment for needy and unemployed teachers. This accomplished, educational standards should be aimed at. Satisfactory educational results come only after thorough organization of the schools with opportunities for supervision and training on the job. Because of the emergency, a teacher should find herself at work upon a project which she is less well fitted than for any other. Now enters the third element in the equation, and in the final analysis the important looking toward the development of an effective, nation-wide system of education—adjustment of the teacher to the position through diagnosis, counseling and placement. Only as this is accomplished will there be real progress made on the ultimate adjustment of those who profit by the institution. In the new social order, abilities, capacities, must, through wise counseling and direction, mesh with desires and satisfactions.

The results to flow from the success of carrying out of the Emergency Education Program can not at this time be measured. Adult education is but in its beginning. The close observer and experienced Administrator who surveys the work critically and sympathetically, is astonished that so much has been accomplished in so short a time and with the comparatively small outlay of funds. With needy and worthy teachers, work in classes participated in by enterprising adults unable to pay for instruction elsewhere, there is at once set up a nationwide continuation school, the implications of which it is now impossible to measure. With organization, sympathy and leadership, significant results may be attained.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB

The First Annual Camping and Outing Equipment Show of the Automobile Club of Southern California will be given on April 21st. from 1 p.m. until 10 p.m., and from 10 a.m. until 10 p.m., April 22d, at the Club's Headquarters Offices on Adams and Figueroa Streets. The public is cordially invited to attend. Outdoor enthusiasts will find a vividly interesting display of everything connected with recreation in the out-of-doors. The very latest in all kinds of equipment. Approximately 45 exhibitors will be represented. Admission free.

SEA SHELL or Shunk, 15 inches
side. Lucky. Sounds "Aou"
Open to offers. **B. Ponohaji, V**
bridge Bldg., Bombay, India

SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP

Professional training in the technique and art of creative writing, under personal leadership of distinguished American authors—Markham, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, L. B. Hughes, and others. Inspirational atmosphere and ideal environment. Send for circular.

WILLIAMS INSTITUTE, Berkeley, C

[illegible]

The Literary West

DM Oregon and The Rose City of Portland comes the report of the passing to the end of a distinguished citizen of the West, Colonel E. Hofer.

Colonel Hofer was what is often described self-made man. Coming to the West at early age, he devoted himself to making place in the commercial upbuilding of Oregon. Newspaper work appealed to him before many years, he was actively engaged in this profession. For more than 20 years he edited and published a newspaper in the Capital City, Salem.

The writer of this article visited him in 1925 at his beautiful home in Salem and met his charming wife and his sons and grandchildren. This acquaintance ripened into friendship. It was invariable, I believe, that to meet Colonel Hofer was to meet his friend. And of friends he had a great number throughout Western Oregon and many in the Eastern states. It is recalled by a host of these friends that he loved to be driven in his great Pack automobile up and down the Northwest further into far places. He was a most kind, kindly and vital man.

[Read further on page 86]

This writer accompanied Colonel Hofer to Seattle in 1925 as a guest and on the mission of founding The League of Western Writers. With a number of literary friends as co-workers, Colonel Hofer took the first steps and called The Parliament of Letters in Seattle, which resulted in the creating of the present League of Western Writers. Colonel Hofer was its first President and continued as its President Emeritus to the time of his passing. He was actively associated with the first several annual conventions of this organization in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and other cities. For several years he edited and published the Lariat, a literary magazine, which specialized in assisting young poets and authors. He and his two sons have for years been editors of a national manufacturers magazine. For some time past their homes and the place of publication of their magazine have been in Portland, Oregon. Colonel Hofer's widow survives him.

BEN FIELD.

SHELTER OF SONG is a sweet little verse volume by Elizabeth Voss and the lines as well as the binding are appealing and dainty; \$1.50.

CONTENTS

Frontispiece "To An Argonaut at Eighty"	
Robert Whitaker	74
The Emergency Educational Program	
Arthur H. Chamberlain	75
Melody Lane	76
Variations on a Theme,	
George Quick	
Seeing Carcassonne.	Ben Field
Trees in the Rain,	
Alexander R. Schmidt	
San Diego Night View,	
Reed Towne	
Lonely for Hills.	Elinor Lennen
Hills at Dawn.	Wm. Allen Ward
Range Horses Running.	
Ruth M. Bacon	
Lake Arrowhead,	
Lannie Haynes Martin	
Desire in the South Seas.	Ben Field
Laughter and the New Deal,	
Cyril Clemmens	79
Loss of Speech.	Lannie Haynes Martin
Secret of Great Writing.	Carlton Kendall
No Excuse for Poverty in California.	
Upton Sinclair	81
Into the Known-Unknown,	
Lorena M. Gary	82
Announcement by Overland Magazine	83
The Literary West	85

MAKE THE

HOTEL CORDOVA

YOUR LOS ANGELES HOME

LOW WEEKLY AND MONTHLY RATES

TRANSIENTS \$1.00 AND UP

COMFORTABLE

CONVENIENT

CENTRAL

24 HOUR HOTEL SERVICE

NEWLY RENOVATED

All Busses Pass The Door

ENTERTAINMENT

LECTURES

MOVIES

BRIDGE

826 WEST EIGHTH STREET -- At Figueroa -- TR. 5451

ALMA WOOLWINE GRAVEL

Resident Owner.

J. LUCIEN GRAVEL

Manager.

ONLY 1 TICKET

now required for a

Compartment

to

San Francisco or Portland



SINGLE occupancy of a compartment, which formerly required a ticket and a half, now requires *only one rail ticket*. In addition, the cost of a compartment to San Francisco has been reduced from \$12.75 to \$8.50. *Similar reduction to Portland.* These savings combined with recent rail fare cuts bring compartment-travel costs to a new all-time low.

Pullman fare for a single bedroom or private section between Los Angeles and San Francisco has been cut to only \$5.40.

Next time you go anywhere
TRY THE TRAIN!

Southern Pacific

H. P. MONAHAN, Gen. Pass. Agent

Desire In The South Seas

[Continued from page 78]

founded: "Return immediately stop your profits on stocks one quarter million dollars stop you just elected president of company."

This intriguing information stared up at me from a yellow slip of paper. Everything is moving quickly and more quickly on this old earth. I saw the message had been delivered before it started, which is a state of affairs unique. It has been explained to me as caused or brought about by the shape of the earth and by reason of the fact that we had been steaming westward for quite a time. I tried to explain it to Luisa that very evening, using a coconut to represent the earth, but she claimed I was talking foolish, as she calls it, and certain important and happy results followed.

As if the thought of haste precipitated action, I was just then struck and shouldered by a mass of naked arms and breasts of native men. Browned men swarmed onto the deck. "Where is he?" some of them shouted in good American. Language violent for these peace-loving men was hurled by others. I did not doubt that something more emphatic was being voiced in the Rarotongan tongue.

As I was endeavoring to keep my feet in the jostling crowd, a soft hand seized mine and I found myself pulled to sanctuary around the corner of the cabin. Luisa looked up at me. "You need somebody to look you after!" she said in stilted and somewhat back-hand language.

Without warning I was struck violently on the other shoulder, the one the crowd of natives had not yet physically accused. Luisa was struck too and she gurgled in an exasperated manner. I put my arm about her then. Johnny Duckworth, who had collided with us, whispered in a frenzied manner: "Get me hid, Mr. Gould, quick! The natives are after me! They don't understand and they will do things to me!"

"What don't they understand?" I asked deliberately.

"Oh, everything! I am going to help them a lot but they don't get the idea,—that Englishman has told them wrong. Help me, Luisa, hide me quick!"

"You said you get a nice cabin for us, you said bride cabin." Accusation and indignation were in her voice.

"I will, Luisa, I will sure, but hide me quick!"

"You will not get cabin, you no do anything! You just a Johnny Jump Up!" Luisa replied.

I smiled broadly at this. Where did Luisa get hold of that expression? "See here," I questioned her, "have you married Johnny?"

"Not on your life!" she exclaimed in good American slang.

"Well, have you two been indiscreet?" I paused aghast at what I had asked.

"You bet your life, not!" sang Luisa. "I hit Johnny on the head."

There was a rush of brown bodies from around the corner of the cabin. Hands reached out for Johnny Duckworth, the delegate to the convention at Nukualofa. But the hands did not contact that elusive individual. He gazed distractedly at Luisa for a second, just as she was reciting in a sing-song voice: "Mr. Gould, he got big love for me in his heart. He get bride cabin for us I sure."

Then Johnny went over the rail.

Hand in hand Luisa and I watched him as he swam toward the distant shore and the coconut trees and the bananas of Rarotonga.

Literary West

[Continued from page 85]

THERE has come to my desk a large volume of 726 pages, entitled *Authors Today and Yesterday*, a Biographical and Autobiographical Guide to Modern World Literature, by Stanley J. Kunitz. This is a pretentious work, following and succeeding Living

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



**MOST CONVENIENT
Hotel in Hollywood**

**\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double**

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

Authors published in 1931 by the author.

It is considerably more than any V. Who or Blue Book that I have seen, international in scope and very full in interest. Most of the authors have told own stories, life stories, and these are characterized by intimate recitals of the lives of men and women who have stamped individuality and opinion and mode of expression and genius on the literary world. There are 320 of such enlightening stories of the writers of the 20th century that is authors whose works have been published, generally speaking, since the year 1900. If you read and study this remarkable volume for a time you begin to feel of these fine, wonderful people are men of a big family and that you, yourself, blood relation,—knowing them all, love them; admiring and having them within the house, on the book shelf or the library table. There is a fine photograph of the author and his or her story is from seven columns long, really quite a heart-brain delineation of character and achievement. I wanted more of the intimate life facts concerning Charles B. Hoff. I mention this just as an instance.

ned to his life story and his excellent re. There they were, both admirable,— what I desired and required. You see but just returned from the South Seas, ti and Papete. I had met Mrs. James an Hall at a great public evening in te and we had talked of the Mutiny e Bounty; Men Against the Sea and the books of these two authors. Hall and bofi.

BEN FIELD.

UTHORS TODAY AND YESTER- by Stanley J. Kunitz. The H. W. on Co. 960 University Ave., New York; D.

RY HARRISON of New York keeps n publishing State poetry books and many books of individual poems of rs. Ohio Poets, just out, is a very com- able volume of 90 contemporary poets. e is a foreword by George Elliston. It teresting to note that but 12 of these rs are men, all the other 78 being en or young girls. What are we coming arding sex in poetry? Sex in the poems common thing, too common; but here sex question concerning the authors. will answer it? Henry Harrison, per- But Ohio Poets is an admirable col- n. \$2.00 the copy.

BEN FIELD.

DREAMERS' GOLD

A BEAUTIFUL white poetry book with gilded entitling and initialing is Dreamers' Gold by Lawrence Emerson Nelson of The University of Redlands, Redlands, Calif.

The theme poem is short but vital and beautiful:

"But nothing else than dreamers' gold can serve our deeper need" are the last lines.

"I Stroll Among My Roses" is a delicately beautiful flower poem that would do honor to any collection.

"Battle Primeval" is a strong, unusual presentation of the Frost King and the orchardist, the valley and high Mt. San Gorgonia, their viewpoints.

Beauty is the substance of this little volume!

Dreamers' Gold by Lawrence Emerson Nelson. University of Redlands, Redlands, Calif.

BEN FIELD.

COIN COLLECTORS request our LISTS and ORDER FORM, 8c.; Transportation Token List, 10c.; Auction Catalogue of Rare Coins, 10c.; Lincoln's Saloon License in Antique Frame, 75c. One Year's Subscription to Home-Hobbyist Magazine, a Quaterly for all Hobby Collectors, 50c.

KOIN-X-CHANGE, 0-35 S. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in garage — forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny, sound-proof, with bath and shower — and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.



TODAY'S RATES ARE MOST MODERATE

Single, \$2-\$2.50 Double, \$3-\$3.50

NEW HOTEL OLYMPIC

230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c.
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c



SAN FRANCISCO ON PARADE

The city's life moves from all directions . . . and meets at Powell and O'Farrell, where The Manx entertains celebrities and visitors from all over the world!

From the Entrance of the Manx

Come in from the city's activity . . . through the handsome lobby to your quiet, beautifully appointed room. Here you rest, relax in perfect comfort.

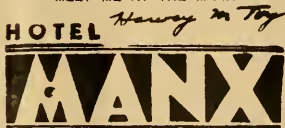
Fresh From the Decorator's Touch!

Painters, decorators have been busy giving a new, brighter face to California's famous hotel . . . known for true hospitality and friendly atmosphere!

Moderate Rates:

Without bath—single \$1.50-\$2.00
Without bath—double \$2.00-\$2.50
With bath—single \$2.00-\$2.50-\$3.00
With bath—double \$3.00-\$3.50-\$4.00

MEET ME AT THE MANX



POWELL at O'FARRELL—SAN FRANCISCO

OLD — RARE AND UNUSUAL BOOKS

Old Magazines and bound volumes of Rare and old magazines, also new current books and magazines at Bargain prices. Old books bought, sold and exchanged. Our service can supply you with almost any book or magazine you wish, we get you that hard to get book. Free Catalogue.

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE

0413 Bryson Bldg., Los Angeles, California



MAKE MORE MONEY AT HOME CANDYMAKING

BIG PROFITS being made by WORLD'S SPECIALTY CANDIES new method; no expensive equipment or machinery. System operated anywhere, kitchen, shop or factory. Simplified home study course. Learn today, earn tomorrow. We furnish supplies; few dollars starts you. Write today for proof of students' success. Free booklet explains.

LIBERTY CANDY & SUPPLY CO.

Dept. E, 355 South Broadway
Los Angeles, California

THREE LATE BOOKS

"A ROAD TO OPPORTUNITY"

By

D. W. PITTMAN

A discussion of present conditions and the way out. 144 pages.

Price — \$1.00

• •

"LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF"

By

JAMES FRANKLIN CHAMBERLAIN

A book on Canada for school and general reader. Its physical features, climate, scenery, productions, commerce and industry.

Fully Illustrated. 216 pages. Price — \$1.00

• • •

"SCATTERED KERNELS"

By

FLORA COBLENTZ

Selected Epigrams reflecting a sound philosophy of life, helpful to readers in the home and to business, professional and thinking people generally. A volume produced under most extraordinary conditions. Introduction by Stanton A. Coblentz.

72 pages. Price — \$1.00

• • •

— Order Direct from the Publishers —

Write for Catalogue of Complete List

Overland - Outwest Publications

"Books of the West"

502 H. W. Hellman Building

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and

OUTWEST



MAGAZINE

Featuring:

SOUTH SEA FIRE WALKERS

CALIFORNIA TROUT FISHING

AMERICA'S YOUNGEST AVIATOR

LITERARY WEST

MELODY LANE

FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

\$2.50 Per Year

MAY, 1934

25c Per Copy



SAN FRANCISCO ON PARADE

The city's life moves from all directions . . . and meets at Powell and O'Farrell, where The Manx entertains celebrities and visitors from all over the world!

Visitors to San Francisco will find the Manx a very convenient and enjoyable stopping place, with every downtown attraction right at hand. If you try it once you will come again.

From the Entrance of the Manx
Come in from the city's activity . . . through the handsome lobby to your quiet, beautifully appointed room. Here you rest, relax in perfect comfort.

Fresh From the Decorator's Touch!
Painters, decorators have been busy giving a new, brighter face to California's famous hotel . . . known for true hospitality and friendly atmosphere!

Moderate Rates:

Without bath—single \$1.50-\$2.00
Without bath—double \$2.00-\$2.50
With bath—single \$2.00-\$2.50-\$3.00
With bath—double \$3.00-\$3.50-\$4.00

MEET ME AT THE MANX



POWELL at O'FARRELL—SAN FRANCISCO

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in-garage — forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny, sound-proof, with bath and shower — and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.



TODAY'S RATES

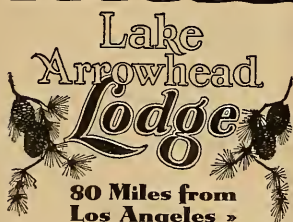
ARE MOST MODERATE

Single, \$2-\$2.50 Double, \$3-\$3.50

NEW HOTEL OLYMPIC

230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c.
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c



80 Miles from Los Angeles »

High Gear

State Highway All the Way

For Information and Reservations

ARROWHEAD LAKE CORP.

725 South Spring Street

Los Angeles, California

OLD — RARE AND UNUSUAL BOOKS

Old Magazines and bound volumes of Rare and old magazines, also new current books and magazines at Bargain prices. Old books bought, sold and exchanged. Our service can supply you with almost any book or magazine you wish, we get you that hard to get book. Free Catalogue.

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE

0413 Bryson Bldg., Los Angeles, California



THE HOME OF COMFORT

The Angelus is located right down town in the very heart of the business, theatrical and shopping districts, and convenient to transportation facilities. You will find the Angelus one of Los Angeles' substantial hotels, featuring 200 modern rooms with extra comfortable beds.

RATES

Single, without bath	\$1.00
Double, without bath	1.50
Single, with bath	\$1.50 - 2.00
Double, with bath	2.00 - 3.00
Twin beds and bath	3.00

Special Rates by Week or Month

FREE GARAGE if your daily rate is \$1.50 or more. Drive your car direct to Metropolitan Garage, 417 S. Spring (adjoining hotel). Bring ticket to clerk in Angelus lobby.

Corner 4th and Spring Streets

Phone Michigan 9241

H. J. TREMAIN, Manager



FLINTRIDGE RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

Formerly the Flintridge Biltmore Hotel. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Accredited to University of California. Primary, Intermediate and High School. Dramatic Art by Lillian Fitch. Supervised Sports. Outdoor Swimming Pool. Moderate Rates.

Mailing Address: PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Colorado 4034

The School may be reached from Glendale via Chevy Chase, and from Pasadena via Linda Vista Boulevard.

GHOST WRITER

laborator.

him write the book that you keep
ing. Let him put your ideas into
stories, speeches, or plays, which you
busy to write.

ual services offered by experienced
e—author of four published books, con-
to more than thirty magazines, now
his own work regularly. Fee modest.

GHOST WRITER.

Rm. 502, H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

RUFUS J. CHAPMAN

Real Estate and Insurance

Opposite Desert Inn

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

Telephone 4552

SEA SHELL or Shunk, 15 inches right
side. Lucky. Sounds "Aoum."
Open to offers. **B. Ponohaji, Wim-
bridge Bldg., Bombay, India**

SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP

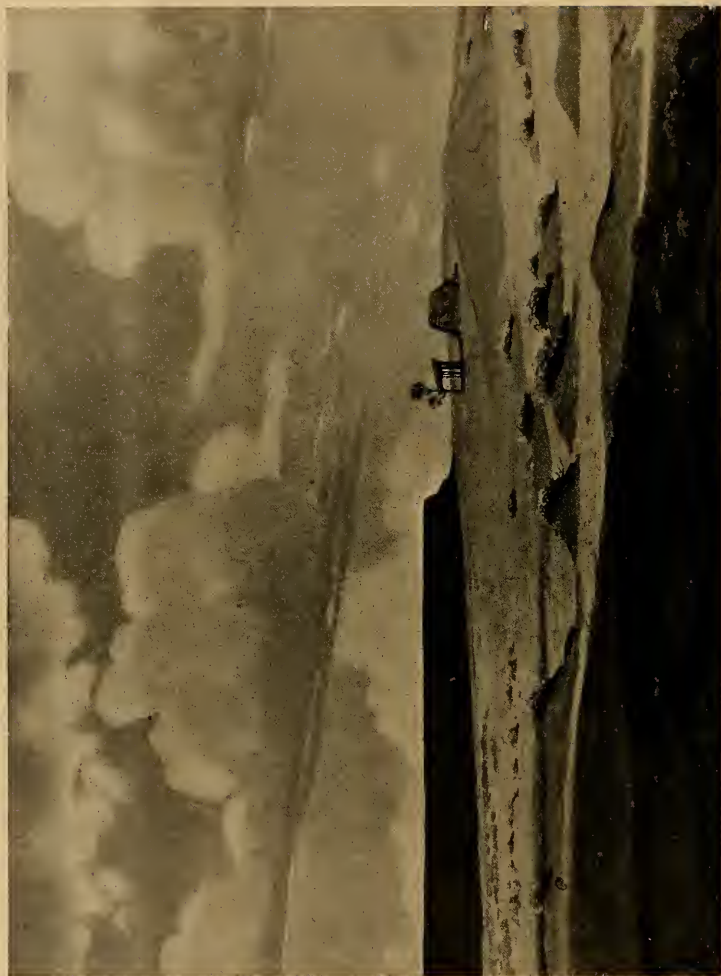


Professional training in the technique and practice of creative writing, under personal leadership of distinguished American authors—Edwin Markham, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Rupert Hughes, and others. Inspirational atmosphere and ideal environment. Send for circular.

WILLIAMS INSTITUTE, Berkeley, Calif.

COIN COLLECTORS request our LISTS and ORDER FORM, 3c.; Transportation Token List, 10c.; Auction Catalogue of Rare Coins, 10c.; Lincoln's Saloon License in Antique Frame, 75c. One Year's Subscription to Home-Hobbyist Magazine, a Quarterly for all Hobby Collectors, 50c.

KOIN-X-CHANGE, 0-35 S. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.



NAVAJO HOME AND BLACK MESA—James Swinnerton
Courtesy Stendahl Art Galleries

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868
and

OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Founded by Charles F. Lummis, 1894
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Editorial and Business Offices: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, H. W. HELLMAN BLDG., 354 S. SPRING STREET. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 609 MISSION STREET.

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

VOLUME 92 — 25¢ per copy

MAY, 1934

Number 5

South Sea Fire Walkers

By BEN FIELD

THE BIG, white steamer lay at the concrete dock at Papeete, Tahiti. Two hundred and more of us strolled about the pier hurriedly around the Island in automobiles.

Word had come that there would be an action of firewalking. Some scouted the idea as unworthy of belief and would not go. Others kept a rendezvous at the Lagoon Hotel and Cafe, the Tiare or some other place or went to use chopsticks at a place eating place.

My Lady and I turned our footsteps toward the spot where it was reported fire-walkers would walk with bare feet on hot rocks. She whispered that these were men of war, fighters, descendants of cannibals.

A hundred people, mostly natives, stood about. The weather was hot and that was a very hot indeed. There were some trees of green trees overhead but not much shade was afforded. A great hole had been dug in the earth approximately 20 feet long and 2 feet wide. It was about 8 feet deep. It had been filled with dry leaves, logs and other material for a hot fire. Then it had been surrounded over with rocks, boulders as big as a man's head, up to twice that size. They lay on the burning logs three to four feet thick.

The Captain of our steamer, the Mayor of Papeete and other prominent people were present. Flames and smoke ascended from the hole and peering into the pile we could see that they were redhot, beginning to glow about eighteen inches below the surface.

How long has it been since the blaze was lighted? I presently asked the Mayor. His party sat in a row of chairs just behind My Lady and me.

Once four o'clock this morning," replied the native in charge.

It is ten now so that makes six hours," I mused.

Isn't it be speeded up a little?" asked the Captain.

"The Umuti is a sacred ceremony," was the reply. "I wouldn't like to ask those walkers, who are praying back there, to hurry."

"Is the fire always lighted at four in the morning?" asked My Lady, "and what significance does the time have?"

"Four in the morning is the usual time to make the fire, I believe," said the manager. "Although I have seen but a few of these ceremonies myself. I do not know however just what the time means, if it has any significance. Before you arrived the walkers were parading and chanting about the umu or oven. Now they are in silent communion with the spirits of the dead, the tupu-paus."

"For how long a period have South Sea Islanders been walking on hot rocks?" questioned my modern and practical Lady.

"Aue, it began before any of us remember, it is older than our most ancient can tell. The atua, God of the uma and also the tupu-paus, (disincarnate spirits), allow us to go over the hot stones without being burned, if our bodies are physically in fine condition and if we know how to come near to God."

"Well, you are more broad-minded and tolerant than some Americans!" exclaimed My Lady. "With us they would arrest you perhaps and prosecute you for fraud."

THE NATIVE manager looked long at My Lady and a faint smile of understanding parted his lips. "Firewalking came about naturally," he finally said, "just as cannibalism did perhaps and from the same causes. When great drought and the destruction of the hurricane were in the land, either one of them, the people were deprived of their usual supply of food. Then it was they turned to the food of animals which is called ape, the roots of an humble plant. This ape however, cannot be eaten and digested unless it is cooked for a long time. So great ovens were built and the coarse roots were

cooked until palatable. These ovens were much like the fire-walkers' ovens. Maui, the god of fire, was invoked with much earnestness, dances, ceremonies and prayers were initiated by the priests. But all this had to be done by those whose bodies were physically perfect. There was no place in the ceremonies for the sick person or the intemperate, degenerate man or woman. Our worshippers must stand up straight and their muscular bodies must be fully developed."

"I never saw such perfectly builded men as South Sea Islanders," murmured My Lady.

"The uma or oven became what you might call a national symbol," continued our friend. "Thankful for fire which gave them the ability to transform coarse food into human nourishment in time of drought and disaster, men decided to show their gratitude to Maui by walking on the hot rocks of the great ovens just before the ape root was placed to be cooked. This was a rite of physical and spiritual purification and was to exemplify the use and need of perfect physical development. And now this ceremony is still carried out, not as a result of famine and other terrible visitations, but as a votive offering to Maui. Maui is the god of fire and the inspiration is one of gratitude and of purification of self and perfection of the human body."

"I didn't know fire-walking was such a fine, religious thing and so closely connected with strong muscles and a perfect body!" exclaimed My Lady.

The native manager smiled. He was an educated man, graduate of foreign schools and of wide experience. "Tabitians and other South Sea Islanders believe strongly in tabus and in ugly and evil spirits. But down through the centuries the greatest movement or influence to emphasize the importance of bodily strength and of harmony and brotherhood has been the ideal as exemplified in fire-walking. The white man came with his often degrading influences. Even the Christian teacher brought his hell and eternal dam-

nation. While much noble and self-sacrificing work was done by the missionaries and while they are to be credited with the preservation of tribal languages, dialects and customs, yet what a mighty chance was missed to dominate the people with the power of beauty, love and brotherhood—instead of with greed, fear and lust! Native fears of tabus and malignant spirits and Christian fears of hell and devil have brought unhappiness and death into a paradise. It is but natural then that many of us should believe in fire-walking and its urge to make a perfect body, if not a perfect soul."

My Lady read my thoughts apparently when she exclaimed: "Oh, why can not the white man, the civilized man as he is called, bring love and service and uplift to these brown and dark peoples! Why can they not wipe out the terrible stigma of an hundred years ago and bring purity and love and the science of Being! Or even let them alone and come with just conscious brotherhood. They have a perfect physical culture in swimming, running, rowing and other exercises and they do not need help, necessarily, from the white man!"

Again our friend, the manager, smiled understandingly upon My Lady. The Umuti which we were to see enacted before our eyes was a fraud to some, (they could not explain how), but it stood for the triumph of the perfect body and of mind, emotional and spiritual mind, to others of the onlookers. It was something even more subtle to a few. These believed, (they did not express their belief), that the tupapaus did indeed attend psychically or actually and move by the side of these fire-walkers and hold them safe from the lacerations of heat.

"They are coming!" exclaimed the Mayor, "please be quiet."

"Oh, isn't it impressive!" whispered My Lady. And it was. The leader, young, striking if not handsome, nearly naked—a pareu of flowers and leaves about his loins—gloriously perfected in body, paused at the brink of the pit of hot stones. The stones had settled somewhat with the consuming of the logs and fuel beneath.

Behind him, alternately, came a young woman and a man, flower-garlanded at brow and hips, Apollo-like in body. Ten in all, they rested at ease before us and there was low music and beat of native drum from some hidden place.

The leader lifted a branch of tropical growth. Thrice he brought it down with force on the smoking stones. No Grecian athlete ever showed a more beautifully perfect figure than he. His genuflexions revealed his perfectness.

He chanted:

"O Atua who gave us fire for the uma take away the fire now until we have walked,

O Atua, guide the feet of the walkers and quench the fires.

O tupapaus of our ancestors, cover the fires so that we may pass over the center of the uma.

O mighty Atua who put the fire in the heavens, hold back the breezes which give life to the fire.

Let us, your favored ones, walk upon the uma.

Mother of every step, protect us from harm.

O Great Atua, we now walk!"

We could see that this your Fire-walker and his followers loved and revered Beauty, Physical Perfection and Maui, the

just like the other natives' feet, only beautiful and preserved, brown on top, white underneath. I can't see that they were caloused even."

The line of ten moved across the rocks slowly, rhythmically, without outcry. There did not seem to be any pain. We could see the lighter-colored of their feet as they lifted them up. The leader turned and led his followers side of the pit and crossed the narrow width with them. Three times all the repeated, sixty crossings of almost by rocks and not an outcry. Now they were at first before the end of the rectangular pit. The leader importuned God again beat his green bough on the stones, word they followed him and, down on and feet, soft palms to the hot rock repeated the crossings.

It was over and the followers of



God of Fire. The Captain spoke to us who were near by him: "It really isn't anything new. Ancient Greece and Rome worshiped fire; the Persians, the Turks, old France, the Patagonians and North American Indians, they all revered fire."

"Watch!" My Lady clutched my arm. The leader, his face exalted, radiant almost, had stepped on the burning stones. He went on and on and the others followed, man and then woman, across the scorching pit of rocks. We saw a green branch fall from the bough he carried. Instantly it smoked, then blazed and was but ashes.

"My God!" someone whispered, "how can they do it?"

"Look at their feet," I suggested.

"Well," said My Lady, "their feet are

proud of their perfect physical demonstration and spiritual achievement, slipped away. They were uplifted, purified.

"What do you make of it?" the Captain asked a native in our group.

"It was the goddess of fire, the vala of the heavens, who helped Maui," he replied. "You noticed they beat the bough three times on the hot stones as they stepped on them. That bough was a ti plant. It is sacred and gives power and protection. But a reason of great importance is that these young men and women are perfectly developed from swimming, running and nature-living as you Americans call it."

[Read further on page

Southern California Trout Fishing

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY



the surf. No better fighting fish is found anywhere than the steel-heads, as every fly-fisherman will attest.

Fishing for all varieties of trout commences in May and ends the last of October. The limit of fish allowed to be creeled is twenty-five fish each day, or ten pounds and one trout, or one trout weighing over ten pounds.

VISITORS to Southern California from any part of the United States during the angling season can enjoy the angling without having to make any elaborate preparations or travel far to get the sport. They can obtain full and free information concerning all of the streams, creeks and lakes at any and all of the offices of the Automobile Club of Southern California, and can also obtain their fishing licenses at any of these offices. An angling license for a non-resident only costs \$3 for an entire season. This organization has thirty-two branches in the various counties, as well as its home offices in Los Angeles, and strangers will be furnished maps and data without any charge for the service.

The rainbow trout, the most generally distributed of the trout family throughout the state, is a beautiful and remarkably gamy fish, weighing from a pound up to as high as twelve pounds at times. It rises readily to artificial flies and makes a desperate battle for freedom when hooked. It is a very brilliantly colored fish, the color on the back being a deep, dark-blue ultra-marine, dotted with small black spots, the sides brighter, with many silvery scales, and with a broad pink stripe running from the eye to the commencement of the caudal fin. This trout will often leap a number of times from the water when he feels the barb in his jaws, when hooked in fast-running streams, and will shake his head savagely in the effort to dislodge the hook.

The Eastern brook trout, brought into Southern California from the Eastern States on the Atlantic Ocean, is also a very vividly tinted fish, and a most pugnacious fighter. They are very wary, and much skill is necessary to fill a creel with these beauties. The European brown trout is an importation from Europe, as is also the Loch Leven trout. Both of these latter fish are now found in a large number of the streams of California. The State Hatcheries, under the direction of the Fish and Game Commission, distributes millions of trout fry every year in the State waters, and keeps them well stocked up with the different varieties. The golden trout, of which there are several kinds, the most beautiful of them all being named "Salmo Roose-

[Read further on page 100]

THE FIRST of May ushered in a season which is dear to the devotees of rod and reel, for on that date the angling begins. and near there has been an oiling of reels and a careful inspection of rods, and numberless trips have been planned to those waters where the trout lie, as well as the disciples ofzaak Walton. The creeks and streams at this time are unusually clear, and often shallow, and the skill of the fisherman is tested to the utmost. Approximately six million trout have been distributed in State waters, and the anglers are hopeful.

Here in Southern California the fishing season finds hundreds of men and women along the rivers and creeks, and afloat on the many lakes, all intent on the art celebrated byzaak Walton. The system of modern-

built highways extending throughout every portion of the southern counties of the State, and the almost universal ownership of automobiles have given the people free access to innumerable mountain streams and lakes well stocked with a number of varieties of gamy trout, although no salmon or grayling fishing is found in these waters.

The rainbow trout, the golden trout and the steel-head, are the most important of the trout which are native to the State. Loch Leven and brown trout have been imported from Europe and planted in the rivers and lakes, and now form a considerable addition to the fishing. Steel-head trout, a large and particularly hard-fighting fish, come in from the ocean waters up the rivers and creeks which enter the Pacific, and are also caught in

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

CALIFORNIA'S GLORY

By BEN FIELD

BY THY blue Sierra's glory,
California, California,
By the golden shores of story,
California, California,
God will bless as He has spoken,
He will lead the peoples, broken,
To the land that is His token,
California, California.

Reverently mine eyes behold thee,
While thy majesties enfold me,—
Pen nor tongue the half has told me,
California, California.

Serra, Portola, Cabrillo!
California, California,—
El Camino Real! Dio!

California, California;
Fremont, Figueroa, Sutter!
Names of conquerors we utter,—
Dove wings round their children
flutter,
California, California.

O thou Western Greece unfolding!
California, California,
Thou the torch of progress holding,
California, California;
Mighty cities have been founded
And thy glory is unbounded
Where the trumps of God have
sounded:
"California, California!"

NOTHING LESS THAN THE RAIN

By ELINOR LENNEN

NOTHING less than the rain can break this
wall
That time's slow dust embanked around my
heart,
Refuting faith in such a subtle way
Remorse could not forbid it to depart.

Nothing less than the rain can humble me;
It seeks me in the night time, unaware;
Weakens the wall sufficiency has built,
And leaves my heart a quivering, questing
prayer.



MIRAGE

By ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

I HAVE dwelt a little here
A little there,
From Kashmir
To Mayfair,
Seeking near, seeking far,
From Vladamir to Bogata,
But if you ask me: "Seeking what?"
I have to say: I do not know
Why I go
To Rajahput or Calicut,
I simply go because I must,
I am the slave of wanderlust.



I SHALL GO HOME

By MABEL PHILLIPS

I SHALL go home when autumn leaves
falling,
When lengthening shadows rest upon
grass,
When far across the land the winds are call,
And skies are mirrored in the lakes in
glass;
Then I shall rest for a brief moment know
A secret peace; the quietude for dream
And hear, again, about me softly stealing
The age-old whispers of the wood
streams.

I shall go home as one who goes with lo
ing
To cheerful fireside and a lamp's soft gl
With friendly faces all about me thronging
The smiles I loved there in the long a
Then with sweet slumber over my eyes cre
ing,
My hand in yours, held snugly warm
fast,
Quiet and stilled, with never sound of we
ing,
I shall go home, across the fields, at las



THE DESERTED MISSION

By ANNIE M. LONG DEBOER

WHERE sunshine and shade
In ceaseless play
Shimmer and fade
Through the livelong day,
Slumbers the mission with crumbling wall,
While softly and silently loose stones fall.
The yard is forsaken;
The fountain is still;
A mass of wild-flowers
Now wander at will,
Over the flag-stones, worn with the feet
Of devout souls who walked there when service was sweet.

Mosses and lichens
Lovingly climb,
Twining their tendrils
In pity sublime,
Over towers and arches and each broken wall,
While softly and silently loose stones fall;—

Telling her beads is the mission old,
Each stone a prayer for the sheep of her fold,
Gathered so peacefully there in her dust;

Hearts that beat swiftly, she taught faith and trust.
The clouds weep in pity; the winds all caress,
While the earth to her bosom in tenderness,
Is clasping the mission, so hoary and old,
And the forms of her children who sleep in the mould.



WHAT IS "DYING"?

ANONYMOUS

I AM standing on the seashore. A ship near my side
Spreads her sails to the morning breeze and starts
For the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and
I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like
A speck of white cloud just where sea and sky
Mingle with each other.
Then some one at my side says: "There! she's gone!"
Gone where? Gone from my sight—that is all.
She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she
Was when she left my side and just as able to bear her
Load of living freight to the place of her destination.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her, and just at
That moment, when a watcher beside me exclaims: "There!
She's gone!", other eyes are focussed on her appearance
And other voices are ready to take up the glad shout:
"There she comes!" And that is Dying!

Pretto Bell, America's Youngest Aviator

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

PRETTO BELL was just seven years old when I first saw her. She had big, eager eyes, a determined look on her face, and little feet which were carrying her in an amazingly speedy pace. Her long hair was flying in the wind and she was holding a kite!

Ever since that kite, Pretto Bell has intended to fly, herself, she has planned for it, spent long hard hours in drill and practice-flying. And on her seventeenth birthday, August 8, 1934, she took her initial flight alone and won her flying license.

Pretto Bell is a Southern girl, all of the old South's traditions of modesty, demureness and shyness in the family. But early in life she let her family know that she meant to carve out her own way. Born in the Summerville district, just outside the city limits of Charleston, S. C., her mother, Mrs. Estelle Bell, named the baby after the attending physician, Dr. W. H. Lockwood, because it was an unusual name, and when she looked into Pretto's pretty eyes between the child was going to live an unusual life.

Pretto Bell's father, Daniel Bell, was a well known construction engineer, now dead, but long before his death, when Pretto was just about eleven years old, she won both his and her mother's consent to become an aviator. At twelve Pretto went into active training, studying all the irksome details of the Ground School at the Curtis-Wright Technical Institute. Later she had private instruction from Joe Plosser of the Third Central Flying School. Since the time she was first in a plane, she has worked with all of the diligence, enthusiasm and skill of a general mapping out a strategic attack.

But Pretto Bell is by no means a one-sided person. She won the silver cup award for dramatic work at the Flintridge Sacred Heart Academy, receiving highest grades in all her classes, having graduated from this celebrated school for girls just following her seventeenth birthday, and will enter the University of California at Los Angeles, as an honor pupil in the Fall. Since she was fifteen she has been making public speeches about aviation, having addressed important adult audiences in the last year. And this is Pretto Bell's dream: To fly to all the countries of the world, to tell them how easy and safe it is

to fly, providing that all nations of the earth will live in peace together, so that in reality, her life-purpose is to become an ambassador of Peace.

First Miss Bell intends to fly to every large city in the United States, and give addresses on aviation to schools, clubs and various organizations, a plan being now underway for her to carry a lion's cub with her to advertise a famous gasoline company which

any sacrifice she was going to stick to what she had marked out for her life's career.

"Flying," declares Miss Bell, "seems perfectly natural to me, and is much easier than driving a car. There are no gears to shift, no traffic signals to forget, no cross streets to look out for, and all movements of the controls are natural and easy. I feel I know every part of a plane, just like a dressmaker knows each piece of a pattern, for when my sister,

Mary Grace, was cutting out paper dolls and dressing them up, I was cutting out airplanes from cardboard, and since then I have made miniature planes from wood, cloth and metal."

"Many people ask me," Miss Bell said, "if I am not afraid. And they seem to think that it takes some supernatural courage to fly a plane. It really does not. It merely takes good common sense, good eye sight, and a genuine interest in what one is doing. I have no intention to do stunt flying or to take any useless hazards."

Because they know that Miss Bell is careful, competent and clear-headed, some of the sisters of the Flintridge Sacred Heart Academy, where she has been attending school, have promised to make a flight with her. They say, "If Pretto flies with the same skill, diligence and courage with which she has conducted herself at school no one need fear to be a passenger with her."

Perhaps the kindly sisters feel, too, that their many prayers for their young pupil will bring protection to her from a power which rules even the air. While Miss Bell herself is not Catholic, she says that of all the schools she has attended, and she has been in many, that the Flintridge Sacred Heart Academy, she believes, is the most wonderful place in the world for girls. "First," she says, "they have such thorough instruction. We get our mathematics, languages and science, just as they do in colleges; but there is an atmosphere of kindness, love and protection, not found in ordinary schools. And then, too, we are surrounded there by the most beautiful natural scenery in the world. I have the Sisters to thank for some of the most beautiful lessons in life, and the memory of their kindness to me will go with me wherever I fly."



will furnish the plane. For it is not until she has become fully acquainted with her own country and with flying that she intends to try her wings across the Atlantic.

Pretto Bell has done a number of unusual things in her, yet, short life. At thirteen she decided that girls should have a military education so she convinced the principal of the Hollywood Military Academy that she could qualify for all the grades, drills and field work that the boys took, and spent a year there, receiving highest grades and awards for deportment and studious application. Believing that girls could interpret sympathetically some of the heavy Shakespearian roles, played by famous male actors, she formed an amateur Shakespeare Company and played, with much credit, the characters of Shylock, Oberon and Hamlet.

But never once did she give up her intention to fly. Not even when her father and mother offered to take her for a trip abroad if she would promise to forget her dreams of the air. She was tempted a little, she said, when her two childhood playmates, Ramona and Juanita Stancliff went to Europe with their mother, but she decided at the cost of

A Zig-zag Journey Through California

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

"If thou art worn and hard beset"

By sad perplexities and debt,

If thou hast bills and shabby clothes,

And runs in all thy Sunday hose—

TAKE Longfellows advice and go to the woods! And what a variety of scenery and sensations will be yours! And what a varied assortment of people, too, you will contact, if you travel fifteen hundred miles throughout the length and breadth of California as I have just done. Only don't make the mistake of wearing your shabby clothes at the Santa Barbara Biltmore or runs in your stockings at the Oasis or El Mirador in Palm Springs. But you do not need to wear any stockings at all at Palm Springs, in fact, clothing of any description was a negligible quantity there this Spring.

If you've gotten blasé and think there is nothing to see in California, start out in a machine with a couple of youngsters and let them tell you how the largest grape vineyard in the world is between Los Angeles and Riverside, how the most powerful telescope in the world is being made for Mt. Wilson, how many millionaires go to Pasadena and Palm Springs and just how rich the orange growers of Orange County are; and the accurate information of these statistically minded young people will surprise you, even if you are unimpressed with the wonders they recount. But go with them to Mt. Rubidoux and look at the vast panorama stretched out before you, visit with them the chapel, art galleries, and underground winding passages of the Mission Inn at Riverside, look at the hundreds of art treasures there from all over the world and you can not fail to catch the contagion of their enthusiastic interest. It is like taking a journey through a foreign country to go along with DeWitt Hutchings when he gives his daily "travel talk" as he takes you through that historic old hotel. The two young lads along with me were keenly interested in the Indian basket room, the life-sized wax works, and the paintings of the old missions that line the walls; and one of them developed an ambition to become a bell collector after seeing that remarkable exhibit in the gallery of the bells. They called this picturesque old Inn a castle and to them Frank Miller, Master of the Inn, was a feudal Baron. "Any way" one said, "my father says he is a Prince."

From Riverside on down to Palm Springs and El Centro one gets much fantastic geography from two small boys. Mt. San Geronio and San Jacinto with their white

blanketed heads and shoulders are great, kindly genii with water jars; the Salton Sea is an enchanted blue lake in which a Princess has hidden her sapphires, and all the hotels, automatically become palaces.

El Mirador, at Palm Springs, with its tower in sight, long before the edge of town is reached, at once became a baronial castle, and its spacious rooms, grounds and swimming pool all fostered the same illusion, and the boys were sure that no kings ever feasted on more wonderful food. In the bedrooms, the tile inlaid furniture, which they had never seen before, intrigued their fancy. That was such a sensible idea, they said, they did not like dresser scarfs anyway, but if you spilled anything on these, you could just wash them off yourself, and they did not have to be ironed! When they saw Warren B. Pinney, manager of the El Mirador, the boys had a heated discussion as to whether they would make him an Italian Count or an English Duke, but after they had met him they were sure he was Lord Chesterfield.

The very name of the Oasis Hotel stimulated their imagination, and when they were housed in the very tip of the tower, in what is known as the tower room, they went Arab and tied turkish towels on their heads, hired a couple of ponies and went out to conquer the imaginary hordes of the desert. The Oasis dining-room, with its big brazier and the smoke tree decorations also appealed to their fancy and conjured up Arabian Night legends. And their healthy hunger, after their ride, made them forget the viands of the day before and declare that there had never been such food in the world as the dinner under the tent like roof of the Oasis dining-room. But the next night was the most wonderful of all. The guests of the Oasis were taken, by Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Garlick, managers of the hotel, on a moonlight picnic, way out on the desert, and there over a wood fire dozens of fresh, fat mountain trout were broiled and served on long picnic tables. A big bonfire was built and the dozen or so children in the group turned Indian and raced through the cactus on imaginary chargers.

THE house which interested the children most in Palm Springs was that of Mr. and Mrs. Austin G. McManus. Built out of concrete blocks made from the hillside soil on which it stands, it seems to have grown right out of the earth. Its wonderfully wide veranda, which becomes a part of the living-room when the sliding doors are rolled back, its huge fireplace with the copper hood, the

colorful Moroccan curtains, rugs and furnishings, the gaily colored awnings, the tile floors, the suites built on different levels, were things of unique beauty.

As it was Mrs. McManus' father who covered and first settled Palm Springs, he secured a vast acreage before Palm Springs came a fashionable resort, they are now only the largest landholders, but the "family," socially, artistically and in point of civic importance. At their home the movements of the community are inactivated; in their immense living room the Theatre of the village gives its plays. The shaded veranda is open house to all friends at the afternoon tea hour. All visiting celebrities are entertained by them. Recently when Mrs. McManus was visiting Pasadena and some one exclaimed, "Oh, she from Palm Springs?" an old acquaintance calmly said, "Mrs. McManus is in Palm Springs!"

Any one who traveled the old road, even ten years ago, from El Centro to San Diego, over the steep passes and around narrow, winding curves, will be surprised to find the wide, level, well paved boulevard today. The varied scenic effects make ever-changing panorama and one of the boys said, "Gee! I never saw so much sky all once before in my life!"

We did not stop in San Diego but went straight through to Aqua Caliente, a marvelous culmination to a journey of wonder. And here the boys' penchant for royalty was realized, for Baron Long, they were told, owned and operated the hotel. They were much disappointed at first at not seeing him, but when they met Walter Ratliff, resident manager, they said, "He's a prince, too!"

It was delightfully cool at Aqua Caliente and when we expressed surprise, Mr. Ratliff reminded us that Aqua Caliente means "cool water," and not "hot air." The racing season was over but we visited the tracks, the house, the Casino, and the boys were delighted with the swimming pool where they pronounced the most wonderful of the things we had seen. The lunch in the open patio with the strolling players, and the Spanish dancers was just like "being in a play" one of the boys remarked, "But you wouldn't get to eat duck like this in a play," snorted the other boy.

Of course by this time there were no more adjectives left in the language to describe the delectableness of food. But as one munched a thick lamb chop and the other surreptitiously chewed a chicken leg without benefit of cutlery, they looked at each other and echoed "Yum, Yum, the best yet. You bet!"

And Mr. Ratliff says that Aqua Caliente is fast becoming a summer as well as a winter resort. Being only a few miles inland from the ocean there is a surprisingly

[Read further on page 14]

The Literary West

STATE NAMES, FLAGS, SEALS, ANIMALS, BIRDS, FLOWERS AND OTHER SYMBOLS. By George Earle Runkle. The H. W. Wilson Company, New York. 530 Pages. \$3.50.

For the first time there has been brought together in one volume material of great value to students and general readers on the lines indicated in the title. The compiler has searched many historical sources and has gleaned from books and documents authentic materials relating to state seals, flags, nicknames, etc. There are thirteen chapters and a comprehensive index and enlightening and descriptive comments on pictorial buildings and the more important state histories. Libraries and writers will find the book a mine of useful information.

A CHILD WENT FORTH, by Dr. Helen MacKnight Doyle. Gotham House, 18 W. 11 St., New York, Publisher.

Here is a book that from its first appearance has captured the interest and imagination of readers everywhere. Dr. Doyle's produced an autobiographical study unique and informative. In organization of material, in style and in selection of material, she carries through a book that from beginning to end is replete with situations of intrigue and hold the reader. There is human element in the pages and an underlying philosophy and humor that make scenes and circumstances of her life real in reality. The book takes its title from Whitman's poem, "A Child Went forth."

"DIAMOND RIVER MAN" by Eugene Cunningham. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00. An intriguing western novel. Eugene Cunningham of El Paso has written another book. This volume, "Diamond River Man," is his sixth book contribution to western literature. About a year ago Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine reviewed his "Buckaroo."

The author is a true delineator of Western history—character history in particular. The reader can peruse his novels and feel that he is getting something more than a powerful and fascinating story. He will be absorbing the history of the West at the same time. This gives Cunningham's books double value for, after all, many of us acquire our knowledge of the West of years ago from fiction. This is a rough, hard story. There is action on every page—aggression, crime, retribution and, withal, color and romance. It is almost written with a six gun.—Ben Field.

Dr. William G. Carr, Assistant Director, Research Division, National Education Association, is the author of a splendid biography of "John Swett," educational pioneer. Dr. Carr while connected with the California Teachers Association made an intensive study of John Swett, and this book of 175 pages is the result. There are ten chapters that follow the great educator's work while principal in the schools of San Francisco, and later as State Superintendent of Schools, and again in San Francisco. His contribution as an author is given attention. The book is splendidly written, and beautifully printed and bound by the Fine Arts Press of Santa Ana, California. The illustrations are by Mary Louise Wallace.

THE GOLDEN WEST IN STORY AND VERSE. Edited by Rufus A. Coleman. Harper & Brothers, 442 pp. Price \$1.50.

Mr. Coleman has succeeded in bringing together in one volume a rich body of material that deals with the West, its exploration and settlement, incidents of pioneer life and stirring scenes from the early days down to the present time. The selections are well chosen and produce a book well balanced and offering prose and verse from the many of the most popular and authentic writers. The book is a real contribution to the literature of the West and gives a true picture of the "wide open spaces," suitable for school or library. It will find place on the shelves of the serious reader as well as the one who peruses its pages to satisfy leisure moments.

TORREY CONNOR

Torrey Connor, of Berkeley, has brought out privately an attractive volume as a holiday gift book for her friends. No copies have been sold. The book treats of Mexico, with which country Mrs. Connor is entirely familiar. Under title "The Rainbow Trail," this book, in common with all other work of her smoothly flowing pen, is delightfully written and intensely interesting. As always, her writing is clear and lucid. Her keen analysis, her friendly philosophy, delicate touches of humor, her powers of description and her compelling style, combine to produce a page instructing and entertaining.

Torrey Connor has through her books and numerous writings and her constructive work and far-reaching influence, made a valuable contribution to the literary life of the West. The columns of the Overland monthly and Outwest Magazine have been frequently enriched through the inclusion of articles by her.

AUTHORS' BREAKFAST

An occasion of more than local interest was the Authors' Breakfast held on May 13, at Williams Institute, Berkeley, under the auspices of the Williams School of Authorship. The program was prepared by Louis De Jean, the popular and competent Director of the School, and himself an author of note. The carrying out of the program was in the hands of Ruth Comfort Mitchell, who as Master of Ceremonies, has few equals and no superiors. In her own inimitable and witty way, she brought scathing indictments against leading writers and editors present, calling upon them to show cause why they should not be brought before the bar of Justice to receive sentence for their acts. John D. Barry was chosen to represent the culprits and his eloquent pleading was effective in having the sentences revoked.

The Williams Institute founded and presided over by Cora L. Williams is a marvelous setting for such a school and such a meeting. Letters of regret were read from several faculty members including Rupert Hughes and Samuel G. Blythe and other prominent writers. A request to the Williams School of Authorship, Berkeley, California, will bring full information as to the calendar and courses.

SOUTHWEST BLUE BOOK

WHAT is home without a Blue Book!

Unless you have one you do not know your friends' telephone numbers, you can not remember the names of all their clubs; if you are out of town a few months you may not even know their names, in the swift matrimonial excursions, switches and side-tracks of today. A Southwest Blue Book is not only a social necessity, it is as indispensable as a dictionary, a road map or a traffic signal.

Leonora King Berry, who knows, not only the A.B.C.'s of society but the X.Y.Z.'s as well, is the compiler and publisher. 3418 North Broadway, Los Angeles, California—Price \$3.00—L.H.M.

THE INA COOLBRITH CIRCLE

Interest is never lacking in the meetings of the Ina Coolbrith Circle. The May meeting in San Francisco had as speaker, Mr. Flodden W. Herron, who had for his subject "Sir Walter Scott, the Great Border Romancer." Poems of the late Louise A. McGaffey, presented to the Circle by her son, Ernest McGaffey, well known to readers of this magazine, were read by Miss Juliana Sesenna.

South Sea Fire Walkers

[Continued from page 94]

"That is as good an explanation as you are likely to get," said the Mayor of Paapeete.

One of the passengers from our great, white steamer called: "Come on, let's go to Tony's. There's music and cold beer and brown girls!"

A drab, nondescript white man sidled up to us: "I've been watching and listening," he said. "I've seen it two or three times before in the South Seas. If you like I'll tell you something about it."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter," he murmured. "White men don't have a name out here, after a time, if they lose out as I have done. But don't misunderstand me, I'm not trying to borrow any money from you. Maybe I want to talk to white skin, I don't know."

I flashed a glance to My Lady, then back to this drifting, disconsolate-looking American. "Let's go and find a place for lunch," said I. "You join us. We'd like to hear what you have to say."

He mellowed a little over beer and sand-

wiches, but wouldn't tell us his name or whether he came from Texas or Iowa. It is usually one or the other down here. He'd started a little business and lost his money. "I'm up against it now," he said: "but no, I don't want to go back. This is an ideal place to live and I like to watch the boys and girls grow up into free manhood and womanhood. Oh, they know how to make the body beautiful down here, with the right kind of exercises and the proper food and happy living."

"But how do they do the fire-walking?" I questioned.

"They do it honestly by the power of a perfect body, coordinated and controlled and by prayer and the answer to prayer," he replied.

My Lady looked her astonishment at me. "The world is turning, not only to science and physical perfection but to the psychic. The psychic begins where the physical and science leave off. These natives are psychic, they train themselves for fire-walking by developing perfect bodies. They believe in God and they ask his help and they get it."

"When you say 'God' do you mean Maui?" I asked.

"Why yes," said he. "There is but one God so what difference does it make what you call Him?"

"I do not know," I answered and My Lady looked a little distressed. But present her chin lifted and she seemed to breathe a probation.

"If you were to live in the South Seas as long as I have," continued our acquaintance from Texas or Iowa, "you would learn to almost worship the perfectly developed body. Spirit can take care of itself, it is perfect and needs no guardian. But the physical body should be studied and known by each man. It is the temple of God that He made to house His spirit and one of his chief duties and privileges is to know the body as these Tahitians know it and to care for it as they do."

A long, loud whistle from our big, white steamer split the air. "We must hurry" exclaimed My Lady.

"This part of the world or sea is full of the mysterious," continued our acquaintance, oblivious of time or whistles. "There are other rites as baffling, almost, as fire walking."

But My Lady and I were sprinting for the steamer.

Southern California Trout Fishing

[Continued from page 95]

velt Evermann," after the late President Roosevelt, is by far the most brilliant in hues of any American fish. Bright golden-yellow, deep orange-red, yellowish white, and olive and rose-color are the main tints of this unique trout. It is found in Kern, Inyo, and Mono Counties in Southern California, and prefers the smaller creeks for its home. They are small fish, seldom going over a pound in weight, but superb fighters, and certainly in a class by themselves for radiant coloring.

For the fisherman who is not acquainted with Southern California streams and lakes, the problems of enjoying a day's trout fishing may be divided into four propositions: First, where to go! Second, how to get there! Third, when to go! Fourth, what bait or lure to be used! Fortunately for all of the disciples of Izaak Walton in Southern California, all of these questions can be answered satisfactorily by the Outing Bureau of the Automobile Club of Southern California. This department was instituted solely for the

benefit of anglers and hunters, and is headed by a man of many years experience both in the field, and around the lakes and streams along the Pacific Coast. By applying to this department, the angler can get absolutely everything necessary to make his trip pleasant, and to insure success.

Fly-fishing is the almost universal practice in trout-fishing here and a skilled angler will have no difficulty in catching the limit of fish in the favored streams and lakes. Some of the angling in the lakes is done from boats, but the bulk of the stream fishing is carried on from the banks, or by wading the streams in rubber "waders" or hip-boots. The water in both lakes and streams is cold, the majority of the mountain rivers and creeks being icy cold. The absence of mosquitos, gnats, or other annoying insects adds to the thorough enjoyment of trout-fishing in Southern California, and visitors from abroad will find the sojourn of a day or two by the lakes and streams a pleasant incident in their trip if they are followers of the rod and reel.

The scenery in the High Sierras, where the cream of the trout fishing is found, is both beautiful and rugged, and the air is as clear as crystal, and invigorating to the last degree.

Parties who wish to pack in to the high altitudes to fish, can get guides, camp equipment and horses at a number of towns and settlements along the highway extending north through Lone Pine, Bishop, Independence and Bishop, but reservations for this service must be made ahead, the demand is considerable for the guides and camp equipage.



Dialogue With a Flea

By JACK BENJAMIN

SUBSTANTIALLY does not always imply importance or value. A diamond, as everyone knows has greater value in a block of marble, and the sale of a Cadivarius brings forth a greater number of shekels than the legal transfer of a lumber yard. . . . Microbes are deadlier than bullets, and a slip on a banana peel is often found to be more dangerous than a mule's kick.

Our measuring of importance in terms of value is a hang-over from those early days when we roamed through jungles and were frightened clean out of the little wits we then possessed by the sudden appearance of one huge animal whose terrifying bulk threatened immediate extinction to our puny species. . . .

It was along lines like the foregoing that my conversation with Prof. Noodle ran. He considered himself somewhat of a unique personality he bestowed serious attention only upon "big things." Small objects were considered beneath his notice.

Personally, I had my doubts about the merit of his viewpoint, and often tried to convey to him the value of "small things." It was a difficult task. The Prof. was settled in his opinions.

As we strolled along discussing the subject *pro* and *con*, our attention was suddenly drawn to an enormous sign hanging over an arcade, advertising in large, bold letters "Flea Circus." Pictures of a coach drawn by a team of fleas were prominently displayed. . . . With the promise of "Money returned if the show is not what we say it is."

Now, neither the Prof. nor I was certain whether such a thing as a *flea circus* was possible. How on earth can anyone train tiny creatures to draw a coach?

However, our recent discussion about the relative merits of "big things" and "small things," as the Prof. called them, returned to mind. I began to wonder whether fleas, for instance, live an interesting life. Have they any adventure? Romance? Are there heroes among them? It should prove highly interesting to discover that.

We waited for the show-man to begin his lilyhoo about the flea circus. My mind buzzed with a thousand wild ideas.

When the circus announcer finished with his tale of wonders to be seen inside the arcade, especially in the side-show where the flea circus performed. . . . and the ticket man began to do business. . . . we were among the very first to push our way into the interior of the arcade.

For the following ten minutes we were keenly amused and when the spectators left the fleas for other sights that the arcade contained, we lingered behind, loath to leave the tiny insects where they were.

The show was now over. The manager of the arcade (who undoubtedly must have seen the overwhelming interest we displayed for the flea act) came over to us, and after passing a remark or two, said:

"I wonder whether you gentlemen would be interested in buying a private flea circus, composed, I assure you, of the most exceptional and talented fleas?"

"No," the Prof. and I replied. Did the

Readers of Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine have for some years enjoyed the humor and philosophy from the pen of Jack Benjamin. A writer and journalist of recognized ability, his audience is scattered the country over. Few writers are better prepared on economic and educational issues. Mr. Benjamin is at home as an essayist. The accompanying article shows his versatility. Editor.

manager take us to be a pair of simpletons? A private flea circus, indeed!

"But, gentlemen," he insisted, "it is only our human vanity, grown out of all proportion, that causes us to consider ourselves objects of supreme importance and to take no serious interest in fleas. . . . They are the most interesting of creatures. . . ."

"But, what on earth would we do with a flea circus?" spoke up the Prof. "As for myself, I am sure my wife would kick both me and the fleas into the street."

The manager shook his head sadly, and softly replied:

"For cultural purposes, if for nothing else. Do you know that if these seemingly insignificant insects could talk they would tell a tale that would make the Arabian Nights look as uninteresting as a last year's baseball score?"

This touched my friend, the Prof., on a sore spot, for he replied with some degree of emotion:

"Bah! Why these fleas of yours are only stupid, tiny insects, having little, if any intelligence. They are motivated mainly by instinct while we humans are capable of exercising the highest forms of reasoning. Pity to say. . . ."

"Is that so?" interrupted the manager. "Well, if you will step into the rear of the

arcade where I have my private office, I will show you something that you will never forget as long as you live. I, my friends, have invented a machine by which it is possible to converse with fleas. This apparatus magnifies sound and transmits it so that it becomes comprehensible to humans. Wait. You will soon see. . . and also hear."

WHAT happened during the following few minutes was truly wonderful, and it is hardly possible that it will ever be believed.

The manager attached earphones to our heads, told us to gaze through a large lens, and, believe it or not, we soon were engaged in conversation with the fleas that the showman had placed inside the strange apparatus which stood in front of us.

The antics of one battle-scarred flea quickly captured our attention. Feeling a strong desire to find out what sort of life fleas have, I asked:

"Isn't your existence very prosaic? Don't you live merely to eat and —?"

"Wait," the tiny creature replied, "wait until you hear the tale of our history. Then you won't feel so mighty and full of importance."

The story that came from this insect, in sum and substance, was as follows:

"We lived on the surface of a dog. For generations we had lived and died on him, and to us he spelled the whole universe. As a matter of fact, we did not know that he was a dog or anything else. Our geographers gave us scant information about such matters.

"Some of the fleas managed to secure the most favored positions on the dog, places where the food was best. They refused to allow other fleas the same privilege and created a class of kings—or rulers.

"The poorer fleas were compelled to find food as best they could. Conditions grew from bad to worse. The ruler fleas soon began to fight among themselves as to the ownership of dog territory. To be brief—our history was a narration of one war following the other. Each new conflict became deadlier. Battle after battle. . . ."

"One fine day, a scientifically minded flea invented a weapon by which he hoped to exterminate all of the enemy's forces. On that great day, he set off his weapon, a form of concentrated explosive, and a fearful explosion took place.

"The dog upon whose back we lived, felt as though he were on fire. The explosion had actually torn him apart. Seeking relief, he dashed towards a lake and jumped in. Only a few of us. . . who fell or jumped from his back as he was running toward the water. . . . were left alive. The rest perished miserably.

"From what I have seen of your vaunted civilization, it is quite like the one we had."

THE PROF. could stand it no longer: "Tell me, what social institutions existed in your kingdom? What sort of judicial system did you have? Justice, you know—"

At the mention of the word "justice," the flea smiled condescendingly.

"Our system of justice, in which you appear to be so profoundly interested, was perfection itself!"

"Why," exclaimed the Prof. with astonishment, "that's absolutely impossible. Socrates said that nothing possesses perfection."

The flea, unmindful of the Prof.'s interruption, continued:

"We not only brought justice up to a level of absolute perfection, but we, in time, improved upon perfection itself!"

"How?" inquired the Prof., incredulously.

"The human element," went on the flea, "which enters with such disastrous results in any kind of jurisprudence, was entirely eliminated from our courts. True, we had stumbled and groped blindly for many centuries. But, at last we devised a wonderful system. Our philosophers struck the idea and with the assistance of a group of judiciary sages, these thinkers invented a *Justice Machine*.

"Well, this machine never made any error and functioned as follows: "When—"

The good Prof., eyes shining with curiosity, asked:

"But, what did this justice machine of yours look like?"

"It appeared somewhat like a huge comptometer—an adding machine. It contained a set of keys upon which the names of all possible offenses were stamped. When a person accused of any infraction of the law was brought into a court, the judge took the accused and stood him in front of the Justice Machine. Then he proceeded to question the accused, and as he replied to the judge's interrogations, the data was stamped upon the machine: this machine contained keys for age, birthplace, name, height, weight, in fact, anything and everything that a judge should want to know about an accused person.

"The judge stamped all this out like you would type a letter. When he finished questioning and registering the information, he pulled a lever and a perfect verdict automatically came out of the machine—like a piece of gum from a vending contraption.

"Also, this Justice Machine of ours, not being of flesh and blood, could not be tempted by anything under the sun. No one could ever say that its decisions were influenced by a certain yellow metal which you humans are ready to kill yourselves for.

I, too, wanted to ask the little flea a question and broke in: "Did you have any symbols showing your respect for justice?"

"Yes," answered the flea. "At one time we had a symbol for justice and it was very much like the one you have this very day,

namely, a lady standing blindfolded, holding a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other—to show that justice is impartial.

"One fine, spring day we decided that huge statue of justice which we had standing in front of our highest court, needed cleaning. We engaged some workmen for the task. A ladder was erected and a man sent aloft to begin cleaning the head, as the face of the justice statue had become soiled rather quickly.

"The man climbed up and removed the bandage which covered the lady's eyes. But when he looked at her, he noticed that she had become cross-eyed! Following the focus of her eyes, he observed that it centered the tip of her nose. When he looked at the tip of her nose—Horror of Horrors! A golden coin was balanced there! Instead of keeping her eyes in front of her as the poets and sculptors desired, Lady Justice had become cross-eyed from gazing too long at the golden coin. . .

"When the workmen had concluded their account of what he had learned about the features of the statue, five pessimistic philosophers who were standing within earshot laughed so loud and so long that they burst their sides and died."

AT THIS point of the flea's story, we were suddenly interrupted by the manager of the arcade. It was time for the fleas to go on with their daily act and thus our visit ended.

A Notable Tree Planting

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN founded the Verse Writers Club of Southern California, at Los Angeles in 1916. For six years she served as President. She passed to the Beyond June 9, 1927.

On April 7th, 1934, a tree was planted in honor of this distinguished woman at Exposition Park in Los Angeles. This tree is a beautiful specimen of the Sequoia Gigantea and is placed at one side of the Sequoia Grove.

Grace Atherton Dennen came to California in her young womanhood. Her birthplace was Woburn, Massachusetts. She held the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts from Smith College. For thirty-four years she headed the Department of English of the Girls Collegiate School of Los Angeles.

In April, 1921, she founded the Lyric West in Los Angeles. As a magazine of

American Verse it enjoyed a nation-wide popularity during her three year editorship, and for several years thereafter. She herself was a poet of distinction as well as a

A QUESTION

By ONA M. ROUNDS

DARK hills were etched against the sky,
Like sentries in a row.
The city's form was blotted out;
Man walked in fog below.

The moon to cheer the upper air
Grey billows turned to white;
They rolled and tossed a silver mass
That shed celestial light.

If man could live above the fog,
Slow-witted though he be,
He might a truer vision gain
And beauty clearly see.

writer of fiction in novel and short story. Her literary achievements could hardly be enumerated except in extended space. At the time of her founding of the Verse Writers Club and the Lyric West Magazine, there were probably but two or three other similar clubs and magazines in our country. Now these are numbered by the hundreds. Leetha Journey Probst, the President of the Club, conducted the ceremonies of the tree planting. Georgia Rowles, Chairman of the Committee, George Jacoby, Jr., and Jessie Lewis, arranged the dedication. John Steffen McGroarty, Poet Laureate of California, happily dedicated the tree in his well-known delightful manner. Ben Field, editor of Overland-Outwest's poetry page "Melody Lane," and Past President of the Verse Writers Club, delivered an eloquent eulogy of Miss Dennen's life career. A large gathering of club members and literary people was present.

At the conclusion of the dedication, John Steffen McGroarty and Ben Field lowered the hole, to the roots of the tree, a concrete casket containing poems by the members of the Verse Writers Club and a copy of the Lyric West Magazine.

A Zig-zag Journey Through California

[Continued from page 98]

the year round, and he declares that conditions which have caused Tia Juana use so many places of business have not and Aqua Caliente in the least.

The beautiful, spacious patio, around the hotel is built, with its flowers, and shrubs, is one of the most picturesque spots in which one would like to loaf in the sunlight; and in the magic of the moonlight one feels that life could not have one eternal romance there.

We were shown through the gorgeous grounds of the President and the Governor, of which had their own private enclaves and secluded terraces. And when we were felt that had we been titled guests in a royal household, we could not have been given greater hospitality or more genuine courtesy.

Now we went to Coronado and zigzagged to Pasadena, Los Angeles, and on up to Santa Barbara, Santa Maria and San Francisco will have to be told in the next Zigzag journey-jog.



RUPTURE

and
RECTAL DISEASES
Successfully Treated in Office

G. W. FULLER, M.D.
Suite 902, 1031 South Broadway
Los Angeles, California

Hours: 11 to 4 except Fri. and Sat.



"How to Make It" Books

Women and boys possess an inherent love for making things. Be assured of pleasing him by selecting some of these interesting books published by Popular Mechanics Press.

FOR BOYS (all ages 8 years or over)

FAMOUS "BOY MECHANIC" LIBRARY—4 Big Volumes. 4000 photographs—While Things to Make—all the things so dear to the heart of a boy. Enough to last him until he is a grown-up man. Books 1, 2, 3, and 4. Each has 460 pages, hundreds of illustrations, size 7x10 inches, Cloth. Price \$2 per single volume or \$7 for complete set of 4 books.

FOR MEN AND BOYS (all ages)

MAKE IT YOURSELF is the Boy Mechanic grown up. Both father and son will revel in the 300 different articles dealt with—such as ships models, ingenious toys, amusement devices, novel furniture, useful appliances and things for the home, etc. Cloth, 460 pages. Profusely illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.
BOAT MECHANICS BOAT BOOK—Every man and boy wants a boat. This book shows the amateur how to build any type of boat or small boat at little expense. In addition it contains everything about boats and boating that the small boat owner wants to know. Cloth 268 pages. Fully illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.00.
OUTDOOR SPORTS THE YEAR ROUND—A fascinating book for boys or old. Hundreds of ideas for new popular sports as well as old favorites. Covers every season and is especially complete on winter sports. Many unique articles on making sport equipment. 160 pages. 650 illustrations. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$2.
Any of the above sent postpaid upon receipt of price or C.O.D. anywhere in U.S.A.

Write for Catalogue describing 5000 books on 2000 subjects.

POPULAR MECHANICS PRESS

204 E. Ontario Street

CHICAGO



CONTENTS

Frontispiece (Plate) Jas. Swinnerton	92
South Sea Fire Walkers. Ben Field	93
Southern California Trout Fishing. Ernest McGaffey	95
Melody Lane	96
California's Glory. Ben Field	
The Deserted Mission. Annie M. Long DeBaer	
Nothing Less Than Rain, Elinor Lennen	
Mirage. Arthur Truman Merrill	
I Shall Go Home. Mabel Phillips	
What Is Dying?. Anonymous	
America's Youngest Aviator, Lannie H. Martin	97
Zig-zag Journey, Lannie H. Martin	98
Literary West	99
Dialogue With A Flea, Jack Benjamin	101
Notable Tree Planting	102
A Question, Ona M. Rounds	102

WANTED — Responsible person with references to canvass for high-class books, etc. Persistence will insure liberal compensation. Address 502 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California.

A Pneumatic Mattress

for Outdoor Joy and Comfort

Our products are guaranteed to be perfect as to material and workmanship. With proper care their life should be practically unlimited. We make mattresses to order on specification. Special sizes to fit cars with seat backs out for sleeping. Our factory accommodations are not limited to the manufacture of air mattresses solely, but can be utilized to build any pneumatic product. Telephone PLeasant 6343.

FEATHERLIKE PNEUMATIC PRODUCTS CO.
5911 South Broadway Los Angeles, Calif.

Hotel Sequoia

619 OLIVE STREET

Half block from Pershing Square

"IN THE MIDST OF EVERYTHING"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

RATES

With private bath, one person \$1.50
Two persons \$2.00

With bath privilege, one person \$1.00
Two persons \$1.50

BOOKS OF THE WEST

Do You Know These Recent Books?

CARCASSONNE—EAST AND WEST

By Ben Field. A volume of outstanding verse by the West's most popular poet. Price \$1.00

A ROAD TO OPPORTUNITY

By D. W. Pittman. A study of the economic crisis and suggestions for the new day by a thoughtful student of the times. Price \$1.00

RAINBOW'S END

By Ona M. Rounds. A novel with a background in the Great War with implications for universal peace. Price \$1.50

SONGS OF THE REDWOODS

Stanton A. Coblenz, Editor of "WINGS" and much read poet, has constituted and produced in his "Songs of the Redwoods," a most worthy book of verse. Price \$1.50

THE GOLD OF FIDDLER'S GULCH

By Ernest Klette. In this modern day novel with its "Days of '49," the author has given us a most compelling drama. Price \$1.00

HUMAN CHIPS

Based on historic fact, this novel of the recent Russian Revolutionary Period, is from the authoritative pen of Boris V. Monomack. Price \$1.00

MARQUEE BALLYHOO

The popular writers, Maurice L. Kusell and M. S. Merritt have produced one of the most gripping novels of the day. Price \$1.50

LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF

Professor James F. Chamberlain, nationally known authority on Geography and Travel, has written a book on Canada that will find place in schools and libraries. Price \$1.00

SCATTERED KERNELS

Something entirely "different" under authorship of Flora Coblenz. A selection of epigrams produced under unusual conditions. Price \$1.00

— Order Direct from the Publishers —

Write for Catalogue of Complete List

Overland - Outwest Publications

"Books of the West"

502 H. W. Hellman Building
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and
OUTWEST MAGAZINE



Sixty-Sixth Anniversary!

THIS ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE
MARKS ITS SIXTY-SIXTH YEAR

What other publication can point to such continuous issuance, and such conscientious effort to portray the life of the changing decades?

What other periodical can cite as discoveries such illustrious names as Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Jack London, Mark Twain, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Carl Clausen, Charles Warren Stoddard? Merely to list the names of famous contributors would require more space than the entire pages of this magazine.

VACATIONING IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

\$2.50 Per Year

JULY, 1934

25c Per Copy



"How to Make It" Books

Most men and boys possess an inherent love for making things. Be sure of pleasing him by selecting some of these interesting books published by Popular Mechanics Press.

FOR BOYS (all ages 8 years or over)

THE FAMOUS "BOY MECHANIC" LIBRARY—4 Big Volumes. 4000 Worth-While Things to Make—all the things so dear to the heart of every boy. Enough to last him until he is a grown-up man. Books 1-2- and 4. Each has 460 pages, hundreds of illustrations, size 7x10 inches. Cloth. Price \$2 per single volume or \$7 for complete set of four books.

FOR MEN AND BOYS (all ages)

MAKE IT YOURSELF is the Boy Mechanic grown up. Both father and son will revel in the 900 different articles dealt with—such things as ships models, ingenious toys, amusement devices, novel furniture, useful appliances and things for the home, etc. Cloth, 460 pages. Profusely illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$2.
POPULAR MECHANICS BOAT BOOK—Every man and boy wants a good boat. This book shows the amateur how to build any type of popular small boat at little expense. In addition it contains everything about boats and boating that the small boat owner wants to know. Cloth 269 pages. Fully illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.00.
OUTDOOR SPORTS THE YEAR ROUND—A fascinating book for young or old. Hundreds of ideas for new popular sports as well as old favorites. Covers every season and is especially complete on winter sports. Many unique articles on making sport equipment. Cloth, 352 pages. 650 illustrations. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$2.

Any of the above sent postpaid upon receipt of price or C.O.D. anywhere in U.S.A.

Write for Catalogue describing 5000 books on 2000 subjects.

POPULAR MECHANICS PRESS

Dept. A.O.

204 E. Ontario Street

CHICAGO



ONLY 1 TICKET
 now required for a
Compartment
 to
 San Francisco or Portland



SINGLE occupancy of a compartment which formerly required a ticket and half, now requires only one rail ticket. In addition, the cost of a compartment San Francisco has been reduced from \$12.75 to \$8.50. Similar reduction Portland. These savings combined with recent rail fare cuts bring compartment travel costs to a new all-time low.

Pullman fare for a single bedroom private section between Los Angeles and San Francisco has been cut to only \$5.40.

Next time you go anywhere
TRY THE TRAIN!

**Southern
 Pacific**

H. P. MONAHAN, Gen. Pass. Agent

SAN DIEGO ARMY & NAVY ACADEMY

"THE WEST POINT OF THE WEST"
 JUNIOR COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL
 and GRAMMAR GRADES

An institution internationally recognized for the thoroughness of its academic and military instruction and for its emphasis upon the character training of boys and young men.

Junior Unit Reserve Officers Training Corps. Active Member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States. For catalogue address

COL. THOS. A. DAVIS, Box OM
 Pacific Beach, Calif.

OLD — RARE AND UNUSUAL BOOKS

Old Magazines and bound volumes of Rare and old magazines, also new current books and magazines at Bargain prices. Old books bought, sold and exchanged. Our service can supply you with almost any book or magazine you wish, we get you that hard to get book. **Free Catalogue.**

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE

0413 Bryson Bldg., Los Angeles, California



THE HOME OF COMFORT

The Angelus is located right down town in the very heart of the business, theatrical and shopping districts, and convenient to transportation facilities. You will find the Angelus one of Los Angeles' substantial hotels, featuring 200 modern rooms with extra comfortable beds.

RATES

Single, without bath	\$1.00
Double, without bath	1.50
Single, with bath	\$1.50 - 2.00
Double, with bath	2.00 - 3.00
Twin beds and bath	3.00

Special Rates by Week or Month

FREE GARAGE if your daily rate is \$1.50 or more. Drive your car direct to Metropolitan Garage, 417 S. Spring (adjoining hotel). Bring ticket to clerk in Angelus lobby.

Corner 4th and Spring Streets

Phone Michigan 9241

H. J. TREMAIN, Manager



FLINTRIDGE RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

Formerly the Flintridge Biltmore Hotel. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Accredited to University of California. Primary, Intermediate and High School. Dramatic Art by Lillian Fitch. Supervised Sports. Outdoor Swimming Pool. Moderate Rates.

Mailing Address: PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Colorado 4034

The School may be reached from Glendale via Chevy Chase, and from Pasadena via Linda Vista Boulevard.

Hotel Sequoia

619 OLIVE STREET

Half block from Pershing Square

IN THE MIDST OF EVERYTHING"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

RATES

With private bath, one person \$1.50
Two persons, \$2.00

With bath privilege, one person \$1.00
Two persons \$1.50

RUFUS J. CHAPMAN

Real Estate and Insurance

Opposite Desert Inn

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

Telephone #552

SEA SHELL or Shunk, 15 inches right side. Lucky. Sounds "Aoum." Open to offers. B. Ponohaji, Wimbidge Bldg., Bombay, India

SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP

COIN COLLECTORS request our LISTS and ORDER FORM, 3c.; Transportation Token List, 10c.; Auction Catalogue of Rare Coins, 10c.; Lincoln's Saloon License in Antique Frame, 75c. One Year's Subscription to Home-Hobbyist Magazine, a Quarterly for all Hobby Collectors, 50c.

KOIN-X-CHANGE, 0-35 S. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.



Professional training in the technique and practice of creative writing, under personal leadership of distinguished American authors—Edwin Markham, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Rupert Hughes, and others. Inspirational atmosphere and ideal environment. Send for circular.

WILLIAMS INSTITUTE, Berkeley, Calif.



CALIFORNIA'S FLOWERING GOLD

Published at Los Angeles, California.
Entered as Second Class matter, July 29,
1881, at the Post Office at Los Angeles,
California, under the ACT of MARCH
3, 1879. Contents of this magazine
copyrighted.

LINNIE HAYNES MARTIN
Associate Editor

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868

and

OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Founded by Charles F. Lummis, 1894

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Editorial and Business Offices: LOS
ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, H. W. HELL-
MAN BLDG., 354 S. SPRING STREET.
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 609 MISSION
STREET.

This magazine must not be held re-
sponsible for the views of writers or
for opinions expressed by them.

MABEL B. MOFFITT
Secretary-Treasurer

VOLUME 92 — 25¢ per copy

JULY, 1934

Number 7

Reactions From a South Sea and Pacific Island Voyage

By BEN FIELD

WHILE the President of the United States is cruising in the waters of the Pacific and visiting the Hawaiian Islands, let me point out briefly a few questions that might well be considered by the citizens of our Country. My viewpoints are no doubt sentimental. They have to do with the South Sea Islands and Hawaii. But mine itself is largely a sentimental issue and adjustments between nations have not frequently been based upon sentiment.

In January of this year I took passage on the steamship bound for the South Sea Islands on an exploration cruise. Never before had a great steamer embarked from the California cities of Los Angeles and San Francisco bound for a dozen groups of Southern isles like the Marquesas, Tahiti, French Polynesia and the Samoas. It was to be an epic voyage, a sensation in discovery and adventure. On the eighth day out we sighted the Marquesas, the most beautiful islands on which as we are told by Frederick O'Brien, author of *White Shadows of the South Seas*. We beheld Ua Pu, whose mountain peaks Robert Louis Stevenson says look like the palaces of some ornate and monstrous church. Our steamer came to rest in the harbor of Nuka Hiva.

Lost almost in the glorious tropical jungle, we left the beach and tramped inland to where France has erected a monument to her great artist, Paul Gauguin. Here were the ruins of Typee, where Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* and Omoo found their little heret. Let a traveler look but once on the glory and beauty of the Marquesas and his heart will forever belong to those desirable Islands. When Mendana discovered this paradise in 1595, there were approxi-

mately 150,000 natives living happily in the group. And when Herman Melville immortalized the Islands in 1841 in his American classic, *Typee*, perhaps there were half as many. Today there are less than 1200 and these of mixed blood and poor health. It might have been better had the United States recognized the action of Captain Porter when, in 1813, he conquered the Marquesas and ran up the Stars and Stripes. But there is a thought crystalizing now in the hearts of writers and artists and adventurers that France might allow America to create a colony of artists here, poets, painters, European statesmen and dreamers. Perhaps, in this manner, something good might come to the Marquesas out of the blood and battle of the World War. There were cannibals here, yes,—they devoured the human in time of famine or hurricane disaster or war. Civilized men, so called, sometimes devoured the soul and would have stamped out Divinity itself if possible.

OUR SHIP cruised onward and we entered the harbor of Tahiti, singing the Tahitian National Anthem. A great reception was accorded us. But now as I write these lines the Papeete Municipality is preparing a site for a monument on the banks of the Fautaua river for Pierre Loti, whose idyll, "*Le Mariage de Loti*," speaks the charm of Tahiti. With it will be carved in high relief a young Tahitian girl to represent Rarahu, the heroine of Loti's romance.

Our last port of call before San Francisco was to be Honolulu. And so we cruised on, twice across the equator, within a day's run of the coast of Australia, to Raratonga of the South Cook Islands; Nukualofa of the Tongans; to Noumea of New Caledonia; Tinian Island of story and romance in swimming the mail and breasting the mighty waves where no harbor exists; to Apia of British Samoa and the never-to-be-forgotten

visit to Vailima along the Road of Loving Hearts. Robert Louis Stevenson seemed to come to life again and welcome us with his smile and hospitality. We joyed in the welcome and gladness of the natives of Pago Pago and American Samoa. Despite the unkind whispers of prejudiced persons, the American natives at Pago Pago are happy and contented. They like the American rule and they have reason to like it. Here is the best harbor in the South Sea Islands.

While Europe continues to spend the billions she honorably owes elsewhere, on war machinery and still more on guns and cannon and battleships and tanks and gas-killing inventions, on forts and fighting gear, the while she deliberately refrains from meeting our President's advances for disarmament,—let us consider a thought about peace in the Pacific.

It is said by some that Japan is dominating the Hawaiian Islands, that about 60 per cent of the urban population is Japanese and approximately 30 per cent of the city population of Honolulu and Hilo.

It is to be observed that our American teachers are occupied almost exclusively with Japanese and other foreign children, who, for a part of each day attend also pure Japanese schools as to the Mikado's people. In Honolulu the high schools and other educational buildings have Japanese names to a large extent. Witness the Yokohama High School in the city.

We are aware the Mikado's Empire is fortifying islands in the Caroline and Marshall groups of the South Seas, islands held under mandate by Japan. A Japanese naval governor has said of these possessions: "They now belong to Japan and will belong to Japan so long as Japan exists."

Any observer can note that the Hawaiian-born Japanese-American citizens are in the majority. What shall we say of the loyalty

to the American Flag of these keen, intelligent citizens of ours? How much do they respect and love that Flag? Would they fight for it or against it if it came to the fighting test?

PRESIDENT Franklin D. Roosevelt and other Presidents before him have endeavored to have European nations agree to terms of permanent peace and disarmament. These efforts have proved to be of little avail and the nations of Europe are now on the verge of bankruptcy, the while they continue to further arm themselves. What reason have we, therefore, to expect peace or even partial disarmament from these nations?

We have all heard of buffer states in time of war, Belgium, Luxemburg, Alsace-Lorraine, the Balkans, etc. But did these small buffer countries ever help to maintain peace to any appreciable extent? Hardly. Suppose then we consider a buffer state or land morally, spiritually, (instead of materially), to prevent war. Hawaii in the Mid-Pacific is such a land. Suppose the many thousands of young, Japanese-American citizens there were to teach our statesmen of the United States and Japanese statesmen as well that a buffer land can be of great value spiritually;

that Japanese-American citizens desire to be loyal to the American Flag, showing how the two peoples may be harmonized in friendly contact under the tropical skies of Hawaii. Would not this result in a decision and custom of no war between Japan and America? And would not the great credit belong largely to a buffer land in the Pacific, buffer in a moral and spiritual sense?

It would be worth all the war debts that Europe refuses to pay to the citizens of America, if Japan and the United States should seal a permanent peace and the young Japanese-American citizens of the Hawaiian Islands should be the means of bringing about this desirable result.

The sentiment of "Peace on earth and good will toward men" is one of the greatest elements in civilization. The God of the Christian and the God of the Buddhist and the Gods of every creed can and should be worshipped on common grounds of peace and spiritual aspiration.

Two mighty races of mankind, of markedly different characteristics, can meet in the Pacific on a friendly, spiritual and material basis that will outlaw war and murder and destruction.

ing forests; outjutting precipices hung with filmy mist; the distant horizons enshrined in fancy like a Corot masterpiece; the open spread valleys, tropical in their rich luxuriance, encircled by round-topped hills, through winter, spring and summer a brilliant green in autumn brown as Persian tapestry, a gold and equally priceless. And above our rose-pink dawns, our brilliant moon the royal purple of our kingly sunsets; the blue-green ocean, of moods and shades, ever changing under varying skies and gentle breezes. Such is the heritage that Infir has bequeathed to Southern California. A man has made the most of it.

The world has seen our Southland through the silver screen, though often it recognized the setting as a bit of the Sahara Desert, the Swiss Alps, the frigid Arctic Circle teeming metropolises or peaceful pastoral pictures. Nature smiled bounteously upon the landscaped Southern California.

But scenery and climate alone do not complete the attractions necessary to give one to an ideal vacation land. Entertainment—a capital E—is the chaff for thousands who would drown their cares in a sea of pleasure. Where on the face of the globe could one find a wider variety of assortment of entertainment than in Southern California? The attractions form a list that is a cross between a sporting goods catalogue and a Shakespearean library—adapted to varying tastes. To one, nothing short of a riot of fun and excitement suffices. To another, a quiet canter on scenic bridle paths is ideal. While some are forgetting their routine in golf, boating, swimming or theatres, others are browsing at the Huntington Library and Art Gallery. Whatever is in the field of entertainment, one is certain to find his pet diversion in such abundance somewhere in Southern California.

LAST, but not least, is that rather large and interesting class of visitor who are interested in the historical background and folk of a community. For this group, Southern California has set a stage of colorful drama seldom equaled. Most of the points of interest elsewhere in our great nation are connected directly with battles, generals, struggles under the American flag or those of colonies. In California, one finds an enriched background; for in this state, which has passed under the rule of five flags, there is a wealth of color and tradition. The dominant is the Spanish atmosphere with the people of this state are proudly preserving in architecture, art, names of communities, cafes and cuisine.

Southern California, land of romance and tradition; famed for generations of training in hospitality; extends to the traveling public a warmth of cordiality seldom equaled.

California---Here They Come

By BRUCE A. FINDLAY

Manager Exploitation and Public Relations, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

SINCE the first personally-conducted excursion to Western shores, led by the original tourist bureau founder, Christopher Columbus, men and women have been seeking rest, relaxation and pleasure in travel. New faces, new scenes, new experiences broaden men's horizons and flatten their purses.

The trek of satisfied sight-seekers has ever been westward. And why not? The East having been populated first, people found their breathing spaces toward the setting sun. The staid and conservative remained put to build higher, while the more venturesome pushed westward to build wider. The cameos of the East became more highly polished; the rough-hewn gems of the West, more picturesque.

That venturesome spirit still remains in the great West and flames the imagination (with the help of Chambers of Commerce) of the rest of the country to the degree that hundreds of thousands annually join the procession of modern covered wagons. So "traveling" is the American public becoming that Nature will undoubtedly endow future generations with wheels or wings to enable us home-loving Americans to get about from place to place more readily. Until that time, however, some encouragement must

be given those (if there be any such outside of cemeteries) who do not know of our lovely Southern California as a desirable place to spend some of their vacations and anything else they may be induced to spend in our midst.

Through some mysterious grapevine, the news has leaked out that Old Sol has a lovely estate not far from the Los Angeles City Hall, and that the West's most distinguished citizen has been wintering in the City of the Angels since the keys to the pueblo were presented to him in 1781.

That Mr. Sol rarely prolongs his visit in Southern California beyond the late spring is a fact which is only beginning to be appreciated by millions all over the nation who would find a brief respite from the "unusually" warm days of the summer solstice. (To relieve his conscience, the author of this article hastens to suggest that there have been times, even in this fair climate, when one could not comfortably nap in mid-day between blankets.)

IMPORTANT as is climate to out-of-doors life, there is no substitute for scenery. Its grandeur in this wonderland—how can one hope to describe it? Those mountain peaks that match their age with time itself; those canyons with running rivers beneath bend-

A Bargain for All

By AMY BOWER

HI THAR! Git along in thar, you tarnation critters! Soo-ey, soo-ey!"

Bill Tarwater mopped his face and with his faded red bandana as the last of the band of fifty hogs was safely herded aboard the Schooner Silver, San Francisco bound. The wharf at The Hay Stacks, on the mud flats forty miles north of their destination, was a narrow affair and Bill and his two helpers had struggled for fully fifteen minutes to encourage the grunting, squealing hogs to leave solid ground for the uncertainties of water transportation.

Bill and Captain Bob greeted each other artily.

"Howdy, Capt'n!"

"Howdy, Bill! Seems to me you look sort tuckered."

"Ye-a, but I'm liable to survive," replied the doughty Bill. "My hoofs is wore plumb worn through, and I swallowed 'nuf damn dirt to bury me. But I s'pose every rancher gotta eat his weight in dirt before he dies. I left our hosses back in Petaluma and the last couple o' miles a-foot was the wust the hull danged trip."

The hogs were being piloted down the narrow way leading to the hold of the boat. Suddenly one lost his balance and tumbled aboard over those below him. Pandemonium broke out. Squeals, grunts and shrill wails rent the air, punctuated with roars from Bill and his men who were used to doing manly and voluble speech to their physical efforts—to them it was the usual every argot of the rancher.

"Shet up, you damn ole beasts, you! hat you so skeered of? Shet up! You'll be enuf be jus' pork, you ole sons o' —" "Easy now, easy!" It was Captain Bob's voice at Bill's elbow. "Kain't have so much ugly talk aboard my boat." Then in lower tones, "Got a coupl'a ladies on board this p."

"Ladies, is it? Wal, my wife's a lady, so, I'll have ye know, Cap, but she ain't teamish—she knows how you gotta talk hawks, simply gotta! Them critters has got me riled, — been livin' with 'em, sleepin' with 'em too, the last couple days, and don't want to see no more hawks — wal, stayways not till I get back on the range." The Captain tried not to be impressed by Bill's outburst.

"Anyway," said he, blustering a bit, "lay off the loud talk and swearin' while you're aboard my boat."

The hogs had quieted down but Bill was still argumentative.

"Your boat is it, Cap? Your boat! Wal, cast your eye over what's on yer ole boat. See them hawks down thar in yer basement? They're mine! See them two men down thar a-tendin' 'em? They're mine! And here I be, ain't I? What good would yer ole scow be 'thout customers, eh?"

Acquaintance with Bill Tarwater for many years had not made Captain Bob feel any great degree of self-assurance in his presence. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other uneasily.

"Oh, I allers manage to pick up a little business," he said. Then, on his own ground once more, "Now, there's the little matter of your fare—transportation for the pigs, your men and yourself. That will come to—let's see—" he pulled out a small notebook and began figuring.

They were now headed down the stream; sometimes the Schooner Silver gently bumped the bank on either side; Petaluma Creek was narrow and only navigable at high tide. It was impossible to look ahead and follow the course of the stream, so flat were the salt marshes.

Bill had seated himself on a coil of rope, pulled out his plug of tobacco and was already feeling relaxed and as if he might be going to enjoy the trip, when Captain Bob spoke.

"You owe me an even thuty-five dollars, Bill."

"*Thuty-five dollars!* exploded Bill. You think I'm a-buyn' this moth-eaten craft, you ole fool you?" Suddenly a peculiar glint appeared in Bill's eyes. He took off his weather-beaten hat and scratched his head.

"Say now, Cap, I do use this yer scow putty often, and it *might* pay me to buy it. Mind ye, I say *might*. Now jus, fer instance, say I did want to buy it and you did want ter sell it, now, jus' fer instance, Cap, what'd ye ask fer it?"

TAMALPAIS

By EMILY ALICE HOWARD

TAMALPAIS, how inscrutable is your eternal face

As you stand looking with awe into infinity! What mortal could see what you have seen Or feel what you have felt?

Because you have hidden within you The mysterious romance of the centuries, You veil your yearning And press your face close against the sky.

Captain Bill grasped the rail and thought fast.

"Five Hundred," said he.

"Hum—not so bad," said Bill. I'm inclined to dicker with ye. Mebbe we might do business. Mebbe." He pondered a minute.

Say, Cap, if I was ter buy yer boat, mind ye, I say if I was ter, we could fergit, sorta, the charges fer this trip terday, couldn't we?"

"Oh, sure," replied Captain Bill, "sure." Then, on second thought, "Pervided you paid cash."

"Wal, now, Cap, I ain't jus' zackly in position ter pay cash till I git rid of them hawks. And furthermore, I ain't in position ter take charge of this yer schooner either, till I git rid of them hawks. What say if we bargain like this: I guarantee ter pay ye the Five Hundred Dollars when ye deliver the ship ter me at a point I will hereafter specify, say fer the present, it will be within a hundred miles from here. What say, Cap?"

Captain Bob tried not to look as dazed as he felt. Suddenly he declared "I'll do it, by jolly!"

"Put 'er in writin'!" almost yelled Bill.

Captain Bob found two empty boxes, on one he sat, on the other he wrote, drawing up an agreement the details of which took most of the time till they were well out of the creek and into San Francisco Bay, but which, when concluded sounded very impressive and which they both declared satisfactory.

The agreement was to the effect that the captain thereby agreed to sell and Bill thereby agreed to buy that certain Schooner Silver, said boat to be turned over and delivered to Bill at a point to be thereafter designated, said point to be within 100 miles of their present location, and Bill thereupon to pay to Captain Bob gold coin of the United States in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars; all indebtedness incurred by present trip to be cancelled.

Two hours had been spent in discussing the wording of the contract and in writing, erasing and re-writing it. Also some time was consumed in getting Bill's signature to the document, it appearing that Bill could not write his name but must make his mark, witnessed by his two faithful hired men.

As Bill and his men drove the last of the band of hogs off the boat at the San Francisco dock, Bill turned to wave good-bye to the captain.

"Let me know, Bill, where you want the boat delivered," yelled the captain.

"Wal, I guess I kin tell ye right now, Cap," yelled back Bill. Deliver her to my ranch up on Jackson Mount'n. Good-bye, Cap. many thanks fer my pleasant trip!"

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

THE COLUMBIA RIVER

By T. H. WILLIAMS

YOU august river of the golden West
Founting within the Rockies' icy crest!
The sky-kissed heights of my Canadian land
Are yours, O River, where great mountains
stand.

You wend your way by lofty granite walls
Where majesty, a benediction, falls;
By cataracts and foaming rapids wild
Where nature's house was never yet defiled.

Swirling from rock to rock, by eddying
pools,

By hidden caverns and mouthing water-
ghouls,

You break through walls of solid granite
stone,

In plunging cascades where you shout and
moan.

On, on you go through mossy banks of
green

To sun-kissed vales, where other streams you
glean.

Olympus hovers o'er you and the Fates—
Till Oregon and all her wooded gates!

Then comes your gentling in the flowery
glades

And drowsing lowlands and lifted palisades,
While to the sea you leisurely flow along,
Listening to the happy fisherman's song.

On your broad breast you carry ships today,
To all the ports of earth they sail away.
Majestic, wide, your sea-bourne water flows,
A mighty boon to man that God bestows.

MY FRIEND'S EPITAPH

By LEON JOSEPH GAYLOR

HERE lies in death his mortal clay,
The flame of life so soon snuffed out.
His path was ever fair and gay —
Unknown was suffering and doubt.

Some talk of morals and of creeds
And say his sins set him apart;
We are not judged alone by deeds
But by our kindness of heart.

*What matter how he lived or what his end?
I only know he was my faithful friend.*

"DULCES"

(MORELIA, MEXICO)

By KATE KIRKHAM

IN MORELIA, Ah! there
Are finest dulces made,
In the plaza's cool shade,—
Young boys carry trays, piled high
With sweetmeats, to please the eye.
"Dulces, dulces! Señor, buy!"
Thru the city streets they cry,
Every sort you will find there,—
Tuna, cocoanut, fig, plum,
Limes, and pinas, mangoes, pear —
"Señor, angels would eat these."
Señor, buy, they're sure to please."
"No, for sweets, I do not care."
But I pause, and linger there.
"Boy, O stop, I'll buy a share!
Orange, mango, and sweet pear —
I will buy, as a surprise.
For my chica, my Lolita,
Light of longing for my eyes!"

BEAUTY

By RUTH LEPRADE

I have so loved thee, Beauty, thy bright
face
Forever calls to me, and though the years
Have wasted me with grief and many tears,
And though I have not found in any place
The wonder of thy presence, nor can trace
With these poor hands thy lineaments; and
sneers
Of all men follow me, and my own fears—
Yet am I faithful to thy holy grace.
Ah, Beauty, had I never seen thine eyes
In that far dawn which now is but a flame,
I would not weep and wake with wild sur-
prise
To find I seek what mortals may not claim—
Still must I seek thee in each new disguise.
Still must I kneel and breathe thy awful
name!

WORLD FROM A BOAT

By VIRGINIA BRASIER

DOWN in the reeds on moonlit nights
In whitely water-lilled places
The rippling surface of the lake
Is starred with silver faces,
And all about the water floods
A sweet strange smell of lily buds.

THE LOOKING GLASS

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

IF I could step outside myself and look
Into this face, which, mirrored, meets
me so,
Would I, then, like some mere spectator
know
What sort of man I was, what form I too?
What there was yet in life for me to brood
What moods would such an apparition show
Of joy or sorrow, laughter, pain, or woe?
Or would it all be as a sealed-up book!

I think that sudden moment when we die
Our ghosts and selves one instant stare
alone,

Cloaked by the silence as we dimly pass.
So in this quiet chamber, he and I
Shadow and self, in dual tracery shown,
Stare at each other through this looking
glass.

THE DEAREST SEASON

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

ALL through the long, soft, starry sum-
mer-nights
When all the world is primitive and young
Run tender vows and innocent delights
And songs as sweet as ever have been sung

The mocking bird pours forth his heart
wild glee

And human voices join the gland refrain;
With earth and air and sky in harmony
Man's highest hopes and impulses shout
reign.

So while the magic summer-nights hold sway
We'll bid farewell to jealousy and fear,
While love and peace and promise, every day
Acclaim the dearest season of the year.

REMINDER

By HELEN HOYT

I LOOKED a little way ahead, —
Two lovers went as only lovers go;
The taller with his arm their footsteps led.
In every motion was the show
Of love's delight — delight

That I too once was used to know.
I turned from this dear sight
Quickly as from a blow.

Feeling my life suddenly
Tumbled to nothing there;
My happiness gone from me,
The sunshine gone from the air.

California Orange Growing

By ERNEST McGAFFEY



ORANGE raising in California, particularly in the southern part of the State, is an occupation in which many millions of dollars have been invested. In the neighborhood of sixty per cent of all the oranges sold, and eighty per cent of the lemons used in the United States and Canada, are raised in California, the greater portion of these being produced in Southern California.

In Central and Northern California, something like sixteen per cent of the State's orange crop is harvested, and many lemon orchards are also located in that territory.

At times, buds, blooms, and full-ripened fruit may be observed on the same trees, and with the golden globes of the oranges, the promise contained in the slowly swelling buds, and the white purity and rare perfume of the blossoms, the picture of prophecy and fulfillment is made complete.

In nearly all citrus-bearing districts irrigation is almost an absolute requirement during the Summer months. Water brought from the mountains, or obtained from wells is utilized, and concrete heads, or stand-pipes distribute the supply through the orchards. Another outstanding necessity is that of fer-

tilizing the subsoil. This is done in some orchards by means of commercial fertilizers, and in others by sowing crops of clover, vetch, etc., and plowing under these crops during the Spring months.

About once a year orange trees are temporarily roofed with a canvas covering, and fumigated to destroy an insect commonly known as scale. The orchards are also sprayed from time to time with various liquid preparations to rid them of insect pests such as the red spider and other menaces. No pains are spared to protect the fruit at all stages.

Bearing time for profitable commercial citrus crops is usually about six years after setting out the trees. While the fruit will show in many cases before that lapse of time, an orange crop is generally considered to be in full bearing power when the trees are from nine to ten years old. When carefully looked after, and rigidly protected, they will produce fruit for many years.

Oranges must be clipped, and not pulled nor twisted from the branches of the trees. In clipping, the stem must be cut close to the rind, in order to prevent the stem from puncturing other fruit when it is being packed for shipment. For quite a while, there was found to be a good deal of decay in handling the shipments. Finally, the fact was discovered that an orange rind is easily injured, and a very small bruise is sufficient to start decay, and as fast as one orange became infected, deterioration spreads to the rest of a box, and serious loss follows.

ALL WORKMEN gathering the fruit in the orchards are required to wear cotton gloves, and the clippers used are inspected every day to ensure that they are in a proper sanitary condition for the work. No single orange ever touches the bare hand of a picker or any one in the packing plant at any time, and the possibility of any human contact is thoroughly eliminated.

The first step in preparing oranges ready for the market is by washing the fruit carefully in warm water, and then giving it a thorough rinsing in cold water. The fruit is then put through a drying process by a wave of cool air passed over it, and it is then sent to the packing employees. Each of these operatives wears cotton gloves, and at the tables where they are stationed the oranges are graded, sized, wrapped in tissue paper and duly boxed for shipment.

A very interesting and picturesque sight is afforded by a visit to one of the packing-plants operated by the California Fruit

[Read further on page 121]

The Frog

By EDMUND CORAM

I CAME upon him as I rounded a mass of lava rock. In a sheltered, sandy-bottomed pool, protected from incoming waves by curving rocks, he was disporting himself in the water.

A huge blob of a man, body as big as a barrel, naked as the day he was born, he floundered and splashed, puffing at times like a porpoise. Not until I was close to the pool did he see me. Then, with an ease that was astonishing, he dove, using arms and legs to drag his body beneath the surface.

It was then I named him "The Frog," for that was what he resembled; using breast stroke and frog-spread in pulling and kicking his way to the bottom of the pool.

I passed on. Yards up the beach I looked back. He had come to the surface, was lying on his back and spouting water into the air like a small whale.

It was many days before I saw him again. This time at the foot of a palm on the beach at the small village of Wainiha, close to beautiful Hanalei Bay.

More than ever he looked like a frog as he sat, back against the palm, his belly spreading out over his hips and thighs like a lava flow.

Atop this mass of flesh was a head; large, with bulbous, vein-marked nose and bulging eyes, hairless as to lashes and brow; wide, protruding lips; bald as an egg. His skin was red as the shell of a boiled lobster. If green had been the color he would have looked like a frog in upright position, for his arms were down, fists on the beach, as though he were propping himself from falling sideways.

The meeting was inevitable, for he was directly in my path.

"Good morning," I said.

"Hello, stranger! Nice morning, ain't it?" he returned in salutation.

The voice was not in keeping with his appearance. Carrying a slight brogue, it was full and rich with a tone of culture in the way he pronounced his words.

"Beautiful," I returned. "Is it like this always?"

"Well, yes. Once in a while we have rain. Stranger here ain't you?"

"Yes. I've only been here a few days. Have you been here long?" I asked.

"Well, let me see," and he cocked his head as persons will when they try to remember things. "Guess it was about thirty-five years ago when I hit the island."

"You must have liked it to have stayed so long?"—I was fishing too!

"It wasn't so much a matter of choice as of circumstances," he stated and I saw he was rising to the bait.

"Circumstances? How was that?"

"Sit down, won't you?" he said as he motioned toward another palm close by. As I sat down he continued.

"YES. circumstances. If it hadn't been for a licking I gave my brother I wouldn't be here."

"How could that account for your being here?" I exclaimed.

Taking a piece of tobacco from his shirt pocket he bit off a liberal cud, which he mulled around a bit before answering.

"He was older than I," he commenced, "and we being Irish he had all the advantages, even to acting as my guardian, until I became of age; we were orphans. I was rather wild, I guess, and he often lectured me on my habits. I was always in debt. When I came of age I demanded an accounting. He handed me a few pounds, telling me that was all I had coming; he had paid my bills so I could start with a clean slate. I wasn't satisfied and an argument started, winding up by me giving him a devil of a licking."

"I left after that, going to Dublin. Had the time of my life, getting drunk and bating around. I woke up one day to find myself on the high seas, signed on as one of the crew of a sailing vessel. I had been shanghaied."

"The ship was a hell-hole. A captain and mate who believed a hard fist was needed in teaching a greenhorn the ropes. Many a knock I got from them before I knew one rope from the other."

"We finally made Honolulu, after what seemed years to me. After discharging cargo we made for Ahukini, which is on the other side of this island, to take on a load of sugar for 'Frisco. I made my get-away then. Couldn't do it at Honolulu, they were watching too close; I would be worth money to anyone turning me in; the police were always on the lookout for sailors who might be deserters."

"I went over the side one night when the ship was nearly loaded, swam ashore and hid in a cane field until she left. Roamed around a bit until I got a job as gardener for a plantation manager who lived at Hanalei."

At this juncture the narration was interrupted by a call in native language coming from close by. A Kanaka woman, in

front of a hut, vigorously mixing poi with one hand, was the caller.

"She wants to know if I am going to get some fish," the Frog explained, ending with a reply to the woman.

"As I was saying, I got a job as gardener and it was then I got this."

Pulling up a trouser leg he showed me the "this."

It was a gruesome thing I looked at. The leg from knee to ankle was devoid of flesh, only the bone remained; the skin was livid with scars and as he lifted the limb with one of his hands the foot wobbled about as though it were stuck on the end of the bone by a piece of rubber.

HE SENSED the question on my lips.

Before I could utter it he started his explanation.

"They were a happy family, the manager, his wife and little son. The little shav was only about three years old, but full of life, giving his Kanaka maid plenty to do in keeping him out of mischief."

"We went to the beach one day; that is the maid, the kiddy and myself, to swim. The kiddy looked cute in his red swimming suit, the white skin of him standing out like a new sail on a ship. It was a great time we were having, him on a surf board paddling around; the maid and I swimming and splashing near."

"Before long we two were tussling in the waist-deep water, trying to duck each other, paying no attention to anything else so busy were we. All of a sudden the maid let out a yell and pointed seaward. There, on his surf board, paddling away and being helped by the wind, was that little kiddy, headed for the open ocean."

"That was not all," he went on. "Cutting through the water not far from the surf board were the back fins of two sharks, cruising around the kiddy, who was paddling away not knowing the danger he was in. It would only be a question of time until one of the brutes would go nosing at the board, dumping the little fellow into the water. The rest would not be hard to imagine. The hair of my head stood up and my heart nearly stopped beating as I stood there, looking. We all loved the little tyke, myself, the maid and the rest of the help and for us to have taken him out and not bring him back would have seemed but a little short of murder."

"It was the maid who got me in action, yelling for me to swim out and push the board back, while she went for a canoe. Sharks are cowards by nature, only striking when they are sure of their game. I knew the only way would be for me to splash around, keeping them away from the little

[Read further on page 121]

Paul Eldridge--A Study in Genius

By JACK BENJAMIN

"BOOKS," said Cicero, "are the food of youth and the solace of age."

But, besides affording us mental nourishment and a consolation so useful in advanced life, books effect something else.

It is in the dreams of the story teller that we discover the most accurate record of man's existence! Where else can we find so helpful a chronicle of the aspirations, frustrated hopes, ambitions, sufferings and multitudinous desires of the human race? The novelist has always projected more truth than the sombre historian!

Great writers are the perfect mirrors of the human soul. Upon them has been bestowed the art of weaving our experiences into a colorful tapestry of fiction.

Each age has its crop of writers. There has never been a dearth of scribes. Most of them, however, have nothing of lasting importance to say, and lack artistic ability; but, so, after enjoying a day or two of the multitude's applause, are quickly forgotten. But, now and then, a writer springs up whose work bears the stamp of genius. A man who has something to say. A man whose achievements challenge the duration of the pyramids. . . .

Such a man is Paul Eldridge.

PAUL ELDRIDGE requires no introduction to connoisseurs of fine literature. Known both at home and abroad as an in-

imitable story-teller, a remarkable novelist and an exquisite poet, Paul Eldridge has elicited the unstinted praise of such critics as Havelock Ellis, William Ellery Leonard, Ludwig Lewisohn, Thomas Mann and a host of others.

Mr. Eldridge is really a phenomenon in American letters. His art, though, belongs to the world at large. He is highly original and thus brings a unique influence upon contemporary literature.

America may well be proud of her literary light—Paul Eldridge.

Not alone does he possess a superb literary technique, but he has a profound philosophic insight into "this sorry scheme of things." Pessimist, iconoclast and calm skeptic, a man of most charming manner, Paul Eldridge reminds one of Anatole France—

"Truth," writes Mr. Eldridge, "is a merry comedian. Whenever he is recognized, he immediately changes the color of his wig, adds a differently shaped beard, puts another cloak on — and Man, the near-sighted, recommences his weary and ludicrous search for him."

Was Robert Louis Stevenson, another great writer, thinking along the same lines when he said: "A human truth, which is always very much of a lie, hides as much of life as it displays."

HOW incisively Mr. Eldridge translates the spirit of ancient Greek skepticism in the following:

"Reason! Fine thing reason is! What has it brought man but argument and endless quarrel? If, like other animals, he knew instinctively what was right and what was wrong would he have to resort to reason? What is reason but an unreliable balance swayed by the four winds of error?" (From play—"Cat Into Man.")

"Sentiment," avers Paul Eldridge, "is a more pleasant companion than reason."

His collection of short stories, "Irony and Pity," show him to be a master of that difficult form of art. "One Man Show," also a volume of short stories, received wide acclaim among the *cognoscenti*, and the public took to it with avidity.

I venture to predict that Mr. Eldridge's recent plays—"Cat Into Man," . . . "Riverbed" . . . "Paradise Regained" . . . "The Great Hunter"—will have as great an influence on the American stage as his novels and short stories did on literature in general.

The saga of human experience (written in collaboration with G. S. Viereck) "My First Two Thousand Years," followed by "Salome" and "The Invincible Adam" are representative of the finest jewels in the crown of literature.

Paul Eldridge is like a gem with a million facets. It is difficult, if not impossible to give a brief outline of this great artist, whose personality and attainments are without comparison.

New Jewish Philosophy

WHAT shall be done to make Jewish life vital and significant? How shall Jews face the new wave of anti-Jewishness? Can they reconcile their Jewish national revival with the challenge to current forms of Nationalism? How shall they meet the problem of traditional doctrine in a world of Science? What program is required for the American Jews so that their Jewish life may contribute new moral and spiritual values to American civilization?

These are some of the vital and compelling questions asked, and answered, by Professor Mordecai M. Kaplan in the book, "Judaism as a Civilization," which the Macmillan Company will publish on May 29th. According to Dr. Kaplan, the attempts that have been made to synthesize Judaism and modern life have proved inadequate, leaving

Jews with that unwholesome sense of being divided personalities, without direction and purpose in their Jewishness.

The philosophies of Jewish life thus far expounded have not seen Jewish life steadily and whole, and because they have not had the necessary appeal, large masses of Jews, confused and unguided, have become a people without a tradition and have suffered the effects that always accompany such a condition. An entirely new approach to Jewish life and a new program for Jewish life are necessary today. Without them, the Jewish people cannot stand up courageously against the terrific onslaught of anti-Semitism which their ancestors met with a firm faith.

The new philosophy conceives of Judaism "as a civilization," the sum total of the history, mores, language, moral values,

art, music, literature, religion and social organization which bear the impress of Jewish experience. Central to the whole complex of Jewish life is religion, reinterpreted in terms of modern thought; and indispensable to the further creativity of this civilization is Palestine, functioning as the spiritual and cultural homeland. The type of organization compatible with conditions in the United States, in which Jewish life can function as an organic civilization, is the "Kehillah," or Jewish community.

Dr. Kaplan is Professor of Homiletics at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, Dean of the Teachers Institute, Leader of the Society for the Advancement of Judaism, lecturer at the Graduate School for Jewish Social Work and at Teachers College, Columbia University. He is the author of "Toward a Reconstruction of Judaism."

Second Lap in Zig-Zag Journey

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

IN ORDER to appreciate the wonderful roads of California every citizen should make a trip at least once a year to the back counties of the middle-west country and the mountainous regions of the South. We skim over the road from Los Angeles to Pasadena in 20 minutes, and from there to Santa Barbara in two hours and a half, and take it as a matter of course. We stop at luxurious hostleries which would put king's palaces to shame, and unless there is a child or a poet along, we see miracles of progress in architecture, horticulture, interior decoration and furnishing, without even an exclamation of surprise or approval. So as a cure for blindness to beauty and a blase attitude towards everything, I prescribe a child or two as traveling companions.

Shortly after the ramble to Palm Springs and Aqua Caliente in the Spring, the lads, who traveled with me, and I took a dash up to San Francisco, stopping first at Pasadena, spending one day and night at the Vista Del Arroyo and one at the Huntington Hotel there. The vast grounds, the spacious entrance halls and the extensive lounge of the Huntingdon so impressed the boys that they were sure genii might walk in them, and their astonished eyes peered around every turn as if half expecting to meet their favorite mythological hero. The long, covered "bridge" with its many colored murals, depicting scenes of early California life especially attracted their attention, and from that high vantage point they spent hours watching the divers and swimmers in the swimming pool. The tremendous dining room with its pillars and myriad lights, reminded them of a Baronial banquet hall.

There they had the pleasure of meeting the Dean of Hotel men, D. M. Linnard, who has probably been the manager of more successful hotels than any other man in America, having either owned, or directed a string of famous hostleries from San Diego to Seattle, and his kindness won them just as it won his adult guests for the past 30 years. Mr. Linnard's son-in-law, Stephen Royce, the resident manager, also the present lessee of Hotel Del Coronada, has that same gentle, genial manner which characterizes the house of Linnard, and it was with difficulty that I could persuade the boys to leave the place and go to the Vista Del Arroyo. When they learned that this was another Linnard hotel, too, they were full of expectant eagerness to see what it was like, and when they were introduced to LeRoy Linnard, the manager there, they quite embarrassed me, but seemed to please him, when



SANTA MARIA INN

they told him he was almost as nice and kind as his father!

Having saved bills of fare from every hotel which they visited, and having put cryptic notations on the back of each one, I finally induced them to translate the hieroglyphics, and it was on the Vista Del Arroyo bill of fare that they wrote the ne plus ultra, the acme, of unqualified approval. It is a far cry from gastronomics to art, but it was while at this picturesque hotel that they obeyed their first art impulse, went out with crayon and paper and both made pretty fair sketches of the hotel with its tall tower and the great bridge in front of it.

IT WAS I who was loathe to leave this place, as well as the children, for there is certainly an unmistakable air of homelike hospitality, and quiet restfulness, not to be expected in so vast an Inn.

But we had started out on a long journey and our speedometer was marking off swiftly the miles as we sped towards Santa Barbara. There we were greeted by Bodo Miller, the assistant manager of the Santa Barbara Biltmore, whom we had known in former times at the Los Angeles Biltmore, and even before that at the old Alexandria.

It was lunch time, and instead of a stereotyped meal in a conventional dining room they were holding a de luxe fiesta, a glorified picnic, an al fresco banquet out on the greenest lawn, under the gayest umbrellas, overlooking the bluest sea that was ever

gazed on. And if there is anything to children, or adults either, like better than excellent meal served out of doors. I had never discovered it. We were taken all over the grounds, too, and shown the picturesque cottages, the rare shrubs and flowers, and the time we had seen the tennis courts, golf grounds, the bridge paths and house, and heard about the deep sea fishing, surf bathing and yachting, there was getting the lads any further than this several days.

I could barely tear them away from fish long enough to show them the old Mission the Paseo in De la Guerra street and magnificent civic buildings of Santa Barbara.

From Santa Barbara we sped up the Coast to Santa Maria and were welcomed by the most genial of hosts Frank J. McCoy, caretaker, owner and manager of the Santa Maria Inn. If there is a more delightful place to stay, a more restful, peaceful atmosphere in which to bask, if anywhere there can be found more delicious meals than at this picturesque, quaint Inn, with its old-world atmosphere and new-world appointments have never even heard of it, and certain in all my travels have never seen it! The chief attractions, in summer at least, in a around Santa Maria, are the flower fields. The nearest one to town being the Nichol Bulb gardens where every color and variety of gladiolus imaginable make an intricate

[Read further on page 122]

Antonia Melvill

By K. ETHEL HILL

OME years ago, in Berlin, a tiny girl child was born to idolizing parents. When she was but nine months old they took her to London and in the cultural atmosphere of that city, she grew up. In childhood she evinced a pronounced interest in drawing and color and before she was sixteen she had a representative showing of work which foretold her unusual talent. That child was Antonia Mier, now Antonia Melvill.

An idealist and satisfied only with perfection, she decided to have the best instruction possible in her chosen work. Taking the examples of her painting, she sought an interview with the renowned artist, W. P. Frith, Royal Academician. He noted her enthusiasm and after examining her work, was impressed by the sensitive understanding of values it showed. She was accepted as a pupil, an honor coveted and sought for many years by hundreds of students. With untiring effort she went to work. In several short years she had achieved a success which gave her opportunity of exhibition in the outstanding galleries of London and Liverpool.

At eighteen she married Charles Melvill and was brought to America. The Melvills' first home was in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and there they spent some years. Encouragement was given the young wife



(The cut is the courtesy of the J. W. Robinson Co., who had an exhibition of the artist's work during June, 1934.)

by a devoted husband, to advance her in her profession. Soon she exhibited at the National Academy in Philadelphia, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the galleries of New York and Washington. Next came an invitation to exhibit in the French Salon at Paris. Mrs. Melvill's entry received such commendation through the French press that she has been asked to exhibit ever since.

At this point in her career, the artist commenced to dream of the West. Its ruggedness and wide aspects seemed to beckon her. Heeding its urge, the Melvills entrained for California and soon located in Los Angeles. Happily, the artist settled into a new studio which was soon the center of a circle of discriminating friends. With fresh inspiration and the joy of a new experience, she produced still more powerful canvases. She was invited to show in all the exhibitions of note in the country and sent to many of them.

Mrs. Melvill paints with the feeling and technique of the masters of Europe. She does portraits and figure studies with rare ability. Many of her paintings are highly symbolical. Not only are they interesting from the standpoint of their masterly workmanship, but from the fact that they offer a message of real value to the world. There is no doubt that they will live; and California may well be proud of the contribution Antonia Melvill has made to Western art.

California's Curable Ills

By FRANK G. MARTIN

Altadena State Assemblyman, 48th District

WHAT are California's ills which can be cured by government? To enumerate and to define them all is not so simple as to write an article on the ills in Ireland. California today suffers two major ills: Excessive cost of government; persistent unemployment.

Government in California needs to apply the time-honored adage, Physician, heal thyself! Government in California is outrageously costly. Increase in cost of state government runs far ahead of increase in population. Cost of local government in this state has increased five-fold in twenty years. Government in California costs more than it is worth. Government exists financially, only because the ex-patient taxpayer absorbs the deficits. A private business or industry conducted as wastefully and as unmethodically as is government in California would make shipwreck.

Just as Lincoln truly said "this Nation

cannot long endure half slave and half free," just as truly may it be said today that this Nation cannot long endure with its working people half employed and half in enforced idleness. What is the remedy? Manifestly, unemployment insurance. Not the dolorous dole. Not the alphabetical ignis fatuus which raises hopes of employment under RFC and CWA, only to dash them under SERA and the chaos which lies beyond. The sensible, effectual cure lies in providing insurance against unemployment, similar to accident, sick benefit and other forms of straightaway private insurance. Collect a small percentage fee from the pay check of every man and woman steadily employed. Have the employer match what the employee contributes. Make the state government custodian of this insurance fund. Have it paid out and controlled by the state, after the manner of industrial accident insurance. Make it possible for each and every man and woman in this

state to draw living funds, honorably and with self-respect, in periods when such men and women find it wholly impossible to obtain employment, and one of the gravest of all of this state's ills will have been corrected.

Non-voting on the part of a majority of the citizens of California who are eligible to vote is a serious ill. Must it become necessary to compel voting by constitutional provision—to disfranchise all who persist in not voting? Possibly so. Minorities nominate and elect public officials in California. Small wonder the dishonest and the unfit get into public office and loot public treasuries and overburden the people with taxes.

Taxation? Make the spread of tax burden as thin as possible. Exempt necessities of life. But make everybody pay something. The sales tax is correct in principle. Just remove from under it life's necessities, then let it stand.

Mark Twain and Jackass Hill

(Under this caption Fremont Older, President and Editor of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, has written the following for his paper.)

COMPETITION has arisen over where a national shrine to the great humorist, Mark Twain, shall be erected. The competitors are the state of Missouri, where he was born; Washington, D. C., where he visited occasionally; New York city, where he also lived, and Hartford, Connecticut, where he resided for many years.

Hartford seems to have the better of the competition, as in its enthusiasm it is able to guarantee \$500,000 for the building of a suitable shrine. Mark Twain was never very strong for shrines or monuments for any human being. Some years before his death the citizens of his home town in Missouri informed him that they were considering reproducing him in bronze and setting the figure up with an iron fence around it. But Mark protested against it on the ground that he, being a human being, might do something discreditable in the eyes of the world, and in order to play same his home townsmen had better wait until he was dead.

Jackass Hill, in Tuolumne County, California, although entitled to consideration, was not mentioned among the competitors. No part of \$500,000 could be raised in that neighborhood, as the hill has been practically deserted for sixty years. But it was on top of that hill, in a cabin which has since burned, that Mark Twain wrote "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," and it gave him his national fame as a humorist.

How Mark Twain came to be on Jackass Hill is an interesting story. Late in the year 1863 he was employed as a reporter on the Morning Call in San Francisco. It happened that his old friend, Steve Gillis of Virginia City, threw a bottle at a barkeeper in a saloon one evening and was arrested. Mark Twain came to Steve's rescue by producing what was known in those days as a "straw bond" and Steve was released.

Steve thought it best for both of them to leave town until the "affair" blew over. Steve left for Virginia City and suggested to Mark that he visit his brother, Jim Gillis, at Jackass Hill. Mark took his advice and spent several months on the hill. To vary the monotony of life Jim and Mark occasionally visited the barroom of the Angels Hotel seven miles away.

Ross Coon, the barkeeper, no doubt detecting that humorous streak in Mark Twain, told him the story of the jumping frog that had previously been published in the San Andreas Independent. The story had origi-

nally come from the negro steamboat men on the Mississippi River. But Sam Searbaugh, a clever young writer on the Independent, localized the story and had the frog race happen in San Andreas.

Bill Gillis, a brother of Steve's, told me that when Mark Twain returned to the cabin with the Ross Coon story he was so impressed with the humor of it that he began writing it, and reading it aloud to Bill as it progressed. When finished Bill said that Mark Twain professed to be very much disappointed in it. But he took a chance and sent it east, where it was published. Its popularity grew rapidly, and the author of it was on his road to world-wide fame.

Of course, one can say that if Steve Gillis hadn't thrown that bottle in the San Francisco saloon that night, Mark Twain might never have seen Ross Coon, and never written "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras." But his genius would no doubt have shown itself in some other form.

Progress of the Experimental Theatre

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

SCARCE more than a decade ago the Little Theatre idea was left a foundling on the doorstep of the commercial playhouse. It did not have much to clothe it except a good idea, and yet it has thrived, for today the movement reaches well around the world.

In the faint beginning, with the seriousness of youth, the devotees of the experiment declared that they did not approve the plays or the ideals of the commercial theatre. They determined to select their own plays and produce them, and, if necessary, also write the plays.

The idea soon grew lustily and resulted in a new spirit in stage decorum, a triumph of simplification and beauty over the old conventional tawdriness.

In Pasadena, there is in full swing a community playhouse that is an established and growing success. It is a success because it fulfills its function as a center of dramatic interest for the city and surrounding towns. The modern motor car has made places thirty or more miles away a part of the community of Pasadena, players coming from as great distances as seventy miles to witness performances.

Steadily the resources of the Playhouse have increased since the organization opened its present theatre plant especially designed for its own purpose. There are the well-lighted work-shops where scenes designed and painted, and where costumes are planned and made. The storerooms contain properties and stock wardrobes of great variety, and these are constantly increased by gifts and the accumulation of the products of the workshops.

Gilmor Brown, director of the Playhouse activities, always insists on good plays, efficient acting, and intelligent directing producing.

No so-called little or community theatre depending upon non-commercial talent or community patronage, can make any progress without a subscription membership which guarantees a permanent audience, which in turn enables it to produce the best of drama and encourages non-commercial talent to take up a tenure of service training, and at the same time guarantees the directors enough experienced players to properly carry out the best plays.

It is a significant fact that while the commercial theatres have been either closed or only spasmodically opened, the little theatres and community theatres have been more active than at any previous period in their respective careers.

WE BUY POETRY

Beginning with its August issue **WRITER'S REVIEW** will publish a monthly page of verse for which we pay from 10 cents a line to 20 cents a line promptly on acceptance. We report on verse sent us within two weeks or less after receipt. We cannot return verse unless a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

WRITER'S REVIEW is interested in seeing quality verse on any subject, either rhymed or free verse, of from 4 to 16 lines. We will publish about 20 such verses each month. Please send us your best work.

NEIL DRAKE, Poetry Editor,
WRITER'S REVIEW,
647 Forest Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Use a —

GHOST WRITER

or Collaborator.

Let him write the book that you postpone. Let him put your ideas in articles, stories, speeches, or plays, which are too busy to write.

Unusual services offered by experienced writer—author of four published books, contributor to more than thirty magazines, and selling his own work regularly. Fee moderate. Address **GHOST WRITER,** BOX 14, RM. 502, H. W. HELLMAN BLDG., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

The Literary West

JOHN D. BARRY, well known columnist and literary critic, had something to say recently on the subject of teaching young people to write. Mr. Barry's articles have read the comments of John D. Blaine in the following language:

John D. Barry reproves me for my asser-
tion that I know what he thinks. He's
For saying 'Mr. Barry thinks that
good teaching young people can easily
speedily learn to write well,' I apologize.

I don't know, I suppose, what any writer
thinks. I only know what he has
and what it has suggested to me. On
July 11, in making suggestions for the
part of young people, Mr. Barry wrote,
"My good writers have had no college
training. Many have had little schooling.
The difficulty and slowly many work out
themselves what they might easily and
readily be helped to work out by good
teaching."

But on June 25, Mr. Barry wrote, "Un-
derstanding I believe young people can be led
to write simply and clearly. I'm not sure
of the ease and speed of the process."

I certainly don't know what Mr. Barry
thinks about the ability of good
writing to produce good writing. To me
as has suggested two somewhat opposing

views. But I know some things I think. I
think the 'easily and speedily' technic so
much used by writers and teachers is a trick.
A trick to entice people into starting
writing that to carry on successfully is at
all really hard. I think this technic was
unconsciously picked up by many sincere
writers and teachers from insincere promoters
and advertisers.

That trick has led to much early discour-
agement and some quick disaster. It's a trick
I think the intelligent and sincere
writer would do well to drop. Much teaching fails
because of not teaching first the right attitude
toward writing. Ease and speed are usually
the result of much preliminary hard work.

RARE CALIFORNIANA

A collector of historic volumes, Thomas
Hart of San Francisco, has after years of
effort assembled 100 of the famous "dime
novels" in the library of the Pacific Union
College of his city. Along with these thrillers,
Mr. Harbourn has collected files of early news-
papers including "Alta California," sets of
Harte first editions, and complete files
of the OVERLAND MONTHLY characterized
as valuable to research students."

COMMONWEALTH CLUB AWARDS

The Commonwealth Club of 1933 awards
of a gold medal for the best books pub-
lished by a California author, fell to "Pur-
suit of Death" by Prof. B. P. Kurtz of the
University of California. The volume is a
critical study of Shelley's poetry. Silver
medals went to Pryce Mitchell for his auto-
biography, "Deep Water," and to Charles
Caldwell Dobie for his popular book, "San
Francisco, a Pageant." "Mistress of Mon-
terey" by Virginia Stivers Bartlett, "Ran-
chero" by Stewart Edward White, "Give
Your Heart to the Hawks" by Robinson
Jeffers, "Red Virtue" by Ella Winters, and
"Dark Hazard" by W. R. Burnett, drew
honorable mention.

All Western writers and those interested
in the development of creative literature in
the West should acquaint themselves with
a series of brief articles by Edward F. O'Day
published in the San Francisco News during
June and July under caption, "Writers of
San Francisco." Mr. O'Day is a thorough
student of the literary West and is himself
a writer of no mean ability. In his articles
he takes up in turn, Bret Harte, Charles
Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Ina Cool-
brith, Robert Louis Stevenson, George Ster-
ling, Mark Twain and other celebrities.
O'Day constantly refers to the Overland
Monthly as the medium through which the
product of the pens of these masters found
expression. The writer does indeed give
a notable array of literary talent.

FIRST CALIFORNIA SCHOOL

In the midst of the "Gold Rush" in '49,
the first house in California for Protestant
worship was begun in San Francisco on July
10, 1849. This house at 878A Washing-
ton Street, was constructed of "Oregon scant-
ling, rough siding, roof of ship's sails, walls
and ceiling of cotton cloth." The first pub-
lic school in California was for two years
held in the historic old building. A bronze
plaque marking the spot reads:

"On this site was built the First Baptist
Church of San Francisco, July, 1849. It
was also the first Protestant Church build-
ing erected in California. In it the first
free public school in California was orga-
nized and held from December 26, 1849, to
June 22, 1851.

WRITE IT RIGHT, by Ambrose Bierce.
The Union Library Association, New York.
Price \$1.00.

Few books of this nature have achieved

the popularity that has attended this little
volume by that master of style, Ambrose
Bierce. Throughout his long career in lit-
erature the author made a study of the mis-
use of words by eminent writers, taking
no account of the diction of those who
had not achieved place in letters. To the
writer, the editor, the student and the pro-
fessional man, the book is most valuable.
Readers of this magazine will find the book
of especial interest because of Bierce's con-
tributions to its columns.

ADVENTURING ON DESERT
ROADS. By Ann Hutchinson. Harr Wag-
ner Publishing Company, pp. 153.

This recent book carries in twelve chap-
ters the story of a desert journey and the in-
cidents thereto. The author possesses the
faculty of writing in an unstilted manner,
her phrasing being out of the ordinary. The
experience encountered by her traveling com-
panion and herself, to say nothing of the
dog, furnish most interesting reading. The
make-up of the book and the type are most
attractive. The cover design with the des-
ert, valley and background of mountains, is
a most artistic and effective piece of work.

OLD WAYBILLS. THE ROMANCE OF
THE EXPRESS COMPANIES. By Alvin
F. Harlow. D. Appleton-Century Com-
pany, Inc. pp. 500; 80 illustrations. Eight-
page bibliography. \$5.00.

Old waybills do not suggest romance, yet
within an attractive volume of more than
five hundred pages, Alvin F. Harlow has
given such romance as the moving pictures
seek, often vainly, to secure. The actual
Wild West is here, presented by a writer with
real skill at finding romance in the dealings
of everyday. "Old Waybills" begins with
the founding of the earliest express com-
panies, but shifts quickly to the West and
Early California, where mining towns that
grew up overnight could be served by an
express messenger months before the formal-
ities for securing a post office could be com-
pleted. The history of the Adams, Lusk
and the Wells Fargo Companies in Califor-
nia provides material of deep human interest,
the hunger of the miner to hear from the
people at home. Several chapters are de-
voted to the long conflict with stage robbers.
The last of the twenty-seven chapters deals
with "Consolidation and the Air Express."
Here is an immense variety of Californiana,
authentic and interesting.

ROLLING WHEELS and HILLS OF GOLD. By Katharine Grey. Illustrated by Franz Geritz. Little, Brown and Company, pp. 238. Pictorial map end-pieces. \$2.00.

A distinct achievement in the presentation of life in the crossing of the plains in Early California shows an Indiana family in 1845 leaving their farm, to travel with ox teams to "Californy." With a wealth of historical detail woven into her tapestry, Katharine Grey pictures the life of the time, drawing the numerous characters skillfully and giving local color well in "Rolling Wheels" and its sequel, "Hills of Gold." While the stories are intended for younger readers, and Jerd and his sister Betsy are kept in the foreground, the books are so well done that they are of interest to all to whom the words "Early California" appeal. Those who whirl so swiftly along inter-state highways should read the details of daily travel in the Forties. The character-drawing is exceptionally good, and there is plenty of action. Those who would know the life of the time may find it here without a search through Californiana, and readers will agree with Jerd that California is "a great legacy."

Leonard T. Schwacofer, Jr., is the author of a little book entitled "West O' The Colorado." There is a charming introduction and several chapters descriptive of the region lying adjacent the Colorado River and Imperial Valley. One story tells of the camels that were brought to California during the last century; another relates to the Missions; still another on Ensenada, and one on Lower California. These "Little Stories of the Great Southwest" are put out by the press of the Hemet California News.

Book Binding

Artistic and Serviceable
Bindings for All Purposes
Home — Library
Office — School

Old Books Renewed
Specializing in De Luxe Bindings
for Rare and Valuable Volumes
Magazines and Bulletins Made
Permanent for Ready
Reference

EARLE A. GRAY

1220 Maple Avenue
Los Angeles, California

Telephone PProspect 0396

The Epic of Early Transportation

By LAURA BELL EVERETT

IN THESE days of highly organized systems and swift transit, it is well to know more of the pioneer experiments at transportation. Old California houses brought round the Horn still stand to tell of conveyance by water. The mere mention of the horse and buggy days suggests the slowness of the older land transportation, but when one goes yet further back to the days of embryonic roads, to the days before the establishment of post offices in California, a detailed account of the difficulties met challenges the attention.

If one is fresh from the reading of Katharine Grey's two notable books, *Rolling Wheels* and *Hills of Gold*, the former selected by the American Library Association as one of the best books of its year for young folks — but everyone should remain young enough to read these volumes,—one has a present sense of the difficulties met by the early settlers in transporting their belongings. Pathetic pictures of valued possessions that must be left behind because the oxen that drew the wagons have died for lack of water emphasizes the ease of present conditions, as one reads of the trek with oxen from Indiana to Sutter's Fort, and the later gold seeking.

The mere matter of getting valuables from one place to another may not strike one as a romantic subject but it is so interwoven with human daring and human joy and sorrow that it belongs there, as Alvin F. Harlow has succeeded in showing. *Old Waybills, The Romance of the Express Companies*, a big volume of more than five hundred pages, with eighty illustrations, just from the press of the Appleton-Century Company, is full of California history, picturesquely told. While the book deals with the whole story of the express companies from their beginnings to the *Consolidation and the Air Express* of the twenty-seventh chapter, a large proportion of the space naturally is devoted to California and the West.

In his series, *Old Townships, The Story of the American Canal Era, Old Post Bags, The Story of the Mail Service* — appealing to every collector of postage stamps — and *Old Waybills, The Romance of the Express Companies*, Alvin F. Harlow has delved into half-forgotten but keenly interesting material that has a new significance against a background of cars and airplanes. One of the greatest hardships in lives of hardship was the difficulty of hearing from family and friends across the Rockies. Even when mail reached San Francisco after the long voyage

by the Panama route, there were few offices by means of which letters could be distributed, and the installation of express service, which could be done without formalities necessary for the establishment of a post office, explains the large part of the express plays in the mining days in the State. Mr. Harlow quotes from *West*, by Elizabeth Page, which he characterizes as one of the best of the "Forty"-books, the complaints of Henry Page as being able to get the mail waiting for him in San Francisco. The experiences of express messengers who carried the letters to the mines are some grim, some humorous.

The Pony Express, of course, received chapter, while the encounters of the express messengers with robbers of the stage given at length in a proportion to the readers of Wild West stories. Much of the thrill that the moving pictures seek unsuccessfully to give is here in Mr. Harlow's narrative of express messengers matching wits with bandits. When robberies became frequent, the express service would be discontinued. Similar measures might be taken in this year of grace. Suppose the robbers more than twice within a year period were to be closed. Would it in the spirit of law enforcement in a city

EXPRESSMEN have been notably loyal to their trust. Harlow cites one astounding exception in California to prove the point. Again in telling of a strange exception to the requirement that expressmen must be of good character, he quotes from Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, in which the humorist willingly accepted the last cup of coffee on an express officer, a notorious ruffian, who had been given a high position with a western transportation company in order to might summarily clear out the bad character who infested that part of the country. For yourself Mark Twain's account of a meeting with the man who had killed twenty-six men, and Mark's haunting fear that he might feel "sorry presently that he had given it away and proceed to kill him to distract his thoughts from the loss."

As everyday a matter as sending a package by express or parcel post acquires interest for those for whom "the past and future blend in one," and no Californian visitor to California who does not try to imagine this State as it was in the time of *The Journey of the Flame*, or as described in *The Mistress of Monterey* or *Spanish Wagon*, lives up to his opportunities. Such has the gamut been run from solid-wheeled

to airplane. The eight-page bibliography appended to *Old Waybills* gives the names of a number of books that invite to the glamour and grime of an early day. Of the ten magazines cited, *The Land Monthly* is one, and Lell Hawley's *Pioneer Experiences in California Overland* for January, 1917, is listed with Wooley's *California, 1849-1913*. At Seyd's *California and Its Resources*, published in London in 1858, and Richard Burton's *City of the Saints and Across Rocky Mountains to California*, London, 1856, give the far view of the Golden State. Greeley's famous *Overland Journey from New York to San Francisco in the Winter of 1859* and others of early date here to be compared with Harris Newby's *Sixty Years in Southern California*, and F. Willison's *Here They Dug the Gold* and others that have been published lately. Everyone should read Canby's *Diary of Six and Diary of a Forty-Niner*; deserved attention given the Atlantic book, *The Forty-Niners*, has undoubtedly opened to many readers a new and absorbing field of interest. The recent death of the author is a matter of regret.

With the attention given by schools and libraries to California history, it is not difficult to follow a course of reading at once interesting and valuable, one that connects the past readily with the life of today, which explains and illuminates.

Orange Growing

[Continued from page 113]

Growers Exchange. The workers stand at their places where the fruit is graded, wrapped and boxed, each hand being covered with white cotton gloves, and everything moves along with the precision of machinery. Scarcely a sound is heard, and the preparation of the fruit for shipment is carried on with a maximum of effortless efficiency which tells of long experience.

Visitors from outside States or foreign countries can reach any one of these plants readily by inquiring at the Touring Information Bureau of the Automobile Club of Southern California either by personal call, by letter, or by telephone communication. In a very short time indeed, they can be contacted from a number of the Southern California cities, and the experience will be a novel and an instructive experience for those who have never seen such an industry in operation.

By strict cooperation of those engaged in the business, a very remunerative return, as a rule, is annually assured to the growers. Economy, thoroughness, rigid attention to every detail and a nation-wide program for marketing the product and utilizing all by-products, has been the secret of the marked success with which the industry has been developed. It proves that by the combination of growers and handlers in almost every line of agricultural or horticultural production, based on sound business principles, and the least possible "middle-man" expense, profit will follow as certain as taxation.

mouth, holding the knife point up. He closed down on the arm, cutting it off near the elbow; then I fainted from loss of blood.

"It was in bed I opened my eyes, three days later. They told me the rest: How the girl, yelling for help, had come running from the beach after seeing no canoe was handy; spreading the alarm, she seized a knife from the fish house on the beach and struck out to help. The canoe came in time to keep us both from going under, for she too had fainted as the shark bit her arm off. The kiddy, still on the board, was laughing and clapping his hands when they took him into the canoe. He thought it was some game we were playing.

"We've been taken care of since that time, never had to work again. I guess that is why I've got so fat."

"I decided not to call him 'The Frog' any more.

"And the girl?" I asked. "What became of her?"

"That's her at the hut. I married her."

WANTED — Responsible person with references to canvass for high-class books, etc. Persistence will insure liberal compensation. Address 502 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California.

The Frog

[Continued from page 114]

the canoe came. I was a good swimmer those days but it seemed a long time before I got to where the kiddy was. The things were close to the board when I was there, splashing as hard as I could to get them off. They went away for a moment and then came back. I looked toward the beach, hoping to see the canoe coming. But there was none; instead the girl was running into the water, yelling at the top of her voice. What she was saying I couldn't make out, for I was making a lot of noise with my splashing, but I knew she was coming out to help me.

As she got close I saw the flash of a shark in her hand. The sharks were closer, circling around as they closed in on me and myself. The coming of the girl drove them away a little, but one of them came back with a rush, headed straight for me. The other one was close behind

when the maid started for him, splashing hard. As he turned a little the girl made a dive, turning in the water under the shark, slitting his belly with the knife. That was all I had time to see, for the fellow that was headed my way struck at my legs. My being in motion was all that saved me from being cut in two. As it was he stripped the flesh from my leg, taking it off with a side swipe. Had he struck me square he would have taken bone and all.

"The water around us was red with blood, both from myself and the belly of the shark the girl had cut.

"It was the girl who saved us all. The shark that had hit me was now crazy with the taste of blood and came our way again. The girl turned in the water, a stroke or two placed her between me and the shark. As he opened his jaws for another slash at me the girl thrust her hand into the open

Vacation Tours

18 Days All Expense

MEXICO

195 Tours

First Class

\$500 Hawaii, South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia, **\$360**
First Cabin Raratonga, Tahiti & return Cabin

\$577 Honolulu, Japan, China, **\$352**
First the Philippines, & return. Second

\$655 AROUND THE WORLD **\$460**
First Cabin Los Angeles Back to L.A. Second

EUROPE, ALASKA, SOUTH AMERICA

— We Are Agents for All Lines —

D. F. ROBERTSON
TRAVEL BUREAU

408 South Spring Street, Los Angeles
VAndike 7915

Zig-Zag Journey

[Continued from page 116]

pattern resembling a vast Persian carpet. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Nichols, who own and tend the plants, just as if they were their children, began experimenting with "glads" on a small scale a few years ago. Now they are so besieged with orders, both for flowers and for bulbs, that it could seem the whole world had gone "glad-minded."

The Santa Maria Inn itself is one continuous flower show as Mr. McCoy not only draws from his own private gardens for lounge and dining-room decorations, but from all of the numerous flower fields which dot Santa Barbara county.

IN LESS than a week in San Francisco we experienced every sort of climate from South Sea rains and equatorial torridity, to almost arctic crispness, and enjoyed it all. The stay there was short and we alternated between two down town hotels, the Manx, on Powell street and the Olympic on Eddy street.

William Jacobs, resident manager of the Manx, with his hearty handclasp and happy smile, makes an ideal host, both for the guests at the hotel and the continuous stream of voters and politicians that drift in and out of the lobby, for the Manx is San Francisco headquarters for Merriam for Governor, with Harvey M. Toy, owner of the hotel, as campaign manager. That famous old slogan "Meet me at the Manx" which became dear to many of us during the World's Fair, was never more popular than it is today, and with the central location of the hotel, the moderate price of the rooms, the excellent service one gets and the nearness to all of the down town cafes, theatres and stores, it is little to be wondered that accommodations there are at a premium. There was a thrill in being there, too, because it was the center of such bubbling activity, and merely to listen to the political discussions in the lobby was a liberal education. The two boys decided that they would not be artists, nor hotel keepers nor even fishermen, but that they would both be governors.

ONE OF the chief attractions at the Olympic Hotel, on Eddy street, was the radio room on the second floor. The broadcasting station KGGC a home owned and operated station, was more interesting than a circus or a picture show to the children, and for the adult was a combined local newspaper, guide book and economic instructor. One valuable feature was daily listing of events of interest occurring within a radius of fifty miles of the city. And the cosmopolitan population of the Bay region was indicated by programs like the Jewish hour, the Ger-

man Singing Society, the Irish Educational Society, the American Civic Betterment League. Nearly two million people listen to these programs every day.

The manager of the hotel, C. N. Balin, has that cordiality and genuine kindly manner that people South of the Mason and Dixon line like to think of as real "Southern hospitality," and you almost feel that the hundreds of guests, both transient and resident there, are members of one big family. It was with great regret that we had to leave the cool, comfortable rooms of the Olympic and start back to Los Angeles.

Pony Express Stations Used as Cattle Barns

CRUMBLING before the onslaught of sandstorm, blizzard and storm, the last landmarks of the marvel of transportation three-quarters of a century ago are fast disappearing from the eyes of men. The pony express stations fabled in the history of the West, serve as shelters for straggling bands of sheep, or have disappeared entirely.

Where once mad riders of the mail dashed furiously out to carry onward to next station—where travelers sought shelter from weather and howling Indians—there today remain, with few exceptions, but empty stone walls that are gradually disappearing before the elements.

Here and there along the old route through southern Wyoming, where the majority of the remaining stations stand, use is still made of the historic stations, horses, sheep and cattle finding them a good barn. More often, the straggling remains of the walls give sheep shelter from the fierce desert blizzards of the winter range.

Uncared for, unmarked, these reminders of man's early urge for haste in crossing the continent are rapidly passing, and within a very few years their location will be marked only within the memories of those who passed and remembered.

Sweetwater County, Wyoming, mostly a desert expanse, lays claim to having more standing remains than any similar area in the West. Laclede, established by Bridger; Barrel Springs; Point of Rocks; Black Buttes and Granger still retain ruins, while at Rock Springs only the famous old spring, with its carvings, marks the spot of the station, although years ago the stone of the building was utilized in the erection of a home which is still used.

Best kept of all, through the devotion of a famous westerner, Judge W. A. Carter, and now through the efforts of the state of Wy-

oming, is the old station and stable at Bridger, which is intact after seventy years. The station is part of the Wyoming State Historical Park at Fort Bridger, eight miles west of Rock Springs.

No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in-garage — forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny, sound-proof, with bath and shower — and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.



TODAY'S RATES ARE MOST MODERATE

Single, \$2-\$2.50 Double, \$3-\$3.50

NEW HOTEL OLYMPIC

230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c.
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

W. N. D.'s
ROCK PILE FLOWER GARDEN

Hardy Plants
No Hot Boxes — No Hot Bed Plan

W. N. DAVIDSON
Boulder, Montana

Just Out!

1000 NEW WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

POSTPAID

1000 New Ways To Make Money

in spare time work at home

Here, at last, is your chance to add to your income. These are new, original instructions that anyone can follow without canvassing or selling. There is no word of great work in this marvelous new hard book. Every idea is fresh and new. Each one of these plans is actually making money for women and men.

AUTHENTIC INFORMATION No matter what age, sex or condition you will find here several ways of making money right in your home. Then you can buy the things you need so badly, get out the rut, be your own boss! These 1000 Ways are taken from reports to the U. S. Dept. of Labor, Dept. Home Economics, of Agriculture, Congressional Library, Office of Education.

RESULTS GUARANTEED Be the first in your neighborhood to know these new, money-making ideas. This book "1000 New Ways to Make Money" is so popular to find it is way for 75¢. make extra money immediately. If it does not, you may return it for refund. You owe it to yourself to investigate. TODAY!

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE
4413 Bryson Building
Los Angeles, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



MOST CONVENIENT Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

KLEIN'S Indian Flat Resort

NONNE KLEIN, Prop.

On the Beautiful Merced River.
26 Miles from Mariposa
3 Miles from Park Boundary
On Yosemite All-Year Highway.

Rooms—\$2.00 per couple
Cabins—\$1.50 to \$2.00, Modern
Equipped for Housekeeping.

Refreshments

Phone Indian Flat
Address Box 14
INCLINE, CALIF.

ANGELUS BEAUTY SHOP

First Mezzanine Floor

Angelus Hotel, 405 S. Spring St.

Open Evenings by Appointment
Mutual 7790

If previous Permanents have
Disappointed — Try Ours!

Expert Work — Cheerful Service
Reasonable Prices

Marcelling — Finger Waving
General Hair Work

Lake Arrowhead Lodge

80 Miles from
Los Angeles

High Gear

State Highway All the Way

For Information and Reservations
ARROWHEAD LAKE CORP.

725 South Spring Street
Los Angeles, California

HESS GARAGE

LEE VINING

MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

"At the Foot of Tioga Pass"

Elevation 6,412

Good Hunting

Wonderful Trout Fishing

Unsurpassed Mountain Scenery



BIG PROFITS being made by
WORLD'S SPECIALTY
CANDIES new method; no
expensive equipment or machinery. System
operated anywhere, kitchen, shop or factory.
Simplified home study course. Learn today,
earn tomorrow. We furnish supplies; few
dollars starts you. Write today for proof of
students' success. Free booklet explains.

LIBERTY CANDY & SUPPLY CO.

Dept. E, 355 South Broadway

Los Angeles, California

Mrs. R. J. Lux

Lucile Heiman

Formerly of the Brack Shops

BROADWAY BEAUTY

" SALON "

Evenings by Appointment — Mutual 5679

300 South Broadway

Cor. 3rd & Broadway

Los Angeles

HOTEL MANX

NEW

Innovations
Service
Comfort



350

Attractive
Cheerful
Rooms

RUNNING ICE WATER
IN ALL ROOMS

FAMOUSLY SOFT BEDS

With Bath.....from \$2.00

Without Bath.....from \$1.50

THE MOST
convenient

THE BEST
accommodations

THE FINEST
meals

GARAGE SERVICE AT DOOR

HARVEY M. TOY, MANAGING-OWNER

POWELL at O'FARRELL - SAN FRANCISCO

CONVICT LAKE RESORT

"In the Heart of the High Sierras"



Exceptional Golden Trout fishing at Lake Dorothy. Convict Lake Resort the Gateway to this lake and many others. Not the least of these is scenic Convict Lake, nestling below big snowy peaks, reflected in its mirror-like surface. There are five different trout streams within a half-hour's ride, one of the most famous, Hot Creek, only 3 miles away. Pack horses available. Opened May 1st. Cabins, Boats, Groceries, Fishing Tackle.

CONVICT LAKE RESORT

Mrs. Edith Rayer, Proprietor
Bishop, California

(40 miles above Bishop)

A Pneumatic Mattress

for Outdoor Joy and Comfort

Our products are guaranteed to be perfect as to material and workmanship. With proper care their life should be practically unlimited. We make mattresses to order on specification. Special sizes to fit cars with seat backs out for sleeping. Our factory accommodations are not limited to the manufacture of air mattresses solely, but can be utilized to build any pneumatic product. Telephone Pleasant 6843.

FEATHERLIKE PNEUMATIC PRODUCTS CO.

5911 South Broadway Los Angeles, Calif.

HIGH SIERRA TRANSPORT CO.

Bishop, California

Operating Lines from
BISHOP TO MONO LAKE

Frequent Lines to all High Sierra
Resorts north of Bishop

Fishermen and Hunters can use Stage and
Rail Lines to Bishop, thence via our Stages
to all points between Bishop and Mono Lake.

GUY ALEXANDER
Manager

The Call of the High Sierra

By THORWALD G. MAURITZEN

SPRING came early to the High Sierra this year and our feet were getting itchy. My blood was sluggish and the only cure for that spring fever and a chance to revive the old peppy feeling was to pack up the old bus and hit for the high places.

Thus, it was the middle of June when we managed to get ready, so on June 17th we left Los Angeles and put up for the night at Mojave.

Mrs. N. E. Shield made us welcome at her "White Cabins" where we enjoyed the comfort of a good shower and the modern convenience of a good gas stove and our supper was ready in a jiffy. Mojave is a good stopping place on your way to the High Sierra, the trip over the desert was fairly comfortable and worth making in daylight.

We reached Lone Pine and had a pleasant visit with Rudy Henderson who manages the Lone Pine Lumber Company, and also called on Mr. Hopkins who has a well equipped hardware store and caters to the needs of fishermen and hunters. We secured our new fishing license and the button that the State furnishes to all who go after the finny tribe. Mr. Hopkins cheerfully gives sportsmen information as regards condition of the streams, where to fish, etc.

Our next stop for the night was at Parker's Camp, where we spent several days. We had a good cabin and enjoyed excellent meals. The Parkers'—both Mrs. and Mr.—know how to make your stay comfortable and what is more to the point for sportsmen who want a limit of fish, those gamey cold water trout—Rainbow, Golden, Locklevan, Steelhead and Eastern Brook—are yours, if you "Pack with Parker to the Land of your Dreams."

AT BISHOP, the Bishop Hardware and Supply Company were glad to co-operate; they are always on the job to give proper information and supply the sportsman with just the right tackle and bait, as well as tell you where the fishing is best. May S. Culver was back at the old stand and ready to give that co-operation so much appreciated to sportsmen, particularly those who are finicky about their flies. What she does not know about the right fly and when and how!—well, anyway she may not want me to make it too strong, but you will make no mistake if you get your supply of flies from May S. Culver.

When you have occasion to ship freight or to travel to the different resorts out from

Bishop, Guy Alexander with his High Sierra Transport Company is ready to accommodate you. He knows the High Sierra country from A to Z.

From Bishop we drove on to Rock Creek.

Our next stop was at McGee Creek resort, where Mrs. Karl Keough made us come and told us something about the place as well as some of their plans for the future. Many improvements have been made and every accommodation is available, a modern hotel, cabins, and a well stocked store, not to mention the two fish ponds well stocked with good sized trout. You can be assured of a fine trout dinner or can catch your own.

Mrs. Edith Rayer's Convict Lake resort was our next port of call. Mrs. Rayer was right on deck and as enthusiastic booster for her section as ever. She claims that the Golden Trout fishing at Lake Dorothy cannot be equaled anywhere in the High Sierra. Pack horses are available and if you want pleasant and agreeable surroundings, Convict Lake Resort is the place.

Every mile traveled took us up higher and higher. The Mammoth Lakes district was our next objective. We planned our week's stay at least, with Mr. and Mrs. Austin, at Tamarack Lodge, for the Mammoth Lakes section is one of most marvellous scenery and is headquarters for innumerable trips to some of the best fish lakes and streams in the High Sierra. Dan McGuffin, who runs Lake Mary's Express Train, with headquarters at Tamarack Lodge was the life of the party, or at least one of those who contributed much to the enjoyment of the guests. He never fails to get wienie roasts, moonlight horseback rides and scenic trips as well as packing them in for the good fishing.

WE DECIDED to take a run over Tioga Pass Highway to Yosemite National Park, stopping off at Leavining, where we had a visit with Mr. Hess of Hess Garage.

Mr. Hess knows his business and as first class mechanics to help him, and what is more to the point, his rates are very reasonable. If you must have car trouble, try to have it happen at Leavining.

The trip over Tioga was made without trouble. We camped out at one of the convenient camp grounds along the river. During the night we were awakened by a noise near the garbage can. We turned our lights on the trouble zone, and there sat Old Bruin himself with the can turned over, helping himself to the leavings that tourists

put in the can. He left nothing but a paper plates and the empty cans. He not seem at all disturbed that the light shining on him; he just went right on, so we decided that he was too busy other investigating our tent. We had no in and the honey was packed in our tin board box; evidently he could not the honey, for we were not molested.

might here pay a little tribute to our t. We had two sleeping bags. "Ther-Dry," made by the Maupin Woolen of Eaton Rapids, Mich. They weigh at five pounds and cost only \$8.00 post-

These bags were extremely comfort-and as they have zippers they open up around and are easily aired and kept

But two items of our outfit which found indispensable were our Air Mat-and our Coleman Stove. The Air press is the product of The Featherlike matic Products Co., of 5911 South dway, Los Angeles, Calif. Mr. Arthurinkeit, an inventor and sportsman, has on the market about the best Air Mat-made. This is my second season and it fir superior to my old outfit when erted along a Miller Auto Bed and a mattress.

My Coleman stove, this year was an-improvement over the one I had last although I thought the last year's ol as good as it seemed possible to make it class gasoline stove, yet this year they eded a new feature, a copper tank, not rd, with no seams and absolutely fool-ct, instant-lighting and a blue flame, ated to suit your needs. For an all-ut necessity in camp, the Coleman Stove all requirements, to help you save and temper in camp cookery. The nan Lamp & Stove Company, on Los les street near 4th, Los Angeles, Calif., n display many different models. Their ns are also a necessity in camp where wants to do any night work or to read bk. The light is easy on the eyes and the cost of operation small. We have an Umbrella Tent, with a center pole. h are so much in use that no more e be said.

the way out to Yosemite, we had a ent visit with Mrs. Nonne Klein, who rself an ardent outdoor sportswoman and waters to outdoor folks with refresh-ber, comfortable rooms and modern up-vice cabin, with running water, stoves out for cooking and heating. Klein's In-Flat Resort is on the beautiful Merced just six miles from the entrance to

Yosemite Park boundary and on the Yo-semite All-Year Highway.

A WEEK at Oakland and San Francisco and we were ready to head north again for a trip up the Redwood Highway. We are now at the Geysers Hot Springs, just 18 miles from Cloverdale, in Sonoma County. The town of Cloverdale, 84 miles north of San Francisco, nestled in the hills on the Russian River, is a town of about 800 population with most pleasant surroundings. But the point of greatest interest is the Giant Geysers that are referred to as "The Eighth Wonder of the World." These steam geysers are the only ones in the world, outside of Italy, where natural steam out of the ground has been harnessed to create power. The mineral waters as well as the dry steam baths of the geysers are famed the world over.

It is one of the oldest and most famous summer resorts in America. The main building is over 80 years old. R. B. Kidd for the past 14 years has been the host and his genial smile and hearty handclasp bid all welcome. The food is extra good, simple and wholesome, with plenty of greens and fruit, as well as milk and eggs. Here we do not need to "dress up"—we dress for comfort. A good trout stream runs through the place and a few miles up the stream good sized trout are caught by the nimble fisherman. Last week a good sized steelhead was caught in these waters.

A modern concrete bath house with the health-giving steam baths, direct from the Geysers, tub baths in waters with the radioactive elements and a plunges in the same waters are all in this bath house. A beautiful outdoor swimming pool in the creek, which has been dammed up, so as to provide both shallow and deep water. In addition to the hotel proper there are many cottages. These are equipped with running water, showers and all modern conveniences.

Next month I hope to tell a little about the Redwood Highway section. The High Sierras and the Russian River country each has its special attractions and California people in these years of depression owe it to themselves to pack up the old bus and camp outfit and see California.

RICHFIELD AND RICHLUBE TIRES AND TUBES

WHITE'S SERVICE STATION One-Stop Service

**CAFE
MODERN CABINS**
Beer Served

Private Showers—Lavatories
N. E. Shields, Prop. Mojave, Calif.

FISHING TACKLE CAMP EQUIPMENT

Information Cheerfully Given

BISHOP HARDWARE AND SUPPLY CO.

"By the Flagpole"
Bishop, California

McGEE CREEK RESORT

In the center of the finest fishing and hunting country in the High Sierras. Spend YOUR vacation with US. Every accommodation is available, including a modern hotel and cabins. Home cooked meals. Only the best served at our fountain and in the attractive dining room. A well-stocked store provides supplies for the camper, as well as hunting and fishing needs. Three fish ponds holding thousands of 9 and 10 inch trout, so one may always be assured of fresh trout. Convenient to Witmore Hot Springs, Hot Creek, Hilton Creek, Owens River, Rock Creek and other famous streams. Information gladly supplied. On Bishop-Reno Highway, 31 miles north of Bishop

McGee Creek, Mono Co., Calif.
MR. & MRS. KARL KEOUGH, Prop.
P. O. Bishop, Calif.

CULVER FISHING TACKLE WORKS M. S. CULVER

Manufacturers of
High-Grade Hand Tied
Flies and Leaders.
Wholesale and Retail.
Mail Orders Filled.
Fishing Information.

Bishop, California

HOPKINS HARDWARE

Lone Pine, Calif.

Sporting Goods Fishing Supplies
Fire Permits Hunting Licenses

**SPORTSMEN ALWAYS
WELCOME**

Free Information

TAMARACK LODGE

ON TWIN LAKES — ELEVATION 8,600

YOUR SIERRA SUMMER HOME

In the Famous Mammoth Lakes Basin, near Devil's Post Pile and Rainbow Falls. Unsurpassed scenic attractions, including a score of pine-rimmed alpine lakes, well-trouted with rainbow, cutthroat, lochleven and golden trout. Gateway to Duck Lake, Fish Creek and the upper San Joaquin. Select patronage, American plan, accommodations in Lodge or Cabins. Moderate rates.

Rainbow Falls

For Interesting Information Write or Wire
MR. AND MRS. LLOYD B. AUSTIN, Owners
Also Owners of Switzer-Land in Sierra Madre Mts.
Address Mammoth Lakes, Mono County, Calif.

PARKER'S CAMP

Mr. and Mrs.
George V. Parker

GOLDEN TROUT FISHING

P. O. Box 141

Independence,
California

Two miles above
Fish Hatchery



PARKERS PACK OUTFIT - - - Back to Big Game
PUBLIC CAMP GROUNDS - - - - - 25¢ a day
GOOD SADDLE AND PACK STOCK
Domesticated Fish Pond
Rainbow Trout at Base Camp
MEALS — CABINS, Fresh Milk, Butter, and Eggs

CONTENTS

- California Flowering Gold (Plate)
Reactions From a South Sea Voyage, *By Ben Field*
California—Here They Come, *By Bruce Findlay*
A Bargain For All, *By Amy Bower*
Tamalpais (Poem) *By Emily Alice Howard*
Melody Lane, *Ben Field, Dept. Editor*
 Columbia River, *By T. H. William*
 My Friend's Epitaph, *By Leon Joseph Gaylo*
 Dulces, *By Kate Kirkham*
 Beauty, *By Ruth Le Prad*
 World From a Boat, *By Virginia Brasie*
 The Looking Glass, *By Ernest McGaffey*
 The Dearest Season, *By Belle Willey Gu*
 Reminder, *By Helen Hoy*
California Orange Growing (Illus.) *By Ernest McGaffey*
The Frog, *By Edmund Coram*
Paul Eldridge, *By Jack Benjamin*
New Jewish Philosophy, *By Dr. Kaplan*
Second Lap in Zig Zag Journey (Illus.) *By Lannie Hayes Mart*
Antonia Melvill, *By Ethel Hill*
California's Curable Ills, *By Frank G. Martin*
Mark Twain and Jackass Hill
Progress of Experimental Theatre, *By Ernest Carroll Maxwell*
Literary West
The Call of the High Sierra, *By Thorwald G. Mauritzen*

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD



Giant steam geysers operating a huge electrical generating system. A beautiful canyon of smokes and geysers, weird, uncanny and indescribable.

An Ideal Health and Recreation Resort
Radio Active mineral waters and volcanic steam bath
Streams nearby are alive with fish. Awe-inspiring scenery on all sides—wonderful hiking country.

Finest Food and Best Accommodations
Rates: Single, \$18 and up, per week; double \$36 to \$48 per week. American plan including rooms, meals, swimming, baths and amusements.

THE GEYSER SPRINGS Sonoma County, Calif.

For Reservations Write:
R. B. Kidd, Geysers P. O., Sonoma County, California
(18 Miles East of Cloverdale, Calif.)

BOOKS OF THE WEST

Do You Know These Recent Books?

CARCASSONNE—EAST AND WEST

By Ben Field. A volume of outstanding verse by the West's most popular poet. Price \$1.00

A ROAD TO OPPORTUNITY

By D. W. Pittman. A study of the economic crisis and suggestions for the new day by a thoughtful student of the times. Price \$1.00

RAINBOW'S END

By Ona M. Rounds. A novel with a background in the Great War with implications for universal peace. Price \$1.50

SONGS OF THE REDWOODS

Stanton A. Coblenz, Editor of "WINGS" and much read poet, has constituted and produced in his "Songs of the Redwoods," a most worthy book of verse. Price \$1.50

THE GOLD OF FIDDLER'S GULCH

By Ernest Klette. In this modern day novel with its "Days of '49," the author has given us a most compelling drama. Price \$1.00

HUMAN CHIPS

Based on historic fact, this novel of the recent Russian Revolutionary Period, is from the authoritative pen of Boris V. Monomack. Price \$1.00

MARQUEE BALLYHOO

The popular writers, Maurice L. Kusell and M. S. Merritt have produced one of the most gripping novels of the day. Price \$1.50

LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF

Professor James F. Chamberlain, nationally known authority on Geography and Travel, has written a book on Canada that will find place in schools and libraries. Price \$1.00

SCATTERED KERNELS

Something entirely "different" under authorship of Flora Coblenz. A selection of epigrams produced under unusual conditions. Price \$1.00

— Order Direct from the Publishers —

Write for Catalogue of Complete List

Overland - Outwest Publications

"Books of the West"

502 H. W. Hellman Building
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

THE RENAISSANCE OF BUSINESS

All business, financial, and industrial authorities agree that the whole world is moving upward toward the old-time industrial peak. In our own work — notice this movement in the increasing number of calls for competent help — and here is something we would like to emphasize to the prospective student, that the demand for men and women in office work is for those who are thoroughly trained in Secretarial Science and Accounting.

Business itself is becoming more and more scientific as the years go by and there is growing up a natural, but very marked, requirement for better preparation on the part of those who seek the better-paying positions. The stenographer must also be a bookkeeper, and vice versa. Both must be familiar with the customs and usages of business and must have broad, thorough knowledge of the technicalities of a secretarialship. Busy executives cannot be expected to explain to an assistant how the work should be done.

MONEY

However much may be said about the love of money being the root of all evil, the fact remains that the lack of money is the root of a vast amount of misery. All down through the years the lack of money has been a serious handicap to ambition. Men and women of experience know that poverty does not promote achievement although, occasionally, an outstanding accomplishment is wrought in spite of the poverty in which it was conceived and nurtured.

So we make no apology for saying that a secretarial training is the type of education that will enable the graduate to earn money. We believe that young people who enter school should be fairly sure that out of their education will come the ability to make a reasonable amount of money.

CHOOSING THE RIGHT SCHOOL

Its standing — What do business men think of it? What do graduates say about it? Are its graduates successful? Does it attract young men and young women of ability and high ideals? Are its courses and office equipment modern? Does it employ a high-type of experienced teachers?

WHO ATTENDS THE METROPOLITAN

High School graduates who wish to prepare for business positions in the minimum time consistent with thoroughness, and at low cost.

College graduates who have taken cultural courses; and who recognize the need of technical business training to enable them to apply their cultural education as assistants to business executives.

Well-educated adults of executive caliber, men and women capable of assuming the responsibilities of managerial positions.

A BIG PLACE OR A LITTLE ONE

In every vocation there are both big places and little ones — and seldom is a little person found in a big place. Men and women rise to places of importance in their various callings because they resolutely determine to rise — because they are willing to pay the price in EFFORT that a big place calls for.

Whether business is brisk or phlegmatic, the world's work will go on and it will be done by those men and women who are best qualified. The fact that every graduate of the Metropolitan has been placed during the entire four years of the financial depression proves that men and women secretaries of executive caliber are always in demand. High school and university graduates, thoroughly trained in the duties of a private secretary, have risen above all ordinary competition.

How Long Does It Take?

The Metropolitan offers individual and small group instruction, and with a student-body made up of high school and college graduates, thus insuring a splendid educational background at the start, short, intensive courses are possible.

The length of a course of training is an individual problem; much depends upon the natural talents and aptitudes of the student, the incentive back of his efforts, and the degree of diligence with which he applies himself to his studies.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

"Planning Your Future" contains valuable vocational information for high school and college graduates.



It tells you of the opportunities available for the private secretary of executive caliber . . . salaries offered . . . what employers require . . . where to secure the necessary training . . . how to qualify quickly and at low cost . . . how we assist you in securing your first position . . . the advantages of a small, exclusive type of school such as the Metropolitan . . . these questions and many more are answered in "Planning Your Future" — a new, illustrated book which we have just published.

Your name and address at the bottom of this ad will bring a copy without cost or obligation.

Your Name _____

Address _____

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

1010 METROPOLITAN BUILDING, CORNER FIFTH AND BROADWAY

MUTUAL 8897

100 feet above the street noises and dust
THE HOME OF THE SUPER-SECRETARY

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and
OUTWEST MAGAZINE



Featuring:

GEORGE CREEL FOR GOVERNOR

WILD LIFE AT CATALINA

ALONG THE REDWOOD HIGHWAY

JUNIPERO SERRA

MELODY LANE

FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

\$2.50 Per Year

AUGUST, 1934

25c Per Copy



"How to Make It" Books

Most men and boys possess an inherent love for making things. Be sure of pleasing him by selecting some of these interesting books published by Popular Mechanics Press.

FOR BOYS (all ages 8 years or over)

THE FAMOUS "BOY MECHANIC" LIBRARY—4 Big Volumes. 4000 Worth-While Things to Make—all the things so dear to the heart of every boy. Enough to last him until he is a grown-up man. Books 1-2- and 4. Each has 460 pages, hundreds of illustrations, size 7x10 inches. Cloth. Price \$2 per single volume or \$7 for complete set of four books.

FOR MEN AND BOYS (all ages)

MAKE IT YOURSELF is the Boy Mechanic grown up. Both father and son will revel in the 900 different articles dealt with—such things as ships models, ingenious toys, amusement devices, novel furniture, useful appliances and things for the home, etc. Cloth, 460 pages. Profusely illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.
POPULAR MECHANICS BOAT BOOK—Every man and boy wants a good boat. This book shows the amateur how to build any type of popular small boat at little expense. In addition it contains everything about boats and boating that the small boat owner wants to know. Cloth 269 pages. Fully illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.00.
OUTDOOR SPORTS THE YEAR ROUND—A fascinating book for young or old. Hundreds of ideas for new popular sports as well as old favorites. Covers every season and is especially complete on winter sports. Many unique articles on making sport equipment. Cloth, 352 pages. 650 illustrations. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$2.

Any of the above sent postpaid upon receipt of price or C.O.D. anywhere in U.S.A.

Write for Catalogue describing 5000 books on 2000 subjects.

POPULAR MECHANICS PRESS

Dept. A.O.

204 E. Ontario Street

CHICAGO



No Traffic Tags For You!

RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in-garage — forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sunny, sound-proof, with bath and shower — and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.



TODAY'S RATES ARE MOST MODERATE

Single, \$2-\$2.50 Double, \$3-\$3.50

NEW HOTEL OLYMPIC

230 EDDY ST. • SAN FRANCISCO

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c.
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

HELPING HAND TO AMBITIOUS YOUTHS

We Finance Your Education — Get You A Job

Most failures in middle life can be traced to mistakes made in youth-time. Many young people assume that the future will take care of itself. The majority trust to luck, making no effort to provide for the future.

This is a commercialized age and it calls for specialized education.

This is a business age and requires some knowledge of business on the part of every person, no matter what his vocation.

This is an age when general education means less than ever before in human history; that is, pointless education which merely leads to **MORE EDUCATION**.

Education today should lead to the ability to earn money, to satisfactory living conditions, otherwise its value is doubtful.

The whole world is mostly run by young people, and he who does not get an early start rarely succeeds.

Thousands of young people of today are debating this question: Whether to go to school now or to wait until the financial status of themselves or their parents improves.

Out of this group we shall get few **LEADERS**, and a great mass of **FAILURES**.

Those who **WAIT** condemn themselves to **LITTLE** places, to **LITTLE** lives, and these will be in the majority.

We Finance You

Students who enter the California Commercial College during the next two weeks, may pay \$5 a month on their tuition accounts while attending our classes, and the balance at the rate of \$10 a month from their earnings **AFTER GRADUATION**.

This is our way of contributing to the welfare of ambitious young men and young women of limited means who wish to **ENTER OUR CLASSES NOW** in order that they may be ready when business returns to normalcy.



SECRETARIAL TRAINING SCHOOL

CALIFORNIA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

2711 West Sixth Street

Los Angeles, California

Fltxroy 1122



FLINTRIDGE RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

Formerly the Flintridge Biltmore Hotel. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Accredited to University of California. Primary, Intermediate and High School. Dramatic Art by Lillian Fitch. Supervised Sports. Outdoor Swimming Pool. Moderate Rates.

Mailing Address: PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Telephone Colorado 4034

The School may be reached from Glendale via Chevy Chase, and from Pasadena via Linda Vista Boulevard.

MARTA OATMAN School of the Theatre

723 Wilshire Blvd. Phone FI-8215

DRAMA, CINEMA AND RADIO
TECHNIQUE

ALL PERFORMANCES GIVEN

at the Wilshire Ebell Theater.

Day — Night and Children's Classes

SAN DIEGO ARMY & NAVY ACADEMY

"THE WEST POINT OF THE WEST"
JUNIOR COLLEGE — HIGH SCHOOL
and GRAMMAR GRADES

An institution internationally recognized for the thoroughness of its academic and military instruction and for its emphasis upon the character training of boys and young men.

Junior Unit Reserve Officers Training Corps. Active Member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States. For catalogue address

**COL. THOS. A. DAVIS, Box OM
Pacific Beach, Calif.**

BIMINI HOT SPRINGS

"Swim for Trim"

COSTELLO SCHOOL OF SWIMMING & DIVING

W. A. Costello

210 BIMINI PLACE, LOS ANGELES
PHONE EXPOSITION 1394



GEORGE CREEL

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

On August 28, at the State Primary Election, George Creel will be voted upon as a candidate for Governor. Creel is a national figure and an ardent supporter of the "New Deal" and all it signifies in our developing Democracy. He is a great progressive and a leading statesman of the day. He is known as a writer and journalist and gained distinction as one of the chief aides of President Wilson in the World War. As head of the N.R.A. in California in directing the National Emergency Council and as Chairman of the San Francisco Regional Labor Board, he rendered distinguished service. Above all he is fearless, far-seeing, a champion of human rights, a patriot in the best sense of the word, devoted to cause and country. A man of splendid personality, of sound business ability and a born leader, he has the confidence and esteem of all who know him. George Creel seeks to serve.

hed at Los Angeles, California.
d as Second Class matter, July 29,
at the Post Office at Los Angeles,
ria, under the ACT OF MARCH
79. Contents of this magazine
ghted.

NIE HAYNES MARTIN
Associate Editor

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868

and

OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Founded by Charles F. Lummis, 1894

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Editorial and Business Offices: LOS
ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, H. W. HELLMAN
BLDG., 354 S. SPRING STREET.
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 609 MISSION
STREET.

This magazine must not be held re-
sponsible for the views of writers or
for opinions expressed by them.

MABEL B. MOFFITT

Secretary-Treasurer

VOLUME 92 — 25¢ per copy

AUGUST, 1934

Number 7

EDITORIALS

SAN FRANCISCO

HOSE who live in Southern California
and merely visit San Francisco occasion-
ally, are prone to think of it as a city
ay, good times, a place of Bohemian
of unbounded hospitality and diversi-
amusement, and rarely take time to re-
lits cultural and historic aspects.

ut there is one spot to which some of us
ys make a pilgrimage each time we go
ne Northern city. Some times a year
es, sometimes five years intervene be-
n the visits to this Mecca, but each time
o back we find that the years of living
taught us a little more of the real-
ing of the words carved on a stone
er which stands on that spot.

is the memorial monument to Robert
s Stevenson, which was erected many
ago in the little Kearney street park,
in front of the grim, gray morgue. The
crudely cut into the rock, are Steven-
own words and when I first saw them,
than twenty years ago, the line which
led to me then, which seemed of most
rtance, was the one about making the
d a little happier for having lived in it.
ll finds echo in the hearts of all who
idealism, friendliness and a youthful
left.

nd then after a few years, on going
there was that line, which had not
been remembered before, about "Keep-
few friends, and that without capitu-
n." That only speaks to those who have
and struggles, who through vicissitudes,
kes, disappointments, and solitude, have
into the realization of the dignity and
ness of their own identity.

nd then after many years comes the line,
understood before, about learning to
nce "and that without bitterness." That
a life time to learn. But it can be
ed. Because we give up youth, and yet
eel so kindly to those who still are
g. Friends have fallen away from us,

from various causes, and yet we feel no
resentment. Life itself, perhaps, will have to
be renounced before many more visits to this
shrine, and still there comes no bitter fear.

On top of this granite slab is a rusty,
wrought-iron ship, whose sails seem to swell
in the wind, whose prow seems to cleave
the ether of space, and for a brief time it
bears one away with it, lifting one out of
all that is sordid, selfish and unsuccessful.
It is a spot of magic, of many memories,
a hallowed place for one knows, instinctively,
that others come, and standing there, face
their own souls and an unknown future.

L.H.M.

NATURE'S REPRESENTATIVE

IF BY some strange, fantastic scheme, Na-
ture could come to imitate the intricate
political system of man, the tree, beyond all
question, would become the leader of all the
vegetable kingdom.

It would be head of the world's Board
of Equalization, because it distributes the
moisture, equalizes the air currents, conserves
the soil and makes a more even distribution
of the sun's heat.

The tree would be Governor-General, be-
cause it control the water supply, aids the
flood control, furnishes shade and shelter for
the birds of the air, the beasts of the field
and the less hardy vegetation of earth. And
it would be speaker of the house in Nature's
congressional body, for the tree represents
the need of every other living, growing thing.
It is the one thing in Nature most closely
allied to all of the four elements.

The tree stands with its feet in the earth;
its head bared to the celestial fire of the sun,
its arms outstretched to gather, hold and dis-
tribute the water in the falling raindrops, its
leaves breathing in and purifying the air.

Besides its more obscure services to man,
services which are just beginning to be recog-
nized, is the important part the tree plays
in climate and the resultant food supply; it
gives to man almost everything he has.

Man sails the sea in a wooden ship. He

skims the sky in a plane made of spruce
wood. He crosses the continent over cross-
ties of oak, in wooden cars propelled by
oil or coal, both products of prehistoric
trees. The farmer walks behind a plow of
oak. The banker sits at a mahogany desk.
The poet scribbles with a cedar pencil, and
the violinist is dependent on the maple, the
pine and the ebony tree. The artist distrib-
utes his paint on a birch palette and uses a
spruce-handled brush. The pipe organ gets
its deep tones from trunks of the California
redwoods, and the very paper on which I
write, and the pages on which these lines
are printed, owe their existence to the pulp
made from trees.

L.H.M.

FEAR

IT IS NOT sickness, loneliness, poverty,
blindness or old age which is the most
terrible menace to life. All of these condi-
tions have been met by many people with
courage and serenity. Often the attempt to
surmount these various handicaps have de-
veloped heights and depths of character
which more than compensated for the lack
they imposed.

The most terrible curse, the most horrible
monster which man has to fight is Fear. Fear,
like any other mental or emotional states,
becomes a habit; a pernicious, insidious, ma-
lignant, habitual, secret vice. We acquire
that habit by easy stages, by petty dreads,
which grow into phobias; by accumulated
dislikes which merge into violent fears,
masking themselves as hatreds.

The mythical wrestler, who was to slay
the giant, began to increase his strength by
uprooting the bushes which grew near him.
Then he tore the smaller trees out by the
roots. When he could uproot the tallest pine
and toss it down the mountainside he knew
he could master the giant. That is the man-
ner in which we have to overcome our fears.
The tiniest ones, the nearest ones at first,
and then we grow strong enough to grapple
with and to conquer the giant ones. L.H.M.

Melody Lane

BEN FIELD, Department Editor

CRIMSON DRESS

By RUTH LE PRADE

FROM the pain of my defeat
I shall weave no winding sheet—
But a lovely crimson dress—
None shall know—and none shall guess!

With red roses on my cheeks,
And a red rose in my hair,
I shall dance with singing feet,
And a careless air.

I shall dance with singing feet
All the weary night away;
I shall laugh with merry lips,
None so sparkling or so gay.

Who should know the heart of me,
Who should ever guess—
From the pain of my defeat
I shall weave a crimson dress!

YUCCA

(DESERT CANDLE)

By MARIE TODD

YUCCA, yucca, burning white,
Desert candle, limpid light,
Keep your waxen flame aglow
Where the sage and grease-wood grow.

Keep your taper burning bright
Like a faithful acolyte.
Does your candle waft a prayer,
Or are you just waiting there?

Yucca moths will seek your light
Shining bravely through the night;
Pay no heed to maunderings,
Let them sing their ardent wings.

Vestal Virgin of the waste
In your temple, safe incased,
Be contented just to dream,
Holding high your candle's gleam.

PEACE ON EARTH

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

A sea of clouds in a midnight sky,
And the light of a waning moon,
A gentle breeze that is floating by,
And the ocean's sleepy croon.

Some towering trees on a distant hill
And a bird-song soft and clear,
The day's harsh discords hushed and still
And sweet compassion near.

THE JEALOUS CAVALIER

By ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

FLAME colored peonies lit the half-dark
room

And tinged her face behind a haze of smoke
That made blue spiral-shadows in the gloom;
Outside, beneath a musk rose, there awoke
The seduction and the lure of a guitar
Whose player seemed well-skilled in ardent
ways

Of love. She seized a peony and flung it far
And answering passion trembled through the
haze.

And then she raised a face I did not know,
Love-lit and listening. A fiery sense of shame
Came over me and haughtily I said: "I came
A welcome lover, now, unbidden, I, a
stranger, go."

Before she could protest I slammed the
door—

Old Nita sat there playing her guitar upon
the floor!

DAYBREAK

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

THE MOON has doffed her cloth-of-gold,
Of starlight there is none,
While waves of ebony, backward rolled,
Proclaim the night is done;
And piercing through the level sky
In level masses swiftly fly
The arrows of the sun.

A silence sleeps upon the hill
Where elves the dawn-light shun,
A bird-note breaks in sleepy trill
Now ended, now begun;
And silvery-loosed in rapid flight
Dart by beyond the conquered night
The arrows of the sun.

The Sun-God bends his mighty bow
To launch a million shafts,
Where brooks awake, and seaward flow
With many a breeze that wafts
An essence of immortal dawn.
A message that the night is gone,
While mid the mists that melt and
run
Through warp and woof of scarlet
spun,
Flash past, flash past, and one by one
The arrows of the sun.

I GIVE YOU A GIFT

By LEONARD COOPER

(NOTE: Perhaps some *senorita* gave
this prayer in early Monterey.)

I give you a gift
Of fluffy clouds
Gold-tinted,
Mary Madonna.

I give a rosary
Of splashing stars
Moon-linked,
Mary Madonna.

I offer a missal
Of bending trees
At prayer,
Mary Madonna.

And Blessed Mother.
My gifts must end
For my love
Is taken by Pedro.

PACIFIC OCEAN

By ELINOR LENNEN

WHAT wonderment these far horizons
hold,

As frames enclose a precious tapestry!
Here, needle vessels ply, with strands of
From port to port, from sea to distant
With certain, steady weaving, eloquent
Of mighty patterns and of ample thread
Of loom trustworthy, and of sure intent
To follow on where high impulses led
How strong this fabric that the seas
wrought,

Its warp and woof so tinged with human
That commerce is with very life
bought,

And fittingly proceeds beyond the sky.
Is there a glory that horizons veil,
More challenging than this of prow and

DREAM FIBER

By ELINOR LENNEN

MY THOUGHTS woven lacy-fine,
Spin from a delicate thread.
Filaments doomed to convey
Less than I wished to have said:
Made for joy, rather than use.
But tenuous, lovely, and rare.
Many have marvelled to see
The cargo that beauty can bear!

Fray Junipero Serra

ENTRY MADE IN THE FIRST BOOK OF OBITUARIES OF THE MISSION OF SAN CARLOS DE MONTERREY, BY FRAY FRANCISCO PALOU, ON THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE FATHER PRESIDENT, FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA, DATED SEPTEMBER 5, 1784. . . Translated by Tommy Temple.

ON THE 29th day of August of the year 1784, in the church of this Mission of San Carlos de Monterrey, the presbytery on the Gospel side before altar of Our Lady of Sorrows, preceded a vigil and a requiem high mass, with all attendant services which the manual prebys for the burial of a religious, and with assistance of Bachelor Don Christobal z, chaplain of the paquebot San Carlos, anchored in this port, and of the Fatherachers Fray Buenaventura Sitjar, minister of the Mission of San Antonio, and Fray thias de Santa Cathalina, minister of this mission. I gave ecclesiastical burial to the body of the Reverend Father Lector Fray Junipero Serra, President of these missions, their founder, as appears on the first of this and other parish registers of the missions.

He was a son of the holy province of Mallorca, where he took the (Franciscan) habit on the 14th day of September of 1730, the age of 19 years, 9 months and 21 days. There he maintained his standing among many of sound judgment and learning; there, too, he taught with singular commendation the course of philosophy. I think had the good fortune of being one of his pupils. Having finished this course, he was elected professor *de prima* of sacred theology in the Lullian University of the Island of Mallorca. This institution further honored him by bestowing upon him the chair of Doctor on its faculty. Here he distinguished himself in office to the edification and satisfaction of the university and the province. He was respected by all as most learned, and was no less esteemed for eloquence in the pulpit; for having won an enviable place in both professorates, he was entrusted with the most important sermons.

While at the very zenith of success and when he was inspired of God as if by a great illusion, and forsaking all the honors that had been heaped upon him, and those which he might well have expected, he chose to play those talents with which God had so lavishly endowed him, in the conversion of the heathen Indians. And having obtained the necessary license and patent of incorporation, he joined in the year 1749, the mis-

sionary company then assembled at Cadiz bound for the Apostolic College *de propaganda fide* of San Fernando in Mexico, where he arrived on the first day of January of the year 1750.

HE REMAINED at the college until the beginning of June of that year, when he was transferred to the missions of the Sierra Gorda, founded some six years before. There for nine years he labored among the heathen with great zeal, ever setting a good example to all, until he was recalled by his superior, to go and found missions at the Rio de San Saba. But these establishments having been frustrated by the death of the Viceroy, who was promoting this new conquest, he remained at the college, laboring as missionary among the faithful, and attending to the proceedings of the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition, which elected him its "Comisario." In this office he discharged his duties to the entire satisfaction of that august holy tribunal.

He was still exercising his duties as missionary among the faithful in June of 1767, when he was summoned by the Reverend Father Guardian of the College, and named President of us 16 missionaries who were coming to occupy the fifteen missions in Antigua California, which the ex-Jesuit fathers were still administering. He remained a whole year in Antigua California, managing the mission of Loreto. During that time he made various journeys afoot in order to visit the missions; those in the south as well as the northern ones.

In April of 1769 he left Loreto with the land expedition for the discovery of this port and that of San Diego. And having arrived at the frontier of Antigua California, he founded on the way north, the Mission of San Fernando de Vellicata, and after his arrival at the Port of San Diego, while the expedition was on the march searching for this port of Monterrey, he founded the Mission of San Diego. In the year 1770 he came up by sea for the discovery of this port, and immediately set about to establish this mission, and as circumstances permitted, he continued to found all the others which up to the present have been established, as appears on their respective parish registers.

During these fourteen years he made many trips, one even to Mexico City in order to foster and promote measures for the success of this new conquest, the rest he made in visiting the missions, so as to inspire his subjects with his zeal and prudence. These journeys became more frequent as soon as he obtained the faculty to confirm, which his zeal prompted him to solicit. During the time he exercised this faculty (which expired on July 10th last) he succeeded in confirming 6,307 Christians. A month and a half after the termination of the faculty, his Reverence expired and delivered his soul to the Creator. He was 70 years, 9 months minus 4 days of age. He had been a religious for 53 years, 9 months, minus 4 days, and an apostolic missionary for 35 years, 4 months and a half.

He prepared himself for death, by repeating the general confession which he had made on various occasions. Feeling the condition of his chest become more acute and running a fever, on the 27th day of this month after having read his Holy Office up to tertia inclusive, he walked unaided from his cell to the church to receive the holy viaticum. As he knelt down, I administered unto him the holy viaticum, using the ceremonies prescribed by the Roman and Seraphis rituals, to the great edification of the neophytes and the many others who were present. As soon as the ceremony began, the padre still upon his knees, began to intone in his sonorous voice, as if nothing were the matter with him, the verse "Tantum ergo." We were all so moved to compassion by this that we could not accompany him. With this fervent devotion he recited the Blessed Sacrament, and in the same position he rendered thanks to Our Lord and retired to the seclusion of his cell.

AT SUN-DOWN he called for the holy oils, praying with us the penitential psalms and the litanies. The rest of the night he spent giving thanks to God, at times upon his knees, at others sitting upon the floor, without once touching his bed, still attired in his habit and cowl. At break of day he asked me to explain to him the plenary indulgence, and on his knees he became reconciled to it, repeating his general confession.

[Read further on page 140]

Escapes

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

THE ENTIRE manifestation of life in the complete life-cycle of an individual is one continuous series of escapes. From the protoplasmic spermatozoa's escape in frenzied ecstasy from the male; from the struggles of the embryo into the child's escaping from the womb, to the life-force escaping from the tired, decaying, worn-out body, rending that body to shreds, there is nothing but an endless succession of escapes.

The child's first cry is uttered in order to escape gnawing hunger. The child's first step, first syllable, first conscious response to another mind is to escape a restricted existence. Its eager seeking of amusement, companionship, diversion, is to escape loneliness and boredom. Its pursuit of knowledge, skill and any sort of artistic expression is to escape the bonds of ignorance, isolation and an ignominious existence.

All mentally developing children chafe at the rules and regulations imposed on them by parents and teachers. They dream about and look forward with secret eagerness to the time when they can elude it permanently and be free. Many children leave home with the feeling of breaking out of a prison, even when the home has been pleasant, and the parents kindly.

The young bride fatuously imagines she is attaining freedom when she makes an escape from the parental roof. She seeks the divorce court to obtain that freedom which she has not achieved through marriage. Both men and women vacillate from one human bondage to another, vainly seeking freedom, making escapes from restricting social obligations, from narrow, dogmatic religious bondage, imposed by family, by community prejudice, by national tradition.

The history of nations, exactly as individuals, registers escape. The colonies that grew into the United States were made up of people escaping from the narrow confines of older, inhibiting civilizations. The Revolutionary War was one of the greatest escapes from civil bondage that the world has ever seen. The American Constitution reeks with re-iterated declarations of escape.

The Magna Carta, and the various emancipatory edicts of England were statements of escape. But neither the Israelites' escape from Egyptian bondage, nor the African's escape from American slavery, can be cited as so great an escape as the emancipation man gains over wholly intangible, and sometimes almost indefinable, conditions, that have to do solely with his own inner development.

"Our doubts are traitors which make us lose the good
We oft might win, by fearing to attempt."

Fears, hates, prejudices, grudges, indecisions, and above all, procrastination, form a hostile detention guard about man from which he has to make constant escape. He has to muster all the courage, ingenuity, persistence, and level-headedness he possesses, and marshal them into defensive and offensive warfare to escape annihilation.

WHEN we were young we read the thrilling escape of the beautiful young damsel from a cruel step-mother, down a rope ladder into the arms of a stalwart and adoring lover. The legend of Cinderella was the original story of such escape. Bunyan, shut up in prison, wrote the most remarkable series of escapes in his "Pilgrim's Progress." It is the universal human characteristic of glorifying in vicarious escape which makes the detective story possible and popular.

All religions are an attempt at escape from the humdrum, prosaic bondage of everyday existence, and they hold out promise of escape from annihilation at death. But who knows but death itself is the greatest escape, and that the same life-force which hurled us through rapture, through agony into this short life-span may take us on to still further unfolding through the passion-pangs of dissolution?

Emerson says: "A man is known by the successive choirs of his friends." How many of us have the courage to break away from the hampering bondage of trivial, frivolous, gossipy, narrow-minded, complaining, jealous, backbiting, vulgar people that we call a circle of acquaintances? And how many of us have the ability, either to draw to us, or to discover a newer, better circle?

It was the tiny threads of the Liliputians which bound Gulliver and it is the petty, inconsequential, ephemeral episodes of every day from which we have to make most valiant escape.

Emerson said: "I write whim on the lintel on my door," meaning that he was not at home to intruders. That was the fore-runner of the "Do not disturb" placard. These signs should be prevalent in private homes as well as in hotels.

WE ARE all entangled, too, in a labyrinth of interests, duties, compulsions, habits and few of us find Ariadne's clue by which to make escape, but there are hints, if we can translate them, in both fable and philosophy. Lot escaped from Sodom because he had a forward-looking eye. His name-less wife, according to the custom of women, needs must dwell on past possessions. The Hindu's idea of Nirvana is the most perfect conception, perhaps, of escape.

And we sometimes suspect that if the Western world had a bit of this Oriental philosophy we might be less intolerant, less grating and less afraid of death.

Dr. Milikans' idea that there is enough force shut up in one atom to turn the world around is just the scientist's version of Arabian fable of the giant shut up in a iron cask and thrown into the sea. What the scientist learns how to liberate atomic force the world will make many escapes.

In both the reading and the writing poetry there is escape from the sordid bit of drummed-of dead-level, daily monotony, writing poetry in an attic escaped poverty, hunger, cold, despair. Homer and Milton escaped from blindness when they saw Prisoners of war have bartered the bread they would sustain life for a copy of Shakespeare or Rabelais to escape the horrors of a military prison.

To keep a few friends and yet escape bondage they inevitably want to impose upon us, to maintain our own mental integrity and yet not offend by boorishness or litanies; to have ample solitude and yet forswear the companionship of our fellows—that is an escape which requires the skill of a tight-rope necromancer! It is to escape Scylla and not fall into Charybdis!

But man can not escape from life by trying to outwit the law of life, any more than he can escape from jail and walk openly without apprehension. If we knew what Fate is we would understand all about laws of cause and effect, but we only know that fortunate and unfortunate things happen to people and we name that cause Fate.

So it is only when this thing called Fate takes a hand in the events of our life that the escape is valid, permanent and satisfactory. For when we have served our allotted time in any of Life's prisons, Fate takes hand and opens a door.

We escape pain through anodynes, escape prosaic everydayishness and even through drink. The escape urge is in every particle of matter from the electron to planets which burst forth from the sun, satellites which detach themselves from planet.

The rivers flow to the sea, and the thinking say they return not again. But mists from the sea rise up in clouds, clouds are precipitated in rain, the rivers run to the sea again and so the elemental endlessness, perhaps, sweeps human life into the ocean of the unconscious from whence it is drawn by that invisible force, represented the physical sun, and by which force it is precipitated again into the conscious, visible stream, in a constant, blind struggle to escape oblivion.

Wild Life at Catalina

By ALMA OVERHOLT

FEW PEOPLE are familiar with the rugged interior of Santa Catalina Island, or its wild life. A herd of buffalo that roam will, recall the olden days of the golden age. The herd, which numbers around fifteen head, has been on the island for the last eight years, but usually could be seen only at such a distance that one could not be sure whether it was a shrub, a goat, or really a buffalo that one saw. This year the big fellows can be seen grazing in Middle Ranch Canyon. There are three calves with them. As soon as a car or a hiker comes sight the big bulls form a guard around the little fellows and with lowered heads wait at attention until the intruder is out of sight.

Middle Ranch Canyon also abounds in deer, big five-pointers, that would make any hunter's heart skip a beat. The magnificent creatures stand calmly by the roadside as one drives past, quite unafraid in their own Paradise. Coveys of quail whir up in every bush, thousands of them, a beautiful sight. These, too, are quite tame.

At times the air is blue grey with them. Golden and ring-neck pheasants which have been liberated from the Catalina Bird Park are doing well in the island canyons and add color to the natural wild life of the island.

The great bald-headed American eagle is also a native of Catalina. His nest of sticks can be seen on overhanging crags, both inland and from the sea. The eagle does his bit of fishing and can often be seen to swoop down to the water and fly away with a glistening barracuda or mackerel in his talons. A pheasant or young goat add variety to his menu.

Most interesting and typical of Santa Catalina Island are its wild mountain goats. It is estimated that there are between fifty and a hundred thousand of these nimble-footed creatures that inhabit the interior of the island. They are believed to be the descendants of food animals left on Catalina by the Portuguese explorers, whose custom it was, to insure sustenance to other seafarers, who might come that way or suffer shipwreck. The wild boar was thought to

be best adapted to Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa Islands, while on Santa Catalina, because of its steepness, the goat was thought to be the better adapted. It is said that a compact was entered into with the Indians to keep the goats sacred except for the use of the white man. Certainly the goat on Santa Catalina has prospered. In fact every effort to exterminate them has proved futile. Single file they scale sheer cliffs and suddenly disappear into granite walls, as did the children of Hamelin led by the pied piper. Roundup after roundup has been staged, but always the main herd has gotten away. It was but recently discovered that their hide-outs are in caves near the summit of Mt. Black Jack and Orizaba, inaccessible to either man or horse. The wild mountain goat of Santa Catalina is a magnificent animal with great shaggy mane, more like that of a lion than a goat. Towards the Isthmus roams a herd of "silver tips," a rare specie found only on Santa Catalina Island, a silver maltese grey in color.

[Read further on page 142]

Ships of the Air Corps

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

AERIAL warfare is now being prepared for, and the defense of cities, both fortified and unfortified, and these preparations are being conducted along as planned lines as are military movements land or sea forces. The old order of air attacks which obtained in the late great world contest has been superseded by more scientific and effective methods. Individual wars will of course take place in any ensuing war, as was evidenced by the recent air movements by the Japanese in Manchuria. The guarding of the great centers of population will undoubtedly be much more efficient than ever before.

The types of airplanes in use at the Air Corps stationed at March Field, Southern California, are the Bombardment and the Pursuit, supplemented by a number of transports, together with observation planes and photographic plane. Speaking generally of America's Air Corps, the Departments are as follows: Observation, Attack, Bombardment and Pursuit. It has been said that these branches have been thus named because of their individual activities during war-

time service. In times of peace, no attack planes are located at March Field.

It will thus be seen there will be no haphazard or desultory methods of employing air forces in any contests of the future, and in the protection of cities in the years that are to come. As a matter of fact, there will be Air Corps connected with every modern army, and the part they will play in military movements will be of vastly more importance than in the past. The safeguarding of cities, of land forces, forts, harbors, naval war-ships, ammunition storage warehouses, etc., promises to be a vital problem for every country to solve, either in a war between two countries, or a general conflict involving three or more nations.

The observation branch of the Air Corps at March Field is using several types of ships. These include O-19, Thomas B. Morse with Wasp motor; O-38 Douglas with Hornet motor, and the O-25 with Preston-cooled Conqueror motor. All of these ships are equipped with two-way radios and telegraph. The speed of these ships is around one hundred and ten miles an hour, and their radio

facilities enables them to almost instantly relay the discovery of an enemy force, should such forces move forward to attack either land troops, a seaport, or an inland metropolis.

American Air Forces equipped with attack planes have Curtiss A-3 airplanes furnished with both forward and rear machine guns, and a quantity of small bombs. These airplanes operate at a speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, and are very stable. Speed and stability are essential qualities, because of the low flying necessary in carrying out their movements.

THE MOST common bombardment planes attached to the March Field Air Corps at present are the Keystone, and the Condors. The Condors are capable of carrying 4,000 pounds to an altitude of 20,000 feet (absolute ceiling), at a speed of approximately one hundred and thirty miles an hour. The latest pursuit planes of standard type have a cruising speed of 135 miles an hour, which can be increased to 205 miles an hour.

The Keystone bombers carry 535 gallons of gasoline, enough to remain aloft for seven and a half or eight hours. These ships cruise at a rate of one hundred and three miles an hour, and under normal load can climb to a height of 15,000 feet. Two thousand

[Read further on page 141]

Once I Was a Kidnaper

By ONA M. ROUNDS

ALL buildings stood in relief against an evening sky streaked with crimson, which repeated itself in a soft glow on the half-opened window. The low hum of the city's activity on the streets below drifted into the room and gave a sense of nearness to the passing throngs. The door leading into the main hall stood open. Two men came in laughing and soon made themselves comfortable in lounging chairs at the farther side of the room.

"What a view of the tall buildings," the older man exclaimed as both gazed at the panorama before them.

"It's a great relief after a busy day," was the answer; then turning to his companion, he added, "but let's not interrupt your story about that kidnaping."

"Oh, yes, that's right," and leaning back, the older man began:

"It's the best case of circumstantial evidence I ever came across. And the fellow that got into the jam is the most innocent duck that ever lived. His name is Sweigert, Dr. George Sweigert. Taught in college a good many years. Always been interested in boys. Has sort of a hobby of trying to find the cause of crime. Says the best way is to prevent trouble. That's his type.

"Well, this is what happened. He told me the story himself. It was on his first trip to New York. Hadn't been here long. Hadn't connected with his friends. I had run on to him the day before and gave him my address. I've always been interested in his hobby and intended to have lunch with him and have a good talk as soon as I could get to it.

"Said he was just sauntering along the street, quietly pushing through the crowds, looking at different people and wondering about them, and comparing the rush of New York with the Western push when his attention was attracted by a man just ahead of him carrying a little girl. She was crying and kept saying, 'No, no, I want my mamma. I want my mamma.'

"He's crazy about children; so he followed along. He thought it queer that the man paid no attention to the child's crying. He seemed to be in a hurry. No one on the street paid any attention. All were rushing along about their own affairs. All at once he said kidnaping popped into his head. He decided to follow the man and see what he did. After a block or two, he got all worked up over it and thought he'd find out. He stopped the fellow and said,

"Brother, this little girl may be yours, but she doesn't act like it. If she is yours, you can't object to speaking to that officer down the street."

"The man looked up but never said a word. Before they had gone half a block, he hurriedly put the child down and ran down a side street. Sweigert looked for the officer he had seen a few moments before, but he was gone. There seemed nothing to do but pick the child up and go back the way they had come. If he couldn't find the mother, he would go to the police station. He could get no information from the child as to her name or where her mother had left her. The only answer was, 'I want my mamma.'

"KEEPING an eye open for an officer, he pushed his way through the crowd, surprised that no one stopped to ask him about the crying child. He said he was thinking that the reason kidnaping was so easily and effectively done was because people paid so little attention to what was going on around them. Then he suddenly realized he might be taken for a kidnaper himself. The thought came as a shock. He hurried on to find a policeman. Of course, they might not believe his story, but they surely would when they saw he was not trying to run away. He said that as all this passed through his mind, he realized more than ever that he might have trouble. He began to think all the police were taking a vacation. Suddenly a frantic woman pushed her way to the front with a policeman at her heels. Before he knew what had happened, she snatched the child from his arms and shouted:

"Arrest him, officer! the beast! arrest him." Then with the child held tight, she kept repeating, 'My poor little Mitzie. Mother was so worried. The horrid man was running away with my baby. Mother turned around and you were gone.'

"Sweigert kept trying to explain, but he said she wouldn't listen to a word. He thought she had some pull with the cop, for he wouldn't listen either. All he said was, 'You just come with me. You can tell your story at the police station.' Of course he had to go."

"Wouldn't they believe what he told them?"

"Not a word. Too much kidnaping. Not as bad as it is now, but they'd begun to tighten up on suspects. They thought he'd been the dupe of some clever gangster. He might be the link they were looking for. They intended to keep him until they found out what they wanted.

"He had a pretty raw deal. They cross-questioned him for hours. Put him in a cell and kept him there that night. The next day he managed to get me called. Had a

hard time getting that much. Police as me to come down. Wouldn't tell me a thing. When I got there, they brought old Doctor in looking half-dazed.

"You can imagine my surprise. When I jumped up and began asking questions, I saw they had made a mistake. At first didn't know what it was all about, but soon explained. He was mighty glad to me. I got pretty angry, but he said in kindly way,

"These men meant all right. They were trying to do their duty. If the people the street had been half as anxious as police, the real kidnaper would have been caught. I couldn't prove my story. Circumstances were all against me."

"We had a good laugh over his predicament later. With a half-chuckle he said

"Do you suppose they'll add another to my name in the last *Who's Who* and that once I was a kidnaper?"

W H E N
on your way North over the
Redwood Highway
Spend a Night at —
BISHOP PINE LODGE
25 miles north of Eureka
BEAUTIFUL TRAILS
OCEAN AND REDWOODS
COMFORTABLE COTTAGES
Mr. & Mrs. Parrish Welcome You

The DANMOORE HOTEL

Under the personal management
of Dan J. Moore

Twelfth and Morrison Streets
Portland, Oregon

130 Rooms — Spacious Rooms, comfortable beds. In the uncongested downtown — west side. Come as you are. The Danmoore is an enjoyable place to stop for a day, or a week, or to make your permanent home.

Large central lobby for yourself and friends, an inner lobby where you may retire for your business appointments or a game of bridge.

RATES:

Single, without bath—\$1.00, \$1.50
with bath—\$1.50 to \$2.50
Double without bath—\$1.50, \$2.00
with bath—\$2.00 to \$3.00
Special Weekly and Monthly rates
upon application.

PORTLAND, OREGON

The Redwood Highway

California's Marvelous Playground

By T. G. MAURITZEN

A FISHING trip in the fall for the sportsman who likes his fish large, plus a wonderful ride through the giant Redwoods along the Pacific Coast's scenic beauty of ocean shores, canyons, purple hilltop and peaceful rivers, top off the vacation season with memories never forgotten.

It has just been my pleasure to drive up the Redwood Highway; leaving the Geysers at Springs, we turned north from the little town of Cloverdale up through the winding hills of Mendocino county and on through Humboldt and Del Norte counties, every mile a vision that startles the sight and makes me marvel that such a wonderland can exist right at our doors, and yet thousands of our own people have never set eyes on this empire dominated by the Giant Redwoods.

Our first stop was at the beautiful Benbow hotel, where we had our lunch. This attractive resort, on the Eel River, has much to offer the sportsman. Here one may fish, enjoy horseback rides, play golf, or just loaf; rates very reasonable for the services offered and we did enjoy our meal in the dining room and the music with it.

After leaving Benbow we drove leisurely through the Redwoods.

Our next stop was Weymouth Inn where Mr. and Mrs. Reidy make the Sportsman welcome and comfortable. Here we have the famous Weymouth rifle, Fernbridge and Lower rifle near Ferndale at the mouth of the Eel River, where the month of October provides real sport in steelhead and salmon fishing.

AFTER a comfortable night's rest at Weymouth Inn, we drove into Eureka where we had hopes of visiting with Mr. L. D. Smith who is Secretary of the Humboldt County Board of Trade as well as of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Smith was out of town, so we decided that the information we were after could be secured by writing to Mr. Smith.

Night found us at Trinidad, and we were mindful of the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Ora Parrish had good accommodations at Bishop Pine Lodge. This place was so popular that it was full up, so we were unable to stop over, but we did have a very pleasant visit with Mrs. Parrish who promised to supply some material for this magazine. Bishop Pine Lodge has a beautiful location, surrounded by acres of Azaleas, which bloom profusely in April, May and June, followed by many other wild flowers with an abundance



of ferns in summer. The ocean is only a five-minute walk away; modern attractive cottages nestled among the Azalea, Rhododendron and natural shrubs and a background of Redwoods, Fir, Spruce and the rare Bishop Pines. Fine hiking trails with huckleberries and other wild berries to be had, grow along the trails. An outdoor fireplace with an informal evening fire is part of the day's pleasure.

We drove on to Klamath and were pleased to be able to secure good accommodations at W. Larson's Sportsman's Paradise. Here we had a large, comfortable cabin with shower, and it was just like a real home. We also had the use of a boat to spend some of our time on the river. At that time the local resort owners as well as sportsmen were busy dredging out the mouth of the Klamath River so as to permit the tide to come in, and with it, the steelhead and salmon for which this river is famous. No commercial fishing is now allowed, so everything is being done to see that sportsmen have ample opportunity to secure their share of both Chinook salmon as well as Steelhead.

AFTER a refreshing night's sleep, we drove into Crescent City and on over the Grant's Pass highway, stopping for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, former Los Angeles residents, who now run the

Smith River Lodge. Splendid trout fishing may be had here on the Smith River, but the water is so clear that it takes a real fisherman to get the fish. Mr. Smith has both cabin accommodations as well as a good camp ground for the fisherman who elects to stay and try his hand. A beautiful spot to spend your vacation.

As it was still too early to stop for the night, we drove on toward Grant's Pass; we decided to pay a visit to Rainbow Gibson's resort, Weasku Inn, 6 miles south of Grant's Pass, where we had no trouble securing good cabin accommodations for the night. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson not only know how to take care of the fishermen who make this resort their headquarters, but they are equally famous as real sportsmen. Mrs. Gibson caught the first steelhead of the season and it was a good sized fish although not the largest. The Rogue River furnishes some of the best steelhead fishing to be had.

The following day we drove into Grant's Pass and visited Mr. Harvey at the Chamber of Commerce, who promised to supply some photographs and material for Overland; also had a very pleasant visit with Joe Wharton, who promised us a real story on steelhead fishing as well as an article on the scenic attractions of Southern Oregon and the Redwood Empire. Leaving Grant's Pass we drove on to Roseburg and then up into the mountains 24 miles up the North Fork of the Umpqua to Idleyld, a resort owned and operated by Mr. Earl Vosburg. Mr. Vosburg is himself an ardent fisherman and has provided a resort where good accommodations can be had: cabins, a well equipped store and wonderful camp grounds with all conveniences. The camp grounds are free. At this place can be reached riffles and pools where the wily steelhead lurk and where also good trout fishing can be had.

Twelve miles up the river we come to the Circle H. Lodge, presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins. Here large modern cabins are provided and the best of meals at the Lodge. It is operated on the American plan and we enjoyed our stay at this resort, which is situated in one of the most scenic spots it has been my privilege to behold. Frederick Burnham, famous explorer and big game hunter, makes the Circle H. Lodge his headquarters and every day he is off for the steelhead fishing, and while we have been here, has not failed to bring in his fish. He does not attempt to secure the limit and when he has enough fish to satisfy his wants, he puts back the fish caught into the stream.

Junipero Serra

[Continued from page 135]

On the morning of the 28th, the captain of the ship Don Jose Canizares and the Father Chaplain came to visit him. He received them while sitting down, thanking them for the visit and giving the father a fond embrace. Then he said to both of them, "Thanks be to God, that after having traveled such a long way, you have come to throw a little dirt upon my coffin." After a while had passed, he said that a fear seemed to oppress his mind, and he asked me to read for him aloud, the recommendation of the soul. This I did and he made the responses as if he were a well man. He then exclaimed with great joy, "Thanks to God, I am no longer afraid; my cares have vanished; I feel much better. And now I shall sip a little broth."

He came out of his cell and sat at table, and having taken his broth, he felt again like resting. Lying down without removing anything else but his cowl, he lapsed into eternal sleep in the bosom of our Lord, for without the least outward sign, he delivered his soul to his Creator, a little before 4 o'clock the afternoon of the 28th of August, day of the feast of Saint Augustin, Doctor of the Church.

WITH the tolling of the bells, the entire populace bestirred itself, the Indians bewailing the death of their beloved padre, accompanied by the *gent de razon*; those on land as well as those on the ship. They all begged for some trinket or article of clothing which the deceased padre had worn, and with such insistence that in church they even cut off a few pieces of the habit in which he had died. For in that same habit, without changing or taking off the least part of it, was he placed in the coffin, prepared beforehand by the deceased padre himself. Without our knowledge he had summoned the carpenter from the presidio to make him a coffin for his own burial. I promised them that if they would be patient, I would give them a tunic of the deceased padre, so that they might make scapulars of it, as they did. But in spite of this, those who kept vigil over his body in the church, cut off a few ringlets of hair from his tonsure, all of them moved by the esteem with which they regarded him, as a perfect and exemplary master.

The *gente de razon* from land and off the boat, assisted at the funeral, vying with one another in paying homage to the deceased

padre. The captain of the ship gave him the salute usually accorded a general, and the batteries of the royal presidio responded with the same honors.

Like ceremonies were held on September 4th, when honors were repeated with a vigil and a high mass, attended by all the people and an extra priest who was the Father Preacher Fray Antonio Paterna, minister of the Mission of San Luis Obispo, who though unable to arrive in time for the funeral, did assist at the mass of honor. Wherefore, witness of all this, I subscribe myself at the Mission of San Carlos de Monterrey on the 5th day of September in the year 1784.

FRAY FRANCISCO PALOU.

WEYMOUTH INN

M. Reidy, Prop.

Ferndale, California, P.O. Box 177

Restful Retreat — Good Fishing

Rates from \$15.00 to \$22.50

American Plan

Cottages with Baths

WRITE FOR INFORMATION

THE NEW PROFESSION

— ARISTOCRAT OF STENOGRAPHIC ART —

The Stenotype is the fastest method of recording verbatim dictation in the world. You can become an expert stenographer, secretary or court reporter in a few months through the "machine way" in shorthand, Stenotypy.

Ambitious men and women will find a solution of their employment and financial problems in **STENOGRAPHY**, The New Profession. This is one of the professions which is not over crowded.

Expert Stenotypists earn more in an hour by reporting a lecture, sermon, or a board meeting of business executives, than an ordinary pencil shorthand writer can earn in a week. A graduate informed me last week that he earned \$50 for two hours work.

Here is an opportunity to get out of the rut of mediocrity. If you are employed during the day, attend our evening classes. **DO IT NOW!**

If you are considering a business career, it is essential that you master either Shorthand or Stenotypy, that you learn Accountancy, and that you know something about business management.

Can you recall where you were a year ago? What you wanted to do then? What you resolved to do— **BUT DID NOT DO?** Are you any more satisfied: any nearer your goal today than you were then? What are you going to do about it now?

Somebody has said that the three essentials to **SUCCESS** are: "First, a great purpose; second, vision to see the purpose accomplished; third, the industry to accomplish it, the 'guts' to carry on."

What a chance, what splendid opportunities, lack of initiative, lack of vision on the part of the majority, leaves for the few who have the courage to improve their mental equipment.



STENOGRAPHY

The "Machine Way" in Shorthand

MackKay Business College

612 South Figueroa St.
TRinity 0417

Ships of the Air

[Continued from page 137]

ounds of bombs can be carried, together with a crew of five men. Loaded to capacity, each ship will weigh over 13,000 pounds. Their efficiency will be manifest in actual conflict, as well as in defending cities from air attack such as were launched at London during the late war, by the Zeppelins.

Boeing pursuit airplanes are the ones which are used extensively in the pursuit work in the Army Air Corps at March Field. The latest standard planes of this type have a cruising speed of one hundred and thirty-five miles per hour at 7,000 feet, and 1,700 revolutions per minute; high speed 205 miles an hour. There is a cruising radius of four hours with belly tank. These little ships have a service ceiling of 25,000 feet and an absolute ceiling of 32,000 feet. The technical term of "ceiling" means the altitude reached by an airplane in its flight. Service ceiling is the height at which a fully loaded airplane can operate efficiently. Absolute ceiling is the highest altitude a plane can reach with full load.

Every six weeks the parachutes in use at March Field are opened, inspected, and re-packed. Every six months each parachute is taken aloft in a plane, and drop-tested with a "dummy" weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. These parachutes are made of silk, and are super-important equipment to the aviators, whether in times of war or peace. As lives depend on them, they must be kept in absolutely perfect condition.

Visitors to Southern California who wish to inspect March Field are cordially asked to call on the Touring Bureau of the Automobile Club of Southern California at Los Angeles, or the Riverside office of the Club, to secure directions and obtain entrance to the Field. Southern California and all of its cities and harbors are fortunate in having for their safety against invasion and disaster this magnificently equipped Aerial Military Post. Its officers, its air-power, its personnel, constant drill, and all round efficiency have made it conspicuous in American defensive and offensive operations. The staff is headed by Lieutenant Colonel Henry H. Arnold, and its men of the highest attainments in their chosen profession.

W. LARSON'S Sportsman's Paradise

Service Station and Lunch Room, Comfortable Modern Cabins, with Showers. Fishing Tackle, Bait, Boats.

¾ Mile North of Klamath Bridge
Klamath, California
Good Steelhead Fishing in the Klamath River

The ANGELUS HOTEL

Spring St.
at Fourth

LOS ANGELES



THE HOME OF COMFORT

The Angelus is located right down town in the very heart of the business, theatrical and shopping districts, and convenient to transportation facilities. You will find the Angelus one of Los Angeles' substantial hotels, featuring 200 modern rooms with extra comfortable beds.

RATES

Single, without bath	\$1.00
Double, without bath	1.50
Single, with bath	\$1.50 - 2.00
Double, with bath	2.00 - 3.00
Twin beds and bath	3.00

Special Rates by Week or Month

FREE GARAGE if your daily rate is \$1.50 or more. Drive your car direct to Metropolitan Garage, 417 S. Spring (adjoining hotel). Bring ticket to clerk in Angelus lobby.

Corner 4th and Spring Streets

Phone MIchigan 9241

H. J. TREMAIN, Manager

BIG NEWS

A RIOT OF FUN AWAITS YOU the moment you receive your new game, "Music Fun (damentals)". You need know nothing about music. This card game will be a thrill to the hostess who is eager to put real enjoyment into her parties! At only \$1 each you can order several packs. Send the coupon today with your remittance, to Dep't. O.V., 2873 West 7th St., Los Angeles, California

Clip the coupon and mail it

To Dept. O.V., 2873 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif., with \$1.00 for each game desired.

Name
Address
City State

WILD LIFE AT CATALINA

[Continued from page 137]

AS PROLIFIC as the goats of the Island are the seals which make their home in rookeries towards the southern end of the Island at Seal Rocks. Here thousands of seal bask in the sun on the narrow sandy beach where excursionists may photograph them from the glass-bottom boats. A dozen or more have taken up their abode on the buoys in Avalon Bay where they stay the year round, barking their welcome to the incoming noon steamer, much to the delight of eastern visitors. When a yachtsman wishes to make fast to his mooring they slide off into the water but almost instantly are back again on their perch.

To get a real thrill out of Santa Catalina and enjoy its beauty, one should either hike or ride into its interior. Around Cottonwood and Cape Canyons, are beautiful meadows arbores with spreading oak that remind one of scenes of New England. Bridle trails lead up over the divide of Avalon Canyon, where one may see the surf break against cliffs on the "opposite" side of the island. The Mediterranean has no more beautiful Riviera than the bridle trails from which one may look down on Avalon and Descanso Bays into water so crystal clear that one sees fishes of silver and gold cast their shadows against scintillating pebbles. Catalina Island is 27 miles long and has an area of 57,000 acres.

Hotel Sequoia

619 OLIVE STREET

Half block from Pershing Square

"IN THE MIDST OF EVERYTHING"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

RATES

With private bath, one person \$1.50
Two persons, \$2.00With bath privilege, one person \$1.00
Two persons \$1.50EUGENE-SPRINGFIELD
AUTO PARK

A 17-acre Grove and Park. Children's Playground. Laundry Facilities. Hotel Accommodations. 30 Clean Cabins, 75 cents and Up Eugene, Ore., on Pacific Highway

OLD — RARE AND UNUSUAL BOOKS

Old Magazines and bound volumes of Rare and old magazines, also new current books and magazines at Bargain prices. Old books bought, sold and exchanged. Our service can supply you with almost any book or magazine you wish, we get you that hard to get book. **Free Catalogue.**

THOR'S BOOK SERVICE

4413 Bryson Bldg., Los Angeles, California

HOTEL MANX

NEW

Innovations
Service
Comfort

350

Attractive
Cheerful
RoomsRUNNING ICE WATER
IN ALL ROOMS

FAMOUSLY SOFT BEDS

With Bath.....from \$2.00

Without Bath.....from \$1.50

THE MOST
convenientTHE BEST
accommodationsTHE FINEST
meals

GARAGE SERVICE AT DOOR

HARVEY M. TOY, MANAGING-OWNER

POWELL at O'FARRELL - SAN FRANCISCO

'The Smooth Way
to Rough It!'

Take a Coleman Camp Stove along when you go auto-touring, picnicking or camping. Enjoy tasty meals cooked on a miniature gas stove. Fry, bake or boil; roast, toast or broil...cook anything the "gang" calls for...in a jiffy!

Coleman
CAMP STOVE

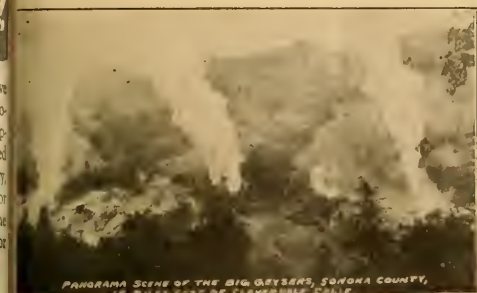
Wherever you go...no matter what your appetite demands...you'll find the Coleman a dependable "pal". Coleman Camp Stoves make and burn their own gas from regular gasoline. Good looking and sturdily built to stand hard knockabout use. Fold up like a suitcase with everything inside. Easy to operate, speedy, safe. Priced from **\$5.95 up**; high stand extra.

Good Light!

On any kind of an over-night outing or prolonged trip you'll need this new Coleman Lantern. It's just naturally "made-to-order" to supply plenty of light any night. Instant-lighting...single mantle type...provides up to 150 candlepower of pure white light in any wind or weather. Small in size...big in brilliance. Makes and burns its own gas from regular gasoline. Storm-proof, insect-proof.

Price only **\$5.95**See them at your dealers
or Write for CatalogTHE COLEMAN LAMP-STOVE CO.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!



Giant steam geysers operating a huge electrical generating system. A beautiful canyon of smokes and geysers—wield, uncanny and indescribable.

An Ideal Health and Recreation Resort
Radio Active mineral waters and volcanic steam baths. Streams nearby are alive with fish. Awe-inspiring scenery on all sides—wonderful hiking country.

Finest Food and Best Accommodations
Rates: Single, \$18 and up, per week; double \$36 to \$50 per week. American plan including rooms, meals, swimming, baths and amusements.

THE GEYSER SPRINGS Sonoma County, Calif.

For Reservations Write:
R. B. Kidd, Geysers P. O., Sonoma County, California
(18 Miles East of Cloverdale, Calif.)

REST RELAX

Snap Back to Health

Spend a Week or Two at

Richardson Springs

THE HOME OF HEALTH

Mineral waters and baths, the finest in the state, combined with quiet, restful living to give you the most beneficial vacation possible . . . Hotel, Sleeping Cottages, and Housekeeping Cottages set in beautiful foothills . . . Tennis, swimming, hiking, riding . . . Rates unusually low . . . Write for illustrated literature and prices.

SAFE, PAVED ROAD ALL THE WAY TO —

Richardson Mineral Springs

Richardson Springs

Butte Co., Calif.

CONTENTS

George Creel (Frontispiece)	132
Editorials, L. H. M.	133
Melody Lane, Ben Field, Editor	134
Crimson Dress	Ruth Le Prade
Yucca	Marie Todd
Peace on Earth	Belle Willey Gue
The Jealous Cavalier	Arthur Truman Merrill
Daybreak	Ernest McGaffey
I Give You A Gift	Leonard Cooper
Pacific Ocean	Elinor Lennen
Dream Fiber	Elinor Lennen

Fray Junipero Serra, Translation by Tommy Temple 135

Escapes, Lannie Haynes Martin 136

Wild Life at Catalina, Alma Overholt 137

Ships of the Air Corps, Ernest McGaffey 137

Once I Was A Kidnaped, Ona M. Rounds 138

The Redwood Highway, T. G. Mauritzen 139

TAMARACK LODGE

ON TWIN LAKES — ELEVATION 8,600

YOUR SIERRA SUMMER HOME

In the Famous Mammoth Lakes Basin, near Devil's Post Pine and Rainbow Falls. Unsurpassed scenic attractions, including a score of pine-rimmed alpine lakes, well-trouted with rainbow, cutthroat, lochleven and golden trout. Gateway to Duck Lake, Fish Creek and the upper San Joaquin. Select patronage, American plan, accommodations in Lodge or Cabins. Moderate rates.

Rainbow Falls

For Interesting Information Write or Wire

MR. AND MRS. LLOYD B. AUSTIN, Owners

Also Owners of Switzer-Land in Sierra Madre Mts.

Address Mammoth Lakes, Mono County, Calif.

"PLANNING YOUR FUTURE" "GETTING AHEAD IN LIFE"

"Planning Your Future" will tell you how to reach your goal in life. . .

Deep in the heart of every person there burns the desire to achieve, to possess the elements of life. . .

This free booklet explains mediocrity, how you have your native ability and "hidden" talents. . .

How you may take your place beside men and women of affairs, how you may increase your opportunities and enrich your personality through better surroundings and associations. . .

It explains how the Private Secretary is brought in contact with great financial leaders, and how these stimulating associations lead to rapid promotions. . .

Secretarial work is an ideal vocation for both men and women, and this is one profession which has not been over-crowded during the recent depression. . .

The greatest demand is for well-educated adults, men and women 25 to 45 years of age. The Employment Department of the Metropolitan has been unable to meet the demand for office workers of this type. . .

Success in business is governed by nature's law — the survival of the fittest. When a position is to be filled, the applicant is asked, "What can you DO?" Not "What do you KNOW?"

Business does not ask how many years you have been in school, or how many degrees you have after your name, but — "WHAT CAN YOU DO?"

Secretaryships are open alike to men and women, offering equal opportunity to both. . .

To men the field secretaryship offers the strongest appeal; there is a demand for the cultured traveling secretary. . .

Women usually prefer the environment of the downtown business office. . .

NIGHT SCHOOL OPPORTUNITIES

How do you spend your evenings? You can qualify as a secretary at our night classes, Mondays and Thursdays, in from six to twelve months.

THE COST

The tuition charge at evening school is \$5 a month, \$12 for three months, \$40 for a full year term.

What is there to prevent your taking this important step in advance next Monday night? If you are to GET AHEAD, you must LOOK AHEAD.

You should be able to double your income in a year. . .

Greater than the financial award in importance to you is the mental uplift which comes through improved working conditions, better surroundings and associations, and the personal satisfaction of knowing that you are getting ahead in life. . .

FREE PLACEMENT SERVICE

There is no waiting list of unemployed at the Metropolitan. All graduates have been placed promptly. This service is free until the graduate has reached a position in life where further assistance is no longer required.

What Will You Do About It AND WHEN?

Executives are not born; they are made. The stenographers and accountants of today, are the executives of tomorrow. They are nurtured and groomed until one day they "bloom" into full-fledged executives.

"When my ship comes in," say all of us, forgetting for the moment that we have sent no ships out. Do you recall these lines?

The mariner is wise, he looks to the skies, to see what he's about, and he doesn't expect any ship to come in, if he hasn't sent any ships out.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET



"Planning Your Future" will give you the inspiring and informative facts you need regarding a secretarial training, and what it will do to better your condition in life. Fill in the coupon and mail it today.

**You Can Become
A BUSINESS EXECUTIVE.
You Know You Can!**

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Do It Now!

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

1010 METROPOLITAN BUILDING, CORNER FIFTH AND BROADWAY
THE HOME OF THE SUPER-SECRETARY

MUTUAL 8897

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and
OUTWEST MAGAZINE

Featuring:

JAPAN - A CLOSE-UP

Ralph Townsend

LANDMARKS and DIVIDENDS

Harry C. Peterson

TARANTULAS AS THEY ARE

Raymond W. Thorp

PLAYGROUNDS OF OREGON

Joe Wharton

BELLS OF THE MISSIONS

Marie T. Walsh

STEVE FISHER : O. M. ROUNDS : MRS. G. H. SCHUYLER

FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

\$2.50 Per Year DECEMBER, 1934 25c Per Copy



FLINTRIDGE RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

Formerly the Flintridge Biltmore Hotel. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Accredited to University of California. Primary, Intermediate and High School. Dramatic Art by Lillian Fitch. Supervised Sports. Outdoor Swimming Pool. Moderate Rates.

Mailing Address: PASADENA, CALIF.

Telephone Colorado 4034

The School may be reached from Glendale via Chevy Chase, and from Pasadena via Linda Vista Boulevard.

YOUR HOME IS YOUR CASTLE

Admit only clean, constructive news by reading

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

A Daily Newspaper for the Home

It gives all the constructive world news but does not exploit crime and scandal. Has interesting feature pages for all the family on Women's Activities, Homemaking, Gardens, Education and Books. Also pages for the Children and Young Folks. Vigorous editorials and an interpretation of news in the "March of the Nations" Column are of special interest to men.

The Christian Science Publishing Society

One, Norway Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Please enter my subscription to The Christian Science Monitor for a

period of	One year	\$9.00	Three months	\$2.25
	Six months	4.50	One month	75c

Name.....

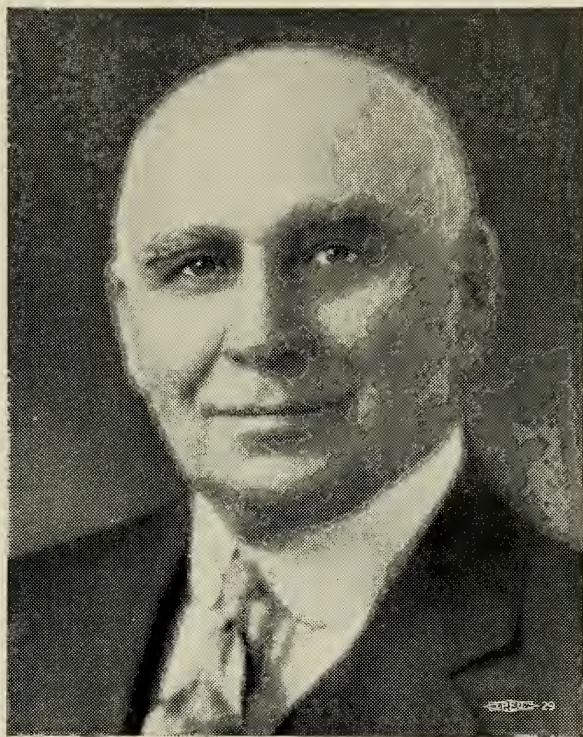
Street.....

City..... State.....

Sample Copy on Request

**80 Miles from
Los Angeles »**

High Gear
State Highway All the Way



Frank F. Merriam

Governor of California



Christmas Greetings

ON THE RETURN of the Christmas season, Overland again brings you greeting. Now is the time for renewal of faith. We rejoice with you in the glories of earth and sky and sea. The rosy tint of dawn and the fading glow of eventide, mark a smoother pathway. The song of the bird is eloquent of new inspiration. The delicate perfume and color of the flower carry to you our message of hope and joy and cheer. The majesty and glory of the tree are sign and symbol of strength and power and peace.

But above all we rejoice with you in the happiness that comes from friends and home and fireside; from the helpful word and the kindly handclasp; from the purpose and optimism that banish fear, and from the assurance that the day and the hour are prophetic of the clear way ahead. For sixty-six years Overland has been privileged to greet its readers at the holiday time. Now in 1934, as year by year, since its first Christmas in 1868, Overland wishes you, one and all, A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Published at Los Angeles, California. Entered as Second Class matter, July 29, 1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents of this magazine copyrighted.

Overland Monthly And Outwest Magazine

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Editorial and Business Offices
609 MISSION STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

VOLUME 92—25¢ PER COPY

DECEMBER, 1934

\$2.50 PER YEAR, NUMBER 8

Let's Stop Baiting Japan

By RALPH TOWNSEND

WE MIGHT as well stop baiting Japan. It is ridiculous to cry peace in one breath and invite conflict in what we say in the next. If this has stopped the United States from waging a war on its hands that we shan't regret in a hurry.

What's our fidget about, anyway? Do you hear somebody moan about the partitioning by Japan of dear old China? Well, what of it? Haven't the Chinese imperial generals been partitioning up the country for themselves through recent wars, until China is now a dozen or more varying independent private areas carved off for more terrible looting and cruelty than any foreigner has ever dreamed?

And why our special concern with China? Within the last few decades Africa has been more thoroughly carved up by the British and French than Eastern Asia by any power or combination of powers. We haven't raised a murmur while the French have driven their wedge into the Sahara with apparently not a hundredth part of the provocation actuating Japan to take over Manchuria in 1931. And speaking of inroads on territory nominally Chinese, how many people recall that

in 1929 the Soviet Government took a piece of China quite as large as Manchuria? But the Russians are specially favored. They took their chunk of Chinese Mongolia to save the population there from capitalist aggression.

The point is, why do we single out Japan these days for an elaborately tutored campaign of venom from which all other world powers are exempt?

I hear somebody trying to fan the myth that Japanese aggressions in Asia will destroy our invaluable Far Eastern market for American goods. That is

cobwebby hokum on two counts. First of all the Japanese can't well displace our trade in our principal export items because Japan doesn't produce those things in sufficient abundance. When Japan has to buy cotton, automobiles, machinery, petroleum and such from

Ralph Townsend is the author of "Ways That Are Dark," an expose of conditions existing in China, and which attracted considerable attention and much controversy when published last year. Mr. Townsend was formerly in the American Foreign Service, doing duty in turn as Vice Consul at Montreal, Shanghai and Foochow. He resigned from the Foreign Service in 1933, and is now writing and lecturing on Far Eastern affairs. Before entering the Foreign Service he was an instructor at Columbia University. He is 33 years old, born in North Carolina.

the United States herself, how can she crowd us out in exporting them to China? What is more, American trade is increasing in Manchukuo, formerly Manchuria, because of the greater degree of law and order the Japanese have brought to that country and because the Japanese are developing its resources which have lain long dormant as a result of constant civil warfare, terrible oppressions and official Chinese pillage.

Second, as to the preciousness of our China trade, it isn't precious at all. In the best boom times it amounted to a little above a fortieth of our export volume. China in many years buys less from us than Cuba. Our best trade year with China showed sales under \$160,000,000. Compare that with a world trade volume of exports to our

credit of more than five billion dollars in 1929. In 1930 Argentina took 50% more stuff from us than China. British Africa bought as much from us in 1925 as China in 1932. And with China standing thus far down the line as our customers rank in importance, reflect that our trade with Manchukuo takes now only one three hundredth of our exports. This is considerably more than two years ago. Do these facts hint that Japanese activity on the Asiatic mainland is snatching the bread out of our mouths?

Right here it may be appropriate to state that Japan is one of our good customers, while China is and will by all signs continue to be a very poor one. Japan buys more than twice as much of our commodities as China. When we bait Japan for motives of ignorantly slushily sentimentality for China, we antagonize an excellent customer for a mediocre customer, gaining nothing in any direction. If wars are fought for economic motives, as some critics are fond of saying, I await with eagerness a demonstration of the intelligence behind our present Japan-baiting policy according to any imaginable or unimaginable economic principles.

But many of our worthy citizens will avow that they rise above anything so sordid as material considerations. They deal in broad humanitarian principles. They like to see protection and justice for the little fellow.

Well, as far as my observations went in the Far East, the most notable advance in protection and justice for the little fellow was made on September 18, 1931, when the Japanese hoisted their colors at Mukden and within a few weeks took over a piece of Asia three times the size of California containing a population of around thirty

million persons. I am aware that this is a very unfashionable way of stating the case—unfashionable at least in the United States. But it happens that this is not particularly unusual as an opinion among veteran foreign residents on the spot. American business men and government officials living in China simply do not share the anti-Japanese attitude common on this side of the Pacific. Some of their reasons for this differing viewpoint would do a lot of good if they were better known here. I shall try to synopsise some of the main ones.

One of the influences prominent in our international thinking is the tendency to make *sympathy* synonymous with *affection*—We seldom like people we can not be sorry for. Nothing could be more illogical. Half the time a person or a nation at the short end of a predicament deserves to be there. Common observation is sufficient to establish that there is no predictable connection of ethical values with either the strength or weakness of contestants in any embroglio—We can not reasonably measure one's virtue or lack of it by the simple circumstance of his winning or losing.

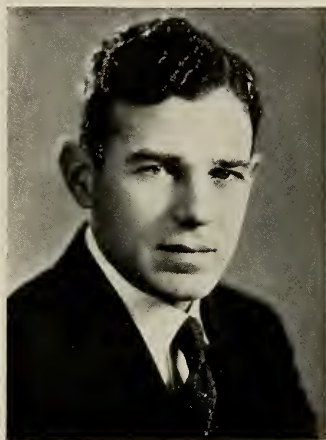
Yet we invariably determine our sympathies by just this illogical standard. Our sympathy for the Allies in 1914 and after was considerably promoted by the news that they were taking a bad licking. In 1894 there was vast sympathy for Japan when Japan was fighting against the presumably mightier China. Again in 1904 Japan was a strong sentimental favorite in America against the presumably stronger forces of Russia. Preachers exhorted from our pulpits that the issue was one of righteousness versus selfish aggression (on the part of Russia), and congregations from coast to coast in America prayed for Japan to win. Much was said in the newspapers and magazines of the day by leading thinkers to the effect that Japan's destiny was that of advancing civilization on the Asiatic mainland. But as soon as Japan won, the history of all that was instantly reversed, and Japan was shown by the same "leading thinkers" to be a cunning, wholly untrustworthy self-seeker, who ought to have been squashed.

It is left to the few with capacity for discriminating evaluations the responsibility to render good service in the months and years just ahead. They can prevent the now needless hostility toward the Japanese from going further. They can effect a lessening of the hostility on our part now at the danger point.

Let us dismiss the presumption that

the Japanese are the greater villains because they happen to be stronger than the Chinese. Let us look into the real facts of the business and see what just attitude should be formed thereupon.

We see a wide contrast of character and temperament between what may be called a typical Chinese and a typical Japanese. To average American tastes, the Chinese is vastly more likeable. He laughs more than his shorter-



RALPH TOWNSEND

statured and more aggressive cousin. The Chinese is voluble, at home in his native streets and alleys, to the point of garrulousness. He likes to joke. The typical Japanese is a sterner article. Both have a good eye for business. Both have a great deal of natural grace—much more than ourselves. The Japanese, situated among foreigners, more quickly drops this than the Chinaman. He is passionately eager to accommodate himself, and adopts almost instinctively the brusqueness he sees in vogue, where among his own people he retains a great deal of elaborate etiquette.

The Japanese thinks to a considerable extent in terms of his country as a national entity. He is probably the most loyally patriotic creature on the globe. Instances of Japanese turning traitor to their own racial group are so scarce they may be rated through modern history at zero. The Chinese, on the other hand, appears to have next to no loyalty to what he calls his country. For generations Chinese generals sent against an enemy have shown themselves ready to sell out for proper cash, and they have repeatedly done so against every single

adversary China has had. For year after year the Japanese have been able to buy practically every Chinese official they considered worth buying. In 1933 the Chinese generals previously hailed by the glib world as heroes against Japan in Manchuria, made separate peace agreements with the enemy, one by one exactly as every thoughtful foreigner of the scene had predicted. Some of these generals, after settling nicely with Japan, turned their armies against their own people and demanded heavy fees not to loot their own kinsmen. The most notable hero, Tsai Ting-kai of Shanghai's battle of Chapei, was dispatched after that battle to rout the Communists in Fukien. He did the natural, and formed an alliance with them against the home government. Chinese think in terms of advantage to themselves and their clan and look upon other Chinese as enemies in the same way as they regard foreigners. There are not enough exceptions to this tendency to have an appreciable effect upon Chinese politics.

The Chinese incapacity for organization on a large scale is probably too familiar to need discussion—the plight of their country tells the whole story. The talent of the Japanese in the same respect is likewise told in their unprecedented exploit of making a world power out of a few economically and socially medieval rocky islands within seventy-five years. Chinese do well in businesses run under the management of one man or one family, but fall down miserably in larger enterprises calling for co-operation. Interestingly, Chinese seem to thrive best, and in fact enjoy much better reputation all around, when they are immigrants abroad. In California, Hawaii, the Philippines and the Straits Settlements you will find the Chinese well liked, and in each of those areas the Japanese are disliked. Chinese integrity seems much better abroad than at home. In China, practically nobody trusts the Chinese in any agreement where there is an imaginable chance for one to squeeze out of it. Their business reputation is about zero and their standing in matters of official trust is measurably below zero. On the other hand, Japanese are highly esteemed by foreigners who come to know them in their own land. Consuls and businessmen of long residence among the Chinese invariably prefer the Japanese.

This latter remark needs some explaining. Chinese are probably the most likeable people in the world. But they are likeable socially, because of their am-

(Read further on page 158)

Southern Oregon — Playground of the West

By JOE WHARTON



*Who Can Forget, or
Adequately Express
His Emotion As
He Approaches
the Rim and
Crater Lake
Lifts Itself
Into His
Consciousness*

THE DESIRE for change is one of the most insistent and predominant instincts of the human race. We continually crave new scenes, new environments and new experiences, and to be positively happy we must have them. It is this persistent influence, as well as the desire for material betterment, that has sometimes past caused the trek of whole families away from old environments, old associations and old customs of living, all caused human beings to endure privations and hardships almost beyond belief and that are always incident to pioneering in a strange land. It was perhaps this influence as to the desire for improvement in their material welfare that prompted the great exodus of homeseekers from the East to the far West in the late '40s and early '50s of the last century. When we hear and read of the experiences of the pioneers of that period as they crossed the plains and mountains by ox-team—slow, slow creeping westward over vast prairies, mountains and deserts, beset with all the dangers of a vast inhospitable wilderness, extreme cold, extreme heat, snow and rain, dust and storm, sickness, and probable death at the hands of fierce marauding savages—we

marvel at their vitality and endurance, and at the fortitude and optimism with which they surmounted every obstacle and survived every trial.

What a change has come into the lives of our people during the last twenty-five years! The automobile has revolutionized outdoor America. Following the advent of the automobile came the building of magnificent hard-surfaced highways and oiled roads, making easily accessible the heretofore inaccessible places where outdoor pleasures abound. The development of the internal combustion engine in automobile and airplane provides the means of quick, easy and comfortable transportation and to the north, south, east and west, the great open highways and airways beckon and invite us to step on the gas and be off into new scenes and environments.

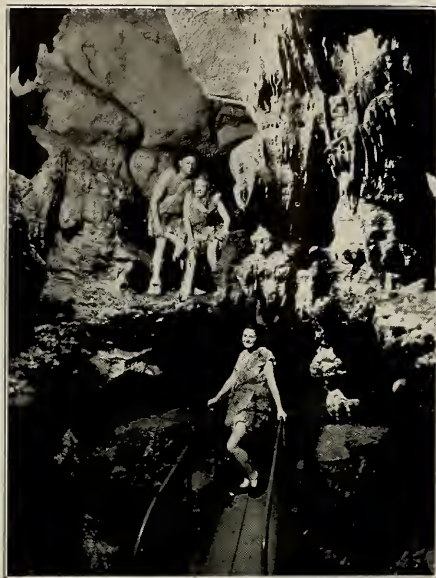
SOUTHERN OREGON is a region well favored by Nature as a recreational playground. Its mountains, snow capped in their higher elevations, are covered with dense forests of fir, pine, cedar, madrone and oak, and these forests abound with large and small game. Its beautiful lakes and rivers

fairly teem with game fish and there are vast stretches of virgin wilderness where the foot of civilized man has seldom trod. There are many scenic attractions to delight the eye and mysterious marvels to puzzle the intellect. Crater Lake—peerless gem of the Cascades—is one of the wonders of creation. Who can forget or adequately express, his emotion as he approaches the rim and Crater Lake lifts itself into consciousness? One has never imagined such a wealth of color—such a depth of blue, shading to delicate turquoise and emerald green at the edges. As the sun sinks low in the west at evening, cliffs and crags, thousands of feet high, which form the setting of the gem, take on soft shades of mauve, pink, buff and sepia that harmonize in a most beautiful ensemble. No artist, with brush or pen, can ever do justice to the picture. Under varying light conditions it is seldom twice the same—like a beautiful opal, ever changing in its scintillations. One has not seen America until he has seen Crater Lake.

GREAT CHANGES have come to the earth's surface with the passing of centuries but in the heart of the

mountain where are the Oregon Caves, change is as slow as time itself. In fact, time is of little consequence in the marble halls of the caves. Aeons and aeons have passed since the formation of these weird and mysterious caverns began, and as you wander through the narrow passages and vaulted chambers, adorned and decorated with fantastic and beautiful creations, you are prone to reflect upon the permanence of nature in some of her works in comparison with the futility and inconsequence of the brief span of human life. Wandering through miles of this underground paradise, filled with wonder and amazement at the sheer beauty of it as seen in the flickering light of your little lamp, your mood gradually adapts itself to its influence. When you again step out into the light and warmth of the outside world flooded with sunshine, your senses receive a startling shock and your soul is lifted with a sense of joy and relief. Never before have you seen the sky so blue, the sun so bright, nor the trees so green as they appear after hours of wandering in the gloomy, enchanting regions in the heart of the mountains.

OF GREAT recreational value to any country are its lakes, streams and rivers. There may be fascination about life in the desert—and some there are who insist there is—but to the average human being the sound of rippling falling water is refreshing music to the ear. Southern Oregon is rich in the possession of some of the world's most beautiful rivers. Rogue River, with its source in the snow capped Cascade Mountains around Crater Lake, rushing its entire length of nearly three hundred miles through a rough and mountainous country, unsullied by any long stretches of stagnant marsh and unpolluted by the filth of great cities, is noted the world over for its wonderful salmon and trout fishing and for its great scenic beauty. Snowed at its source, gathering volume from the cold springs that seep through the walls of Crater Lake and from the cold streams that have their origin in deep canyons of the high elevations, it is the ideal home of virile fish of the game species. Each season, with the regularity of the planets in their orbits, there come into Rogue River from the Pacific, great schools of andromorous fish—salmon of different species, steelhead trout—the great sea-going Rainbow—ocean run Cut-Throat, variously known as "Salmon Trout," or "Harvest Trout." Each



In the Oregon Caves

Queen of Cavemen on the Bridge

species comes into the river at the appointed time to complete its life cycle and fights its way to the spawning grounds of the upper river, leaping the falls and battling the swift currents in the narrow chutes with wonderful vitality until its mission in the fresh water is accomplished. With mature fish ascending the river and the young fish returning to the sea there is always fine fishing in the Rogue River. Anglers from distant countries come each year to try their skill with the game fish of the Rogue.

NATURE has been profuse indeed in her gifts to this favored section of Oregon. From a recreational and health-giving viewpoint its wonderful forests are a valuable consideration. There are still miles of untouched primeval forests of fir, pine and cedar in the impregnable mountain fastnesses, forests that will not know the axe or the saw for generations to come. In that vast region "back of beyond," that section of Josephine and Curry counties in Oregon, and Siskiyou and Del Norte in California, the forests are still in a primitive state. The Redwood Highway cuts through this section on its way from Grants Pass to Crescent City and the westerly end of it winds through the giant redwoods of Northern California. We admire a great tree

wherever we find it, but have not really known trees until we have spent a day wandering through the restful aisles of the majestic redwood forest. The great trees rear their crests skyward until they seem to be the pillars upon which rests the vast blue dome of the heavens. The floor of the forest is clothed with a carpet of ferns and mosses found only in a redwood forest. Here is an environment not to be found elsewhere.

IN THE SPRINGTIME and each summer, everywhere your wandering may take you, blooms a profusion of rare and beautiful wild flowers, vibrant in colors and luxuriousness with the most tenderly nourished artificially propagated productions. Delicate orchids, regal lilies, gorgeous rhododendrons and azaleas, hardy alpine and rock plants—rare species that are found only in these Southern Oregon mountains bloom and have their being unheralded and unseen by many. At times they are masses of color—now blue, now yellow, pink and white on a background of delicate green; and at other times they place a blaze of riotous color—pleasant to the eye and exhilarating to the senses. In late autumn the woods are glorious—all shades of green and gold and brilliant scarlet. The mountains

(Read further on page 166)

California Landmarks Pay Handsome Dividends

By H. C. PETERSON,
Curator, Sutter's Fort Historical
Museum.

WHEN the historians of this State urge that its citizens preserve historical landmarks of California, they urge it on the basis of sentiment, not out of reverence for our pioneer forefathers, that their memory may be kept alive for coming generations.

For years past we have asked the public co-operation in the preservation of historic places for sentimental reasons. We have at the same time been keenly aware that there is as well a strong and beneficial commercial angle to the matter.

Ethically, we are not supposed to mention "monetary gains" in our public talks and appeals. Such is not considered "just the proper thing." We would probably be better off were we to emphasize the monetary value of historic landmarks. So this article, unethical though it may be, will prove an eyecopener to many readers.

To discover just what the tourist comes to California to see, various organizations, including the State Chamber of Commerce, Californians, Inc., and local chambers of commerce, as well as museum officials in different districts, have interviewed literally thousands of visitors.

Strange as it may seem, very few take long trips out here to see school-buses, new churches, paved streets or large show windows. Actually, they like a lot of those things at home. They even have large orchards back there with a variety of fruits; likewise they have mountains, with tourist resorts and hot springs. Indeed many of their historic places anti-date ours by several centuries. Their Colonial history is intensely interesting. But when they want historic, red-blooded romance interwoven with the most stupendous scenic grandeur in America, they must come to California—the land of romance. And that is what they want to see and hear, the great majority of our tourists. They want to hear those stories of the early missions, of the early Spaniards, but not of all they want to hear about "the days of '49." Not only hear the stories but also see the places made immortal by B. B. Harte: Poker Flat, Poverty Hill,

Rough and Ready, Table Mountain and dozens of others.

Fifteen years ago we began a campaign to save these old ghost towns. It was discouraging work. Publicity really did the trick. But behind that publicity were years of hard work on the part of many organizations.

To see our sights, learn of our romance, visit our museums, and attend conventions, over 733,000 Eastern people visited the San Francisco section in 1933. They brought with them from the East and spent the astounding sum of over \$47,000,000. All new, nice hard cash from the outside left here with us. These figures cover 1933 and are for the San Francisco district.

Did it pay?

When we began the work most of those old ghost towns didn't want tourists—they were such a bother, asked so many darned fool questions. The local citizen was perfectly satisfied to be left alone.

But publicity, through romantic stories of these old gold camps, brought in the tourists. Where, fifteen years ago but a very few ever traveled into the mountain districts, today thousands go every week. Suddenly the old-timer woke up to the fact that these Easterners were spending money in his district—lots of money. It was then that our years of hard work bore fruit. Now these early residents are all heartily co-operating in the effort to preserve their old places, and in marking their historic spots, collecting and printing early day stories, gathering relics and forming local historical museums. Such museums are located at Sonora, Columbia, San Andreas, Oroville, Weaverville, Placerville, and a score of other places, with the State Museum of "The Days of '49" at Sutter's Fort as the main attraction.

How strong is this interest in California historical relics? Here is one answer. Up to eight years ago Sutter's Fort had but a collection of miscellaneous curios, including some '49 relics, few of which were labeled. The average

attendance during the tourist season seldom ran over 400 a month. Three years after converting it into a museum of the Great Gold Rush period, the attendance was averaging around 15,000 monthly.

The credit for this increase is justly due the men and their organizations who gave us publicity.

Arthur Dudley, secretary of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, published a booklet "The Romance of California." These cost six cents each, but were given free. Two years ago he made an offer to Eastern school superintendents to furnish them free copies for use in their schools. Akron, Ohio, immediately asked for 8,000 copies for use in its public schools. The demand was soon so great the offer had to be withdrawn. Altogether over a quarter of a million copies have been distributed gratis throughout the East and Europe.

Again, did this pay?

While figures do not lie (theoretically, at least) neither are they usually interesting. Those given here, based on an authentic and very thorough investigation by Californians, Inc., are both interesting and truly amazing to the average reader.

These figures cover 1933, and are for the San Francisco district only. To see our sights, learn of our romance, visit our museums, and attend conventions, over 733,000 Eastern people visited the San Francisco section in 1933. They brought with them from the East and spent the astounding sum of over \$47,000,000. All new, nice hard cash from the outside left here with us.

Who got this \$47,000,000?

There are six major classifications chiefly benefitted: Food, restaurants and stores received \$17,400,000. Hotels, auto camps and housing benefitted to the tune of \$13,300,000, proving that the tourist pays even while he sleeps. To keep his car going he paid \$7,200,000 which reveals how we support so many filling stations.

Hot dog stands produce tourist stomach aches, and teeth need attention out here as well as at home. Tourists take literally millions of snapshots, and buy

(Read further on page 162)

Misunderstood Creatures of Nature

By RAYMOND W. THORP
(Photos by the Author)

MOST FOLKS are afraid of spiders. This fear is, no doubt, in part responsible for the many weird and fantastic travelers' tales concerning the asserted "deadliness" of the creatures; and especially in this so of the many yarns in existence having to do with the tarantula. However, we who study, and experiment with, and photograph the denizens of the desert, know that the fierce and hideous appearance presented by the tarantula is only make-believe. It is the most amiable of creatures and, far from being deadly, is not even dangerous. In truth the tarantula of the Americas is really not a tarantula at all, but merely a species of *Mygale* spider, unrelated to the true tarantula, which is a *Lycosid*.

The so-called tarantula of North America is titled *Eurypelma californica*, and is a huge and hideous beast which resides in a perpendicular earth tunnel in the building of which there is not included one strand of webbing. The tarantula is the only member of the spider family, which numbers over 25,000 known species, that does not spin a web, and this fact seems indeed strange when we take into cognizance the fact that it possesses the largest silk bobbin, as well as spinnerates, in all spiderdom!

Our tarantula is a first cousin to the



South American species (*Avicularia* or bird-eating), and is much smaller in size, although an adult female specimen will measure full five inches in diameter and stands from one to two inches off the ground.

When we first set out to disprove the fantastic stories concerning the amiable and harmless creature by allowing specimens to strike and inject their poisons, the situation required a

great deal of will power on our part. However, this should not have been necessary, for it was learned that it is almost impossible to incite a tarantula to strike a human being. It requires from one to four hours of intense provocation on one's part to draw the ire of the giant spider, and even then it will not strike at its tormenter, but at the object with which it has been teased. In such cases quick action is required if one desires to receive the fangs of the creature, as the tarantula's stroke is so lightning like that the camera can record the action. The general manner of inciting and receiving the spider's bite is to place it upon one's arm, torment it with a pencil or other object, and withdraw said object at the psychological moment, when the descending fangs become firmly imbedded in one's flesh. When once the creatures are aroused, they will readily strike additional times with little provocation. We have recorded the stroke of a huge adult tarantula's fangs many as five times within five minutes.

The fangs of this monstrous-appearing creature are one-half inch in length and extend when opened, from point to point, a distance of one inch. The fangs are sacs which run far back into the enormous jaws. In the act of striking, the flow from these sacs is so copious

(Read further on page 166)

Female tarantula, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of actual size. Note the vast dissimilarity in body characteristics between this creature and the male spider shown in another photograph. The male is nearly all legs and no body; the female just the opposite.



In Quest of Mission Bells

By MARIE T. WALSH

Author of "The Mission Bells of California" and "The Mission of the Passes—Santa Ynes"

THERE is yet adventure to be met with and expectations to be fulfilled along the highways and byways of el mundo real. During five years of journeying innumerable times up and down this storied stretch of land I have met with many adventures, some of them comical, all of them leaving memories, upon my search for California's mission bells.

When I commenced this novel search in quest of mission bells, I thought, How easy! Most of them from Spain, no doubt! I was soon disillusioned! Doctor Bolton began by telling me that it would take me fifty years to complete the subject; weeks in the Bancroft library yielded scant fruit save for mission inventories. At the various missions, too, I met with little success in the old hide-bound tomes. At the older California towns I went through dusty newspaper files and exhausted libraries both public and private in my quest for bell lore. My search has taken me from Alaska where Russian priest and Catholic bishop united in helping me to find the news of the island foundries which supplied some Californian bells in old days, to ancient madre Mexico. One day at the Museo Nacional at Mexico's famous capital, I had pointed out to me, a spot across the street where the first foundry in Nueva Espana was erected in the sixteenth century. And from subsequent studies I have learned that most of the mission bells were cast in Mexico, South America or Boston. In fact, the only truly Spanish bell which is typically perfect in every respect, is that of the royal gift of ex-King Alfonso which he gave to the Santa Clara University chapel in 1929.

Another dream doomed to banishment, is that of the romantic tales of silver and gold bells" which I have heard times without end. There is the tale of San Jose's vanished silver bell and the stolen bell of Santa Ysabel which had much gold in it and the bells of old San Gabriel with their rich gifts of gold and silver. It is true, however, that there was an old custom of brooding tributary coins and pieces of jewelry into the molten metal, but bell-founders are all agreed that silver in

great quantities would spoil the tone of a bell as it is too closely allied to lead to produce a dulcet tone. Small campanitas, or altar bells, on the other hand, are made of gold, silver or brass.

Of the very amusing experiences which have befallen both by mother and myself—for she has been with me upon most of my bell-quests, remaining on terra firma to catch my bones if I should fall and praying ad interim that I would not break my neck—one of the funniest happened at Petaluma where I landed in jail—not over egg stealing but over a Russian bell! That mentor of Californiana, George Barron of San Francisco, had sent me there in search of what we still believe to be a Fort Ross bell. This bell was supposed to be in the jail and after I had persuaded the police chief that I was not absolutely insane, he accompanied us to Casa Grande. This was once the fortress-manufacturing center of General Vallejo. No one answered our knock and the police chief was ready to tear down the doors. But we found the bell through a later visit with the Schluckebiers, and it is to their persistence and loyalty that I have also found a San Rafael bell an obscure schoolhouse. Said schoolhouse was miles from anywhere, but Minnie Miller Keyes of Tomales told us that this bell had been in possession of her family upon their Nicasio Rancho. So Florentine Schluckebier gathered together her niece and friend (these junior high misses have become ardent "bell bugs") and us, and off we went. A farmhouse furnished a ladder, Signora Ponce called her son from the field, he ascended the school tower and all but descended feet first through the termite-eaten ceiling-boards! But we found our bell. And then we heard of another bell so Signora Ponce accompanied us to another Italian farm. Papa and his five sons stood around doubting our sanity as we took pictures of the bell—and ended up by offering us good Italian vino.

And then in southern California there is the genial Spanish padre who always introduces me to everyone as "Maria de las Campanas" and the bishop of



MARIE T. WALSH

the diocese always asks me if I have found all of his bells yet!

No one will ever find all of California's missing mission bells for various reasons. During the early mission period, if bells were broken or mayhap cracked, they were taken back to Mexico as ballast on the memoria ships and either recast or new bells sent back. In the later years of the nineteenth century too, San Francisco foundries recast several mission bells. Several of the missions have had bells stolen from their towers or from the beams at their asistencias. Only a year or so ago, a small mission bell of Holy Carmelo was thus stolen; while the stolen bells of Santa Ysabel are the best known in this respect, and likewise the missing bells of both Pechanga chapel and San Gabriel mission come under this heading. I have traced missing bells of several other missions and hope that in some future day their restoration to their rightful homes may be accomplished.

An aura of legend surrounds missions

(Read further on page 163)

All Honor to the King

By ONA M. ROUNDS

NEVER had spring-time seemed so full of promise to the inhabitants of Tourlain as on this April day in 1917. Reports of King Albert's recent visits to neighboring villages had drifted in. He surely would not pass them by, for no more loyal citizens could be found in all Belgium. Besides, had not the king himself chosen Tourlain as the most suitable location for many of the war orphans. Even the possibility of a visit from a king so revered and loved was enough to brighten the darkest day, though nature needed no such ally on this occasion. Never had the spire of the little church reached so high into the heavens, nor had the fields been so gay with flowers.

A stir of preparation began. Every broom went into action and continued to swish, swish until yards and streets alike presented an orderly appearance. Thoughts were busy as well as hands. They had borne the war years with patience, though it had meant sorrow in the loss of their men, but the end was not yet, and time passed slowly. No new hope stirred them, which expressed itself best in action.

Down the center of the street three little girls came slowly driving the village geese to a small pasture lot near the main road. Germain, the oldest, had her charges well in hand until an unruly gander broke the ranks and darted here and there in his determination to evade restrictions. She directed the two younger girls in the pursuit, and soon they were again on their way. After a little delay, the last goose was inside the pasture. They quickly contented themselves clipping the tops of the tender grass and chasing insects. Germain shrewdly watched the busy geese for a moment; then threw herself on the grass as Marie pulled the laughing Babette down beside her.

"Did you hear Grandmother say she once talked with the king?" asked Marie.

"Did she? When?" Came from the other two.

"It was long ago. She said he was tall and handsome. I do so wish he would come."

"So do I. So do I," chimed in Babette. "If he talks to us, I'll remember every word he says. Won't you, Germain?"

"Yes, I will," answered Germain soberly. "Grandfather says the king loves children. He cried when he saw so many little war orphans and said, 'May God forgive us all.' Grandfather almost cried when he told us about it."

"Why doesn't the king stop the war?" asked Marie. "He can do anything he wants to. I would if I were king. Why doesn't he?"

"I know he could," said Germain. "Maybe he wants to punish the enemy."

"I wish he had stopped it before my papa had to go," sobbed Babette. "Now I'll never see my papa again."

Germain drew her gently in her lap, and Marie wiped away her tears. When her sobs grew quieter, Germain said softly, "I am so sorry, Babette. I am sorry for all the little children whose papas have had to die. I keep worrying about my own father. Every time the news comes, I'm afraid to listen. I run inside; then I watch mother."

"I'm afraid too," added Marie. "If the king comes, let's ask him to stop the war."

"Let's ask God to help him," Germain said thoughtfully.

"And the king can help God," interposed Babette.

That's right," said Marie. "Grandmother said we could go to the little shrine at the cross-roads before we bring the geese home today."

"I'm so glad. I love that little shrine. I can always remember prayers there. We'll pray for the king," said Babette.

For a time the little girls busied themselves gathering bright, red poppies, twining them into garlands, and binding them about their heads and arms. They were happy in their play. First one, then another would bow low and whisper, "Your Majesty," for Germain said they must be graceful before their king. When they tired of this and had romped to their heart's content, Marie asked if it were not time to go to the little shrine. Since the geese were still busily eating and could not wander far, Germain agreed that they better go. Swinging the bright garlands on their arms, they walked slowly down the hill.

"Everybody likes our shrine," said Marie. "Grandmother said it was made for travelers. People often stop as they pass and say a prayer. She said the king has prayed there, too. She says

she always hears prayers whispered in the air like a soft wind. I wish I could hear them. I'd listen to every word."

"Which prayers shall we say?" asked Babette. "I want to pray for my papa first."

"Let's all pray for him," said Germain; "then for the king and for him to stop the war. Oh, then let's say the Lord's Prayer together. I think we should say one prayer all to ourselves, and we might listen for the prayers that are whispered."

"That's a nice plan," agreed the other two.

"Oh, look," said Babette. "Two men have just left our little shrine. They are going away in that car. I wonder who else will come."

While the girls were watching, a man on a bicycle stopped, but only for a moment.

"I think he just prayed for himself," said Marie.

There was no one in sight when the little girls reached the shrine. Quietly and devoutly they kneeled and began their prayers with low-bowed heads.

At some distance down the road a car stopped. A tall man of military bearing got out, and after motioning the driver to go up the hill, he walked thoughtfully along the path toward the little shrine. For a moment he stopped to enjoy the fragrance of the growing fields and the beauty of the countryside. How different from the devastated region he had so recently seen. Must the iron heel of war trample this, too, into ruin. Was there any power to prevent it. Destruction was on that way, and unless turned aside, it would leave its deadly mark. The thought saddened his heart.

As he drew near the shrine, he heard the childish voices in their petition for the king. With bowed head he stooped quietly behind them as they asked God's aid to stop the war. There was a pause; then in low tones they began the Lord's Prayer. When they came to "Forgive us our trespasses," they hesitated. Again they tried, but the words failed to come. Very softly the tall man began, "As we forgive those who trespass against us." The little girls joined him, mingling their light voices with his low tones to the end of the prayer. He quietly slipped away leaving the children still kneeling at the altar. Their devotion and loyalty had touched his heart. As he walked slowly up the hill, he murmured, "Lord, be merciful to me, their king."

Thrift, A Factor In Character Education

By MRS. GEO. H. SCHUYLER

State Chairman of Character Education for the California Congress of Parents and Teachers

IF THE question were asked, "What is the greatest need in the nation today?"; the answer would surely be, "honest, upright citizens." We need men and women, who can face life fearlessly; who can detect the false from the true; who will stand for the right regardless of consequences. There never has been a time when America was in such need of honesty, loyalty, dependability, thriftiness, trustworthiness, perseverance and civic righteousness.

There is only one way to obtain these qualities, which we so covet for our country, and that is to implant them in the lives of all the people. We must give our children a sure foundation on which to build. Since every child is an expression of character, good, different or bad, training, to be effective, must begin early. Responsibility begins, first of all to the parents, for they must furnish the pattern which will be the child's chief guide. They should provide the environment in which the child is to grow. The teacher, too, has a responsibility beyond the training of the intellect. He, too, makes still another pattern for the child to follow, and controls another environment. Besides those patterns, furnished by parents and teachers, there is still a third, the example of "everyman." For no one who comes in contact with a child can escape some share of responsibility. We are all pattern-makers. Shall we not then more carefully consider our obligations?

Everyone will agree that the qualities listed above are necessary for strength of character. Special emphasis must be placed on the value of thrift. Because of depression, in many instances, has kept away the savings of years, we are inclined to belittle thriftiness. But, we hope to lead our children on to newer ways of living, neither miserly nor extravagant, we must take thrift to consideration. Financial conditions of the last few years may well have changed our concept of thrift. We are not thinking in terms of savings alone. We rather emphasize the view of conservation of one's resources. From this viewpoint we must work out a program of thrift education; for a definite program we must have.

One who might scorn to be careless with money, may waste materials. One who may be careful of all things material, may be prodigal with time, which is one of the few precious things allotted to us all. Energy is apt to be used recklessly, and health is so often menaced by careless habits. There needs to be a purposeful plan for the conservation of all these things.

As a people, we might well acquire the art of budgeting, not only money, but energy and time as well. Keeping expenditures within the income makes for peace of mind and lessens friction in families. So a child's lessons in handling money should begin with a well-defined plan for expending that money. A small allowance, designed to cover certain definite expenses, seems a logical first step. At the same time, a desire to save a portion of the allowance, should be encouraged. The use of an attractive home bank is sometimes an inducement for a small child to save his pennies. Later, he will enjoy taking his money to the down town bank and depositing it, and this in turn will stimulate further saving. Still another thing which will prompt a child to save is to show him how much more he can do with two pennies than with one. He will not be long in getting the idea. If you can once get him to keep an account of his spending, a big step has been taken toward wise spending. Foolish purchases appear conspicuous when entered in the record.

A time budget would give a clear idea of the value of time and would help eliminate much wasted time. In this connection we may well speak of teaching a child the necessity of keeping appointments punctually. A person

who is punctual stands well with his associates; the one who is never on time for appointments, wears out your patience and wastes your time. Time is a precious commodity. Lack of punctuality verges on dishonesty. He who is not punctual spends your time instead of your money. So the child who is learning to be thrifty is learning other valuable lessons as well.

Instruction in thrift may begin in connection with the care of the small child's toys. Closely following this, may come care for books, magazines and clothing. Proper care presupposes a place for his possessions, and training in systematic ways of keeping them in place. Here again the lesson in thrift may also be one of neatness.

School days bring still further demands for thrift education. School banking has helped many a child start the habit of saving. In our crowded class rooms, no child can be allowed to take more than his share of recitation time, and this idea can be used as a lesson on the value of time. Care of school property, of books and paper and pencils, which are furnished free to the children, may well be stressed through some system of merits. But whatever plan is used, the children must be impressed with the fact, that when they waste school materials, they are using something which does not rightfully belong to them.

Let us then include thrift, when we list the fundamentals in a plan for character education. Let us stress character education as we never have before. Let us go forward with renewed courage, knowing that the united parent and teacher forces can guide the youth of the nation into better ways of living.

Subscribers who have changed their address recently will confer a distinct favor on this magazine if they will notify us at once, giving both the old address and the new. Second-class mailing matter is not forwarded as are letters. We wish to serve you to the best of our ability. Address, Circulation Department, Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine.

Let's Stop Baiting Japan

(Continued from page 150)

bility and prevailing courtesy. Liking them in this sense does not imply confidence. Their reputation in general experience for deceit and treachery is too bad for that. Any veteran foreigner in China bursts out laughing at mention of the myth current here that a Chinaman's word is as good as his bond. The answer is that his bond is worthless. There are certain conditions, too complicated to enumerate here, in which a Chinese will commit suicide or die of humiliation if he can't meet his obligations. But such conditions are very uncommon. As New Year's Day approaches in China, when debts are supposed to be paid, merchants swarm in from the rural areas into the small towns to hide from creditors until the fatal day is past, and meanwhile the business men of the towns have lighted out for Shanghai or Tientsin or Hong Kong to lie low until the next year is under way. In China, half the Chinese you know will confide that they have just been defrauded by a lifelong, trusted friend, who has fled to some distant city. Newly arrived foreigners selling on credit, where they have no leverage for collecting, come to grief fast enough. Of course there is dishonesty in every country—that is the shibboleth of stupidity which escapes specific truth by citing general truth.

So it is with corruption in China, commercially and politically. We suffer from such here, but the scale in China is beyond anything an average American could be led to comprehend. The purpose of these comments is not to engender harsh regard of the Chinese or anybody else. The favorable qualities they have are many. The proposition is that because of sympathy for the Chinese founded on much misinformation, plus long emphasis by missionaries on the "future promise" of their converts in China, Americans ascribe to the Chinese a great variety of virtues they not only do not possess in impressive quantities, but conspicuously lack. I suggest that any reader suspecting that I suffer from bias on this point follow up the inquiry for himself, picking reliable authorities of good observation and not twaddlers of good will, just back from scholarship trips and under obligations to say something flattering. Read J. O. P. Bland, Arthur Smith, Abbe Huc, Rodney Gilbert, S. Wells Wil-

liams, or any others you like, provided they are honest enough to relate how things are done in China and not simply *what* things are done.

The integrity of any people may be measured by the degree to which the average individual is protected in the yield of his labor and his pursuit of legitimate enjoyments. For government is the final measure of the national conscience. There are no examples of a people high in individual integrity living under an officialdom habitually corrupt, nor are there examples of a creditably moral officialdom enduring for any significant period over a constituency relatively low in ethical standards. By all the tendencies of human nature, either one will drag the other down, or the other will pull the one up.

By this index the Japanese stack up fairly well. The average Japanese taxpayer is less looted by corrupt politicians than the average American. Personally, I should feel safer in the darkest alley in Japan at midnight than on Market Street or Broadway. Japan was harder hit by the recent world depression than we, but Japanese banks and business firms apparently held up better than ours, with vastly fewer revelations of embezzlement, forgery, altered ledgers, swindling and miscellaneous fraud. Out of the public money available the average Japanese gets probably fifty times more benefits in police protection and court justice than the average American, and these benefits are accorded him with more dignity and courtesy and reliability than the ordinary American could believe exist.

If the Japanese were as commercially dishonest as many critics here would have us believe, such mammoth enterprises as the Nippon Yusen Kaisha and others would be impossible. Some degree of reliance is essential in delegating responsibility to thousands of individuals scattered all over the globe.

It is worth remarking that the Japanese borrowed large sums from American bankers to finance their war against Russia, and have paid back that money faithfully. Along with Finland, I believe Japan the only country in the entire world showing us anything like decent respect for international obligations.

The Japanese are the only sizable group in Asia showing anything akin to

our most cherished aspirations, such robust physical health from athletic intense national loyalty and immaculate cleanliness. The Japanese seem fond of bathing than any other people, as represent one of the few countries where even the working classes are meticulous in bodily cleanliness. For their progress in these Yankee fetishes, plus their ability to get on in the world, which is another, they have engaged our earnest hostility. We bait them day and night in editorials, radio spiels, cartoons and political froth.

Aside from sympathy for China, the main cause of this baiting, there are few other causes. Economic rivalry one. But Great Britain is a much keener rival of ours in trade than Japan, as we don't fan hostility to Britain. Japanese immigration to California was source of irritation years ago. That no longer agitating the issue.

Setting aside immigration as a very minor source of friction, we come to the big question looming just ahead—navy parity. Japan will certainly ask for it at the coming international conference. And why should Japan not have it? From whence do we derive the authority to forbid it? Japan's navy now theoretically stands in a 7 to 10 ratio in our favor. We should, of course, prefer to keep this superiority. But there are moral justifications for our insistence upon it. To quarrel with Japan over this point will do no good. The Japanese are touchy. They would accept our star as a mortal insult. They are fanatic in such matters in a way few Americans can appreciate. They'd rather fight with the navy they have than knuckle under with the humiliation of taking dictation from anybody.

We may as well cheerfully accept Japan as a world power, entitled to the privileges enjoyed internationally by ourselves, Great Britain and others. Any why not? We are not logically concerned with how big Japan's navy is. We are concerned with what Japan does with it. So long as no inimical gestures toward us are made, and we remain reasonably ready to take care of ourselves, what of it if Japan wants more battleships? Let us do all we can for navy limitation, but let us make the limitation equi-applicable, not discriminatory. The rest of the powers won't reduce, we have the resources to match them gun for gun and ship for ship. Are we so inferior to the Japanese or anybody else in fighting ability that we demand

(Read further on page 160)

The Literary West — By Ben Field

LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS

THE League of Western Writers held its Eighth International Convention in Portland, Oregon, on the 14th to 18th of August, 1934. President Orra E. Monnette of Los Angeles, retiring, became the new Chairman of the Board of Directors and L. D. Mahone of Portland, was elected to the presidency for the ensuing year. President Mahone sends Overland-Out West the following constructive message:

"The times demand a militant and persistent effort to secure better literature. To this end the International League of Western Writers appeals to its members and to others who concur with its ideals to assist in the endeavor. I ask that local chapters inaugurate a campaign of rejuvenation; that the large membership be materially increased, but with due regard for the quality of the membership; also that each chapter spread information as to the League's annual convention programs, and that at least twelve new chapters shall be organized in Western cities, from the Pacific to the Mississippi, during the current year.

I appeal to the first vice-president, Prof. L. E. Nelson of Redlands, in co-operation with the officers of the Los Angeles chapter, to bring forward the work in Southern California and Arizona; to the chapters of the Bay region of San Francisco to carry on in Central and Northern California; to the San Joaquin Valley Chapter at Fresno to become even more dominant in that great central valley, and to the Oregon state organizer, Mrs. Atlanta P. Satchwell, to function from Yreka, California, to Roseburg, Oregon. Prof. N. H. Comish of Eugene, Oregon, in conjunction with the Salem chapter, will supervise the Willamette valley. My headquarters will attend to matters along the Columbia River, in Idaho, Montana and Utah and will take the initiative in the new fields, cities in the Middle West as far as the Mississippi. Mrs. Maud Graham and the international secretary, Miss Pamela P. Jones of Seattle, will be my coworkers and, with Major L. Bullock Webster of Victoria, will forward the work in Eastern and Northern Washington and British Columbia. William Freeman Hough and Ralph Upton of Seattle,

will lend their valuable aid. The Hawaiian Islands, Mexico and Alaska are under their national and district organizers. I expect to visit each chapter during the year. With such constructive work as this carried out we will have the largest meeting and most appealing program in 1935 in the history of the League."

The honorary president and director, Arthur H. Chamberlain, voices his greetings and expresses his confidence in the program for the coming year. Among those who heartily join in the high ideals and sentiments expressed by the retiring president, Orra E. Monnette, at the recent final banquet in Portland, are Publisher Harr Wagner of San Francisco, Past President Ethel Cotton, Dr. Elwood Smith, past president, of Oregon, Dr. Charles Sumner Knopf of the faculty of the University of Southern California, Kathleen Norris, Arthur Trumann Merrill and Past President Ben Field, of Los Angeles.

A NEW POETRY MAGAZINE

NEBULAE, edited by Leon J. Gaylor, is one of the latest materializations of beauty in the poetry world. Its home is in Imlay City, Michigan. The August issue is before us and we gather such inspiration and delight from the lines between its poppy-colored covers that we feel all writers should know about it. Stanton A. Coblentz, the editor of WINGS in New York, is a contributor; also James Neill Northe of Silhouettes of Ontario, California. Many others, including Margaret Scott Copeland and Cora A. Butterfield appear. Any sincere creative writer who finds a poetry magazine is more to be commended than he who launches a battleship or erects of skyscraper.

A PROSY SUBJECT MADE ROMANTIC

NOW COMES that genial literary-business man, Orra Eugene Monnette, carrying an attractive blue-suved volume under his arm. On the cover you read: Colonial and Provincial History and Genealogy, First Settlers of Ye Plantations of Piscataway, etc. Being an admirer of this banker-poet author, retiring President of The League of Western Writers, I have delved into the book. Once I was laid up in a room and, for a time, had

nothing to read but an unabridged dictionary. I found it to be fascinating, full of beauty and romance (between the lines and in the lines). And so it is with this volume. The author says: In Genealogy one makes records, writes history. He tells on what the English claim to North America is based. He gives a fine picture of Grand Castle at Falaise, Normandy, France, where William the Conqueror was born. And there are other illustrations. If you belong to the Monnettes or their forbears, look out! He tells all about you. And there are five previous volumes. This is the sixth. He even quotes poetry and, somewhat remarkable, one of my own. My NRA poem, Now Rouse America:

Stand straight along the atrophied
Atlantic,
Throw back the shoulders of the
Middle West—etc.

I wonder why he underscored those two words? And there are to be two more volumes in the series! FIRST SETTLERS OF YE PLANTATIONS, ETC., The Leroy Carman Press, Los Angeles, Volume Six—\$6.00.

SOME MUST WANDER

GEORGE GATLIN of Corvallis, Oregon, has written a book of poems, entitled "Some Must Wander." He says:

There's never a Gipsy van goes by,
With black-eyed nomads in its
load,
But something thrills and urges me
To turn and follow down the
road.

And again:
A camp fire in a little clump of
trees,
The smell of coffee borne upon the
breeze;
A glimpse of faded tent and Gipsy
van
Are strong appeals to tempt a tired
man
Who would escape convention's
growing load
To find contentment on the Gipsy
road.

This is an appealing book of the road and will please the reader. The author tells us:

God's country is the place where one
has spent his youth. He relates John
(Read further on page 161)

Baiting Japan

(Continued from page 158)

30% superiority ratio of tonnage to feel secure?

If we want peace, let us avoid the now outstanding source of hostility between us and Japan. If the Japanese want to rupture themselves financially with a building program which is a terrific strain on them but which is no severe effort for us to answer, let them go to it. As a matter of fact the Japanese fear an unprovoked attack from us, and are uneasy on that account. We have done more to justify that suspicion on their part than they have done on their side to justify suspicion on ours. We've been baiting them and antagonizing them in every manner possible for years.

Our sentimental attitude toward China is simply not understood in Japan as anything except a threat. And what has it got us?

Have we helped China? Emphatically not. No outside power can do anything for the Chinese now. Lend them money and the money goes promptly into the hands of the racketeering politicians who are already looting the people to gain funds to fight one another for bigger and better looting privileges. The Chinese default to us totalled around \$100,000,000 before last year, but on top of that Washington granted another \$50,000,000 cotton credit loan. Chinese officials promptly, as every veteran foreigner predicted, set about selling the cotton at personal profit to the Japanese.

And what is our sentimental support for these Chinese racketeers, themselves worse enemies of the common people than Japanese ever thought of being, worse to anybody concerned? How ridiculous for Americans to be prating about preserving the territorial integrity of China when the Chinese themselves have for forty years been selling out that territory as fast as the bids have come in.

If anyone expects the Chinese to like us better because of our glib sentimentalism, he simply doesn't know China. They say they do—while they are angling for loans or trying to get us to do their fighting for them. But they say a lot else. They go to narcotics conferences at Washington and Geneva and declare they're eradicating the opium evil and what not. Official proclamations are posted all over China, away from the foreignized settlements where

tourists might see them, compelling the people to plant opium under severe penalties. In the province I lived in the valleys were white in spring with poppy blossoms as far as the eye could see. The governor of the province had his soldiers distribute the poppy seed and force the farmers to plant, then a dead-letter law was invoked whereby the planting was illegal and the crop practically confiscated wholesale. Peasants protesting were shot down. The Chinese maintain a large official lying squad to talk abroad about the progressive things they're doing. Foreigners on the scene, seeing coolies and peasant women snatched wholesale from their farms to carry the packs of lazy soldiers, and clubbed and killed wholesale simply for the sport of it, with officers looking on, laugh at the American newspapers and magazines carrying the hokum.

The whole aim of officialdom in China, with few exceptions, is to keep the people controlled.

With things like that in mind, with millions of inoffensive coolies starved and butchered annually at the whim of tyrannical officials who send abroad highly educated Chinese spokesmen to lie for them, no thoughtful person on the scene regards the Japanese taking over of Manchuria as any great calamity. While the fighting was going on I saw droves of coolies lined up to get passes to go over into Japanese territory, where they'd be safe from their own plundering officials.

The Japanese are talented in bringing law and order into chaotic regions. They've built up Formosa and Korea so that the list of Chinese wanting to go there is immense. Under the dissipated wastrel, Chang Hsueh-liang, Chinese officials forced the Manchurian peasants to hand over their beans for worthless paper money, then sold the beans themselves for good hard cash. Today a Chinese peasant in what is now called Manchukuo enjoys a degree of protection in his work unknown anywhere in China proper.

The average Chinese likes to work and eat and live in peace, and he doesn't care what flag flies over him in the effort. There are a few Chinese of the intelligent class who are sincerely patriotic, but they are a microscopic few against the whole. Their record, too, when they

get a chance at the current graft and oppression themselves, is not very encouraging. The whole country is such a quagmire of corruption, with all standards of honor gone, that each individual seems to think that since he is helpless to mend matters he might as well hog his share of the loot. When we meddle in the business we naturally deal with the scoundrels at the top, who are where they are by being more successful at looting and treachery than the rest. Helping China at large through such intermediaries is obviously impossible. We can only stand by.

And the people at large despise us. We have supported China time and again. We kept China from being partitioned in the nineteenth century. We were instrumental in getting the Japanese out of Shantung years ago. We influenced Japan to moderate the famous Twenty-one Demands of 1915. Yet we are today treated with more contempt than any other foreigners in China. That is because we take it—and take it meekly. I have had officials refuse the request insolently when I asked for troops to protect an American family threatened by a Chinese mob. One official we dealt with at Foochow sent his men to wreck the home of a Chinese family guilty of selling property to an American organization who wanted it for a philanthropic farm demonstration school.

We have treated the Chinese well. But they hate all foreigners in China, and far from being exempted, Americans catch it worst because our Department of State is meek enough to say nothing and do nothing in reply. This is because it is dominated by missionaries who plead for patience. If the real particulars of our mission work in China were known, our philanthropies there would be discontinued. Nobody here would support them. In every mission school I know the American teachers have to take turns patrolling the dormitories day and night to keep the Chinese students from burning them down. That illustrates the intensity of anti-Americanism in China today. At that many schools and charity hospitals as well are steadily burned to the ground. Many of those still standing have been occupied for years by troops, forcing the Americans out, simply because they are the most comfortable buildings available and because we are despised *ouai go co*—foreign dogs.

Official promises mean nothing. In 1898 and 1899 the Chinese were busy expressing the profound esteem they felt

(Read further on page 164)

Old Oilskin

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By STEVE FISHER

THE tattered old oilskin smacked the water, floundered for a moment, then began sinking. Slowly, its threadbare folds spread and it zig zagged its downward way. Service was over. This was the end. A burial in the sea. The sea whose sprays the oilskin had kept from its master.

Fish zoomed in and out. The depth began telling, the water growing darker. Yet, on it went, unheeding, uncaring. Drifting back and forth, like a silver dollar, like a floundering kite, down, down. Its faded yellow looked greenish. The jagged holes tore larger. Fish—goggle-eyed fish—watched. And they pondered. But not too much. The sea received strange things.

Once new—a brilliant yellow, glistening against a radiant sun. Proudly taking on sprays and dripping them armlessly to the fine deck of a steamer. Once on the bridge, fighting storms, ruising calmly, entering port, docking, rifting, taking on passengers.

"Nifty coat, skipper." Nifty coat. Oil skin. Best made. Dark nights on the water. Constant, straight eyes peering into inky blackness. Oilskin keeping out cold. Keeping out moisture. Ever sed. Ever worn.

Once hanging up in the closet. Being leaned by a woman. A fine woman, rushing its folds. Creases becoming a little darker, cracks almost forming, lying over a chair. Fine woman in the arms of master. Oilskin momentarily forgotten.

Getting old with the master. Cracks caring in. Seamanly hands sewing up. Why don't you get a new one old fellow?" A soft shake of the head. A rayed head. A twinkle of blue eyes—yes like the sea, deep, restless. White and thin drawn skin. I'll hang on her for a while." A strange, inhuman sort of loyalty.

And now: Zig zagging, downward, onward.

Rescue party once. Small boats in the water. Women screaming. Waves whipping up, smacking against the skin. Warm, protecting. A crack now, allowing a bit of dampness. Master shivering. Disappointment. Disillusion. Only

an oilskin after all, not human.

Fish now, staring goggle-eyed, oilskin sinking, silver dollar like, zig-zagging.

Deep night aboard. Harsh words. A crack of a revolver. Man falling forward blood spurting. Master standing over. Gun in hand. Woman screaming. Fine woman. Screaming loud. Calling for help. Betraying master.—faithless. untrue, plotting. Master standing grimly over, stoic, solid, rigid.

"He sank my ship," master utters simply.

Court trial. Oilskin on master's arm as he climbs to witness box. Soft words of the old, old man. Fast, cracking words of someone else shooting in. A pounding of a gavel. More questions—cracking like dynamite. A salted tear falling to the old oilskin . . . tears drying . . . questions going on.

Master standing straight . . . stooped, beaten, but straight. Oilskin straight too, proud to be on master's arm. A low voice from high place. "Until you are dead." Master drooping. Oilskin drooping. Defiance gone from blue eyes. White face pinched, broken. Yellow folds horribly cracked open.

And now: zooming, zig zagging, down, down. Sinking. Sinking. Fish, goggle-eyed fish. Water darker and deeper and stronger.

"One request—"

"Court grants captain's request to be buried in the sea, but must hang by the—"

Locker and effects cleared out. Oilskin handled. Old, decrepit, no one wants it . . . holes, creases, jags . . . "throw it over."

Now Sinking. Downward. Sinking. Sinking. Fish, goggle-eyed fish, staring, staring.

Protected master from sea sprays. Protected, served, was true, staunch, loyal. A friend. True friend. Only friend. Now separated from white haired master. Taken away. Cruel. Cruel. Cruel. Sinking, sinking . . . downward.

Suddenly water bubbles. Water swishing back and forth. Master! Master! Coming down! Sinking down. Weighted in burial stretcher. Sinking

down, going straight, like lead. Straight, like anchor. Fish zooming out of the way. Bulged eyed fish, scattering.

Gone past oilsking. Down, down. Oilskin sways back and forth. Continues going down . . . zig zag course.

At last reaching bottom. Master there now . . . sheet from body torn off in pressure . . . oilskin slipping close . . . sharks hovering near . . . malicious fish gloating . . . minnows nipping at master's white face. Nipping, eating.

Oilskin hovers a moment, then settles over master. To stay there over, over him, his friend, to protect, to protect . . .

Literary West

(Continued from page 159)

Muir's story of the Columbia River. Muir conceived the mighty River to be "a rugged, broad-topped, picturesque old oak about 600 miles long and 2000 miles wide, measured across the spread of its upper boughs."

SOME MUST WANDER by George Gatlin, Metropolitan Press Publishers, Portland, Oregon, \$1.50.

ADVENTURING ON DESERT ROADS

THE INTIMATE lure of vagabondage which is the heritage of every individual characterizes this book of "Adventuring on Desert Roads." Ann Hutchinson, the author, has a certain style and sense of humor that is bound to be attractive to many readers. This story of a trip in a part of our great Southwest Desert through Imperial Valley to the Grand Canyon is a pleasing adventure of amusing jocularities. The book is bound in orange cloth, stamped with a desert scene. It is printed in twelve point type on good paper. 153 pages. List price \$1.00. A Christmas gift for particular readers. Order direct or from booksellers. Harr Wagner Publishing Company, 609 Mission Street, San Francisco.

MY HOUSE OF LIFE

THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN VERSE, The Second—The Third—The Little Book of Modern British Verse, and The Little Book of American Poets, these five anthologies have made the name of their editor, (Read further on page 164)

OTTO T. HIRSCHLER, B. Mus.

Teacher of
**PIANO :: ORGAN
THEORY**

*Los Angeles College
of Music*

**551 S. Kingsley Drive
EXbrook 7171**

tons of souvenirs. All these cost them \$4,700,000.

Most tourists come here with the idea that B.V.D.'s, a light suit and a parasol is an adequate outfit for our sunny clime. It cost them \$2,600,000 last year to learn that we have all varieties of climate in California.

The Easterner comes here for a good time. We give it to him, through the movies, the theater, football and golf, but we deflate his pocketbook by \$1,700,000 for our trouble.

Just how everyone is benefitted can be shown by breaking down that first \$17,400,000 for example. The hotel and restaurant man must buy groceries, meats, vegetables, bread and cakes. He must employ cooks, waiters, porters, chambermaids, janitors, window washers, manutypists and room clerks. Laundry is a big expense; painters must re-decorate, carpenters must repair, rugs must be cleaned and new ones bought. Furniture breaks, bedding wears out, all must be replaced.

It is evident therefore that this \$17,400,000 filters out so that the grocery man, his clerks, the truck drivers, the bakers, and even the garbage men get

their share, as does the man who pulls the weeds in the vegetable man's garden. All come in for a share.

And so it goes on for all the other classifications, with the result that before the \$47,000,000 splash of Eastern tourist money has reached its outermost ripple, it has penetrated in varying degrees to the pockets of nearly every individual in the district.

But the most beautiful part of this whole entrancing picture is the fact, so often overlooked, that all this \$47,000,000 is virgin money; that is, new money brought into this State, not merely our own money circulating around among ourselves. In other words, the tourists last year dumped over \$47,000,000 into our laps. Taking the federal estimate of our average wage for labor of \$1.20 annually, this lapful of new cash theoretically provided work for 19,679 men and women during the whole of 1933.

So, when the historians and our associates ask you to join with us in preserving our old landmarks on the basis of sentiment and romance, just remember that it is you who benefits financially in that \$47,000,000 windfall. We are perfectly satisfied so long as our landmarks are preserved.

Los Angeles College of Music

University of the West



Degrees: Bachelor of Music and Master of Music

Bachelor of Dramatic Art

ALLIED COURSES IN ITALIAN, FRENCH, GERMAN,
CREATIVE WRITING AND ART

Artist Faculty—Unexcelled Cultural and Musical Advantages
Moderate Fees—Catalogue on Request



H. GOODELL BOUCHER, Director

551 S. KINGSLEY DRIVE

EXbrook 7171

SAN DIEGO ARMY & NAVY ACADEMY

"THE WEST POINT OF THE
WEST"

JUNIOR COLLEGE
HIGH SCHOOL
and GRAMMAR GRADES

An institution internationally recognized for the thoroughness of its academic and military instruction and for its emphasis upon the character training of boys and young men.

Junior Unit Reserve Officers Training Corps. Active Member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States. For catalogue address

COL. THOS. A. DAVIS, Box OM
Pacific Beach, Calif.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Overland and Out West Magazine published monthly at Los Angeles, California for October 1934.

County of Los Angeles, SS.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Mahel B. Moffitt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Overland Outwest Publications, Los Angeles, California; Editor, Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Mahel Moffitt, San Francisco, California.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Los Angeles, California; Arthur H. Chamberlain, Los Angeles, California; Mahel Moffitt, San Francisco, California; James F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) —None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, a security holders, if any, contain not only a list of stockholders and security holders, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

MABEL MOFFITT, Bus. Mgr.
sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1934.

O. P. LOCKHART.
(My commission expires November 9, 1934.)

Mission Bells

(Continued from page 155)

and mission things and the mission bells have come in for their share of these stories. At times it has been difficult to sift fact from fiction with the many tales which have been related to me by old pioneers of the coastlands and hill valleys. One bell, however, which has an interesting story is that of the small Holbrook bell of Boston which hangs in its side arch at Los Angeles Plaza Church. This bell was given the pueblo church as part of a penance for California's first elopement. Henry Delano Fitch, a Nantucket sea captain, and Josefa Carrillo, daughter of the Dons, eloped to Valparaiso when their marriage at San Diego was suddenly thwarted by orders of the governor. When they returned to California a year later, Don Enrique was served with an ecclesiastical court summons and this case turned into one of California's most famous love stories. Then there is the bell in the side arch facing the cementario at Santa Ines—over it a weather-beaten sign—"ex illia tua erit" (of these, one will be thine), referring to the warning notes of the funeral bell and the graves in the old burial ground. The fourth bell of San Rafael also hung in the cementario to remind people to pray for the dead. And the "campana de las almas" of poor La Soledad and the bells of Santa Clara which the long-dead Spanish king ordered to be rung each evening at 8:30 in memory of the faithful departed, also tell their tales of mission days and mission ways.

Not many of us are aware of the fact that bells in this modern day, still regulate our lives. As illustration, let us take the day in a business man's life: In the morning, the alarm clock awakes him to a new day. The mailman's whistle will announce his mail at breakfast. He will drive his car through traffic tooting his horn and waiting for boulevard signals. At his office building, he rings the elevator bell and mayhap punches a time clock. Upon his desk will be bells summoning his secretary and other assistants. All day his telephone will ring and he will hear far below, the traffic bells, street car bells, ambulances and fire sirens in a medley of sound. As the noon whistle blows, his eye may fall upon the cup

(Read further on page 165)

No Traffic Tags For Me



RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in-garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sound-proof, with bath and shower and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

Today's Rates
Are Most Moderate

Single, \$2-\$2.50
Double, \$3-\$3.50

NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC
230 EDDY STREET
San Francisco

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

MEXICO NEWS!



First class rail roundtrip from San Francisco to Mexico City is \$96.80; from Los Angeles \$79.05. Similar low fares from all Pacific Coast cities. You can, if you like, go down to Mexico on our West Coast Route via Tucson and return on the National Railways of Mexico via El Paso, for no extra rail fare.

"HOTEL CAR CRUISES"



Starting January 7th and every Monday thereafter, Southern Pacific, National Railways of Mexico and Southern Pacific of Mexico present an ideal way to see Mexico. A special AIR-CONDITIONED Cafe-Lounge Pullman car cruising to Mazatlan, Tepic, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Mexico City, Patzcuaro, Uruapan and many other interesting places. For full details see any Travel Agent or write F. S. McGinnis, Dept. OM-12, 65 Market Street, San Francisco.

\$50 SIDETRIP



You can make a sidetrip to Mexico on your trip East for only \$50 extra rail fare, using our regular trains, going in via Tucson and the West Coast Route and coming out at El Paso, where you continue East. The \$50 sidetrip applies on all classes of tickets.

Southern Pacific

Write for our interesting booklet "I've Been to Mexico," we know you'll enjoy reading it.

Baiting Japan

(Continued from page 160)

for America. But when the Boxers in 1900 met such success in butchering foreigners that the Empress Dowager thought she might well join in with the imperial troops, we were not exempted from the slaughter. The Nationalists, in 1926, avowed all sorts of affection for us—until they won. Then at Nanking in 1927 they hoisted the usual anti-foreign banners. In the wholesale shootings and clubbings of foreigners, Americans were not spared, but were shot and beaten while higher-up Nationalist officers looked on jeering. That is the same government we deal with in China now. And all over China any one able to read Chinese can see what it thinks of us in posters nailed up along the streets and in the bales of official propaganda calculated to incite the masses to murders and pillage. Anti-foreignism is a good ticket to win favor with radicals and illiterates. Significantly, we Americans were not spared—we are the chief target.

And in the matter of helping other nations in a predicament, we may do well to ask what the Cubans think of us now, and what the Allied nations of Europe think of us in return for our respective efforts in their behalf. Are we absolutely unable to learn anything from past events?

We may not condone Japan's taking over Manchuria as a proposition in principle. In a humanitarian sense it is the best thing that ever happened to the population there. And anyway, it is *fait accompli*. The Japanese are not going to get out any time soon. And when the majority of Chinese on the scene don't care, or are actually glad, we needn't weep ourselves.

Japan acted in Manchuria after long continued and outrageous provocations, with persistent depredations upon Japanese holdings simply to gain the favor of radical elements for hoodlum officials. Manchuria had long been proclaimed independent of China, and was ruled by a rapsallion war chief with neither sense nor conscience. He was partly encouraged by thinking we might help out against Japan. When the Japanese struck they struck hard, and they kicked him out altogether. The affair at Shanghai was considerably maneuvered by Moscow-trained Chiang Kai-shek, who wanted the Japanese to lick for him a rival he was just planning to attack him-

self. They did. Those of us on the scene at the time, all of us except some missionaries, nearly frothed in disgust at reading that an uninformed but violent positive American public was talking of a boycott against Japan on behalf of the dear Chinese racketeer official. Many Americans clamored for war. "M. God!" Shanghai Americans exclaimed. "Is everyone at home gone completely insane?"

We can't help China as a whole. For our \$100,000,000 investment in schools and hospitals there we are cordially despised and the government issues pamphlets showing how these things are the traps of greedy Wall Street capitalists anxious to get a stranglehold on the Chinese masses. Thank Heaven, our record there is tolerably clean. We have never taken an acre of territory—no even when it was offered. We hold no railway or mining concessions. We've done what was theoretically square all along the line. It simply did no good. Chinese traditions and outlook are too different.

If Americans want to keep pouring money into China under such circumstances, and pay doctors and teachers to go over there and be shot by mobs acting on official propaganda they must do so. And if American taxpayers these hard times want to finance the further racketeering of the world's most fiendish scoundrels and tyrants, that is the choice. But in the matter of inviting an absolutely needless war with Japan which will bring distress on each and every one of us, I maintain that it is time for the intelligent people to rise and call a halt. Let's have an immediate end to this reckless idiocy of baiting Japan, the nation which has treated us with more courtesy and honor of obligations than any other world power.

Literary West

(Continued from page 161)

Jessie B. Rittenhouse a name to be remembered. All the world loves a lover and thousands of readers devoted to Clinton Scollard's finished poet thought the marriage of the two the ideal of literary romance. Both had many friends in California and planned to make their home here. Not merely the many references to being in California but also the reminiscences of George Sterling, Edwin Markham, Walter Bynner and others connect the

(Read further on page 165)

'The Smooth Way to Rough It!'

Take a Coleman Camp Stove along when you go auto-touring, picnicking or camping. Enjoy tasty meals cooked on a miniature gas stove. Fry, bake or boil; roast, toast or broil... cook anything the "gang" calls for... in a jiffy!



Coleman CAMP STOVE

Wherever you go... no matter what your appetite demands... you'll find the Coleman a dependable "pal". Coleman Camp Stoves make and burn their own gas from regular gasoline. Good looking and sturdily built to stand hard knockabout use. Fold up like a suitcase with everything inside. Easy to operate, speedy, safe. Priced from \$5.95 up; high stand extra.

Good Light!

On any kind of an over-night outing or prolonged trip you'll need this new Coleman Lantern. It's just naturally "made-to-order" to supply plenty of light any night. Instant-lighting... single mantle type... provides up to 150 candlepower of pure white light in any wind or weather. Small in size... big in brilliance. Makes and burns its own gas from regular gasoline. Storm-proof, insect-proof.



Price only \$5.95

See them at your dealers
or Write for Catalog

THE COLEMAN LAMP-STOVE CO.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Mission Bells

(Continued from page 163)

trophy which his firm has won—an inverted bell and symbol of the victor's spoils in ancient games. Going home to dinner in the evening, the gong will announce dinner and the small hand-bell at his wife's elbow will summon the maid with different courses. Later the doorbell will ring to announce guests and at the theatre, the starter's bell will make way for his car. The warning bell at intermission will announce the play's resumption and so home where the chiming clock will announce another day spent!

Just recently at old San Gabriel Mission, we closed a broadcast within the old adobe walls and as we closed, the old mission bells were rung and in the words of Bret Harte, we said:

"Bells of the Past whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse

Tingeing the sombre twilight of the Present
With color of Romance."

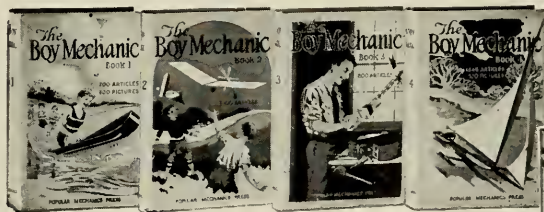
Literary West

(Continued from page 164)

author with our literary history.

My House of Life might have been entitled My Literary Friendships, and a compelling list are these friends whom the young girl, making a place for herself in the writing world, attracted and held. Her anecdotes of Tennyson and the Brownings, told by Louise Chandler Moulton, and her own recollections of Burroughs, Higginson, Julia Ward Howe and others and her association with Vachell Lindsay, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sarah Teasdale, Amy Lowell, Elinor Wylie, Robert Frost and many more, make the book a real addition to literary autobiographies.

MY HOUSE OF LIFE, By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin. 335 pages. \$3.50. LAURA BELL EVERETT



"How to Make It" Books

Most men and boys possess an inherent love for making things. Be sure of pleasing him by selecting some of these interesting books published by Popular Mechanics Press.

FOR BOYS (all ages 8 years or over)

THE FAMOUS "BOY MECHANIC" LIBRARY—4 Big Volumes. 4000 Worth-While Things to Make—all the things so dear to the heart of every boy. Enough to last him until he is a grown-up man. Books 1-2 and 4. Each has 460 pages, hundreds of illustrations, size 7x10 inches. Cloth. Price \$2 per single volume or \$7 for complete set of four books.

FOR MEN AND BOYS (all ages)

MAKE IT YOURSELF is the Boy Mechanic grown up. Both father and son will revel in the 900 different articles dealt with—such things as ships models, ingenious toys, amusement devices, novel furniture, useful appliances and things for the home, etc. Cloth, 460 pages. Profusely illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.

POPULAR MECHANICS BOAT BOOK—Every man and boy wants a good boat. This book shows the amateur how to build any type of popular small boat at little expense. In addition it contains everything about boats and boating that the small boat owner wants to know. Cloth 269 pages. Fully illustrated. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$3.00.

OUTDOOR SPORTS THE YEAR ROUND—A fascinating book for young or old. Hundreds of ideas for new popular sports as well as old favorites. Covers every season and is especially complete on winter sports. Many unique articles on making sport equipment. Cloth, 352 pages. 650 illustrations. Size 7x10 inches. Price \$2.

Any of the above sent postpaid upon receipt of price or C.O.D.

anywhere in U.S.A.

Write for Catalogue describing 5000 books on 2000 subjects.

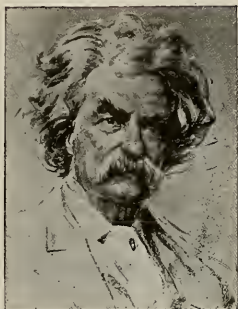
POPULAR MECHANICS PRESS

Dept. A.O.

204 E. Ontario Street

CHICAGO

HOTEL MARK TWAIN



Most Convenient Hotel in San Francisco

\$2.00 and \$2.50 SINGLE
\$2.50 and \$3.00 DOUBLE

SUITES—

Living Room
Dressing Room
Bedroom and
Two Baths

\$5.00 and \$6.00

Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

JIM SULLIVAN

and

J. M. FARNHAM

Managing Owners

345 Taylor Street

Between O'Farrell and Ellis Streets
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Creatures of Nature

(Continued from page 154)

as to run down into the wound, as fluently, almost, as water from a faucet. The poison utilized is not deadly to any other creature but is instead a paralyzing serum intended to disable the victim so that it cannot fight back. The spider will not eat dead prey. At times it strikes too hard at locust, cicada, or whatnot, and kills its victim outright by the sheer force of its attack. In such case the spider will not partake of its prey, but instead stalks away in a dignified manner, spurning the meal as unwholesome.

We keep on hand dozens of large tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions for study and experiments. It requires little provocation to entice a scorpion or centipede to strike; all that is needed in order to incite either to the attack is a mere touch of the hand. This is owing to the fact that both are, unlike the perfect-visioned tarantula, totally blind. Being sightless, they are therefore distrustful of anything which their feelers indicate pertains to life and movement.

The scorpion and centipede own a bad reputations as the tarantula, but neither is deadly. The fact is, both belong to the arachnid clan, and there is only one arachnid species in the United States that is deadly or even dangerous. This is the infamous "black widow" spider, known to scientists as *Latrodectus mactans*. Each year many persons in our country perish from bites delivered by the coal-black creatures. The black widow is many times more deadly than the rattlesnake, and there is no known antidote or cure for the creature's bite.

This creature has a danger signal on the underside of its abdomen which takes the shape of a dark-scarlet marking in the form of an hourglass. It is mentioned here simply because it is often mistaken by the uninformed for a tarantula, to which it is not even remotely related. All persons in the United States who die from the bite of a spider are victims of the black widow.

The true tarantula, which peculiarly enough lives side by side with the huge creatures we commonly term tarantulas, is colloquially termed "wolf spider," and is known scientifically as *Lycosa punctulata*. This creature grows to fair

proportions and has great fangs and poison sacs, but is likewise harmless to human-kind. It resembles in great detail the original tarantula of Italy, to which it is first cousin, and is striped like that storied spider of the city of Taranto in that country, where, many centuries ago, the name "tarantula" originated with the celebrated "tarantella" dance madness. It is, however, seldom mentioned.

The Mexicans and Indians of our Southwest, who have for many centuries resided in close proximity to our so-called tarantulas are forever in dread of the harmless creatures. In many localities it is a common sight to witness a white child of five or six years armed with a huge tarantula in each hand, giving chase to a terror-stricken adult Mexican. The great spider may be carried about and played with by tots in perfect safety, and will suffer untold indignities without once drawing its fangs to strike. The actual stroke, if and when received is very painful for a period of about two hours but at the expiration of that time a swelling and pain will have passed away, and the incident soon forgotten.

Still, unthinking persons kill the amiable and harmless creatures on sight never realizing that they are committing wanton murder.

Southern Oregon

(Continued from page 152)

sides in the distance show the deep, sombre green of the firs, cedars and pines, lighted here and there by splashes of flaming gold where the big-leaved Oregon maples grow in the ravines. The distant peaks lie shrouded in the lilac haze of Indian summer, shaded to deep purple where canyons gash their sides. Even in midwinter there is a state of sombre grandeur to the mountains that is restful to the spirit.

CHANGE OF SCENE, change of environment and new experiences are factors that make for health, happiness and contentment—a recreation of the soul by breaking away from old conventions and living each day in new and strange environment.

Contents

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR FRANK F. MERRIAM	147
HOLIDAY GREETING (Frontispiece) A. H. C.	148
LET'S STOP BAITING JAPAN — Ralph Townsend	149
SOUTHERN OREGON — PLAYGROUND OF THE WEST (Illus.) — Joe Wharton	151
CALIFORNIA LANDMARKS PAY HANDSOME DIVIDENDS — H. C. Peterson	153
MISUNDERSTOOD CREATURES OF NATURE (Illus.) — Raymond W. Thorp	154
A QUEST OF MISSION BELLS — Marie T. Walsh	155
ALL HONOR TO THE KING (Short Story) — Ona M. Rounds	156
DRIFT, A FACTOR IN CHARACTER EDUCATION — Mrs. Geo. H. Schuyler	157
THE LITERARY WEST — Ben Field	159
OLD OILSKIN (Short—Short Story) — Steve Fisher	161
STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION	163

HOTEL MANX

NEW

Innovations
Service
Comfort



350

Attractive
Cheerful
Rooms

RUNNING ICE WATER
IN ALL ROOMS
FAMOUSLY SOFT BEDS
With Bath.....from \$2.00
Without Bath.....from \$1.50

THE MOST
convenient
THE BEST
accommodations
THE FINEST
meals

GARAGE SERVICE AT DOOR

HARVEY M. TOY, MANAGING-OWNER

POWELL at O'FARRELL - SAN FRANCISCO

CONSULT

COOK'S

FOR

MEXICO

THOS. COOK & SON—WAGONS LITS INC.

318 Stockton St., Phone KEarny 3512
San Francisco, Calif.

TO KEEP up with progress in California and West, read the *Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine*. Bret Harte dedicated the *Overland* to the best in literature and used as the sub-title what has come to be a slogan: "*Devoted to the Development of the West.*" For trends in industry, commerce, trade, manufacture, agriculture, travel, education, culture, consult the *Overland*.

The History of the *Overland* is the History of the West.

Vol. 93

WATKINS PUBLIC LIBRARY

No. 1

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and
OUTWEST MAGAZINE



FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

\$2.50 Per Year MARCH, 1935 25c Per Copy



FLINTRIDGE RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

Formerly the Flintridge Biltmore Hotel. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Accredited to University of California. Primary, Intermediate and High School. Dramatic Art by Lillian Fitch. Supervised Sports. Outdoor Swimming Pool. Moderate Rates.

Mailing Address: PASADENA, CALIF.

Telephone Colorado 4034

The School may be reached from Glendale via Chevy Chase, and from Pasadena via Linda Vista Boulevard.

YOUR HOME IS YOUR CASTLE Admit only clean, constructive news by reading THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

A Daily Newspaper for the Home

It gives all the constructive world news but does not exploit crime and scandal. Has interesting feature pages for all the family on Women's Activities, Homemaking, Gardens, Education and Books. Also pages for the Children and Young Folks. Vigorous editorials and an interpretation of news in the "March of the Nation" Column are of special interest to men.

The Christian Science Publishing Society

One, Norway Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Please enter my subscription to The Christian Science Monitor for a

period of

One year \$9.00

Six months 4.50

Three months \$2.25

One month 75c

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Sample Copy on Request


Lake Arrowhead Lodge

**80 Miles from
Los Angeles >**

High Gear

State Highway All the Way


Lullaby — Sea-Song.



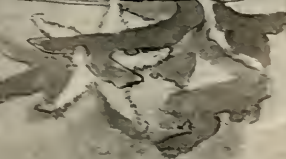
Dimly the moon shines into the deep —
Drowsy mer-babies are going to sleep.
Snugly they lie in their coral caves
Down 'neath the deeps of the
clear green waves.

Oh! stars of the ocean — stars of the sky,
You are a part of this lullaby —
Mer-mothers singing — softly and low
Rock-a-bye! roll-a-bye hush-a-bye O.

Shadows are gath'ring darkly and deep,
All the wild sea-things are going to sleep —
So sleep wee pearls in your cradle-shells,
Rock to the swing of the ocean swells.
Oh! voice of the ocean — sighs of the sea —
Soft monotone of this melody,
Mer-mothers crooning — softly and low
Rock-a-bye roll-a-bye hush-a-bye O.



By
Grace S. Putnam



Melody Lane - - Verse

BEN FIELD, *Department Editor*

ONE LITTLE CORNER

By MAXINE O'BRIEN

GOD give me one small corner
Where peace and quiet reign,
Where a rose can bloom, a lilac breathe,
And I my soul regain!

Deliver me from panting crowds,
Blind steps, and grasping hands,
To where sweet winds sing peacefully
Of sun and moonlit sands.

I've had enough of mankind's greed,
Of groveling work and temporal
powers;

Give me clean dirt on sun-warmed
fields,
Dew-drenched by fragrant showers.

For souls are killed in city streets
Where fear and green run riot;
God, save my soul, and give me, now
One little corner, quiet!

AUTUMN

IN CALIFORNIA

By JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

THE AIR is restless—and the trees
respond

With futile gestures. In the clear hard
light

A wedge of airplanes hold its level
flight

With droning engines till it shrinks
beyond

Pursuing vision. One tall purple wand
Of late chrysanthemums shivers at its
plight.

The birds are dumb. It is familiar,
trite,

This western pause—but Memory, that
fond

And facile limner, fills November's
frame

From April's palette, or from color
stamped

Forever on the heart, the dazzling flame
Of eastern autumns—amber, russet, red
And gold—from which some splendid
maple lamped,

Or leaf by vivid leaf the sumacs bled.

PERSEPHONE

By SNOW LONGLEY HOUSH

HER pale hands, rapturous, clasped
the bright-globed fruit.

This was her ravished summer ripe in
seed.

Surely to touch its curving beauty broke
No law her stern-browed master had
decreed.

A lamp of loveliness, its warm rays shed
Color and hope across the shadowed
gloom.

She broke the rind, and rainbow drops
of light

Scattered in shining flood about the
room.

Some hunger of the spirit feasted here.
No shadow of the future could destroy
Her fresh-born peace. She seized the
sparkling beads

And strung them on a slender strand of
joy.

But she was still a child. The childish
urge

Craved more than symbol. Like an
unseen fate,

Misted in shade her cruel tempter stood,
Grimly triumphant, watchful while she
ate.

* * * * *

Now cold beside her lord, she waits the
dead,

Mingling with noxious airs her earth-
sweet breath,

While the sad Mother tends her tran-
sient flowers,

Even in their primal beauty marked for
death.

O autumn fruitage, holding in your
heart

Spring's flush of promise—in Death's
quiet room,

By what grim edict of the gods, did you
Become the rosy instrument of doom?

EMILY BRONTE

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

HER genius, like the skylark's up
ward spring,

Spurned the low earth, and rose 'gain
Heaven's pane,

And wandered forth mid sun and shade
and rain

On lonely wastes where swept the
wind's wild wing;

Her spirit, like a violin's frayed string
Broke at high tension; yet its dying
strain

Has left an echo that shall still remain
While soul and strength are wont
remembering.

The crested lap-wings wheel above her
moors

And shepherds cross the heather path
she trod,

While silent stand the mountain peaks
afar;

Yet even now her memory endures
As some lone light, set in the halls of
God,

Is pointed to by mortals as a star.

IN AN EASTERN CITY

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

A THOUSAND leagues between
Of desert, swamp and plain,

And yet I see the redwoods
Massed in a hill-domain!

A thousand leagues between us
Of peak and bare plateau,

And yet I roam in valleys
Where fig and olive grow!

And months of distant roving
Are but a crystal veil

Through which the eucalyptus
Writes in the ocean gale!

Then are these walls around me
The actual stone they seem?

Oh, are they more than phantoms
Blown in a waking dream?

Is not each mind the savior
Of the passing hour and clime?

In whose deep lens is imaged
All hues of space and time?

Published at Los Angeles, California. Entered as Second Class matter, July 29, 1961, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. Contents of this magazine copyrighted.

Overland Monthly And Outwest Magazine

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, Editor

Editorial and Business Offices:
305 DOUGLAS BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE
609 MISSION STREET

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

VOLUME 93—25¢ PER COPY

MARCH, 1935

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. \$2.50 PER YR. NO. 1

Anglo-American Altercation

By LORENA M. GARY

IN THE year 1560 Sir Thomas Wilson, who with Sir John Cheke and Roger Ascham was engaged in a battle of pure English against the use of "inkhorne" terms, wrote the following quotation:

"Some seeke so far for an outlandish English, they forget altogether their Mother's language and I dare sware this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say; and yet these English clerkes will saie, thei speake in their mother tonge, if a man sholde charge them with counterfeiting the Kynges English."

This quotation illustrates two modern tendencies, or perhaps I should say eaknesses, which enter into most of our discussions about modern English. The first is that the author, aside from being inconsistent in his own use of words, judges all the users of English as "some who 'seeke' or coin 'outlandish' expressions and become almost unintelligible to their own family." The second is that the author is talking about the literary language and the colloquial speech as if they were one and the same. To these two tendencies may be added a third which Sir Thomas Wilson does not mention. It is to fault which Gilbert Tucker points out in the first chapter of his book titled *American English*. After listing ten books of Americanisms and American Glossaries published between the years 1816 and 1919, he shows the startling facts that only two of the compilers of these books were native Americans and that most of the others had never visited America. Is it any wonder then that the modern reader of attacks on the American Language, as Mr. F. L. Mencken is pleased to call our speech in this country, becomes dis-

gusted with the sweeping declarations of pedantic censure, or the prejudiced diatribes of critics who either do not know what they are talking about or do not talk about what they know. They quote Mark Twain to prove that the Americans have gone so far with their self-appointed task of creating an American language that much of their conversation is now incomprehensible to English people. In 1906 Mark Twain did make the statement: "When I speak my native tongue in its utmost purity in England, an Englishman can't understand me at all." This is no reflection upon the native tongue, rather is it suggestive that the Englishman can not understand literary English when he hears it spoken. Be that as it may, it is not my purpose to say what an Englishman can do; it is my desire to discover what, if any, reasons can be found for saying that there is an American language which is different from the English language. If there is a difference, what causes the variation, and whither do we trend?

Two words, *Americanism* and *Britishism*, have been coined to aid one in classifying terms which seem to be suggestive that there is an Anglo-American controversy about the direction in which the English language is actually proceeding. These words have as many meanings as there are philologists who use them. Among the first to use the term *Americanism* was Richard Grant White in an article about Bartlett's *American Glossary*. After showing that most of Bartlett's specimens were words of British origin, he made an attempt to define *Americanism*. He said: "To stamp a word or a phrase as an *Americanism* it is necessary to show that it is of so-called 'American' origin—that is, that it first came into use in the United States of America, or that it has been

adapted in those states from some other language other than English, or has been kept in use there while it has wholly passed out of use in England."

This all-inclusive definition was written in 1878. Thirty-five years later Thomas T. Lounsbury laid down the dogma that cultivated speech is the only legitimate basis of comparison between language as used in England and America. He defines the term thus: "An *Americanism* is a word or phrase naturally used by an educated American which under similar conditions would not be used by an educated Englishman." Brander Matthews in "Essays on English," considered *Americanism* synonymous with patriotism, and William Dean Howells said: "True *Americanisms* are self-cocking phrases or words that are wholly of our own make and do their work shortly and sharply at a pinch." The American Oxford Dictionary defines the *Americanism* as a word or phrase peculiar to, or borrowed from the United States. It is difficult to know which of the definitions to choose as being the best expression of what *Americanism* really is. Perhaps it is an abstract element which like all intangible things can not be shut in or limited by a definition. The definition by Howells seems to be the most typically American one, yet it does not make the discrimination clear enough. After reading all the definitions one can decide what most of the philologists really mean when they say that a word or an expression is an *Americanism*, in that it is one which came into use here, usually because of the need for a new term; was accepted as the right word to express the idea; and that no better term has been found to denote the same meaning.

(Read further on page 6)

The Philosopher's Corner

By RICHARD F. CARLYLE

MOST OF US have come in contact with disciples of some sort, but very few of us have ever known self-discipline. We can see the faults in the other fellow, but our eyes have become so weak from peering into the business of someone else that we cannot see the weak spots in ourselves. Consequently, we waste our lives shouting against this and that; and if the occasion demands some activity on our part in a constructive program, we claim to be very busy at that moment. Busy, yes—quite busy doing absolutely nothing. Our shoulders have become stooped and weak from carrying tales and big bags of juicy scandal; and we cry out against our friends and other people's friends, so that the public eye of condemnation will not be focused in our direction.

Moral and mental cowardice are those two termites of life which like nothing better than to gnaw away the foundations of our happiness. We build all sorts of peculiar gods: the gods of money, love, hate, friendship, gossip, romance, intolerance, mystery, and fear. To each of these gods we bow in turn; and during the course of life, we are very fortunate if we can build one honest god—a god who will permit us to

love the beautiful, adore the harmonious, revere the cultural and artistic, preserve the humanitarian things, keep the basic strings of life's lute in tune, and follow the fundamentals of mankind to the joyous and happy ultimate. But usually we would rather be driven by what someone else says than to follow the dictates of our own minds. The average adult is too smart and educated to be very happy. He clogs his mind with every sort of complexity, weighs himself down with useless fears, clutters his mind with so much education that he becomes an unabridged nitwit or an encyclopedic thimble-rig. Most of us know so much that we have never really learned anything.

Discontent ruins more homes, more empires, more individuals, than any other plague. We often reach a point in life when the sound, wholesome things around us become tiresome, and we think it the fault of those things. The fact of the matter is: the fault is within ourselves. We tire of the commonplace and the small because we are not big enough to encompass them. We want to be the big apple on the very topmost branch, forgetting that the top apple is the first to be pecked at by the marauding birds of the air, while the

apples lower down on the tree, bud and ripen and glow into full, beautiful maturity. Life and achievement are not concluded by doing the one big thing, but by doing well the countless little things. It never matters where we are or what we are doing if we do that thing to the best of our knowledge and to the full justice of our honest energies. Real art and great achievement mean nothing more than the smallest detail expanded. Emerson says, "There are two kinds of discontent in the world—the discontent that works and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success, and no cure at all for the second." If we would have discontent at all, let it be the dissatisfaction of mediocrity.

There are those who think themselves so much better than the other fellow. It is a well-known fact that any man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds and standing five feet ten, if reduced to the chemicals contained in his body, is worth something like one dollar and ten cents at current prices. It is not what we think of ourselves that matters, it is what we cause others to think and do. The braggart always interests everyone but his audience. And when we are discussing other people, we should never consider ourselves any better—rather, be thankful that we are no worse.

Anglo-American Altercation

(Continued from page 5)

BRITICISM is not usually defined by philologists. When the word is used, it is with the same connotation for an expression as used in England that applies to Americanism as used in the United States. In spite of the evidences of slipshod thinking and limited investigation in many of the works on American and English usage, there are some conclusions to be drawn about what terms may really be classified as Americanisms and which may be classified as Britishisms. In making the selections I have discarded as irrelevant any terms which are at present classed as slang or colloquial expressions. Their future is not yet decided. They are in the testing process. The more firmly established words and literary or culti-

vated expressions afford material for some thought. What an American calls an "editorial" and Englishman calls a "leader." In America we approach a house by the driveway, in England by a lane or a road. In America a homely woman is not pleased to be called homely, in England she is complimented. In America to transpire means to breathe or to take place, in England it occasionally means to perspire. In America we often have young people in college who have not passed the sophomore stage, in England such an adolescent may be as conceited as a boy in one of the lower forms. An American college has a campus, an English college has a yard. In America we have gulches, divides, cut-offs, canyons, ever-

glades, prairies, ranches, and ice cream sundaes. We have a book called *Spomen Days and Collect* and a play called *Gold-Diggers of Broadway*. We have book stores, drug stores and curio shops—often iliterally spelled "shoppes." Americanisms! Yes. These terms fit with the development of American life. England has glens, moors, and heath. She has cricket, downs (not referring to football), and *The Inca of Peru* lem. She pays with shillings, pounds and *What I Saw in America*.

And one might go on finding terms which fit American or English life because of the need, because the terms fit the ideas, and because no better expressions have been found to denote

(Read further on page 20)

Ninety-Nine Percent Rube

By STEVE FISHER

THE freight car containing the four bums clicked swiftly over the steel rails. Patches of green, blended with yellow from sun-baked hay stacks, gave the unexciting proof that the landscape was the same as ever. Joe, Jackie and Lorry, huddled in the back part of the car and buzzing with idle talk, didn't even notice it. Jake, however, sitting in the open door, his long legs dangling over the edge, allowed his eyes to take it all in. But the picture went no farther than his eyes for his mind was in her channels.

Slowly Jake rubbed his brown, sun-burnt hand over the dried skin of his hooked nose. He had the desire to rub his eyes, which were like two big blotches of blue on a tattered canvas, but rubbing his eyes might make them misty. His dry, lower lip protruded down and hung, as if lead was fastened to it. His small chin bristled with coffee-colored whiskers that went down far as the bandanna around his neck, which even though fixed in the professional hobo style, didn't seem quite natural.

The train's whistle shrieked into the stifling air of the late August afternoon. It broke Jake's reverie somewhat. He leaned in a little as the freight car hipped around a curve. Whizzing by as a puddle and a snatch of three boys making a fire. Then fields again. Haystacks. Green pastures. Cows . . .

"Hey Rube," shouted Lorry from the back of the car, "what's eatin' you?"

Jake didn't look around nor did he answer. He stared glassy-eyed out into the passing scenery. His high cheekbones though, might have taken on the slightest bit of coloring. Rube! How he hated that name. He wasn't that ymore. He was a hobo. A rube meant a small town show-off. Jake wasn't a show-off any more.

A chance had offered at the last minute if he'd wanted to be a rube. The girl had come to him and told him everything. All he had to do was tell to the court. He'd been cleared. And it, as he recalled the words the lawyers had spoken, he wondered if after all he hadn't been a show-off. Showing to them.

It was when he was entering the court house—all slicked up in his Sun-

day suit, his high shoes neatly laced and polished with the brightest polish in Baldwin City and was going into the little room to see the lawyer man, he stopped short, outside the door and overheard the conversation.

It was as clear now as if someone was saying it in his ear. He heard every word. Over again. For the thousandth time:

"He's a rube, a show-off. He'll blame the girl. Try to drag her name down. Those saps don't care anything about anyone except themselves. A young girl's name and reputation doesn't mean anything to them . . ."

And now, even as he had then, he pulled out the clipping from the Bugle and read it. Now it was cracked and bent. But his blue eyes rescanned it:

MRS. JACOB BENTLY TO SUE FOR DIVORCE

There was quite a bit of excitement in Baldwin City this week, and the court house promises to be crowded, when Mrs. Jacob Bently of our social register, will file suit for divorce against her husband, who will contest it.

Mrs. Bently's reason, it was told to the Bugle, was that at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Smithers last Friday evening, Jacob Bently in playing a blindfold game stumbled over and fell on top of, pretty Clarice Smithers, making an awkward gesture before rising.

It was charged by party members that Jacob did this on purpose, being able to see through the blindfold. Jacob denied these charges and the party continued, a little strained. Then a little later Mrs. Bently found Jacob with seventeen year old Clarice in the kitchen, embracing her, against her will, in a kiss!

This, Mrs. Bently asserted, was too much. She went home heartbroken and refused to allow Jacob in the house.

MRS. JACOB BENTLY, her small spectacles on the end of her nose, folded her white hands in front of her and followed Mrs. Conway into the house. Mrs. Conway, portly and red

faced, daubed away a hard squeezed tear and took a seat.

Mrs. Bently seated herself graciously opposite her guest and taking the rimless spectacles from her nose and holding them gently between her fingers, pointed them toward Mrs. Conway, pursing her thin lips. As she spoke her narrow face was stoic. Her gray eyes alone showed emotion.

"I don't blame you in the least, Mrs. Conway," she said, "It was certainly the only thing you could do!"

Mrs. Conway clasped her short fingers together. Her beetle-like little black eyes, glowing from the beet-like red face, was taking Mrs. Bently in most scrutinizingly. "Oh, my dear," she said, heaving in a breath, "I do feel so sorry for you, with no man to support you now. But even though the court did decree you alimony, I couldn't allow my husband to keep Jake working in the feed store." She shook her round, balloon shaped head. "Not that I care, you know," she hastened, "but the town folks, they would talk."

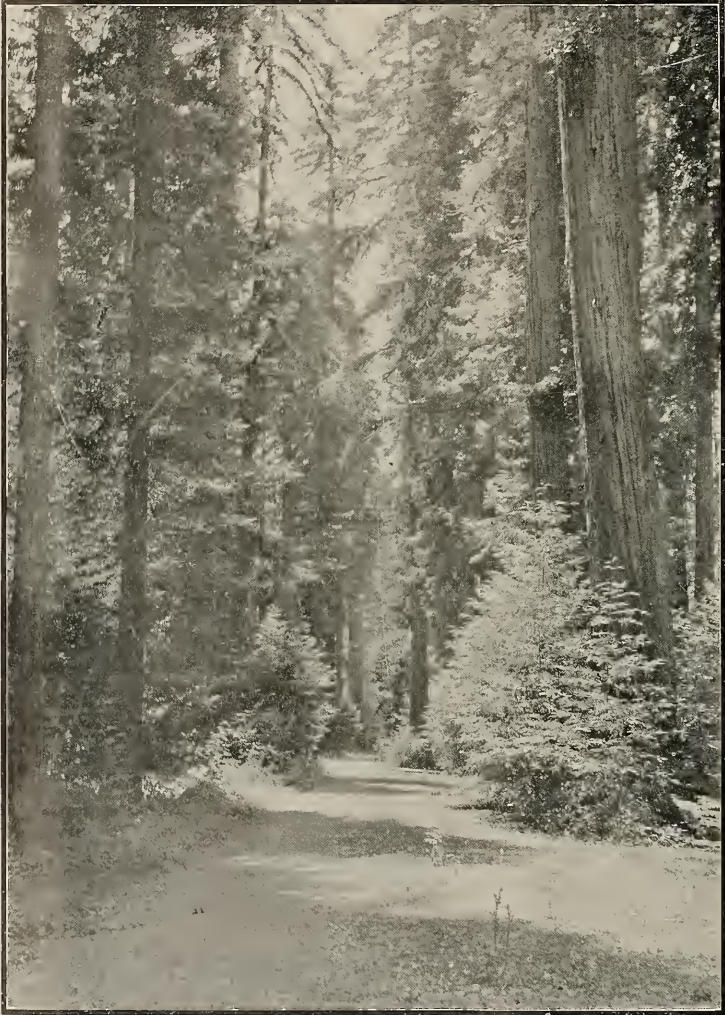
"I understand perfectly," Mrs. Bently said, looking as calm as possible, and twitching her thin, colorless lips into a faint smile. "It was best that Jake leave town, with this terrible scandal on his shoulders. You know—in all our years of married life, even though he enjoyed showing-off, he never went so far as to actually kiss a seventeen year old girl."

The squat, beaty-faced Mrs. Conway rose to her feet, straightening the gingham dress on her ungirlish figure. "It's just too horrible, Mrs. Bently. I feel awful hurt about it. And you a church goer too. Now if it happened to Mrs. Myran, I shouldn't be surprised. And Jake," Mrs. Conway went on, anking sailor-like, to the door, "lands he's old enough to be her father." Her eyes shot quickly to Mrs. Bently, who every one noticed was aging rapidly. "And," Mrs. Conway went on, "his silence in the court room, when he wouldn't even testify for himself, was rank proof of his guilt."

Mrs. Bently replaced the spectacles and faced the portly woman at the doorway.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Conway, heaving a heavy sigh, "Poor Jacob will go

(Read further on page 12)



On the Redwood Highway, along the California west coast, the traveler is constantly surrounded with the delights of the great out-of-doors. The giant Redwoods furnish an environment unique and unduplicated.

The Thrift of Budgeting and the Waste in Guessing

By ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Secretary California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation*

WHILE seated in a street car opposite two young girls, sisters evidently, I became at first the involuntary, later the willing listener to an interesting and instructive discussion. The senior of the two girls was, I took it, recently out of high school; the other was about of fifth school year age, perhaps younger.

They were apparently on a shopping tour and were seriously considering matters involving personal expenditures and whether the present state of their finances would warrant certain financial outlays. In reply to a query by her sister as to why she had decided against much desired purchase, the younger girl solemnly protested that her allowance would not permit. Nor was there in her attitude, evidence of any feeling of resentment. She had figures well in mind and facts marshalled relative to her allowance. She accepted as authoritative and final the conditions as imposed by her parents or elders. Evidently she looked upon the conditions governing her allowance as fair and just.

Indeed her calm talk and sound reasoning reflected much more the attitude of a seasoned business woman than that of the average girl. I somehow gathered the impression that she had been taken into the confidence of her parents, and the amount of her allowance and conditions determining same had been decided upon in joint conference rather than imposed dogmatically by parental authority.

Presumably a family budget was in force and so operated to govern each member of the home group that each was responsible for his or her share of earnings and was held strictly to account for all expenditures.

It was, moreover, quite evident that the girls came from a family in well-to-do circumstances. There was no indication of pinched or straitened conditions, or of any niggardly or miserly tendencies. On the other hand, there was no evidence of show or sham in dress or talk. Only a healthy and businesslike attitude and a determination to face the facts and live within the accepted financial means.

THIS INCIDENT is cited, not because

it is typical of conditions in the average American home, but because it should be typical. Similar cases are found to exist here and there. They should be the rule rather than the exception. This young girl was exposed to the best influences and was receiving training under conditions that make for the most fundamental type of character development. She was laying the foundation for future economic independence whatever her environment or station in life. She was acquiring valuable lessons in responsibility and co-operation and service for others. She was learning that consideration for the members of her family group was more important than adherence to selfishness and personal gratification. In her life and daily activities there was application of the principles of thrift and conservation. Habits of proper earning, saving and spending were grounded and established. These fundamental virtues were made meaningful in her every-day experiences.

These observations should bring forcibly home to all thoughtful persons the need for adequate attention in the home and at school to those phases of education that relate specifically to proper saving as opposed to careless and wanton waste; that have for their purpose the husbanding of time instead of thoughtlessly throwing it away; of conserving energies where so often they are dissipated and destroyed; of guarding human and natural resources rather than permitting their loss or destruction. Habits, good or bad, when established in youth, tend to remain through life and become directive influences in shaping future careers.

That this proper habit forming may have a "set" and "bent" that will carry through life, beginnings must be made in the plastic, growing period. The lessons of individual responsibility can be readily brought home to children on entering school and to those much younger in the home. The child must be made responsible for the performance of certain duties. As a member of a home community, he finds that each one must contribute to the common welfare. A definite period must be set aside each day for such work.

This involves planning and a budgeting of time.

Properly handled, the plan of making an allowance to each younger family member is sound. But to do this, there must be in force a home or household budget built on sane lines rather than hastily made. Those family members old enough to contribute to the income should be encouraged and directed to do so. In setting aside each week or month a definite amount for expenditures there must be sums for carfare, for entertainment, for church, and for other purposes, and as well, for a permanent savings reserve. In most progressive communities today, the school savings bank makes possible this phase of thrift education. But whether the child makes his deposit each week in the school savings bank, or sets aside his savings in some other way, the amount should be included in his individual budget or allowance and be as systematically and as regularly deposited as possible.

LET IT be understood, however, that matters of this nature must be somewhat elastic. The amount deposited or set aside at a particular time is of less importance than that there should be established habits of regularity in this regard. The pupil should be led to understand that he is in competition with himself rather than with his fellows. The economic condition of his family will shape, in no small degree, the amount he should regularly set aside for his savings account. If he can build up this account from his small earnings, the results will be more beneficial than should he persuade his elders to give him money for such purpose. And in no case must the amount set aside for banking day be used at the sweet shop or the movies. And while regularity of deposits is desirable, borrowing from one pupil by another that the room may achieve a 100% average, should be discouraged.

The value of the budget has long been known and practiced by successful men in the world of business and finance. Local, state and federal governments find it absolutely necessary and of distinct economic value to budget items of income and expenditure.

(Read further on page 11)

A Garden for Poets

By IRENE WILDE

WHAT prompted you to create a garden for poets?" I inquired of Ruth LePrade as we stood under the Singing Tree planted by Edwin Markham as a tribute to her in the garden adjoining her home at 1622 South Spaulding Avenue, Los Angeles, which has been dedicated to poets and lovers of poetry as a meeting place during the lifetime of its sponsor; and, according to her plan, will subsequently be bequeathed to them for continued activities.

"It began very simply," she replied, "with the naming of the trees for poets. This suggested the invitation of poets to the garden. In 1927 Edwin Markham came to dedicate the garden, and planted many of the trees in it. Since then poets and lovers of poetry have gathered here from time to time. One of their best remembered meetings was in celebration of Edwin Markham's eighty-second birthday last April. A more recent and widely attended meeting was that occasioned by the planting of a tree in September by the Chinese poet, Moon Quan, in honor of the poets of his country."

An introduction to the poets' trees followed.

First, of course, there is Shakespeare, the largest tree in the garden, an incomparable willow with countless branches that seem to be indefinitely prolonged in the greenness of the place. When meetings are held in the garden, the speakers stand under this tree, and all faces turn fittingly toward it.

Shelley is the tallest tree in the garden, a Lombardy poplar resembling a slender, tremulous finger pointing skyward. Masfield, Noyes, and Villon are memorialized by poplars also. The lyric splendor of Keats is symbolized by a flowering acacia, and Byron's ardor is represented in the equally urgent flowering of another variety of the same tree. Browning branches lustily in St. John's bread. Omar Khayyam, a solitary royal palm, stands in a corner of the garden, aloof from "the guests star-scattered on the grass." Milton, like Shakespeare, has a willow for his lyre. Sappho displays the "fire in her veins" in red spirals of the flowering peach. Poe looms raven-like in the dark cypress that shuts the garden away from the street. Bobbie Burns has his Scottish broom, and Walt Whitman his lilac for "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." The ginkgo tree,

recently planted by Moon Quan in honor of the poets of China, thrives well by reason, perhaps, of some gracious influence bestowed upon it which may best be conveyed in Moon Quan's own words:

"I, a wanderer: thou a weaver of the petal-speech,
In the bridge-land of the East and We have met.
Though flowers may bloom and fall,
The spring breeze shall not forget."

THE PLANTING of trees by poets and other nations in honor of their national singers is part of the future program of the garden according to its sponsor. Visiting poets from other countries will be invited from time to time to plant trees, and local poets and lovers of poetry are welcome to visit the garden and participate on such occasions.

It is the expressed conviction of the founder of The Poet's Garden that the sharing of good poetry and good words make for better understanding between individuals, and promotes the culture and happiness of the human race.

Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe," who refuses to use this symbol of man's degradation in planting trees, wrote in commendation of the Poet's Garden, "When poetry perishes, we shall behold the death of the idealism of the race."

Happiness

By "WILL B. HEARD"

WE HAVE a decided tendency to judge others by their appearance. That seems to be the quickest way of arriving at an evaluation. Few of us have the patience to spend both time and reflection upon some person or issue. Thus, it is, that we get a glance, take in the external aspects of the person under our consideration and before you could say "Jack Robinson" we have already formed an opinion of his merits. Nine times out of ten, an opinion once formed is rarely changed. It stays with us like the length of our nose, the color of our eyes, the contour of our lips. We carry it with us for the duration of life.

We, proud humans, dislike to admit that we are often wrong. When we do collide with sufficient evidence to shat-

ter our opinions, we invariably present some form or argument that is as straight as a corkscrew to prove our inerrancy.

The habit of judging by appearance is no new thing. We have been doing it for millions of years. From the very dawn of life, creatures were compelled to arrive at quick conclusions. There was never much time to devote to cool cerebration. One had to decide rapidly whether an approaching creature was friend or foe.

However, the method of judging others by appearance is not sound today. It often leads us far astray. We would, indeed, be greatly surprised to find how often a smile can hide a tear.

There are so many different types of

people on the streets. They pass like ships in the night. So far as we go on in the depths of their souls, their faces inform us of very little. It is interesting to ponder what we would see if we could, so to speak, X-ray their minds.

For example:

There walks a man. Head bowed, weary look in his eyes. He shows signs of extreme poverty. His face is decayed. He is evidently too tired to hold his head up. Life's struggle has manently bent his back. His gaze, though under a hypnotic spell, is centered on the sidewalk.

What is he thinking of? What is the nature of his thoughts?

Thinking? He is thinking of nothing! Having lost everything, he has nothing of much importance to occupy his mind at present. His object is to kill time. . . . Time hangs heavily because there is nothing to do with-

(Read further on page 11)

Literature of the Old West

By GEORGE N. ADRIANCE

FOR DECADES the West has been the setting for countless novels and stories the popularity of which is attested by the bushels of western books and magazines for sale at all news stands and drug stores. These are of course the two gun romances in which strong, silent men ride over vast open spaces, where rustlers rustle cattle and get shot for it, where tanned, clean limbed girls are rescued to the staccato accompaniment of revolver shots from desperados and married to likeable young men.

Aside from the fact that there really are mesas, arroyos, canyons, plains covered with sage brush or cactus, mountains pine-clad and bare, the West of this literature is pure make-believe and such romances can never represent it as it was. This old western society of the he-man, two-gun novel, the Wild West, has been gone for a generation at least and perhaps half a century. There certainly were many fine things about the old West that could be a basis for a good, genuine literature, a literature of fact rather than fiction, such as essays, sketches, and longer narratives dealing with actual happenings.

For instance, the Bear Flag incident at Sonoma should be gone over and rewritten. Were these Americans who sieged General Vallejo, heroes or hoodlums? This should be decided in a good magazine article.

There is a story, and it might be true, that a party of argonauts fitted a canal boat with masts and sails and made the voyage around the Horn to San Francisco Bay, finally anchoring up the river at Napa. This occurred around the year 1850. An article on steam boat days during the gold rush on the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers would make good reading. Frank Norris in the "Octopus" did not write everything to be written about the era of bonanza wheat farming in California, when some ranches had a hundred ten-mule teams in the fields and a fleet of sailing vessels waited in Carquinez Straits to load wheat for the race around the Horn to Liverpool.

Perhaps Owen Wister did the best hat has been done with the Old West in fiction; but real cattle ranches should be described as they were. There should be a history of cattle ranching tracing

its Spanish origins in Old Mexico and the like origins in the American Colonial period in South Carolina, the only remembrance of which is in the Revolutionary War Battle at a place called Cowpens.

Such a canon of literature would present the Old West as it really was in-

Just walk till supper hour, and then a meal with some thousands of other similar unfortunates. . . . After that—sleep . . . forgetfulness for a few, brief hours.

A casual glance at this man would tend to convince an onlooker that this walker sees nothing. That he just walks and stares at the never-ending sidewalk. . . .

He just walks . . . walks . . . walks. He sees nothing, that is, nothing except the rubbish found on the streets—and cigarette butts. If his eyes brighten at times, it is caused by the sight of some rather long cigarette butt. Then he quickly stoops to pick it up before someone else does. Longingly, he gazes at it. Such butts are rare these days.

At busy street-crossings, he mechanically stops and waits for the traffic-officer to give the signal to walk across. He lacks the energy to attempt a crossing against traffic lights, and, besides, his object is to kill time. He is in no hurry. Nobody is waiting for him. There is no appointment to keep. . . .

stead of the bogus country of shoddy romances. Some of it has been done already. "Team Bells Woke Me" was the title of an article appearing in the American Mercury in the spring of 1931. It was by W. O. Davis. This article dealt with freighting with big teams and trail wagons up in the cow country of eastern Oregon before the wheat farmers came in, and went out. The Mercury has published other good articles from the field of western history. There is a wealth of material for the taking.

Happiness

(Continued from page 10)

He just walks . . . aimlessly.

His eyes are now tired from scanning the sidewalks for cigarette butts. His gaze shifts higher. What does he now see?

SHOES!

Shoes, mute evidence of the wealth of their owner. All kinds, sizes. Clean shoes . . . brightly polished. These seem to walk along with a vigorous stride. They seem to know where they are going. Other shoes . . . worn out, soiled, showing a toe here and there. These walk with hesitation, dragging along.

Women's shoes, daintily curved, voluptuously shaped, with satanic seductiveness, swing along as though they were dancing and lightly touching the sidewalk. . . .

But, wait. His face lights up. There's another cigarette butt and an unusually long one. Happiness covers his face with a thousand smiles. He seems ecstatic in his new joy.

But, as I said before. Never judge by appearances.

Thrift of Budgeting

(Continued from page 9)

In many progressive homes likewise, attention is given to systematic accounting through some simple form of budget. But before such practice will become widespread children in the schools must generally be led to understand and practice thrift in all its phases. They must realize the necessity for conservation and the elimination of waste.

They must establish habits of proper earning and saving, spending and investing.

There is no greater need for any branch of school education today than for that of thrift and conservation. If doubt of this has heretofore existed such doubt has been dispelled during the present trying economic period.

Ninety-Nine Percent Rube

(Continued from page 7)

to another town and get a new start. Heaven help his soul." Her little eyes narrowed. "And I do hope he sends you the alimony all right, for it isn't pleasant for one to have to depend on charity, is it?"

Mrs. Bently's white face was a blank mask. "No," she said in a whisper, "thank you, Mrs. Conway, for coming over."

HER DARK eyes snapping, Clarice Smithers bounced into the kitchen where her mother was ironing out one of her light school dresses.

The young girl with the black curls about her shoulders, her radiant, tanned face, flushing with the joy of youth, suddenly became solemn. She stood eyeing her mother.

Mrs. Smithers stopped the iron. She had a pile of black hair done up in a knot on the back of her head. No one could call her fat—at least to her face—but her arms were hefty enough to handle the family, which she did, including the obedient Mr. Smithers.

"Mother," Clarice said softly, "there is something I think you should know."

Mrs. Smithers mechanically wet her finger and let it sizzle on the iron. Then she layed it to one side. "Well?"

"About Jake Bently," Clarice went on, fingering the folds of her dress, her eyes downward, "and about the party . . ."

"Yes?"

"I, er," the girl confessed, "I tripped Jake so he would fall on me—on purpose. And, in the kitchen, I told him I thought he was handsome and I kissed him, just to see what he would do."

Mrs. Smithers' eyes grew very large. "Mother, I'm sorry," the daughter stammered, "I saw Janet Gaynor do

that in a picture once and it was cute and—"

Mrs. Smithers had gained possession of herself. "Clarice," she barked hoarsely, "you go in the other room and get busy with your lessons. And don't you dare mention anything as silly as this to anyone else. I can understand, but some one else might not. Your pity for Jacob made you say this. But he isn't deserving of your pity. We all know very well Jacob Bently's tendencies, his show-off ways . . ."

The girl's face clouded. "But mother, really—"

"Did you hear me, Clarice?" She picked up the iron again and nodded to the door. "I said go into the other room and get to your studies. Don't ever talk so silly again. If you do I shall be forced to do something that I haven't done in years—"

And Clarice, knowing her mother was, as usual, referring to the hair brush, plodded sulkingly into the next room.

THE FREIGHT CAR bent around another curve. The wind began whipping in stronger. Suddenly the clipping whisked from Jake's hand and went sailing into the swiftly passing landscape.

His blue eyes—like blotched daubs of paint—became blurred now. Again he heard the cracking words of the lawyer pour into his ears:

"He's a rube, a show-off. He'll blame the girl. Try to drag her name down. Those saps don't care anything about anyone except themselves. A young girl's name and reputation doesn't mean anything to them."

The engine's whistle shrieked again. Haystacks. Green pastures. Cows. They all whizzed by.

universities. He was the author of *Syllabi in Oriental History* and a member of the British Poetry Society. Always interested in things literary, and especially in poetry, he was a recognized critic and contributor to some of the best periodicals. He was the author of several books of verse and was completing a volume "Wings Before the Dawn" at the time of his death. Indeed, the lines that were found in his typewriter upon which he had been working, and titled "Awakening" seem almost prophetic, and a premonition. This poem will be used as the close in the forthcoming volume, and reads:

"O see!

Darkness is past;

Hear lifting wings bringing

Eventful hours—bringing a

day's new

Rapture."

Mr. Merrill's volumes previously mentioned include, "White Music," "Songs of a Scythe," "The Desperate Years" and "Clover Breath." He was a member of various poetry organizations, and had served as national president of the League of Western Writers. Of lovable disposition and fine character, Arthur Truman Merrill was beloved by all who came within his sphere of influence. A frequent contributor to this magazine, he was a constant visitor to our office, and was thought of as one of the staff, to whom we went for judgment and advice, knowing that his sympathy and assistance were always at our disposal.

The following from his pen was set into type ready for printing at the time the news of his passing was received:

PEDIGREES

I.

What did it matter to me
That she had a pedigree
When I saw the way she trod
The flowery sod
Of violets, root and leaf and bud,
Into April mud?

And how she, without heart,
Would tear a rose apart
And fling the petals by
To wilt and die!

Yet her eyes, when she looked at you
Were a fine arch-angel blue.

(Read further on page 18)

Arthur Truman Merrill

IN THE passing of Arthur Truman Merrill, the literary west loses one of its most forward looking poets. His home was at Glendale, California, where he lived with a sister, Miss Alice Merrill, who is connected with the schools of that city. Mr. Merrill had been ill for some time but was cheerful voice in Berlin and other European

and optimistic to the last.

For many years, Mr. Merrill was engaged in educational work. He was a graduate of Stanford University, was vice-principal of Pacific Grove High School, a teacher of history in the Los Angeles High School, and a student of

The Literary West - Books

BRIGHT MEXICO

BRIGHT MEXICO, by Larry Barretto.
Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.00.

MEXICO of the great plateaus, Mexico of the cloudless skies, of serene unhurried life and gentle people—that is the land of which Larry Barretto tells so pleasantly in his new book. "Bright Mexico" is the result of a sympathetic trip through Mexico made by the author and his wife, the illustrator of the book. The Mexican people would class the Barrettos as *sympatico*, their highest word of praise, and it would be deserved, for the two travelers saw understandingly the conditions of life that irritate or appeal some and challenge others.

Mr. Barretto has the happy ability to create the atmosphere of any place that he describes and to give information through the medium of his own experiences. Those who did not read books of travel may well begin here. Those who write should note his light touch and attractive style. With the increasing interest in Mexico and the promised completion of the great Coastal highway, "Bright Mexico" is most timely.

—Laura Bell Everett.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL and WANDERER'S CIRCLE. An autobiography of Cornelia Stratton Parker.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY of the author of "An American Idyll" is timely, but not more timely than Cornelia Stratton Parker's first book. Carlton Parker, professor of economics, who saw more deeply than most the problems confronting us and who did so labor and capital what few have one in adjusting their difficulties, belongs to this time pre-eminently. It is good time to reread "An American Idyll" and inevitably one will follow with "Wanderer's Circle," Mrs. Parker's new autobiography.

A San Franciscan, whose father, Ederick M. Stratton, was for the earlier years of this century the Federal collector of the Port of San Francisco, Cornelia Stratton became a student at the University of California and there married Carlton Parker. When he died of pneumonia, contracted while helping

to settle labor disputes in the State of Washington, Mrs. Parker poured out her appreciation in a little volume, "The American Idyll," chapters of which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. Mrs. Parker has the gift of putting herself on paper. To an unusual degree she makes the reader forget the printed page and hear the human voice in friendly converse.

"Wanderer's Circle" is Mrs. Parker's tenth book, and in it she tells something of the writing of the earlier books, "Ports and Happy Places" and "More Ports and Happy Places," her travels abroad with her boys; "English Summer" and "German Summer," with her little daughter in an Austin in England and in a *faute* boat on German and Austrian rivers. She tells in detail of how she secured her material for magazine articles and such books as "Working with the Working Woman."

"Wanderer's Circle" is the rich full story of how one woman has made all human relationships happy, satisfying, or at least interesting. The word monotony is not in her vocabulary.

As her family and Carlton Parker's had come West, so she and their children have gone East and have bought a Massachusetts farm. The end pieces, by Alva Scott Mitchell, suggest "Swiss Meadows," the Parker farm.

The book is attractively printed on deep-cream paper. "The color of life is red" and so is the jacket. When you finish that depressing book you are reading, try this for an antidote.

—Laura Bell Everett.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA

ROBERT STIRLING YARD and others. Picturesque America. 251 pages. Illustrated. United Library Association, 367 Fourth Avenue, New York. Edited by John Francis Kane.

In this volume our nineteen National Parks are presented by Robert Stirling Yard, well known for his valuable service in the interests of our natural playgrounds. In addition to beautiful description, there is much non-technical geology which enables the lay reader to grasp the origin of the geographic forms. Various contributors present other localities noted for their scenic

beauty. So comprehensive is the book, that its readers are taken from the Pacific Northwest to the rock-bound coast of Maine, with Alaska, Florida and Hawaii added for good measure.

More than 250 illustrations, many of them full-page, add very much to the value of the text, and numerous small maps aid the reader. An enjoyable feature of the book is found in the well-selected poems and brief quotations from the pens of nature lovers. To read "Picturesque America" is to give one an enlarged conception of the beauties of our country and an increased desire to know, at first hand, its many marvelous attractions.

James F. Chamberlain.

THE MERRY HUNT

STANTON A. COBLENTZ, Editor of "Wings," has given us another of his delightful books. This time it is "The Merry Hunt and Other Poems". In the 100 pages of the book nearly 80 poems are included. Edwin Markham's estimate of this attractively printed and bound volume is a worthy tribute. He says: "I am pleased with the real feeling and real beauty of expression. It is good to see Mrs. Coblentz rejecting the jazz-mad tendencies of the times."

Open the book where you will and the music and philosophy that flows from Mr. Coblentz' pen will hold your attention. Take the lines in his "The Return"—

I walked along a street I used to know,
Which the deep years had buried from
my sight.
Now straight-banked windows opened,
height on height,
Where the unbanded storm-wind used
to blow.
All changed! from brambly hedge and
hawthorn row
To gray brick-ridged walled against the
light . . .
And yet, though a whole world had
taken flight,
The selfsame I had roamed here long
ago!

Only a moment bridged the years between,
Leaving me all that I had been before,
(Read further on next page)

As though within my heart there ruled
unseen

Some power like granite of the dark
earth's core,

Changeless, while tall hills, towns, and
woodlands green

Passed like a wave-crest scattering with
a roar.

"The Merry Hunt" is brought out by
Bruce Humphries, Boston and sells at
\$2.00. Readers of the Overland Monthly know Mr. Coblenz particularly
through his volume "Songs of the Red-
woods," from the press of Overland-
Outwest Publications. Either of these
books will make a welcome gift or liter-
ary companion. —A. H. C.

"MOTHER LODGE" has been a name
to conjure with in Western Amer-
ica ever since James W. Marshal discovered
gold in 1848 and Louis J. Stellman
has wisely capitalized the magic of that
title in his recent book about Gold Rush
days.

Mr. Stellman has made the Mother
Lode country live again after 87 years.
He has reconstructed it so vitally that
one can visualize its hectic, brawling
camps of red-shirted, booted, bearded
men, delving frantically for hidden treas-
ure . . . Lawless, robustious adven-
turers they were, ready to share their
last ounce of gold dust with a friend or
shoot at the drop of the hat; fearing
neither Man nor circumstance yet shy
and unbelievably chivalrous toward
mankind. It was no easy task to resur-
rect that incredible interlude and pre-
sent it sympathetically to the men and
women of today, but Mr. Stellman has
succeeded far better than most. He has
made a flowing narrative, historically
accurate and richly entertaining of what
has consisted of more or less frag-
mentary chronicles heretofore. Sixty
remarkable drawings and photographs,
many of the latter made by the author,
himself, illustrate the book.

Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San
Francisco; \$2.50 net.

DEAF WALLS, by Edmond Kowalew-
ski. The Symphonist Press, 2323
Wharton Square, Philadelphia. \$2.00.

DEAF WALLS, the poems of Ed-
mond Kowalewski, comes like fresh
wildflowers in Spring. First there is the
mechanical beauty of the book, color
scheme, printing and paper—all un-
usually intriguing. Then the creative
work itself is a revelation almost.

A hundred beautiful poems are in
the book. And we are again reminded
that beyond the most subtle analysis;
the finest inspiration; the loftiest up-
lift—lies a further place, a more glori-
ous condition and dimension. Kowal-
ewskit, the poet, does this for us.

—Ben Field.

WHITE PEAKS AND GREEN, by
Ethel Romig Fuller. Metropolitan
Press, Portland, Oregon. \$1.25.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER, who con-
ducts the column, "Oregonian
Verse" in the Oregonian, Portland,
Oregon, has written a delectable book
of poems, entitled "White Peaks and
Green." I call it delectable, because it
is just that, delicate, able, sweet, ap-
pealing in content.

It was Leigh Hunt, I think, who
wrote the line: "rich and like a lily in
bloom" in her Abou Ben Adhem. This
fits Ethel Romig Fuller's poetry.

She says in her "The Invader":

A wind swept through the casement
Bearing on its tide
Argosies of fragrance
From the countryside.

My soul cast off its sandals,
And unbound its hair,
And leaping through the window
Left me sitting there.

This young author, member of The
League of Western Writers, has done
something very worth while.

—Ben Field.

ENCHANTED WINDOW, by Vir-
ginia Spates. The Kaleidograph
Press, Dallas, Texas. \$1.50.

SHERMAN, TEXAS, is where Vir-
ginia Spates lives and makes her
notable book contributions to literature.
The most recent is "Enchanted
Window" from the press of The Kaleidograph Press. This attractive vol-
ume is filled with nature, heart and
philosophical poems that are most in-
teresting and rhythmical.

Listen to "No Stranger Thought."

The dead return. "Impossible" you cry!
No stranger thought than this: the liv-
ing die.

Texans have produced many fine
books of poems, but hardly any more
appealing than "Enchanted Window."

—Ben Field.

FOOL'S GOLD, by Clyde Robertson.
Banner Press, Atlanta, Georgia.

FOOL'S GOLD is the title of a yel-
low-splashed and yellow-lined book
of poems by Clyde Robertson. The
volume is attractive as to format and
particularly as to contents. Sheila Bur-
lingame has furnished numerous mod-
ernistic and gripping illustrations. The
poems are of the West and are distinc-
tive and full of atmosphere of their
vivid locale.

For instance: Ghost Towns.

Near the storm-clawed
Great Divide
Ghost towns dot
The mountainside.

Huts of black logs,
Weather-pocked,
Doby-chinked
And saddle-locked.

This is a notable contribution to our
long list of Western books. It will hold
its place among them.

—Ben Field.

A SHEPHERD OF THE FAR
NORTH by Robert Glody.

FATHER PALOU wrote the life of
Father Serra and here in the Twen-
tieth Century we have the second book
ever written upon any of the hundreds of
Servants of the Catholic Church that
labored in the Pacific Coast area. A nar-
rative of touching appeal of youth dedi-
cated to the Church. A book of self
sacrifice in the spirit of Christmas time.
The story of Reverend William Francis
Walsh (1900-1930) by Robert
Glody, A.M. Introduction by Right
Reverend Monsignor Gleason, D.D.
V.G., U. S. Army and Navy Chaplain
of the Insular Possessions. Publisher's
Note by Harr Wagner, author of "Jo-
aquin and His Other Self." The book
tells of Reverend Walsh's education, his
work in churches of California, his
travels in Europe, his experience in
Alaska, and the dramatic closing of his
career in the Far North. 250 pages
5 1/2 x 7 1/2, illustrated.

List price.....\$2.50

RICO, BANDIT AND DICTA-
TOR. By Antonio De Fierri
Blanco. Houghton Mifflin Company
New York, 195pp.

(Read further on page 16)

Historic Columbia of Gold Rush Days

By JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

ALL KINDS of stories come out of California's old, scarred Sierra foothills. Especially now that gold mining is a revived art do the stories come—some of them true, too.

But this is a different kind of a story, a story not about gold at all, unless it is the bright metal of decency and human kindness. It is a story about a town, a bank, a building and two charming ladies.

It begins with the town and the building. The building is almost as old as the town, but not quite.

When Sonora, up in Tuolumne county, was known far and wide as The Queen of the Southern Mines, it was the town of Columbia, only four miles away, that tried to steal its thunder. The Gem of the Southern Mines; that was Columbia's boast.

You wouldn't think, now, that the little huddle of ancient, sun-browned shacks once housed some 15,000 pick-and-shovel men, but it did. They found gold at the grass roots in Columbia and they shipped it out by the ton.

That was why they had to have an express office there. Where there was gold in those days you found Wells Fargo & Co., treading on the heels of each real discovery.

THE VERY first Wells Fargo building in Columbia burned as so many of the older shacks did in one of the frequent fires that swept the Mother Lode camps in one or another of the crackling dry Sierra summers.

When you see this "new one" as it looks today you may not understand at first the pride with which the town regarded it.

But in '55 its sides were straight and plumb and the bricks shone a bright cheerful red and the fine iron doors and shutters were the strongest safeguards a man could want for his nuggets and dust while he waited for the stage to roll them down to San Francisco.

Mellowed by the years, it stands there at the beginning of Columbia's main street, guarding the town with honest, foursquare pride.

The two charming ladies entered this story while the Columbia Wells Fargo building was still young and still fit to

be the bank for half Tuolumne county. Miss Julia and Miss Maggie Conlin they were, and their brother Tom had just taken over the Wells Fargo agency for Columbia at 25 years of age, and they were proud of him.

Joseph Henry Jackson is known to thousands, not only from his reviews in the San Francisco "Chronicle" but his radio audience listens in with interest and profit. It is with pleasure we reprint the accompanying article from the "Chronicle" with credit to the paper and thanks to Mr. Jackson.

SO THERE you have the materials of our story—the town, the building and the two charming ladies. The bank comes into it later. This was the way it happened . . .

There was plenty of gold in those foothill camps—at first. But things like that don't last. After a while the surface pickings were exhausted.

Gradually the population of Columbia dwindled. The 15,000 miners shrank to a thousand or two. Up in Amador county, at Jackson, deep quartz mines were developed. Still farther north, Grass Valley had its North Star and other mines.

The heyday of panning and hydraulic workings was over. And Columbia grew still more quiet.

Other changes had taken place, too. For one thing, Tom Conlin had acquired ownership of the once-important building that was now becoming less and less a factor in the life of the town. For another, the one-time express company had undergone a change. Always in one sense a bank, it had now become a bank in all senses of the term. The business of gold had ceased to be a mad scramble and had settled down into steady production. And that production was not at Columbia any more.

And as the nineteenth century drew to a close there was less and less gold dust flowing through the old Wells Fargo office in Columbia, although the sign still hung there and Tom Conlin was ready to do business. Finally, in 1914, Wells Fargo & Co. ceased to

maintain an agent there. Columbia was no more a gold camp—not officially, anyway.

BUT THERE was another interest to the town. As the twentieth century grew older, more and more people began to look back at the nineteenth, and particularly back to the days of '49. Those days were past, and therefore they were glamorous.

People began trekking through what had once been the rich little camp of Columbia to look at what was now its ghost. After the war, indeed, the tourist business became something to look forward to.

Tom Conlin, no longer a young man, had transformed his office into a museum in which there were some pieces that could be duplicated nowhere. He did.

Tom and his sisters, the Misses Julia and Maggie, made out a living that way. Tom knew plenty of stories to tell the tourists, and Miss Julia and Miss Maggie, when they were there, smiled so cheerfully it was worth dropping in to see them.

However, neither gold booms nor good times nor people last forever. The gold days were past, and in 1929 it began to be evident that the good times of the 1920s were over, too. Tourists didn't come as much.

YOU HAVE been waiting to see where a bank fitted into this story! Here is where. The Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Co. heard about the way things were going on in Columbia.

Here were the two surviving sisters of the man who had served the Wells Fargo faithfully for 30 years likely to be turned out of their only possession. Here were two women—two very charming ladies, don't forget, and I who write this have seen their pictures at 16—who were about to have their home and their livelihood taken away from them, just when they needed those things most. Here, too, was a building around which clustered traditions older and longer than you could measure, about to be bought in by nobody knew whom, perhaps to be turned into a store, a gasoline station,

(Read further on page 17)

NEW HARR WAGNER
PUBLICATIONS

The Literary West

(Continued from page 14)

THE MISSION BELLS OF CALIFORNIA by Marie T. Walsh.

In "The Mission Bells of California" the author has caught the significance of bells as bells, and tied into them the romance that is inherent in California's Spanish Missions. Bells of Spain, bells of Mexico City, bells of Lima, Peru, Holbrook bells of New England, Sheffield bells of England, bells of Russia, all find their way into the Spanish Missions.

Regular Edition.....\$ 4.00

First Printing, Auto-graphed and Numbered 5.00

De Luxe Edition..... 10.00

MOTHER LODGE. The Story of the Gold Rush Days by Louis J. Stellman.

A book for bold men and brave women—an epoch period book of the swashbuckling fifties in California when fiction was reality and reality was romance. 300 pages, size 5½x7½, illustrated with 60 photographs, many of them taken by the author.

List Price.....\$2.50

JUVENILE TITLES

HARUKO, CHILD OF JAPAN by

Eva D. Edwards. List price \$1.25.

A charming book for children of nine and ten years telling the story of Haruko, a modern interpretation of actual child life in Japan. Illustrated with fine photographs. Written in a style that has great appeal.

CHILDREN OF MEXICO by Irma-

garde Richards and Elena Landazuri.

List price \$1.50.

For boys and girls of eleven and twelve years. One of the first books that attempts a comprehensive view of the people living south of the Rio Grande. Authentic history and geography. Illustrated with wonderful photographs. A book of information as well as interest.

Order Direct or from Bookdealers

HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING COMUANY

609 Mission Street
San Francisco, California

What could be more interesting or fascinating than to be a dictator at the age of twenty—the age when most young men are still trying to feel comfortable in long pants? This Rico fellow started out as a bandit at sixteen, with a gun and a knife as mentors. Along with Rico, a band of the strangest characters you would ever want to meet live. love, hate, fight, and die:—The Black Ghost, who cuts off the ears of the citizens and sells them; the Woman of Atlan, cruel as a De Medici and cold as death, who rules her wild tribe with fiendish power; Ismael, the ghost-haunted man "Friday"; LaGloria, famous for her charms and beauty, Rico's first mistress. Then, the weird jungle, where ghosts and ghouls and spooky, unseen things carry on to frighten the souls of devout natives. The story of Rico is more than a biography. It is a novel, a history, and an epic poem, splendidly woven together. Don't miss it.

AMERICAN SONG. By Paul Engle.

Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., New York. 102pp.

American Song is painted with a bold, robust sweep, purely American in its concept and treatment. Most of the work it written in the free verse style and shows a marked tendency towards the abrupt effects of the Sandburg, Whitman school of composition. While free verse cannot be called poetry, there are many stanzas and lines which fairly burst with rugged music fresh from the lyre of America's plains, rivers, mountains, countryside, and city life. Well worth reading.

THE TAVERN ROGUE. By Robert Gordon Anderson. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York. 310pp.

Here is a story of an hilariously half-made knight who held forth in a right royal manner during the quaint hard-cussin', hard-drinkin' days of Queen Lizzy, Kit Marlowe, and dapper Will Shakespeare. The hero, Walt of Wesssex, takes a bath in front of the Queen, cuts off a few heads here and there, makes a bit o' love, and in between times writes a play, or composes a sonnet. The story is decidedly different and entertaining.

THE COLD JOURNEY. By Grace Zaring Stone. Morrow & Company, New York. 336pp.

The author of "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" has brought us a fine story of colonial life. Brisk, exciting, clear, and definite are the adventures of Mary Lyon who loves a French lieutenant; of Mr. Chapman, the droll, religious fanatic; and of dear Mrs. Peckwith, who had romance enough to become an Indian squaw. The characters are most deftly handled by Mrs. Stone. You'll like this story.

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., New York. 429pp.

A delightful story of Captain Nicholas, blackmailer, thief, card sharp, and all-around scoundrel. Exhausting the patience and pocket books of all his friends on the Continent, Captain Nicholas returns to his amazed and astonished family in England. This splendid rake succeeds in disturbing the lives of his sister Fanny, who was never certain about what was going on in the world about her; and as for Fanny's comfortable husband, Charles, and the two ultra-modern children, Nell and Hector . . . well, you must read this "Best Book" of Hugh Walpole's, for he can always be depended upon to do the unusual. This is a Literary Guild selection.

(Books by courtesy of Bullock's Book Department)

—Reviewed by Richard F. Carlyle.

AND GOD SAID. By Jack Greenberg. Steebs Publishing Company, Los Angeles, 35pp.

The author of Anvil Sparks and Lights Along the Road brings us another ambitious work in And God Said. The slender volume has some intriguing chapter titles, such as The Aged Testament, Testament de Nova, Gas Works of the Profits, and Up to Date Haranguers. Mr. Greenberg comes directly to the point; and usually his points are very well taken. This interesting work very clearly shows how far we have gone in committing the Bible to memory, and how little of it we have committed to life. Poetry lovers will enjoy Mr. Greenberg's forceful essay.

Historic Columbia

(Continued from page 15)

nobody knew what. And here was the grand accumulation of relics—gold scales, nuggets, rock specimens, old desks, the gatherings of half a century of history—about to be scattered nobody knew where. It wouldn't do.

Something was done. Without saying a word, with no brass bands or hullabaloo or publicity, the Wells Fargo Bank & Trust Company went up to Columbia and took the situation in hand. It bought the old building. It bought every last single relic in it. It arranged for the bracing of the brick walls the reinforcing of the foundations, the replacement of the room. From now on the building will be a monument to Columbia and to those thousands of lusty fellows who ripped the gold from the foothill dirt and built California with it.

And then the bank did one thing more—it gave the building back—to Miss Julia and Miss Maggie—for as long as they might live.

There the agreement stands, written out and attested with all the legal formality possible, which is a good deal. "As long as they shall live." By no circumstances may they be removed—ever—by anyone. By no circumstances, either, may the fittings of the old express office be removed so long as Miss Julia and Miss Maggie are there to look after them.

And Miss Julia and Miss Maggie, those charming ladies, are free at last from the specter of debt and worry that had haunted them ever since brother Tom died. Now they can smile as they used to, and they do.

THE WESTERNER

A NEW periodical, The Westerner, made its appearance in February. This is a 48 page and cover, three column monthly, modern in all particulars. The Westerner carries several short stories, illustrated with half tones and drawings; a society section, personality sketch and emphasizes fashions, house beautiful, travel, finance and book reviews. There are several full page illustrations and cartoons. The magazine is sponsored by William B. Pratt and E. Warren West, in printed on excellent stock with colored cover and sells for 10 cents per copy, \$1.00 per year.

As the coast has had no publication of this nature since the demise of the San Franciscan and the Bystander, there is a distinct place for The Westerner, and the Overland Monthly and Out-West Magazine wishes it the most abundant success and extends cordial greetings.

'WELCOME NEWS'



A JOURNAL of the NEW DAY

Devoting to Furthering
Community, State and
National Welfare.



PRODUCTION FOR USE

Program: Independent and Progressive. 24 to 32 pages monthly. 50 a year. Keep posted on the Co-Operative Utopian, Epic and kindred movements by sending in your subscription to



"WELCOME NEWS"

343 I. W. Hellman Building
LOS ANGELES. CALIFORNIA

THE HOTEL MANX in San Francisco is today enjoying a flourishing business. This hotel is of an unusual type—the atmosphere is inviting and hospitable and the guest really feels at home.

Its three hundred and fifty rooms have recently been refurnished and newly furnished, and are equipped with every modern convenience, including running ice water in each room. Its lobby is spacious, comfortable and attractive and opens into Townsend's excellent Dining and Cocktail Room.

The staff, one of the most popular in San Francisco, consists of Harvey M. Toy, managing owner, William Jacobs, resident manager, Charles Rowe, Alvin Critchlow and Chet Hartzell, assistant managers.

CONSULT COOK'S FOR MEXICO

THOS. COOK & SON—WAGONS-LITS INC.

318 Stockton St., Phone KEarny 3512
San Francisco, Calif.

Subscribers who have changed their address recently will confer a distinct favor on this magazine if they will notify us at once, giving both the old address and the new.

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



MOST CONVENIENT Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

Arthur Merrill

(Continued from page 12)

II.

A hitch-hiker carrying a bag
Falls, fagged out.

A hag

With a dish clout

In her bony hands

Looks out—and understands.

Who taught ugliness

To caress?

Shortly before the end came, I had called Arthur Merrill by long distance and found him unusually bright and cheerful. In his final letter to me, he mentioned numerous mutual friends including Ben Field, James Neill Northe, and Mabel Moffitt, our associate editor, and, as was characteristic of him in thinking of others, expressed the hope that the latter, who had been ill, was due for speedy recovery. Then toward the close of the letter he said: "I am steadily, though somewhat slowly, gaining my grip. I'm so thankful to say so."

We shall treasure the memory of a great soul; loyal and talented friend.

His book "Wings Before the Dawn," soon to be published, will be brought out by James Neill Northe.—A. H. C.

THE NEW Olympic Hotel in San Francisco, featured elsewhere in this issue, is one of the most popular hosteleries in the West. It offers all the advantages of a high class hotel at modest prices. Located at 230 Eddy Street, it is adjacent the theatre and shopping center. Its drive-in garage permits guests to take the elevator direct to lobby or room. The coffee shop and dining room service is unsurpassed and prices wonderfully attractive.

Each room is provided with radio reception and guests may visit the broadcast studio on the mezzanine floor and see "how it is done" over station KGGC.

All rooms are large, outside and are sound proof with bath and shower.

The Olympic caters to the most discriminating men and women. The hotel is a popular convention headquarters.

To our Readers

THIS ISSUE of the "Overland," the first since December, is to be followed in April and regularly thereafter each month by a greatly improved and more attractive magazine. Our subscribers have been patient and loyal during these trying days for publishers and others alike, and this publication is appreciative of the cooperation and attitude of its readers.

The Index for Volume 92, year of 1934, is included in this issue. It is noticeable that the reduced size of recent issues was in no way reflected in the quality of articles that appeared during 1934. But many new and interesting features well characterize the issues for and following April.

With the enlargement of the magazine, articles by writers of national standing will appear each month. Several new and important departments will be opened and fine art features will adorn our pages. We shall welcome criticisms and suggestions from those who demand high class literary product, presented in popular and appealing manner.

OVERLAND MONTHLY and
OUTWEST MAGAZINE.

BIG NEWS

A RIOT OF FUN AWAITS YOU

the moment you receive your new game, "Music Fun(damentals)". You need know nothing about music. This card game will be a thrill to the hostess who is eager to put real enjoyment into her parties! At only \$1 each you can order several packs. Send the coupon today with your remittance, to Dept. O.V., 2873 West 7th St., Los Angeles, California.

Clip the coupon—entire

To Dept. O.V., 2873 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif., with \$1.00 for each game desired

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Contents

LULLABY (Sea Song)— <i>Frontispiece</i>	3
MELODY LANE (Verse)	4
ONE LITTLE CORNER— <i>Maxine O'Brien</i>	
AUTUMN—IN CALIFORNIA— <i>Julia Boynton Green</i>	
EMILY BRONTE— <i>Ernest McGaffey</i>	
PERSEPHONE— <i>Snow Lougley Housh</i>	
IN AN EASTERN CITY— <i>Stanton A. Coblenz</i>	
ANGLO-AMERICAN ALTERCATION— <i>Lorena M. Gary</i>	5
THE PHILOSOPHER'S CORNER— <i>Richard F. Carlyle</i>	6
NINETY-NINE PERCENT RUBE— <i>Steve Fisher</i>	7
PLATE—ON THE REDWOOD HIGHWAY	8
THE THRIFT OF BUDGETING AND THE WASTE IN	
GUESSING— <i>Arthur H. Chamberlain</i>	9
A GARDEN FOR POETS— <i>Irene Wilde</i>	10
HAPPINESS—"Will B. Heard"	10
LITERATURE OF THE OLD WEST— <i>George N. Adnace</i>	11
ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL	12
THE LITERARY WEST (Books)	13
HISTORIC COLUMBIA OF GOLD RUSH DAYS— <i>Joseph</i>	
<i>Henry Jackson</i>	15
MIS-STEP (Verse) <i>L. E. Nelson</i>	20
INDEX TO VOLUME 92—January to December, 1934	21
CARILLON (Verse) <i>Irene Stanley</i>	23
THUNDERCLOUD (Verse) <i>William Allen Ward</i>	23

'The Smooth Way to Rough It!'

Take a Coleman Camp Stove along when you go auto-touring, picnicking or camping. Enjoy tasty meals cooked on a miniature gas stove. Fry, bake or boil; roast, toast or broil... cook anything the "gang" calls for... in a jiffy!



Coleman CAMP STOVE

Wherever you go... no matter what your appetite demands... you'll find the Coleman a dependable "pal". Coleman Camp Stoves make and burn their own gas from regular gasoline. Good looking and sturdily built to stand hard knockabout use. Fold up like a suitcase with everything inside. Easy to operate, speedy, safe. Priced from **\$5.95** up; high stand extra.

Good Light!

On any kind of an over-night outing or prolonged trip you'll need this new Coleman Lantern. It's just naturally "made-to-order" to supply plenty of light any night. Instant-lighting... single mantle type... provides up to 150 candlepower of pure white light in any wind or weather. Small in size... big in brilliance. Makes and burns its own gas from regular gasoline. Storm-proof, insect-proof.



Price only **\$5.95**

See them at your dealers
or Write for Catalog

THE COLEMAN LAMP-STOVE CO.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

**HOTEL
MANX**
SAN FRANCISCO

NEW

**Innovations, Service
and Comfort**

The Most Convenient
The Best Accommodations
The Finest Meals

Tub and Shower Baths
Circulating Ice Water
350 ATTRACTIVE ROOMS

Rates

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 SINGLE
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 DOUBLE
SAMPLE ROOMS, from \$2.50

SPLENDID RESTAURANT
EXCELLENT COFFEE SHOP
GARAGE SERVICE AT DOOR

"Meet me at the MANX"
 HARVEY M. TOY, MANAGING OWNER
 POWELL AT O'FARRELL "IN THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO"

No Traffic Tags For Me



RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in-garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sound-proof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

*Today's Rates
Are Most Moderate*

Single, \$2-\$2.50
Double, \$3-\$3.50

**NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC**

230 EDDY STREET

San Francisco

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

Anglo-American

(Continued from page 6)

the same meanings. The terms should not be used disparagingly either by an American or by an Englishman. They should be used as a part of the literary speech as it has been developed by the test of time. Surely America has contributed much to the English language. It is still contributing. This is another way of saying that English is of constant growth. The new words which are taken into the literary language may be from any of the English speaking countries of the world. Australia, British East Africa, or Alaska have as much chance of adding power and breadth to English as have the United States or Saskatchewan. Where the center of culture will be a thousand years from now, one can but guess. At present there seems to be as many writers of high quality and culture in America as in Great Britain. There are as many people to whom correct speech is important in America as there are in England, and I am inclined to think there are more. Only glance at the number and quality of our great universities and public libraries! Compare the list of books on history, science, philosophy, criticism, religion, that appear in Manly and Rickert's *Contemporary American Literature and Contemporary British Literature*. Which shows the more cultured writers?

What do these evidences suggest about the American's right to consider the term Americanism as complimentary and appropriate when used in connection with his contribution to the English language? It seems worth thinking about, for in a country as large as ours, having the diversified interests which it has, combining the cosmopolitan elements which exist, using a common speech which can be understood from ocean to ocean, there must come something real, vital, and enduring. I am not one of those pedantic linguists who believe the American is "going to the dogs!" Glory be to Americanisms!

MIS-STEP

By L. E. NELSON

THEY strolled along a precipice
Where grew a flower sweet;
They reached young hands for it
And fell a thousand feet.

RARE BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

New York Tribune, April 22, 1865—
With full account of the Assassination of President Lincoln and account of funeral. 8 page issue, with heavy black borders. A rare issue.
Price Only\$2.00

Three issues of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's "The Liberator," dated October 1, 1853, July 20, 1860, and May 1, 1863. A large 4 page publication with much very valuable historical matter and Garrison's very powerful editorials. These three very rare numbers only\$5.00

The Territorial Enquirer, Provo City, Utah, dated Nov. 10, 1887, and May 21, 1886. A 7 column, 4 page weekly. Both numbers for.....\$2.00

GOLDEN ARGOSY, Frank A. Munsey's first publication. A weekly for boys and girls. These copies are very rare and hard to get. Have 41 numbers in consecutive order. Vol. 2, No. 8 to No. 48. These 41 numbers for\$8.00

Song Folio—"The Golden State Vocal Folio," published by Matthias Gray Co., San Francisco, Calif. A collection of English songs not found in song folio, so book states, printed about 1888; 120 pages words and music, some songs in addition to the English words have also German and French and Spanish words. The price for this book only\$1.00

"The Beggar Student," Opera Comique, as originally produced by the McCaull Opera Comique Co., Casino, N. Y. Introducing the popular songs "One Mamma" (Dream of Love) and "That I Alone Can Know"; 3 acts, full musical score and vocal score. Published 1883, by White Smith & Company, 182 pages. Price for this rare book \$3.00

Any of the above sent postpaid for the amount stated. We have many rare magazines of all kinds and also rare books, Americana and Californiana. Send for complete catalogue, and our magazine "Welcome News," free on request.

**THOR'S BOOK AND
MAGAZINE SERVICE**

343 I. W. HELLMAN BLDG.
Dept. O LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Vol. 93

No. 2

OVERLAND

MONTHLY and
OUTWEST MAGAZINE



FOUNDED IN 1868 BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

\$2.50 Per Year

APRIL, 1935

25c Per Copy



FLINTRIDGE RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

Formerly the Flintridge Biltmore Hotel. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Accredited to University of California. Primary, Intermediate and High School. Dramatic Art by Lillian Fitch. Supervised Sports. Outdoor Swimming Pool. Moderate Rates.

Mailing Address: PASADENA, CALIF.

Telephone Colorado 4034

The School may be reached from Glendale via Chevy Chase, and from Pasadena via Linda Vista Boulevard.

YOUR HOME IS YOUR CASTLE

Admit only clean, constructive news by reading
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

A Daily Newspaper for the Home

It gives all the constructive world news but does not exploit crime and scandal. Has interesting feature pages for all the family on Women's Activities, Homemaking, Gardens, Education and Books. Also pages for the Children and Young Folks. Vigorous editorials and an interpretation of news in the "March of the Nations" Column are of special interest to men.

The Christian Science Publishing Society,
One, Norway Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Please enter my subscription to The Christian Science Monitor for a

period of	One year	\$9.00	Three months	\$2.25
	Six months	4.50	One month	75c

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Sample Copy on Request

SAN DIEGO ARMY & NAVY ACADEMY

"THE WEST POINT OF THE
WEST"

JUNIOR COLLEGE
HIGH SCHOOL
and GRAMMAR GRADES
COL. THOS. A. DAVIS, Box OM
Pacific Beach, Calif.



MISSION SANTA CLARA DE ASSISI

Founded January 12, 1777

Melody Lane - - Verse

BEN FIELD, *Department Editor*

The Jealous Cavalier

By ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

FLAME colored peonies lit the half-dark room
And tinged her face behind a haze of smoke
That made blue spiral-shadows in the gloom;
Outside, beneath a mush rose, there awoke
The seduction and the lure of a guitar
Whose player seemed well-skilled in ardent ways
Of love. She seized a peony and flung it far
And answering passion trembled through the haze.
And then she raised a face I did not know,
Love-lit and listening. A fiery sense of shame
Came over me and haughtily I said: "I came
A welcome lover, now, unbidden, I, a stranger, go."
Before she could protest I slammed the door—
Old Nita sat there playing her guitar upon the floor!

Tolerance

By ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

WHAT matter then this labyrinth of creeds,
With undergrowth of schisms every day
More thickly branched and leafed along the way?
The world is filled with hungerings and needs
As many and as varied as its peoples—
Thus, Islam, Jewry and Catholicism;
Thus, Protestant denominationism;
East-facing mosques; heaven-pointing steeples.
So why not let each heart find its own home
Among this maze of faiths, both old and new?
If rooted in sincerity's rich loam,
Are not beliefs all beautiful; all true?
And of the paths, whatever one is trod,
Does it not ultimately lead to God?

The Journey Through California

By HELEN M. FRITH

WEARIED by constant surging of the sea,
We left its fretted shoreline far behind,
And sped through valleys of delight to find
What lay beyond of fairer mystery.
Gay songsters warbled greetings from each tree;
Orange blossoms gave their fragrance to the wind;
The distant minarets by God designed,
Beckoned us upward by their symmetry.
Alluring foothills waited to unfold
More treasures than veiled promise had forecast;
Armed cacti, flaunting stars of red and gold,
Guarded the waving grass flowers, thickly massed.
We prayed dear Pan and Aphrodite: "stay
Lest we see only half, along the way."

To Mildred---Riding With Loosened Hair

By ELISSA LANDI

HANDS that have grown numb, holding the reins!
Warm them, stretch them to the morning sun—
Little, gloveless hands with childish stains
Of ink—hands gently strong. No man has won.
A warm young heart, beating within a breast
Soft as a bird's—as delicate—yet none more strong—a haven sweet to rest
The troubles, cares and laughter of the world upon.
Your lovely hair that will not stay confined—
The unshorn locks of a novitiate nun
Whose beauty captures and enslaves the wind—
Your hands, your heart, your hair bid grief begone!

Go With The Sea

By BEN FIELD

GO WITH the sea gull down to the South Seas,
Go with the molly hawk, the wild albatros;
A dark girl is praying down on her bent knees
For me to come back to the warm Southern Cross.

I can see the white combers roll in from Australia
To the sand-beautied beach where we had our palm shack;
Roll in from Java and Bali and Asia
As if they were paying a tribute we lack.

My bride was a Princess, her father a Chieftain,
He dowered us with tappi and rubies and rum;
And loving is changeful but sometimes you'll win
When death's at your elbow and the boom of a drum.

Go down with the steamer, the white ships a-sailing,
Tahiti and Tonga and Fiji are there;
Old passions are crying and seabirds are wailing
And life flaunts your face with magic and dare.

Fulfillment

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

OH MEN who yearn and strive for deeds to be
Life's monuments against futurity,
The mightiest storm-wave that has ever foamed
Is only as a ripple on the sea!

Oh men who toss through time in blown careers
Closing too often but in blasted years
The tiniest ripple that has ever stirred
Is partner in the moulding of the spheres!

Published at Los Angeles, California. Entered as Second Class matter, July 29, 1931, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. Contents of this magazine copyrighted.

Overland Monthly And Outwest Magazine

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868

Editorial and Business Offices:
305 DOUGLAS BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE
609 MISSION STREET

This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.

VOLUME 93—25c PER COPY

APRIL, 1935

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. \$2.50 PER YR. NO. 2

The Worthless One

By STEVE FISHER

THEY were there on the deck of the Navy's provision carrying beef boat, that morning; the three of them. Old Marland Keats, warrant officer, the boatswain in charge of the loading; Captain Harrison Rennick, who was standing on the commander's bridge looking over the men who worked below; and young Jack Keats, a petty officer storekeeper who checked the number of boxes to a net as they swung aboard from the dock.

The San Francisco fog that had been so cold and dense an hour ago had thinned to a stream-like vapor, which left the iron deck wet and slippery. The two forward winches were grinding out their dull song as the dungaree clad men worked efficiently, shoving in and out, the stick that caused the giant iron hooks to lift the rope nets, swing them aboard, rocking, quivering, and send them at last down into the gaping hold.

Chilled sailors who were huddled up in their heavy pea coats and, with their white-hats pulled down over their ears, moved back and forth over the deck silently. Still more of these figures passed in and out between the boxes, just inside the dock shed.

Boatswain Keats' whistle shrilled out. A net load hesitated, swung idly in mid-air. The whistle pitched low and another winch began tugging the load toward the hold. Again the whistle changed its pitch and immediately the net descended into the ship's depths.

Marland Keats' huge six and a half feet was backed up to a rail. One hand was in his blue coat pocket, the other was holding the whistle to his mouth. His face, broad in correct proportion with the rest of him, had a rosy hue in the morning; the cheek tips, bitten with frost, glowed brilliantly. His small blue eyes, which were extremely close

together and set back deep in his head, were completely asherp in the work.

Captain Harrison Rennick unfolded his arms and leaned down on the bridge's rail. He had liquid black eyes, a thin nose and a large mouth. Beneath

Editor's Note.—Steve Fisher, Overland contributor, is now in New York City writing fiction. Author's Publications of Newark, N. J., are releasing this month his novel "Women From Hell" and have already contracted and paid advance royalty on its sequel, "Navy Girl," slated to meet publication in September. Steve is now working on a new novel—one he says has more zest and punch than anything he's ever written, as may be evidenced by the title, "Sister Satan." He will complete it this month.

In addition to his novels, he writes popular fiction for such magazines as Detective Fiction Weekly, Ten Detective Aces, Top Notch, Dime Mystery, Thrilling Detective, Thrilling Adventures, Phantom Detective, Secret Agent X, The Shadow, and many others.

It may be of interest to Overland readers to know that Steve is only 22 years old; that he has served four years in the Navy, during which time he covered most of the Far Eastern world.

his officer's cap, which was loaded down with gold braid, was a jet black bush of unruly hair. Although not so big as Marland Keats, he was a large man,—over six feet and well filled out.

He spotted a quartermaster standing two decks below him. "Smith," he growled "tell Mr. Keats to stop loading a moment and come up to the bridge."

"Yes sir!"

Captain Rennick watched as the sailor made his way to Keats and spoke to him. He heard the whistle commanding the net to stop. The huge boatswain's blue eyes turned up to meet Rennick's gaze. Then he started forward in long strides. He swung up the starboard ladder, cut around the boat deck rail and up another ladder.

Rennick turned to meet him. His black eyes were hard. "I've been watching the loading for three days," he said, "something's damn wrong. Four more net loads is supposed to finish it, isn't that correct?"

Boatswain Keats nodded his large head. "That's right."

"Well, look at that hold!" Rennick turned about and pointed to the hold which appeared to be no more than three-fourths loaded. "Either those men down there did a helluva good job of stowing that cargo, or we've been shorted!"

"It must be that the boys are getting better at packing that stuff away," Keats smiled, leaning over the edge and looking down. "You were with me when we checked the box cars that came in with the orders. Everything was all right then."

Rennick's dark eyes took in Keats critically. When he spoke there was a touch of acerbity in his voice. "Sometimes I really think you're getting more stupid with the passing years. That hold will carry just so much. It's always been filled with capacity loads, and now you've got only a few more net loads and the damn thing has just passed the three-quarter mark!"

Keats' cheek tips flared with more color. His deep blue eyes glinted hard. It had been this way for the past fifteen years: the captain always bringing his criticism into their personal lives.

There had been a time when Keats was a junior lieutenant, up from the ranks, and Rennick an Annapolis lieutenant over him. They had been the best of friends. During the time they had the river patrol on the Yangtze, their wives lived together, for often they were away for as long as a year. The bitter break came when, during a foggy night, they ran the gunboat onto the rocks. It was then that Rennick showed his true colors. Someone had to take the rap. Rennick, in his Bureau of Navigation report, shoved all the blame on Keats, the under officer.

Their hatred for one another had begun then. Keats, having come from the enlisted ranks, went back to them as an ordinary seaman. It was only through more years of hard work that he had at last gained the warrant rank of boatswain—when by now he might have been a commander.

Even so, Keates' good natured, forgiving heart had in a way understood Rennick's action in escaping any blame for the accident. But it was Harrison Rennick's own conscience that kept the hatred boiling. His wife died a few years later, and because he had made it emphatically known that he had no use for children, there were none. Keats' wife presented him with a boy, and as Keats' lad grew up, Rennick began regretting that he had no heir to follow in his footsteps or to share with him a life that had become very lonely.

And now the three of them were on the same ship together.

With advancing years it wouldn't be long before Keats reached the compulsory retirement age. He wanted to go out of the service he loved with a clean slate and everyone his friend. And Rennick might have renewed his friendship, except for young Keats, a living specimen of their enmity, to remind Rennick that there was no protegee to follow him, and that when he retired there'd be no young duplicate he could point to with the pride of fatherhood.

"I'll check up on the provisions, captain," Keats said flatly, "if necessary we may unload the whole thing for a new count."

"Very well," Rennick snapped.

KEATS turned and climbed down the shiny, brass plated ladder. His old mind was churning doggedly: in spite of Rennick's bitterness and natural fault-finding capabilities, there was something seriously wrong in the hold. Ordinarily the number of car-

loads of provisions that Keats had seen unloaded on the dock would have all but filled the ship's icy intra-regions by now.

When Marland Keats returned to his place on the main deck, young Jack Keats was sitting on top of a bit, jotting down notes. The older man stood and took the boy in as the younger's dark eyes darted up to meet his parent's glance.

Jack Keats, in spite of Marland's six and a half-foot body and trunk-like arms and legs, was a slightly built youngster, fashioned more after his mother. He had a low forehead, dark hair. His complexion was pale from working constantly below in the dark storerooms while the ship was at sea.

Since the Navy Department had permitted them on the same ship, Keats had instructed the youngster that he was to treat him not like a father, but as his superior officer. Due to this relationship, young Keats was never allowed special privileges nor was he ever shown unethical favors.

This hurt Boatswain Keats more than it did the boy. He loved him tenderly, wanted to look out for him and guide

his steps. That would come, however, in two more years when Marland reached the age limit and stepped out of the picture, to take his government pension.

"Ready to go again, sir?" Jack Keats asked.

Boatswain Keats stared down at the lad. His face suddenly began draining white and his worn, tough hands trembled a little more than usual. Still, those close-set blue eyes revealed nothing. They were not cold, nor again warm. His voice was flat—the same as it had been on the bridge when he spoke to the captain.

"Yes—I believe we'll continue loading."

He put the whistle to his lips. Its blast shrilled out noisily. A winchman shoved in his stick. A net load of boxes that had been hanging in mid-air swung precariously across the iron deck and down into the hold.

MARLAND Keats crouched down on the road, directly opposite the pier shed. His service automatic was strapped at his side; gripped in his huge hand was a flashlight.

Minutes ticked by; and finally an hour. The stillness of the wharf was undisturbed. Yet Boatswain Keats lay without moving, his blue uniform lost in the inky blackness of the night.

Then, just as he glanced at his radium dialed wrist watch, which indicated twelve fifteen, a truck came rattling down the road. When it was within a few hundred feet of the Navy dock shed the driver cut off the motor. Except for the spray as the loose gravel clattered against the fender, it slid up noiselessly and stopped.

Keats watched as the shed door slipped open. He saw a figure motioning to the driver of the truck. The driver climbed out and they both disappeared inside.

Keats brought his six and a half-foot body erect. He unhooked the holster pocket and drew out the automatic. He approached in his usual long striding gait.

Warily he rounded the hooded nose of the truck. He slipped into the warehouse. Two figures, the truck driver and the other person, were bending over some boxes. Keats saw a match flare up. The driver was a burly man, the other was a sailor, but Keats couldn't see his face. The driver was

La Brea Pits

Six Miles from Downtown Los Angeles, Traps of the Pleistocene Age . . .

By DOUGLAS V. KANE

HERE lies the treasure-vault of ages—bones

Of the thick mastodon, the giant bear, Pulled in their quaking death-throes from the air,

Under the rush of wolves, the monotones

Of winds, the threnody of insect-drones,

And hovering of knife-beaked vultures there

Far from the rocky fastness of the lair . . .

Drowned in these oozy subterranean zones.

Upon the battlefield of primal time, Devoured by suction of a pool's slim span.

Beneath the charge of clan on sword-toothed clan,

Great beasts, you sank your archives in the slime,

A crowded heritage of fossil lime . . .

These pits meant death for you and growth for man.

Panning for Gold in Washington

By HARRIET GUTHMANN

SPURRED on by necessity, from 3000 to 4000 of the unemployed are now prospecting in the hills of Washington panning for gold up one creek and down another. There is hardly a gold-bearing stream in this great commonwealth that has not attracted its own band of optimists bent on chasing the elusive pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And these quatters are not all men either. It is estimated by mining experts that there are at least 200 women among these amateur prospectors. Out of the devastating ranks of the bread-line many of these "diggers of the yellow boys" ventured forth, preferring the hardships of the hills to the idleness of the city. If the days of '49 were brave, when the days of '35 are braver, when men and women will voluntarily go back to the bush in order to solve their own individual depression problems.

There are few of us who do not harbor gold-diggers in our hearts. There are few of us who do not dream dreams of striking it rich just around the corner. Thus a revival of this character, or it is a genuine revival in gold mining, is made possible. It has been many years since there has been so much activity in this basic industry. As in '49, the gold-digger of '35 chases a rubstake, gathers up a few durable goods and then falls valiantly into line behind his star of hope. With both blood and brain on fire with the age-old gold fever, off he goes scouting for the promised land.

In order to train these amateur gold-seekers and to equip them with the technical knowledge necessary for the location and recognition of gold ore, expert placer mining men have given them instruction at various strategic points in Washington. In Seattle, sponsored by the West Coast Mineral Association, courses in placer mining have been given at the College of Mines in the University of Washington under the direct supervision of Dean Milnor Roberts. These courses of instruction in the primitive methods of mining are inspired by the numerous inquiries sent in by prospectors. Other queries came from men who were eager to get married and, in order to do so, they wanted above all things to be directed to a gold-bearing location where they could toss a pan into the creek and take it up full of nuggets. They wanted a sure stake with no effort and little money. Over 2000 of the unemployed attended Seattle's school of placer mining.

All of the professions were represented. While most of them were white-collared men, doctors, lawyers, parsons, poets, bankers, bookkeepers, architects, engineers and students, there were also many carpenters, bricklayers, butchers and bakers. Among their ranks there were likewise a number of newlyweds who were keen to make a

strike on a picturesque honeymoon. Naturally among those prospectors who drifted in from the hills for more information on mining there were a few seasoned desert rats and grizzled sourdoughs from Alaska who would rather trail the lure of gold than live in comfort in town.

Here the amateur prospectors who were bent on finding out for themselves whether "thar's gold in them thar hills" or not, were taught not only the primitive methods of placer-mining, panning, rocking and sluicing, but they were also coached on the necessity of taking adequate fire precautions as well



JAMES W. MARSHALL
Discoverer of Gold in California

—Courtesy of Harr Wagner Publishing Company

as exercising due respect for the ethics of the trail. While a forest ranger instructed them in the prevention of forest fires, an old sourdough, an Ice-lander by the name of Tom Klog who has mined all the way from Nome to Haiti, educated them in regard to the rights of others on the trail. They were taught that it is extremely bad taste to pack away even so much as a bean from another prospector's shack. While they are privileged to help themselves to food for the nonce, they must leave their names and addresses for the owner. At the same time they must be willing to accord him the same hospitality. If they use up his kindling they must replace it before they move on to their own diggings.

Many of these gold-seekers in order to avoid too much solitude plus an inclination to talk too much to themselves in the hills, entered into the strangest partnerships imaginable, such as bankers and bricklayers, preachers and policemen.

Similar schools were conducted for the unemployed in Tacoma by the Mines and Minerals Committee of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce, at Wenatchee by the Central Washington Mining Congress at Spokane by the Northwest Mining Association, as well as on the sandy banks of the Columbia River under the direction of Dean A. A. Drucker, head of the School of Mines at the Washington State College.

From these various schools the amateur prospector, weighted down with neither encouragement nor discouragement, ventured forth to outfit himself with the necessary mining tools, shovel, pick and gold pan, whetstone and



Sutter's Mill
where gold was
discovered.

—Courtesy
Harr Wagner
Publishing Co.

quicksilver, bacon and beans, compass and fishing tackle, pots and pans plus his ever faithful eiderdown and a good map, et cetera. With the best personal equipment that his purse could muster, he flitted mountainward to a point nearest to the gold-bearing creek of his choice. From thence he either backpacked his supplies into his base camp or took a pack-horse and plunged forth-with into the forest soon to be lost to the arts and crafts, rackets and reforms of civilization.

Steering clear of present glacial streams with their silty waters, these gold-seekers headed for the recommended creeks of Washington, following their own hunches or the hunches of others, North, South, East and West. Almost every county in the State of Washington with the exception of the central wheat belt is now receiving its

1935 quota of gold-diggers desperately determined to make a strike. Perhaps Chelam and Okanogan Counties have had more than their quota according to the receipts of gold dust at the Seattle Assay Office. The Swauk River, which rises south of Blewitt Pass and churns into the Yakima River, is one of the most popular streams of Washington. Back in the sturdy seventies the Swauk became known for its gold dust and nuggets harvested by man. Among other creeks of Western Washington that have been panned up one side and down another are the Sultan River which rises in the Cascade Mountains near Index and flows into the Skykomish, the Peshastin Creek which rises near the summit of Blewitt Pass and flows into the Wenatchee River, and the Raging River which rages in the neighborhood of Seattle. Even the royal Columbia River along its yellow sand bars during the low water period, has invited the prospector and his gold pan both north and south of Wenatchee. These same prospectors are also working their own "gold coast," a rugged strip of the Pacific Ocean's beach extending southward from Neah Bay on Cape Flattery down to the Hoh River on the northwestern corner of the Olympic Peninsula. America's last frontier where 7000 Roosevelt elk are still permitted to roam. Here when the gold-diggers are not too busy reclaiming gold or platinum, they are highly entertained by the sea lions, which drape themselves over the brown rock in the offing, the starfish that brighten up the rocky caverns with rainbow

Mining gold
with old-fashioned
rocker and
sluice.



Courtesy—
Harr Wagner
Publishing Co.

(Read further on page 37)

An Hour to Wait

By MARISTAN CHAPMAN

"HOUR late," said the ticket agent, as he turned back to his newspaper.

So I had an hour to wait in Patt's Junction. A two-to-three o'clock hour, when the sun shines only to show up the utter dreariness of a tank station in a southern Georgia town. Everything in the waiting room was made conspicuous by its dirt and deformity. Floating dust thickened the air, and the rusty stove stood with its mouth of a loor agape, choked with ashes. The fly-specked Government notices on the walls curled languidly in the warmth, or every window in the place was quilt shut.

I was giving up hope that it might be only paint that stuck them down, when the door opened and a frousy countryman peered uncertainly round its edge.

I recognized the old man as one of the villagers. Old Green, a lone man who farmed a bleak half acre of garden ruck and lived none knew how. He was dressed in faded overalls and a emnant of shirt, and as he poked his head around the door he snatched off his large straw hat to use as a fan.

The previous evening in the general store I had been compelled to listen to his opinions both private and political, and did not relish his company this afternoon even though there was an hour to wait.

I snapped my pocket knife shut and reeted Old Green. He shuffled around the door and pushed it shut again after him.

"W'y don't y' come out o-doors? It's lagued hot in hyar," he asked in the alsetto drawl of the old southern urmer.

"It's no better out there in the sun," answered carelessly, resuming my attack upon the stubborn window and abbing small spirals of paint out of the ash.

Through the dingy glass, meanwhile, was keeping my eye upon a figure which was lounging down the track with the idea of stealing a ride on the ext freight when it pulled up for later.

Apparently making up his mind that y society in this solitude outweighed the disadvantage of the hot room, my

companion continued to talk in a sing-song voice of the one topic of the day,—the murder of Paxton Drake.

The facts shorn of local embellishment, were simply these: Drake, a retired lumber trader, had been found

Pastel

By JACK GREENBERG

THE FOG of the chilly night lifting
Its weary mass above the trees
Disappointedly passes, drifting
With heavy wings upon the breeze.

And through the quiet fleeting minutes.
The golden rays of light come down
And scatter like a flock of linnets,
Or sundered leaves in autumn's brown.

From stirring flowers, pods, and grasses,
The dew-drops leave and bid farewell,
Among the trees like tinkling glasses
The waking notes of songsters tell.

Beyond the heaven's hazy lining,
The hills are casting fleecy capes,
That float away in fluffy twining
And cluster like gigantic grapes.

In the pastures the cattle waken
And gaze with yearning at the corn,
The citadel of darkness taken,
The night surrenders to the morn.

murdered in his bedroom. He had been killed in cold blood by a burglar who was after the small store of money that Drake was stupid enough to trust to his own safe instead of depositing in the bank. The safe, which was barely fool-proof, much less burglar tight, was found open; the money was missing and papers were scattered about the floor. Drake had attempted to defend his property and had been shot.

I had been put on the trail of the murderer, and had discovered him in the person of the lounging tramp who was brazening out his crime by remaining in the village and talking loudly of the outrage. I had notified my office in Natville that I would be absent some three or four days, and had remained in town assuming the role of interested stranger. I was, to

the villagers of Patt's Creek, a salesman of ladies' hosiery.

When a murder has been committed in a small town everybody from the postmaster to the grocer's smallest boy has his theory, so there was a variety of tales from which to chose. It was evident that the make-believe tramp was counting on this to save him. It is for this reason that it is more difficult to trace a crime in a tank town than in a city. In the tank town you have the entire population to assist in befuddling the evidence, whereas in the city you have only to deal with the few people concerned.

I had been one too many for my tramp, however, and he was now walking into my trap, having been alarmed into leaving the town by a few rumors I had judiciously started.

The village of Patt's Creek was nearly a quarter of a mile from the Junction, and connected with it only by a single strip of built up sand-clay road. The swamp with its sedge grass came close to the edge of the road on either side so that the Junction Road was really more a causeway than a pike. This sandelay streak shimmered red gold in the brilliant sunlight; and the only possible approach to the station was along this blazing strip of color and heat.

And along it came my man,—on the way to escape, as he thought, but actually into the trap that I had carefully laid for him. My device had been simply to start suspicion in his direction and small town gossip did the rest. In a few hours it became necessary for him to leave town. I had calculated upon his stealing a ride on the north-bound freight,—and here he came down the road. It only remained for me to keep out of sight until we were both aboard the freight; I could then arrest him as he attempted to leave the train at Natville.

My companion, Old Green, continued to enliven the tedious hour's wait with his particular version of the murder. He related the story with all the facts that the united imagination of the village had added. Then he gave his personal variations and theories, all the way to " . . . found the body lyin'

(Read further on page 43)

Suicide and Statistics

By JACK BENJAMIN

ATTENTION of social students once more is centered on the suicide problem. Almost 20,000 persons sever their ties from the living with their own hands every year in the United States, and that number is increasing. It has become a matter of prime concern to discover the motivating causes for this sad condition and to eradicate them if possible.

Authorities engaged in research on this problem state that no single factor can adequately account for the act of suicide. Though psychiatrists are inclined to attribute self-destruction to the category of mental derangement, sociologists have repeatedly emphasized the important role played by economic conditions in either increasing or decreasing the suicide rate.

The investigations of such earnest students of the problem as Professor Ogburn and Dr. Thomas gave ample evidence to substantiate the claims advanced by sociologists; namely, that there is a close relationship between economic stability and the number of suicides. Insurance company statisticians find that a low suicide rate tends to prevail in good times, and *vice versa*.

There are some facts about suicide that appear to be independent of economic factors, though economics may play a subjective role.

Cities have a larger suicide rate than rural sections.

From an ethnological standpoint, the German-born population contributes more suicides than any other national group in the United States. The Italians show a very low rate. The Jews show a small percentage, except, for example,

in certain sections of Europe following the war, when their rate was very high.

Negroes rarely take their lives. Out of 11,000,000 negroes, only 500 committed suicide.

Strange as it may appear, the age of 45 is a dangerous boundary line, so far as one's life is concerned. **More than half of all suicides occur among persons that age or over.**

Whatever type of psychologic motivation or reaction there may exist in suicide, it is highly significant that there are three times as many men as women who take their own lives.

The autopsies performed by Dr. Pfeiffer, covering 600 cases of suicide, showed that many of them suffered from brain lesions. Dr. Sterns' studies of a large number of suicides in Massachusetts brought out the fact that fully one-third were insane, and an additional number were suffering from various other mental disorders or had been addicted to either drugs or excessive alcohol.

It is unwise, however, to jump at the conclusion that suicides are generally insane. Many of them had possessed unusual intelligence and were highly talented.

Society will soon extend its helping hand to those who feel life too heavy a burden. It will assist them in meeting their problems and will try to adjust them so as to make life something to be desired, rather than a thing to be dreaded and fled from.

Only by studying the causes of the rapid increase of suicides will civilization be able to eradicate this menace as it has the plagues and epidemics of yesterday.

up, his dark eyes slitted. His hands were clutched at his sides. Then suddenly, letting out a little yell, he ducked back behind a box.

The truck driver, by this time, had a revolver out. It cracked a yellow flame through the hollow emptiness of the shed. Old Keats took the bullet in the shoulder and that shook him from his stupor. He pumped the trigger of his automatic mercilessly. Stood gaping, as the truckman slumped in his own blood.

In the far end of the shed there was a faint slap-slap of feet, hurrying to get out. The dull echo of those footsteps finally died away and again the shed was plunged into a ghastly silence. Like some gigantic statue, the old boatswain remained standing in the same spot. The automatic was limp in his hand. There was something soft and wet running down his cheek.—It might have been sweat.

The boy who had been his pride and joy—a thief! The lad he had raised from a China Yangtse River birthplace to at last this. There was reason why the hold had appeared only three-fourths full while the charts read full. Jack Keats checked the box numbers, they came over the side.

The twenty-year-old boy—the living symbol of the hatred between Boat swain Marland Keats and Captain Harrison Rennick—had proved his worth.

HOW LONG Keats stood there, his mind numb with the shock, his worn muscles refusing to budge, he didn't know. But presently there was a clatter of tin as the shed door slid back from the ship side. Then footsteps of many men.

The shed overhead lights went on with the slow deliberation of movie seglars. Marland Keats, his hat off now and laid on a box, found himself staring into the face of Captain Rennick.

Rennick surveyed the fallen truck man, the gray-haired Keats with the automatic still in his hand, and at last the shed door to the road partly open. Rennick had only taken time to jerk on his trousers and shirt. He was still in his slippers and his black hair was matted over his head.

Several other sailors crowded in close and gawked. Rennick folded his arm over his chest and waited for the boatswain to speak. His liquid black eyes were seething with fire.

(Read further on page 38)

The Worthless One

(Continued from page 30)

peeling some bills off a large roll and putting them in the sailor's hand.

A hushed whisper broke the silence. "Okay—that pays up for the last forty. There's twelve more here. I'll help you load 'em on. We sail tomorrow, but I'll see you next trip."

The driver grunted.

Marland Keats leapt into view, spotting his light on the two men. For a moment he was dumbfounded at what he saw. His broad, white throat bobbed like a buoy. Again his wide face began draining of color.

The sailor was Jack Keats. The slight-bodied youngster shot his head

A Flock of Twenties

By DEL RAY

THE news swept through Whiskey Flat like wildfire. The story started out to the effect that some hundreds of dollars had been found on the dead man, twenty dollar bills. In a few hours rumor had it the sum amounted to several thousand dollars. But by supper time, while it was being talked over in every saloon and in every miner's cabin in town the fortune had mounted to a hundred thousand dollars. One thing was certain—no one would ever know the exact sum. "The Judge," who took possession of the money, was much too smart to divulge such a secret.

Resourceful as the Judge was in money matters, here was a situation which would tax his ingenuity if he could contrive to appropriate the new-found money without stirring up public clamor.

No one could deny that the Judge was the logical man in the community for Lem Willett's boys to go to with the story of their discovery of the dead stranger. The boys had stumbled on the body in the deserted miner shack up the canyon near the north fork of Keene River.

The Judge was officially and legally only the Justice of the Peace, and Deputy County Coroner. But in those early California days the latter office was a busy one. Actually, because his domain was a great many mountain miles removed from the county seat, and a good day and a half rough and precarious journey by horse and buggy to the court-house, the Judge was indeed the entire administrative, legislative and judicial branch of the county government in that isolated mining community.

As soon as the two small boys had brought the news, the Judge called his right-hand man, Buzz Roland, and the two cronies lost no time in hitching up and driving to the abandoned mountain cabin. They found the dead man was rather well-dressed, probably from the city; but they could not see where he had met with foul play. The cause of his death was an unsolved mystery. But the mystery, and even the death were by no means the matter of greatest import in the minds of the two men. They found a belt on the man which held an

unbelievable number of crisp, unwrinkled, unused twenty dollar bills—more currency than the Judge had seen at one time on one man in his life. In his community gold was the commonplace medium of exchange. He wondered if the bills were counterfeit—but he really didn't care, just so no one else would arrive at the same idea.

All he could say, when he discovered this windfall, was his favorite and unconscious expression—"By Jutus." They immediately returned to town—the Judge in charge of the money, and Buzz Roland in charge of the body. Buzz managed the livery barn for the Judge, and was assistant in the undertaking business a side-line of the livery stable enterprise.

Back at his office the Judge got busy. He decided to give the deceased the most elaborate funeral ever held in Whiskey Flat. As there was no preacher in town in those impious '80s, the Judge delivered the laudatory remarks at every burial ceremony.

That night, Buzz Roland, happy at being in the spotlight of the latest excitement, visited each saloon and invited everyone to attend the big funeral which would be held at 2:00 p. m. the following day. He assured them transportation would be supplied to Boot Hill and return, and vaguely hinted they might learn something about the stranger's money. This reference he knew would bring them out through curiosity.

This was a community event out of the ordinary. Shooting-scrapes, saloon fights, and gambling-hall quarrels were more or less routine affairs, even when they ended in death, in this raw western town nestling high up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, along the banks of the swiftly rushing Keene River.

The ebb and flow of life in Whiskey Flat was closely watched by the Judge as he leisurely lounged back in his chair at the office window of the livery stable at the head of the one and only street. Along this thoroughfare alternated saloons and Chinese restaurants. Scattered out at the foot of the street was an array of unpainted shacks and cabins occupied by four hundred hard-fisted, hard-headed, hard-rock gold miners. Across the river the Judge could see

the entrance of the Big Boy mine, running full blast and he could hear the eighty-stamp mill pounding our din and tons of quartz twenty-four hours each day.

That same evening the Judge, likewise, was busy. He made the rounds of the nearby ranches and hired their horses and buggies to be used the following afternoon. He knew the livery stable equipment would be inadequate.

Early the next afternoon a large and motley crowd formed at the head of the street awaiting the trip, a climb up and around the mountain to the cemetery. Several quarts of the best rye were passed out among the so-called mourners, with the compliments of the Judge.

The hearse, polished a glistening black, led the procession, followed by the wagonette for the pall-bearers. Behind these a miscellaneous string of buggies, carry-alls, buck-boards, in fact every kind and sort of horse-drawn vehicle that could be pressed into service. It was said that the Judge paid as high as \$5 to some of the ranchers for a team of horses and surrey. Such extravagance was more apparent than real, it subsequently developed.

It was a queer cavalcade which wended the steep way to the burial grounds. All the town hangers-on, loiterers, and tin-horn gamblers took the ride. Some few were sober, most were half-soused, jovial and loud, others were full.

During the service the Judge was never in better voice, and never more eloquent than when he pictured the Christian life probably lived by the unfortunate stranger. His sentimental and tender remarks brought tears to the eyes of those who were already on the verge of a crying jag. The Judge truly exceeded himself; and the onlookers and listeners could not refrain from an enthusiastic burst of applause as he wound up his eulogy with a flowery burst of oratory—under such a spell they failed to notice that no mention had been made of the deceased's financial status.

After the Judge had paid off all those renting him rigs for the occasion, he and Buzz Roland eagerly retired to the office of Justice of the Peace to perform the necessary business of settling the estate. The Judge carefully listed every expense item, and there were many. Among them could be found such items as:

(Read further on page 46)



THE LURE OF THE ELUSIVE TROUT

—Courtesy California Journal of Development

Panning for Gold

(Continued from page 32)

hues and the Indians of Neah Bay, the Quilayutes of LaPush and the Hoh Indians, tattered remnants of yesterday's valiant whale-hunters.

In truth there is hardly a hopeful stream in the Cascades or the Olympics that has not been pegged out somewhere by one or more prospectors in quest of the precious "pay dirt." Of course some streams are better stocked with squatters than others. Panning, racking and sluicing sands in mountain streams in search of gold is not all poetry. There is also a deal of prose according to the many reports that are tediously drifting into the cities from the panners. There are 101 chores to keep the prospector out of mischief to say nothing of all the mosquitoes, flies and neaky no-sec-ums to slap and blisters to coddle. There's wood to chop, campfires to build, clothes to wash on the rocks, meals to get, and, by the way, the problem of securing three square meals a day is a very real one for the prospector. Neither does his day begin at 9:00 and end at 5:00. Not much! With experience he aims to work 100 pans of sand and gravel in 10 hours, 10 pans an hour.

A few of Washington's prospectors are making fairly good wages according to their own reports. Others who tepped out of Seattle's bread-line are making from 25c to 75c a day, which is definite progress out of the moral mire of the devastating dole. Many others have cashed in as yet on nothing but their hopes, but, they, too, are expecting to find a million around the next bend in the trail, the next marmot hole they uncover—a dazzling prospect. In the meantime they are imbibing sunshine day-in and day-out, enjoying the music of tumbling waterfalls and rolicking streams, the silence of painted canyons and the fragrance of evergreen forests plus a freedom that cannot be measured by words. They go out in search of wealth and find health which Emerson assures us is the first wealth. Incidentally, while they may not fill their pockets with gold dust or load up with more ore than they can tote, they will inevitably fill their minds with memories of colorful days studded with campfires, comrades and constellations. In the sunset years to come they will

recall the ghost stories and fishing yarns they swapped around those same campfires. Is it any wonder that the majority of them are planning to stay in the hills till snow flies again? Others are already planning to dig in before it freezes up next fall and pan for the yellow metal all winter. Still others will stay until they are starved out or the fish refuse to bite. Certain it is that thousands of these amateur gold-seekers in the ranks of Washington's unemployed are constantly hitting for the hills.

While in all of this will-o'-the-wisp in Washington certain individuals will undoubtedly suffer from temporary hardships the state will be permanently benefited. In fact, J. D. Hull, president of the former Seattle Mining Club, says, "I fully believe that the influence of these prospectors in the hills is going to advance the development of the mining industry in the State of Washington at least 20 years." These prospectors, forever on the move, searching for treasure, working virgin ground that has never been worked before, panning for yellow dust, hoping to make a strike, are exploring Washington from creek to creek and from mountain to mountain as it never has been explored before from a mining point of view. Many of these wanderers have stumbled across rich finds of quartz shot through with streaks of gold, outcrops of silver, copper, lead, zinc, antimony and even chromium. Most of the chromium now used in the United States is being imported from Africa and other foreign countries. Many are the specimens that these men have sent in of precious and semi-precious as well as base metals. While they are primarily panning for yellow dust and nuggets, they are finding reefs of quartz and ledges of valuable ore. In fact these panners, according to Dean

Roberts of the University of Washington, have discovered gold in far more locations in this state than were ever known to be gold bearing. The majority of them are proving the truth of the ancient advice, "If thou wilt ever dig thou shalt ever find."

The U. S. Assay Office of Seattle, which ranks next to that of New York in its annual receipts of gold, now accepts two fine ounces of gold in troy at a time from these prospectors, which is equal to approximately \$70.00. Formerly, it accepted nothing less than \$100.00 worth. Even the grocery stores and supply houses are now accepting gold dust.

Incidentally these amateur prospectors are discovering limestone, soda ash, salt cake, soapstone and talc in commercial quantities. In this connection it is interesting to note in passing that, under normal conditions, the pulp and paper industry of Washington annually imports approximately \$3,000,000.00 worth of these mineral products.

Of course many of these gold-diggers are misled ever and anon with the shining of iron sulphide or "fool's gold" as well as mica, all of which makes them feel temporarily as though they were walking in the shoes of a Rothschild or a Rockefeller, and that is worth something.

These thousands are washing gold in Washington and exploring hither and yon in a haphazard way, to be sure, for Washington unfortunately has no Bureau of Mines for their direction or even for the exploitation of their finds as yet. However, Washington is but one link in Uncle Sam's mineralized chain, a golden chain that includes all the states west of the Rocky Mountains as well as Alaska. And whether these prospectors win or lose individually today, it is certain that collectively they must eventually win. For surely it means something to dig from the ground a new and permanent wealth, wealth that will solve many of the economic problems of the entire world.

Subscribers who have changed their address recently will confer a distinct favor on this magazine if they will notify us at once, giving both the old address and the new. Second class mailing matter is not forwarded as are letters. We wish to serve you to the best of our ability. Address, Circulation Department, Overland Monthly.

The Worthless One

(Continued from page 34)

Marland Keats looked up, at last. His deep set blue eyes had a strange look in them, one that couldn't be read. Then his broad face twisted into a rather sad grin. "M'uh!"

Immediately that grin vanished and the meaningless little laugh died away. Marland Keats for the first time, then, actually began showing his age. His face looked shades older than it had before. His blue eyes roved about as if he were tired; sick. Discouraged and discouraged with everything.

And still he hadn't spoken.

Captain Rennick broke the silence, finally. He spoke out gruffly. "Well—explain it, Keats. Don't stand there like a gaping dummy!"

Enlisted men were present. But Keats didn't care now. They had been present before when Rennick had humiliated him. It had grown to be a part of Rennick, that irritable grouch and inconsiderate language. Outside of that he was a good officer, Keats reflected. Funny he should think of that now. Rennick's only deficiency was his hatred for Keats, and that didn't matter so much anymore. Rennick was a captain. Keats only a boatswain.

Keats' close-set eyes seemed to look straight into Rennick's mind. "Does so much need to be explained?" he asked simply.

"Of course," Rennick snapped. "What was this man doing here," he thumbed toward the truck driver. "And why did you shoot him?"

"Oh, him?" Keats shook his head. "I was stealing provisions and selling them to him. He tried to double-cross me so I shot him." He looked up slowly, his face void of emotion.

There was a moment of dead silence. The sailors looked at one another curiously. One stepped forward to speak, but fell back, faltering, words refusing to come. Captain Rennick's hard black eyes bore into Keats.

"You might be old and a bit stupid," he said in a brittle voice, "but I know damn well you weren't selling any of the ship's cargo, Keats. Especially since the quartermaster caught your son as he slipped out of the shed. Jack Keats is the crook and you walked in on his operations. You're a fool to try and protect a worthless, yellow little rat like——"

"Rennick!"

Keats' voice was like cold steel. It shrilled out through the empty shed like his boatswain's whistle shrilled over the ship's deck.

Rennick, hot-tempered, would have been quick to reply. But the sharp call of his name without the usual "captain" or "sir" attached, and in the tone of voice Keats' had called it, shook him. For a moment he was wordless.

"If you have the lad," Marland Keats continued softly, "that's all that matters. There'll be a court martial, of course." He turned wearily to one of the seamen. "Call the police to come and get this truckman's corpse."

THE General Court Martial board dealt out the sentence comparatively light. Jack Keats was to serve two years in the Mare Island prison, and then be dishonorably discharged from the service.

The huge figure of Boatswain Marland Keats stood before Captain Rennick in the privacy of his stateroom.

The climax of those bitter years of hatred had been reached. Rennick was victor. Almost gloatingly he looked up from his desk and into the deep set blue eyes of Keats. A lock of Rennick's hair hung over his low forehead and his liquid black eyes danced maddeningly.

"Upon my suggestion," he said, "the Bureau of Navigation has proposed that you retire early. This, of course, is due to your son's disgrace and the moral effect it might have on the men."

It was this last stab that shattered Keats' very soul. He stood for a moment, silent; swaying on the balls of his feet. Then he spoke and his voice was flat and unemotional.

"There's something I should tell you, Rennick, then, before I go."

Rennick looked up. "I suppose," he answered, "you're going to tell me what you think of me? Well, save your breath, old fellow."

There was another moment of silence before Keats spoke. "No—I have nothing to complain of, captain. What I wanted to tell you goes back years—to those days when we sailed together as officers, on the Yangtse River patrol."

"If you're hinting about that crash——"

"That's forgotten," Keats answered

coldly, "it's about Helen, your dead wife."

"Helen?" Rennick's eyes widened.

"You bullied her something awful," Keats said, "but you couldn't help that. That's your nature. You must have someone to domineer. You told her you didn't think a naval officer should be tied down with children. You frightened her, Rennick——"

The captain's fists were pressing together. His face was getting white and pasty looking. "What has this to do with the present?" he demanded. "Because your son has turned out to be a cheap crook, a slinking little wharf rat——"

"He isn't my son," Keats said, "he's yours."

Rennick leapt to his feet. Then he stood there, unmoving, stupefied.

"We were up the river when he was born," Keats went on. "Your wife was frightened at what you might say, so she gave him to Lora, my wife, and we brought him up as our son."

"It's a lie! Helen never——"

"There was a birth certificate made out by the base medical officer," Keats said, "he agreed not to say anything, but I still have that slip."

Rennick gulped. His eyes were glowing black coals on a dead white canvas.

Keats' blue eyes took him in carefully. "I had intended telling you the day I retired," he said; "that day has come sooner than I expected, so——" His voice dropped off.

Rennick found his tongue, words slipped out of his mouth incoherently. Out of the jumbled jargon, came finally:

"Jack—my son, and you Keats, were willing to take the blame for his thievery? Willing to take my abuse, knowing——" His hand went over his face, "knowing that I was his father?" His arms went to his sides. His fists were clenching and unclenching.

"It wasn't for you, I had promised to love him like I was his own father. And I did."

The huge, six and a half-foot boatswain slammed his cap over his gray head. He turned and made his way slowly out of the cabin.

BOATSWAIN Marland Keats never found out how Rennick did it all so quickly, nor did he ever quite realize the change that took place in the captain during those next few minutes. But

(Read further on page 41)

The Literary West

Why Do Books Sell?

An Editorial Comment From the San Francisco News

ONE of the troubles with collecting an elaborate set of statistics is that half of the time you can't figure out what they mean after you've got them collected.

A list of the 65 best sellers in the American book market since 1875 was drawn up recently for the Institute of Arts and Sciences by Edward Weeks. And the longer one scrutinizes this cross-section of the nation's literary tastes the less confident one feels of drawing any deduction from it.

The all-time best seller, to begin with, is the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's "In His Steps," which has sold 8,000,000 copies. Second, fourth and fifth places are held by Gene Stratton Porter's books, "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," and "The Harvester."

That old reliable, "Ben Hur," places third. Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" is sixth, closely followed by Harold Bell Wright's "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

And so it goes. That best of all western romances, Owen Wister's "The Virginian," is well up toward the top; but a book like Mrs. Porter's "Laddie" is ahead of it. Mark Twain's "Huckle-

berry Finn," which competent critics have called the greatest of American novels, ranks high with a total sale of a million copies; but it is outclassed, among others by such a book as "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," by Margaret Sidney.

Non-fiction titles are fairly well represented. Edward Bellamy's famous "Looking Backward," for instance, has sold 500,000 copies, and Wells' "Outline of History" has sold 684,000; but "Pollyanna" has sold a round million, and "The Rosary" better than 900,000.

TRYING to deduce anything from these figures is difficult. Good books are on the list, in profusion; so are unutterably bad books, and a great many that are neither one nor the other.

You could argue that America likes sugary optimism in its books, and support your argument by a citation of titles; but such books as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Main Street" are there on the list to refute you.

What does it all mean, then? Nothing much, probably. The American reading public is pretty omnivorous. It devours good books and it devours trash.

About all one can safely say, apparently, is that the best seller lists don't mean a thing.

is well known throughout the West and farther a-field. I thought to give the titles of some of her poems, distinctive for rhythm, lilt and charm. But their number is so great that I would be compelled to quote the major portion of the index. Her rhymed work will receive the greater endorsement I think, but this is a matter of individual preference. She must be a gypsy and a pirate at heart, else she could not write so delightfully of these people of romance. Book-lovers will not be content until they have at least perused this surprisingly intriguing volume.

—Ben Field.

BEGGARS OF DESTINY by George S. Whittaker. Published by Dorrance & Company, Philadelphia, 169 pp. Price \$1.75.

THIS IS AN AUTHENTIC story of Hollywood and a young man, only son of wealthy aristocratic parents, who was sure he was going to be a great screen star. He fell desperately in love with a girl screen celebrity, and did attain great success in Hollywood. Misfortune overtook his people after his father's death and many reverses came which he could not face. He disappeared and sought solace in the magic isles of Hawaii, where he wrests from life the things that make a real man of him.

This book is of convincing veracity, most dramatic and compelling situations and will hold the reader spell-bound from beginning to end.—M. Moffitt.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS. By Edward Everett Hale. Kilgore and Woodbury, Publishers, Patten, Maine. \$2.00.

HERE IS A BOOK resembling a stage on which all of the actors are recruited from the world's immortals.

Illuminating and inspiring chapters have been written on the lives of these great ones, by the Rev. M. J. Savage, Rev. John W. Chadwick, Edward Everett Hale, Mary B. Claflin, Henrietta S. Nahmer, and Horace L. Traubel. Unusual and striking pictures of these creative writers make the volume vivid and intimate. The principal

Books

"Buccanecr's Gold," by Beulah May, The Fine Arts Press, Santa Ana, California, \$3.50.

BEULAH MAY'S new book of poetry, *Buccanecr's Gold*, is just off the press in a limited edition of 300 copies. It is illustrated in full page drawings in printer's ink by the author. The page size is 11 x 7¾ inches, printed on Strathmore Ivory laid text, set in 14-point Estienne type. The binding is in genuine copper with back and hinge in leather, gold-die stamped. The volume is beautiful and of rich dignity.

The author is to be congratulated on this fine offering. Appreciation is due also to Earle A. Gray, binder; and to Willard E. Francis for the linotype composition; to Jack H. Reed for press-

work; to Thomas E. Williams for design and layout, and to Santa Ana Junior College and the Fine Arts Press for the production. It is becoming more and more apparent that the art of making superlatively fine books is centering in and about southern California. This is evidenced, too, by James Neill Northe's *Land Of Gold* (anthology of poetry by California writers), from the Herald-Silhouettes Press of Ontario; by Evelyn Nunn Miller's and K. Ethell Hill's *Travel Tree* from the Fine Arts Press; Clio Lee Aydcloft's *Message of the Poets with Musical Accompaniments*, and by several other recently published volumes from Overland-Outwest Publications and other sources.

Miss May's creative work in poetry

author, Edward Everett Hale, is represented in a fine frontispiece, a sketch from a photograph. Then there are remarkable likenesses of James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, Walt Whitman, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Alfred Tennyson, and Robert Browning.

The book is an intimate portrayal of incidents and facts in the lives and concerning the achievements of these great actors on the literary stage. The religious and the philosophical receive not a little attention from the several authors. There are very full quotations from the work of these immortal poets.

The Rev. Chadwick writes: "Among many happy fortunes that have befallen me, I count one of the happiest to have seen face to face, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Holmes and to have had speech with them." So the reader will glean much first-hand information from this work. Horace L. Traubel says about Whitman and quotes him: "This will bear witness to his oriental spirit: 'There are arguments against immortality but there is no vision of denial.'" And the Rev. Savage quotes from Whitman's critics: "He is not a poet at all." And again: "He is among the very greatest." All in all this is an invaluable volume for the literary lover and the general reader.—Ben Field.

BRONCHO CHARLIE, by Gladys Shaw Erskine, 328 pp. 21 illustrations and 3 maps. Price \$3.00.

A SAGA OF THE SADDLE. The life story of "Broncho Charlie Miller," the last of the Pony Express riders. He was born of a family of emigrants, and grew up with the Indians. At the age of 11 he was one of the riders who carried the mail across the plains—the famous Pony Express. He was with Buffalo Bill in his Wild West show and went to England with him in 1887 for Queen Mary's Jubilee; thirty years later, conveniently mislaying 23 years of his age, he served through the World War in Queen Mary's own, the 18th Hussars. In 1931 he rode alone using a single steed, at the age of 82, from coast to coast.

These comments touch but lightly on the story. The book is illustrated with striking photos and prints of the Old West, and the maps (end sheets)

were drawn by Charlie himself. The volume is a gold mine of authentic Western history and adventure.—M. Moffit.

THE ROMANCE OF EXPLORATION AND EMERGENCY FIRST AID FROM STANLEY TO BYRD. Press of Burroughs, Wellcome & Co., New York, London, Shanghai. \$1.50.

IN THESE DAYS of efficiency and the super-technical, Burroughs, Wellcome & Co., have almost outdone the superlative in editing and publishing this interesting volume. It is profusely and aptly illustrated. There are articles on Science and Exploration; medical equipment; pioneer heroes of Africa; other heroes of travel, including one of the greatest of them all, Theodore Roosevelt; polar exploration; pioneers of air travel; and other great movements. Through it all runs intriguing data and motivation of first aid, tabloid medical equipment, colored photography, etc.

A magical book making industry, invention and betterment, romantic.—Ben Field.

MOTHER LODGE, by Louis J. Stellan. 304 pp. San Francisco. Harr Wagner Publishing Company. \$2.50.

WITH THE REVIVAL of gold-mining in California there is a rush of renewed curiosity in the things and people of "argonaut" California; old towns, old names, old adventures are being presented in novels, biographies, letters and oh, what the cerebric cinema is not doing! Very well, and quite what it should be; the days of the California argonauts possessed nothing of dullness, nothing of monotony; they were crammed with alert, with biting adventure, with drama that crackled and banged. Indeed publishers are becoming quite as active as Hollywood in re-counting the California gold rush. Very much what it should be for the romance of California is not confined to mission bells, to the shining combs and flashing fans of las hojas del pais, the banners of old Spain and the silver spurs of caballeros. Truly the drama of the California argonauts is more intense.

Mr. Stellan in "Mother Lodge" gives us reminiscence in what might be called lassoing fashion for the reason that it gets the sympathetic reader very surely. He tells us of camps and diggings not

in the average recount, and of those well known he gives details and glimpses not well known. He pleases me in writing of old-time hotels: the St. Charles at Downieville with its balconies and swinging sign, the St. Francis at Camptonville, and the recently restored hotel at Volcano, that most story-book mining-town of them all, just as Columbia was the most exciting.

Speaking of Columbia there are illustrations of St. Ann's Church high on the bluff looking down upon a Dore inferno, a souvenir of the vicious hydraulic system. There is a photograph of the sanctuary showing the murals, painted by the town cobbler, inlaid with gold-leaf from the neighboring mines. Murals inlaid with gold-leaf! Is not that as romantic as old Mexico, and was there a mural in any of the old missions as richly decorated! Celebrities of the old days parade through the pages of "Mother Lodge": "Euladia," the mysterious poetess of Auburn— which delectable town actually was named after Goldsmith's "loveliest village of the plain"—Claudio the bandit, and Estanislao, the renegade Santa Clara mission Indian once alcalde of San Jose, vibrant Joaquin—por supuesto—Sergeant Pollack of Mokelumne Hill hero of Campo Seco: the Gillis Brothers of Jackass Hill, friends of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and, necessarily enough the old bonanza familiars but a different angle upon them making for fresh reading.

"Mother Lodge" is a swift-moving narrative written by an "old-timer" who is never tiresome, never garrulous, never introspective. He presents what he knows in simple, friendly fashion, and so the book is capturing. The illustrations are numerous and effective, most of them from photographs by the author.—H. K.

CHILDREN OF MEXICO, by Irma-garde Richards and Elena Landazuri. 330 pages, 110 illustrations, colored frontispiece. Price \$1.35.

OUR children are introduced to their neighbors south of the Rio Grande through a series of stories. Children of the past, Aztec, Spanish, and Colonial, present Mexico's background, and those in hacienda and city, and in remote Indian villages, present the life and customs of vital post-revolutionary Mexico today. The history and geography inherent in the stories are supplemented by topical material, maps, charts, tables and other data.

The Worthless One

(Continued from page 38)

Harrison Rennick, who had always wanted a son—more even than his rank in the Navy, now that he had no wife or loved-one to share it with, became a new man.

Keats was strapping the last bag to-

gether preparatory to his departure, when Rennick burst into the room.

"You don't have to go —" he said, extending a radio message in his shaky hand.

Keats took the message, but his eyes

remained glued on Rennick a moment longer. The message had been deciphered. He read:

CODE PRIORITY - CODE
FROM: BUREAU OF
NAVIGATION

TO: COMMANDING OFFICER
IN VIEW OF YOUR CONFESSION
REFERENCE GUNBOAT WRECK
ON YANGTSE FOR WHICH MAR-
LAND KEATS WAS DEMOTED IN
RANK AND YOUR STRONG
RECOMMENDATION OF KEATS
THE PRESENT TENTATIVE OR-
DERS WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE
MADE OFFICIAL PROVIDED YOU
PROVE IN PERSONAL TESTI-
MONY REGARDS THIS ACCI-
DENT QUOTE YOU ARE AU-
THORIZED TO RETIRE WITH
REGULAR PENSION DUE TO
YOUR LONG AND EFFICIENT
SERVICE AND BOATSWAIN
MARLAND KEATS IS AP-
POINTED ACTING LIEUTENANT
COMMANDER FOR HIS REMAIN-
ING TWO YEARS NAVAL SER-
VICE AT SUCH TIME PENSION
BEING THAT OF A LIEUTENANT
COMMANDER UNQUOTE COM-
MISSION AND OTHER DOCU-
MENTS FOLLOW BY REGIS-
TERED MAIL.

Keats looked up, the message crumpling in his hand. His broad, white face was solemn, and for a second his blue eyes were glossy, then they blurred, and what ran down his cheek wasn't sweat.

"Damn it," he sputtered, "damn it, Rennick, what did you do this for?"

Rennick's face was beaming, his black eyes dancing with a new light.

"Why?" he asked, "I'll tell you why, Keats. Because I'm going to get that kid of mine out of the Mare Island prison and make a man of him, if I have to break his neck doing it!" He spoke with enthusiasm, fire. "As for myself," he continued, "a friend on the Empire Steamship Company has a job as skipper of a passenger liner waiting for me the day I step out of the Navy!"

Old Marland Keats tried to believe it all, but he couldn't. It was too much like a dream ending with a lot of roses and things that would fade when he woke up.

"Imagine," he said dumbly, "me a lieutenant commander!"



CAPT. JOHN A. SUTTER

Gold Was Discovered at Sutter's Mill

—Courtesy Harr Wagner Publishing Company

NOTE: The illustrations used in this issue in the article on Panning for Gold in Washington, are taken from Stelman's book, "Mother Lode."

'WELCOME NEWS'



A JOURNAL of the NEW DAY

Devoting to Furthering
Community, State and
National Welfare.



PRODUCTION FOR USE

Program: Independent and Progressive. 24 to 32 pages monthly. 50c a year. Keep posted on the Co-Operative Utopian, Epic and kindred movements by sending in your subscription to



"WELCOME NEWS"

343 I. W. Hellman Building
LOS ANGELES. CALIFORNIA

The Philosopher's Corner

By RICHARD F. CARLYLE

THERE were two men sitting opposite each other on a train. In the lap of one rested a box punched full of holes as though some small animal or bird were contained therein.

"What have you in the box, my friend?" asked the fellow passenger.

"There's a mongoose in it," was the reply.

"What's a mongoose?"

"A mongoose is a small, very active animal that kills snakes."

"I see. And where are you taking it?" continued the Curious One.

"I'm taking it to New York."

"But there are no snakes in New York."

"Oh, yes, there are. My brother lives there, and he has delirium tremens."

"Now, you're joking. Those are imaginary snakes."

"Yes, of course. And this is an imaginary mongoose," was the reply.

... Imaginative, too, are most of our fears.

IF YOU would keep a secret about anything, don't do it.

* * *

A fool is a person who has never observed the actions of a fool.

Fighting and argument settle everything but the issue.

* * *

Happiness visits us only through personal invitation.

* * *

Man, like any other clay model, holds his shape longer if pounded together.

* * *

The line of least resistance more often than not has a noose in it.

* * *

Sex appeal is that personal quality which is most attractive when not displayed.

* * *

Conceit is nothing more than the odor from a rotten heart.

* * *

Only trivial people are disturbed by trivial things.

* * *

The misfits of life never had the right kind of tailor hold of them.

* * *

Fault-finding is a miserable vocation.

* * *

Free love is often very expensive

* * *

To depend upon luck is to bury your own ability.

* * *

Affection will not keep on ice.

A Challenge to Intelligence

By ARTHUR C. KRUER

WHEN Montgomery Ward's series of Old Testament Dramatizations was inaugurated over the network of the National Broadcasting Company several weeks ago, the freshness and uniqueness of the broadcast was not limited to the nature of the program itself. There was an additional feature, very happily summed up in the following paragraph, which is quoted from a letter written by Walter Hoving, vice-president of Montgomery Ward, in answer to a fan note:

"As you have noticed, we have pur-

posely left out all sales talk. It is our belief that the intelligence of the American people is of such quality that a comparison will be drawn between standards reflected in these broadcasts and our application of those same principles to our own business."

One who has been following even with casual interest the recent trend in radio advertising cannot fail to experience, on receipt of this news, the same sort of sensation that came this past summer when those first heavy clouds were gathering and welcome breezes

swept down to relieve the oppression of heat. Nor should the listening public permit this event to go unnoticed, or unlauded.

It would hardly be reasonable to deny that we in America owe much to the advertising firms that have made possible financially the multiplicity of programs coming into our homes. This method of subsidizing broadcasts most certainly has its advantages over the British plan. But who has not been impressed with the fact that commercial

(Read further on page 44)

An Hour to Wait

(Continued from page 33)

here on the floor, Yes-sa, and the body was pinned to the floor with a carving knife,—Mr. Drake's own Sunday-linner carving knife,—stuck clean through him, "Yes-sa, and then . . ."

I gave up the effort of listening and elaxed against the window which I had finally succeeded in raising about three inches, before my pen-knife broke. My eyes followed the tramp, who by this time was curled in the shadow of a resin barrel, far down by the water tank.

My hour to wait was drawing to a close.

The distant rumble of the approaching freight grew into a roar; it clanked interminably through the empty junction and drew up panting by the water tower. I saw my man creep into an empty box car. Then I sauntered out of the waiting room and down the track in order to clamber aboard the aboose.

My garrulous companion fell into a heated argument with the ticket agent, and had only hobbled down the track a few paces when the engine screamed and the freight pulled off without him.

It was only a couple of hours' run to Natville and I beguiled the time talking to the signal man about his domestic affairs. Those whose work keeps them from home most of the time, seize every opportunity to discuss home and their folks with casual strangers. I had heard the signalman's boy Johnny suffer through measles, and was listening to what a terrible time Lucy, the wife, had had with the kids all home from school,—and the washing and all, when we pulled into Natville.

I walked up to the car occupied by my tramp. He was still unsuspecting,

for I saw him coming unconcernedly toward me.

As I opened my mouth to speak, I was seized and sharply handcuffed. Immediately following this surprise came a still greater shock.

"It's no use trying to bluff," said my captor, "I've been on your trail since the day after the murder. But I'll give you credit for being slick, staying there right in town like that. So I decided the surest way to catch you would be to get you to suspect me, and "trap" me onto this train. Then I could round you up when you least looked for trouble.

He turned back the flap of his ragged coat and showed me the badge of the A.F.D. Detective Agency. Without attempting explanations I handed him my card and the wallet containing my certificate of my own agency,—Ferret's Detectives.

We eyed one another in horrified amazement.

"It looks as if we had both been too smart this time," said my captor as he unlocked my handcuffs. "I guess we'd better hop the next freight back to Patt's Creek and start over."

"I reckon I won't slip up again," said my companion. I have a theory . . ."

But I didn't stop to hear it. I skidded into the telegraph office and sent a wire to the Sheriff in Patt's Creek to apprehend the wanted man. A flash of inspiration had come upon me at this eleventh hour. I looked back to the fetid waiting room at the junction, and heard the voice of the murderer of Paxton Drake, whining in the falsetto drawl of the old southern farmer:

"W'y don't y' come out a-doors? It's plagued hot in hyar."

man who is always going to accomplish something prodigious for himself—a book or a play—tomorrow, but is simply too busy to do it today.

It is a moot point whether journalism is or is not a profession.

However, Charles A. Dana once said:

"A journalist must be an all-round man. He must know whether the theology of the parson is sound, whether the physiology of the doctor is genuine, whether the law of the lawyer is good or not. His education, accord-

(Read further on page 46)

No Traffic Tags For Me



RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, sound-proof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

*Today's Rates
Are Most Moderate*

Single, \$2-\$2.50

Double, \$3-\$3.50

NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC
230 EDDY STREET
San Francisco

Coffee Shop and Dining Room
Breakfast 25c-35c Lunch 40c
Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

The Field of Journalism

By CYRIL ARTHUR PLAYER

Copyright, 1934, by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.)

THE journalist has been aptly said to be a \$10 phrase for a newspaper worker. So be it. He accumulates, as a rule, more personal friendships and less money than any other professional or semi-professional worker. He is the

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



MOST CONVENIENT Hotel in Hollywood

\$2.50 up, Single
\$3.00 up, Double

Special weekly and monthly rates

The Plaza is near everything to see and do in Hollywood. Ideal for business or pleasure.

Every room has private dressing room, bath and shower. Beds "built for rest." Every modern convenience. Fine foods at reasonable prices. Convenient parking for your car.

Chas. Danziger, Mgr.
Eugene Stern, Pres.

The "Doorway of Hospitality"
Vine at Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD

Lulled

By RUTH FRIERSON

I stood, at eve, on the great high cliff,
"Land's End," on our Western side;
Stars and Moon, Sky, Land and Sea
Around me talked. Salt breezes blew
O'er spaces wide.

Over gray waters—distant—far,
Lights blinked alternately,
Flashing yellow and red;
A lone ship homeward plied across
The rolling bar.

Waves, foaming, below me
Swish-swashed against the shore;
Shadows black, crept lengthening
Through the silent door
Of that great amphitheater.

I stood alone. All nature spoke to me—
(Her gentle touch, the Stars, the Moon,
Sky, Sea and Land,
Majestically clutched and held my
hand)—
Whispering softly: "All is thine,
Our Father's Love."

It was Divine.

A Challenge to Intelligence

(Continued from page 42)

advertisers and advertising agencies have been led to take undue advantage of the listener—not to mention the insult to his intelligence?

Haven't you heard, for example, something like this? Someone sneezes uncannily through your loud-speaker, diffusing nausea (even though not cold-germs!) all over your living room. Following his pitiful complaint about that terrific cold, his companion lustily calls attention to his robust condition, due entirely to the use of Dr. Somebody's Quadruple-action Death-on-Colds. Now you hurry away to your drug store right away and get this marvel, and by morning you'll not even remember having had a sign of a cold!" And isn't it perfectly darling the way the suffering one blubbers, "Oh, thanks so much. I'm going after some this very minute; I know it's just the thing I've been looking for." Can't you almost hear him add "In fact, I feel relieved at the very mention of this remedy!" How many of your colds have disappeared overnight, with the aid of anybody's remedy, especially heavy colds like those you hear about over your radio!

More than ninety per cent of the movie stars use, exclusively, over ninety per cent of the facial and cosmetic preparations advertised on the air. Is it any wonder we read of so much domestic difficulty among Hollywood stars? And it's actually a marvel that any of them have a face left at all, if they do everything we're told.

Poor radio listener! The whole nation has gone wild over "America's fastest-selling This-'r-That"—that is everybody except you. That's why the makers of that product are spending thousands of dollars—just to add you to the otherwise complete list of consumers. Is this an exaggeration? Tune in some time and find out.

We start out with a thrilling auto ride, a gala party, a breath-taking adventure; we fairly bristle with attention, barely in time for the speedy climax, in which another devastating disaster is averted solely through the use of a bar of soap, a loaf of bread, or the cigarette the world had been awaiting for centuries—and for the want of which the recent depression was precipitated, or another World War would have been inevitable! Well . . . all but that.

Listen to this one, just off the loud speaker; BIZ. (Telephone bell; unhook receiver.) ANNOUNCER, Hello . . . Yes, madam, we sell ———candy bars . . . Oh, yes; they have lots of uses in the home . . . Certainly, madam, we'll be glad to deliver them; are you sure one box will be enough? BIZ (Hang up receiver.) Let's not say it

But after all, since the advertiser is paying for the time on the air, is he not entitled to do with it whatever he pleases, irrespective of what "ye listener" may think? The answer is economic, were it not for his buying public that advertiser would not remain in business; were it not for his listening public, said advertiser would not be spending his good money to tell about his product. Logically, therefore—and shall we add, morally?—he cannot afford to ignore the tastes and reactions of the listeners—his prospective customers. Only an arrogant snob, or imbecile would think of giving the public anything but what it was willing to hear; radio fans have long since learned and gloried in the easy but effective privilege afforded by a simple deflection of the dial. "Give the people what they want" is a proven axiom of the successful showman.

This gives rise to the question, "Are not the people getting what they want?" We hear about the polls taken in the interest of radio programs, entertainers and sponsors; sometimes we agree with the statistical findings, but frequently we feel like exclaiming, "Well, how do they get that way?" or worse! But why? Simply because those conducting these polls, broadcasters and others involved, receive responses from only an unrepresentative cross-section of the American public. This has been verified by those who have made it a point to keep an ear to the ground to catch what listeners have to say,—listeners, unfortunately, who never bother to write in to express their views. It was discovered long ago by a popular law lecturer, (whose name, I regret, escapes memory) when near the end of his series he appealed for comments, then went out and contacted some of his listeners, who told him how much they appreciated his broadcasts, and how eager they were that they be continued.

(Read further on page 46)

"The Smooth Way to Rough It!"

Take a Coleman Camp Stove along when you go auto-touring, picnicking or camping. Enjoy tasty meals cooked on a miniature gas stove. Fry, bake or boil; roast, toast or broil...cook anything the "gang" calls for...in a jiffy!



Coleman CAMP STOVE

Wherever you go...no matter what your appetite demands...you'll find the Coleman a dependable "pal". Coleman Camp Stoves make and burn their own gas from regular gasoline. Good looking and sturdily built to stand hard knockabout use. Fold up like a suitcase with everything inside. Easy to operate, speedy, safe. Priced from \$5.95 up; high stand extra.

Good Light!

On any kind of an over-night outing or prolonged trip you'll need this new Coleman Lantern. It's just naturally "made-to-order" to supply plenty of light any night. Instant-lighting...single mantle type...provides up to 150 candlepower of pure white light in any wind or weather. Small in size...big in brilliance. Makes and burns its own gas from regular gasoline. Storm-proof, insect-proof.



Price only \$5.95

See them at your dealers

or Write for Catalog

THE COLEMAN LAMP-STOVE CO.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Contents

MISSION SANTA CLARA—Frontispiece	27
MELODY LANE—Verse	28
THE JEALOUS CAVALIER—Arthur Truman Merrill	
TOLERANCE—Ethel Romig Fuller	
THE JOURNEY THROUGH CALIFORNIA—Helen M. Frith	
TO MILDRED—RIDING WITH LOOSESED HAIR— Elissa Landi	
GO WITH THE SEA—Ben Field	
FULFILLMENT—Stanton J. Coblenz	
THE WORTHLESS ONE—Steve Fisher	29
LA BREA PITS—Verse—Douglas V. Kane	30
PANNING FOR GOLD IN WASHINGTON (Illustrated)— Harriet Guthmann	31
AN HOUR TO WAIT—Maristan Chapman	33
PASTEL (Verse)—Jack Greenberg	33
SUICIDE AND STATISTICS—Jack Benjamin	34
A FLOCK OF TWENTIES—Del Ray	35
LUKE OF THE TROUT—Plate	36
THE LITERARY WEST	39
THE PHILOSOPHER'S CORNER—Richard F. Carlyle	42
A CHALLENGE TO INTELLIGENCE—Arthur C. Kruer	42
THE FIELD OF JOURNALISM—Cyril Arthur Player	43
LULLED (Verse)—RUTH Frierson	44

HOTEL MANX SAN FRANCISCO

NEW

Innovations, Service
and Comfort

The Most Convenient
The Best Accommodations
The Finest Meals

Tub and Shower Baths
Circulating Ice Water
350 ATTRACTIVE ROOMS

Rates

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 SINGLE
\$3.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 DOUBLE
SAMPLE ROOMS from \$2.50

SPLENDID RESTAURANT
EXCELLENT COFFEE SHOP
GARAGE SERVICE AT DOOR

"Meet me at the MANX"
HARVEY M. TOY, MANAGING-OWNER
POWELL AT O'FARRELL "IN THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO"

RARE BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

New York Tribune, April 22, 1865—
With full account of the Assassination of President Lincoln and account of funeral. 8 page issue, with heavy black borders. A rare issue. Price Only\$2.00

Three issues of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's "The Liberator," dated October 1, 1858, July 20, 1860, and May 1, 1863. A large 4 page publication with much very valuable historical matter and Garrison's very powerful editorials. These three very rare numbers only\$5.00

The Territorial Enquirer, Provo City, Utah, dated Nov. 10, 1885, and May 21, 1886. A 7 column, 4 page weekly. Both numbers for.....\$2.00

GOLDEN ARGOSY, Frank A. Munsey's first publication. A weekly for boys and girls. These copies are very rare and hard to get. Have 41 numbers in consecutive order. Vol. 2, No. 8 to No. 48. These 41 numbers for\$8.00

Song Folio—"The Golden State Vocal Folio," published by Matthias Gray Co., San Francisco, Calif. A collection of English songs not found in song folio, so book states, printed about 1888; 120 pages words and music, some songs in addition to the English words have also German and French and Spanish words. The price for this book only.\$1.00

"The Beggar Student," Opera Comique, as originally produced by the McCaull Opera Comique Co., Casino, N. Y. Introducing the popular songs "One Mamma" (Dream of Love) and "That I Alone Can Know"; 3 acts, full musical score and vocal score. Published 1883, by White Smith & Company. 182 pages. Price for this rare book \$3.00

Any of the above sent postpaid for the amount stated. We have many rare magazines of all kinds and also rare books, Americana and Californiana. Send for complete catalogue, and our magazine "Welcome News," free on request.

THOR'S BOOK AND MAGAZINE SERVICE

343 I. W. HELLMAN BLDG.
Dept. O LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A Flock of Twenties

(Continued from page 35)

New suit of burial clothes.....	\$ 80.00
Shirt, underclothes, etc.....	40.00
Digging grave	100.00
Coffin	300.00
Delivering funeral sermon.....	100.00
Refreshments for mourners.....	60.00

Also included a long list of rigs and buggies and for each a charge of \$20.00 was entered. There were various and sundry miscellaneous items; incidental or no, they never fell below a minimum of \$20.00.

Then came the final checking of disbursements—real and fancied—with

the cash on hand. They found, to their dismay, there remained, unaccounted for, one lone \$20.00 bill.

The Judge turned to his helper and demanded: "Buzz, didn't the deceased have a gun on him?"

"Yes, Judge, he did," was Roland's reply.

"Well, by Jutus," the Judge exclaimed indignantly, "we will fine him \$20.00 for carrying a concealed weapon."

And thus Justice was served.

A Challenge to Intelligence

(Continued from page 44)

"Why don't you write and let the broadcasting company know how you feel?" "Well, you see, I just never thought about that, and when I do want to do anything like that I don't have a card or stamp handy and just simply let it slide; you know how that is!"

It is this great throng of listeners that is dissatisfied with much of the gaudily exaggerated and, too often, brazenly false advertising propaganda employed from one end of our fair land to the other. Would that we had some adequate means of eliciting an expression from this vast body of people who have an opinion, but rarely, if ever, take occasion to express it. There would be a difference in "receptivity statistics" with regard to the advertising phase of broadcasting, particularly at the present time. Many of us listen to Green's program, but still go on using Black's

product.

Hats off, then, to Montgomery Ward for their bold stand in the face of present advertising trends. People are no apt to forget who it is that puts on those programs, for "the program's the thing" with this company—and it will prove to be the thing that links them up with the consumers who listen in.

Hats off, also, to that greatly appreciated, internationally-known baritone John Charles Thomas, who not long ago, signed a contract with Vince only on condition that his portion of the program would not be interrupted with any over-done advertising. One minute at the beginning, one at the close actually accomplished more than intermittent advertising with an occasional bit of entertainment thrown in for variety's sake.

It is well to remember that nothing is well-done that has been over-done.

The Field of Journalism

(Continued from page 43)

ingly, should be exceedingly extensive. If possible, he should be sent to college. He must learn everything the college has to teach; but, what is more important, he should be sent to the school of practical life and of active and actual business. He must know a great many things and the better he knows them, the better he will be in his profession. There is no chance for an ignoramus."

Marlen E. Pew, editor of Editor and Publisher, says there are 1911 daily

newspapers in the United States and 506 Sunday papers.

There is, says Mr. Pew, "an immense periodical publication field and also the field of advertising writing. There is the weekly field in cities that have not yet been sufficiently developed—particularly stressing the society and community side.

There are experienced editors who believe the best preparation for work on a big newspaper is training on the small town paper.

Unless he has had previous experience or has unusual ability, he will earn at the start, no more than \$15 to \$20 a week.

Overland

M O N T H L Y

Since 1868

10

O U N D E D B Y B R E T H A R T



JUNE

IN THIS ISSUE

Meeting JAPAN'S Challenge

By

RALPH TOWNSEND

C
EL/3





Only GRACE Cruises visit Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Panama, Colombia, Havana and New York and offer shore trips

Three superb new "Santa" ships offer unduplicated luxuries in a cruise of Old World fascination through the romantic Spanish Americas to Havana and New York. Exceptional speed permits only the magnificent Grace sister ships, "Santa Rosa," "Santa Paula" and "Santa Elena," to sail this exclusive Route of Romance, reaching New York in only eighteen days.

Fortnightly Sailings.

With restrained good taste, the "Santas," newest and fastest ships between California and New York, embody luxurious features never before found in an American liner. All outside rooms, mechanically ventilated, each with private fresh water bath and telephone . . . built-in tile swimming pool of unusual size (20 ft. by 35 ft.) . . . a charming Georgian living room offering comfort and relaxation before a homelike fireplace. The dining room, exactly amidship, with tall casement windows, offering cooling breezes and an unobstructed view of tropical seas, is over two decks in height. A roll back dome ceiling opens to the sky. The Club, with every sophisticated appointment of a smart night club, has a dance floor which does not follow the contour of the deck.

Pre-release movies, fully equipped gymnasium, sports deck, library, novelty shop, barber shop and Dorothy Gray Beauty Salon combine to make the "Santa" Route of Romance a cruise of tropical luxury.

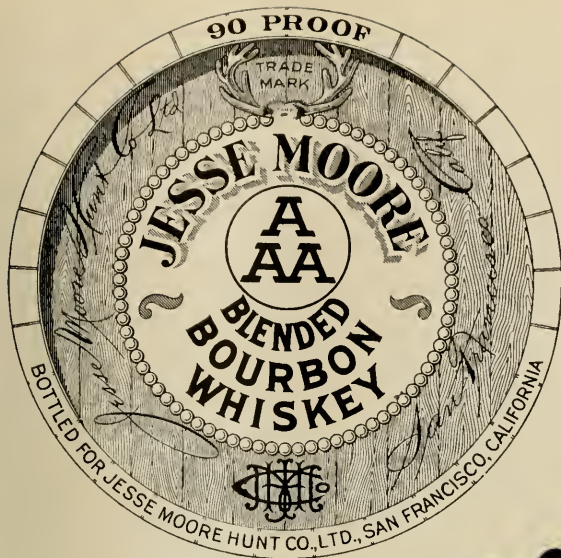
Consult your travel agent or address

GRACE LINE

New York
10 Hanover Square

2 Pine Street, San Francisco

Los Angeles
525 W. 6th Street



Greetings

JESSE MOORE HUNT CO., Ltd., has been established since 1857 and did a very prosperous business up until prohibition; played the part of Van Winkle and woke up with a bang after repeal. We are now reinstating its proprietary brands with the full acceptance of those who remember the taste of good whiskies, and are zealous in our efforts to remind the young ones that if they must drink, to drink the best, and hope in the very near future to serve the public with whiskies which should create the same sales volume as the Company's pre-prohibition history of \$7,000,000 in American whiskies and 46,000 cases of Scotch whiskies per annum; besides other merchandise such as gins, etc. We feel that this ad placed in such a respectable magazine as Overland Monthly, which will be read by millions, will be educational and beneficial to everyone concerned.



MISSION SAN GABRIEL ARCANGEL

Dedicated Sept. 8th, 1771

Overland

M O N T H L Y

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868

L. 93. 10c per Copy

JUNE, 1935

Published Monthly, \$1.00 per Year.

No. 3

Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature at any library in the United States. The magazine is also included in the International Index.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly," Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. To insure return of manuscripts a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

©©

SPECIAL OFFER

The color reproduction on the opposite page may be obtained—while they last—ready for framing, by addressing your request to the Art Department of Overland Monthly, Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, and enclosing 50c in stamps or coin.

©©

Next Month

The concluding article on Far Eastern Affairs by Ralph Townsend:

"Easing the Pacific Tension."

"Huntin' an' Fishin' in Oregon," by Tod Powell.

"Human Barbecues in New Guinea," by Oliver Bainbridge.

"Wild Ways of the West," by Wallace Coburn.

Contents

	Page
PLAIN GIRLS BORE ME—A Serial by Grace Rejni	7
THE PHANTOM HERD OF MOJAVE—By Robert M. Hyatt	9
MEETING JAPAN'S CHALLENGE—By Ralph Townsend	11
WESTERN INDUSTRIES—Banking Begins in California—By Zoe A. Battu	13
THE BRIDGES WE'RE BUILDING— World's Greatest Bridges at the Half Way Point—By Clay Bernard and Earl Lee Kelly, Directors of Public Works for State of California	15
SALT WATER—Friendly Enemies, 1914—By Jack Densham	17
BRINGING IN THE BACON—Hunting Wild Boar on Santa Cruz—By Oliver Bainbridge	18
ART AND ARTISTS—Appreciation of Contemporary Painting—By Emerson Lewis	19
MUSIC—How Does Music Get That Way—By Karel Mansfield	20
THE HEATHEN CHINEE—By Bret Harte	21
HAVE YOU READ?—By Oscar Lewis - Lester Enfield	25
HUNTIN', FISHIN' AND SUCH—By Tod Powell	26
EDUCATION IN THE SOVIET UNION—By Frances N. Ahl	27
INDIAN FOLK LORE—By Chief Eagle Wing	29
EDITORIAL PAGE	31
THE WRANGLE	32

Published at San Francisco, California. Entered as second class matter at the post office at San Francisco, California, under act of March 3, 1879.
Published by Overland Monthly, Publishers.
Editorial and Business Offices, Monadnock Building, San Francisco.
This magazine must not be held responsible for the views of writers or for opinions expressed by them.
Contents of this magazine copyrighted.



GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST

PLAIN GIRLS BORE ME

By Grace Reini

Carter Robeson disliked plain girls, but it did not affect the happy ending in this short serial by Grace Reini. The concluding installment appears next month.



Phyllis
and
Ruth Ann

CARTER ROBESON'S appraising black eyes turned from the simple pink gown of his dancing partner, Ruth Ann Harrison, and lingered on the scarlet come-hitherness that scintillated from the satin-encased body of the dark headed Phyllis De Long. Ruth Ann's unjeweled fingers slid caressingly on Carter's arm as the two strolled toward the line of silver chairs that flanked the French gray walls of Los Angeles's most exclusive Beach Club.

"Let's sit out our next one, Carter." Ruth Ann's wide, blue eyes, unfringed with mascara, were troubled as they looked up into his. "The puppy's sick. I want you to tell me where those people live of whom you bought him."

"It's a deuce of a place to find. Not sure that I remember the address," answered Carter, "I'll have to draw you a diagram. Why do you want—?"

"I'm going to see that family and find out what kind of food they gave."

That reflected Carter, was like Ruth Ann. She'd rather sit and talk about dogs than dance. Of course, he, too, was fond of Muffi. This was the second Scotch Terrier he had given Ruth Ann. There was little else one could give her, he mused. She didn't care for jewelry, she had read every book worth while and the Harrison gardens held as many flowers as a florist shop.

His eyes again surveyed her plain, pink gown. It was becoming enough, he admitted generously, in fact it rather blended in with her peachy complexion and her light hair done in a simple knot at the back of her neck. But, hang it all, the dress didn't do things for her. Take that striking red dress now that Phyllis . . .!

Carter and Ruth Ann sat down in the two vacant chairs next to Phyllis and Jack Wilson.

"Carter Robeson, you would find seats over here when we have the next dance," teased Phyllis, her snappy black eyes ablaze with animation. I like to have my partners come madly dashing after me from the far end of the room, anticipating joy with every step."

They all laughed. People always laughed at the slightest attempt of humor from Phyllis, just as they always stood ready to jump through a hoop at her word of command. It was remarkable how a girl who had moved to Beverly Hills only three months before could have taken and held the center of the stage as Phyllis had done.

Carter's gaze rested for a moment on the thousands of prisms glittering beneath the large chandeliers. They sparkled with light, transforming the silver chairs and the French gray walls into a silvery fairyland.

"Sparkle! That is the word," thought Carter, "Phyllis sparkles. And Ruth Ann is just plain Ruth Ann. Funny I never realized before how plain girls bore me."

He was all attention to the bits of byplay that catapulted from the perfectly made-up mouth of the clever Phyllis. Ruth Ann remained quiet, her hands folded in her pink lap. Why didn't she make some bright remarks? He didn't believe she had spoken two words during the entire intermission.

The orchestra boomed forth a fast foxtrot and Carter and Phyllis were the first on the dance floor.

"Darling, you dance divinely!" the voice of Phyllis purred in his ear.

Ruth Ann and her partner were passing them. Carter imagined he detected a slight frown over Ruth Ann's blue eyes, but no, he was mistaken, she was smiling at him. "Try to remember that address, Carter," she called to him.

"Sweet little thing, isn't she?" remarked Phyllis. They danced the length of the room. "You two have been friends a long time I've heard."

"Yes, graduated together from Hi, and last year from U. S. C."

"I've never graduated from anything," confessed Phyllis. "Traveled most of my life. Mother says travel's the best education."

"Have to hand it to you," responded Carter, "you seem plenty educated."

In a moment her hand pressed his impulsively.

"We'll sit out the next one," she announced. "In my car. There's a swell moon vamping the ocean tonight."

"I'm terribly sorry," Carter said, regretfully, "but I have the next one with Ruth Ann."

When the heady foxtrot was over he took his time in searching for the pale pinkness that was Ruth Ann. Why does she part her yellow hair in the middle and twist it in that plain bun in the back? he wondered. There was her older sister across the room. Mrs. Wagstaff was a

regular butterfly of a woman, had her clothes made in Paris. Why didn't she take Ruth Ann in tow and doll her up? To be quite truthful Ruth Ann's finely chiseled features were almost classic. With a start like that, Phyllis would have added a touch here and there and made the whole world sit up and take notice. But not Ruth Ann. She didn't care a hoop to improve her appearance. So Carter mused.

He and Ruth Ann were the perfect couple, so all their friends said. His wavy black hair the perfect opposite for her natural blondness. Their mothers belonged to the same clubs, their fathers played golf together. Friends and relatives on both sides had voiced their disappointment that as yet no announcement had been made of the engagement of Carter Robeson and Ruth Ann Harrison.

He found Ruth Ann deep in conversation with Jack Wilson. Well, at least she was not being neglected. Carter's conscience felt better.

"This is the one we sit out, isn't it?" he asked, leading Ruth Ann toward the balcony.

When they got outside, the railing of the balcony was already filled with young men and women gazing out over the water. Locks of hair, scarfs and skirts waved in the ocean breeze.

"See that moon," whispered Carter, "And its high tide. Let's go down and sit in the car."

"I do want to talk, Carter," she answered, but I'd rather not sit in the car. It's so—well—it's so common."

"For crying out loud!" he exploded. "Don't be such a prude!"

Ruth Ann moved away from him the least bit, yet Carter noticed.

I suppose she's hurt, he thought, and his voice became gentle.

"May I remind you, my dear, that we are living in the year 1935?"

A stiff wind from the ocean fanned her skirts tight against her slender legs.

"It's awfully chilly out here," she answered in a matter of fact tone. "Let's go inside."

Ruth Ann led the way, edging through the crowd that now thronged the balcony, and sat down in an alcove off the ballroom.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper," Carter apologized, seating himself on the blue cushioned seat beside her. "But, really, dear, you ought to get over being such a Mid Vic. I wish you were more like other girls, that is, I wish you'd—well, wear snappier clothes, fix up your hair like Phyllis does and . . ."

"Why, Carter, you've always told me you liked my hair, that I was the image of Ann Harding!"

"Well, it isn't just exactly that," he pointed out, "It's your whole attitude. For instance, now"—Carter resignedly crossed his long legs stretched out in front of him—"you'd rather waste a perfectly good moonlit ocean to sit inside and talk about dogs. Sick dogs at that!"

"No," she corrected, "Not about dogs. About one dog, Muffi."

A red dress flashed past the door opposite.

"But—but I don't want to bore you," Ruth Ann hesitated, then arose. "If you don't mind I think I'll let you run me home. I've a headache. Besides, I'm terribly worried about the puppy."

"The dance won't be over for an hour yet!"

"I know. But it will only take a few minutes to run me home. You can come right back."

"Let's see, I have the next one with Mae."

Ruth Ann also consulted her program.

"And I with Tom Ashford. Here, take this." She

handed him a scrap of silver folder from which dangled a silver pencil. "Ask Tom to dance this with Mae, and tell the others I went home—with a headache."

She disappeared into the dressingroom.

CARTER returned from the Harrison home just in time for the next dance with Phyllis.

The ballroom, fluttering with dresses of gay colors could be obliterated completely for all he cared. To him the Beach Club held but one figure, that of a dark headed girl in scarlet. He saw her now standing just outside the opposite doorway. Carter rushed across the floor.

"How's this for a home run?" he asked breathlessly. "I've raced all the way back from Beverly Hills for this dance with you."

"Yes?" cooed Phyllis.

"Had to take Ruth Ann home to a damn sick dog!"

A low chuckle came from the throat of Phyllis, then, "What a quaint little person she is!"

The orchestra was playing Shadow Waltz. Phyllis hummed the chorus, her lips close to his ear, as they danced.

"I wonder, Carter, what you see in her. Does she ever talk?"

"Oh, she's a mighty fine girl, all right! I asked her once why she didn't talk more."

"Yes?" again Phyllis cooed.

"She handed me the one about the wise old owl lived in an oak. You know—the more he knew, the less he spoke."

"Regular little grandmother, isn't she?" Phyllis' body swayed dreamily with the music. "Shall we finish this, Carter, or shall we sit it out? The moon's still waiting."

They left the dance floor and went out the side door and down the steps to the auto park.

"You haven't seen my new bus," Phyllis said, piloting him to the largest car in the park. Dad sent it for my nineteenth birthday. Wired he didn't expect mother and I would ever stay home long enough to enjoy it, but thought he'd better give it to me before I tried to promote him for an airplane.

They both laughed. As they squeezed their way between two tightly parked cars Phyllis continued.

"You'd love dad. I'm due soon to spend my six months with him. And will I have a good time? Dad's a good egg! He's swell! Lets me do all the things mother forbids."

The car was in the first row facing the ocean.

"Wowie! What a classy buggy! Radio and everything!"

Carter opened the door.

"You really like it? It's not bad, though I had my heart set on a foreign make."

She slumped down in the seat. Her head touched his shoulder.

"Gorgeous night!" said Phyllis, looking up at the moon-dimmed stars.

"Gorgeous," repeated Carter.

For a while neither spoke. A tiny sigh escaped her red lips. Carter's arm circled her waist, drawing her nearer.

"We didn't come here to talk, did we?" she said very softly like a caress.

"No," answered Carter, his eyes following the white line of breakers that came curving the shore, "I like to sit here," he said slowly, "and watch the whitecaps running away from the long arm of that lovely moon."

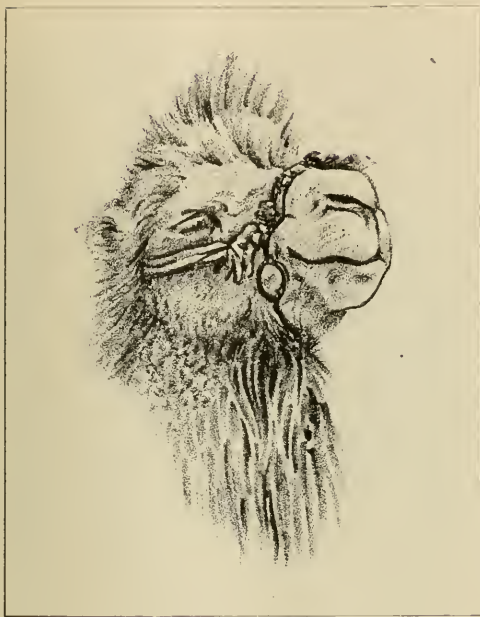
Phyllis jerked herself up and sat erect. She lit a cigarette with a jeweled lighter.

"I wonder," she said, exhaling rings of smoke, "if by

(Please turn to page 33)

THE PHANTOM HERD OF MOJAVE

By Robert M. Hyatt



DO WILD camels still roam the Mojave Desert? Is there a "white giant" that leads a pack of these ungainly "ships of the desert?" Just how true are the occasional vivid tales told by old prospectors of seeing the supposedly long-vanished creatures of that early Government experiment?

These are questions that might well exist in the minds of many persons, coming on the heels of the announcement, not long ago, of an old "desert rat" who allegedly saw his pet burro elope with a band of the humped animals, led by an enormous white one. Of course, everybody knows that the loneliness and eternal silence of the desert, coupled with the long (many times) disappointing years spent in search of the illusive "strike", is conducive to at least some of the strange sights reported by members of this grizzled fraternity. Yet the desert holds many incredible truths—and mirages.

While it is a matter of conjecture whether or not any descendants of that camel venture of the 50's are to be found today, it should be remembered that the government, in 1855, brought a ship load of them from Asia Minor, at the insistence of Gen. George H. Crossman. The latter was convinced that camels were the only sensible mode of transportation across the "vast Sahara which could not be traversed by mules, horses, or oxen." Mr. Crossman is credited with having conceived the idea of using camels in the Southwest as early as 1848.

At that time, California existed in the minds of most people as some strange, almost mythical place, fabulous as the Seven Cities of Cibola, that lured the early Spaniards westward in the 16th century. Today, that eternal lure still exists in the minds of countless thousands, not

one whit diminished since the days of the bold Conquistadores.

The "camel craze" swept the country. It was laughed at and joked about. While the House of Representatives was ridiculing the bill, introduced by Mr. Crossman, for an appropriation to import a few camels for experimental purposes, Jefferson Davis, the deeply interested War Secretary, succeeded in obtaining the appropriation.

Mr. Davis pointed out the great importance of these beasts of burden in Asia and Africa, and their valuable service to the British in India. He was convinced that they would be equally valuable on our own arid frontier, and very effective against hostile Indians.

Some of the newspapers became earnest in advocating the plan of forming a "dromedary express, to carry the fast mail and to bring eastern papers and letters to California in fifteen days." The arguments backing the proposed scheme at the time were entirely logical. It was even indicated that "fast camel passenger trains" would be plying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. Camels there must certainly be!

There was his famous reputation of going for as long as ten days without water. It was a long way "between drinks" from the Missouri to the Colorado Rivers, but not too long for the camel, who could board himself on sagebrush, cover thirty to fifty miles a day with a load of a thousand pounds, and deliver his freight and passengers in the California coast towns in two weeks from starting time.

At length, in 1854, a Congressional appropriation of \$30,000 was obtained—which was the initial move in America's first and last experiment with camels as a means of transportation. A purchasing expedition, headed by Major Henry C. Wayne, was conducted to Egypt and the Levant. "The history of the Army abounds in unusual duties performed by its officers, but few compare with Major Wayne's mission", writes Robert Gainsburgh. "It required an international diplomat, an accomplished auctioneer, an obedient soldier, and most of all the patience of Job."

Major Wayne's ship reached Tunis in August, 1855. After acquiring three camels there, he proceeded to Malta, where news of his coming had preceded him. On his arrival there he found every sore-backed and ancient camel in Asia Minor doctored up and waiting on the coast, to be "offered to the United States at a grievous sacrifice of ten times its value."

A half-dozen other seaports were touched, and each in turn had its motley herd waiting for him. But at last the purchasing was complete, and thirty-four irritable and sea-sick animals and their native attendants comprised the expedition when it finally arrived at Indianola, Texas. On the voyage there had been six births and four deaths. The Texans, many of whom perhaps had never seen a camel, turned out in large numbers to witness the unloading of this peculiar cargo, of which someone has written:

"The animals, led by their American and Oriental guides, marched down the gang-plank in a most docile manner. As soon as they hit the solid earth, however, their demeanor changed. They became excited and uncontrollable. They reared, kicked, cried, broke their halters, tore up the picket lines and engaged in other fantastic tricks such as pawing and biting each other.

The Texans, at first amused at these antics, became panic-stricken and fled."

Of them their admiring commander had written—possibly on too slight acquaintance: "They are the most docile, patient, and easily managed creatures in the world and infinitely more easily worked than mules." But if this little introductory demonstration was a disheartening example of their "docile and patient natures", it was certainly no less disillusioning than the experiment of acclimating them to the barren wastes of the American Southwest.

MAJOR WAYNE had expected a great deal of the camels in effecting a "lightning charge against unsuspecting Indians"; but in this he was sadly disappointed, for the cameleers seldom could coax their mounts above a walk. And, if it is true that for some months the Indians scurried like rabbits at sight of these huge squealing, biting "humped horses", it was because of the latter's unearthly appearance, with rider and load perched ten feet above their enormous, padded feet.

The acclimating process went slowly forward. The American drivers cursed and swore at the amazing stubbornness of their "docile" mounts, but to little effect—perhaps because they could not curse and swear in the native dialect!

The next year another caravan of about forty more camels were brought over, arriving in February, 1857. Troops of them were stationed at the forts in El Paso, Texas, and Fort Bowie, Arizona. Another herd was used in packing freight across the plains. Twenty-three were ordered to Fort Tejon in Southern California, headquarters of Gen. Edward F. Beale, who had figured largely in the experiment with the Camel Corps. A Los Angeles writer of 1858 describes the General's caravan as it stalked into town one day: "It looks oddly enough to see outside a menagerie, a herd of huge, ungainly, awkward, but docile animals move about in our midst with people riding them like horses and bringing up weird and far-off associations to the eastern traveller . . . They seem well broken to the saddle and are very gentle. All belong to the one-humped species, except one, which is a cross between the one- and two-humped species. This fellow is much larger and more powerful than either sire or dam. He is a grisly looking hybrid, a camel-mule of colossal proportions."

A subject of much comment was the camel's remarkable ability of finding adequate subsistence in even the most barren country, and his gigantic "drink" of water, which was enough to last him a week or more. His stamina and endurance cannot be denied.

It is not true, as some writers have alleged, that the camel experiment never gave any promise of success. A caravan system had been established by the Army, in 1860, that has been compared with those of the Orient; and every military post on the principal trail between Texas and California had its quota of camels. Certain business firms in San Francisco noted their great freight-carrying value, and an attempt was made to introduce them for use in the Nevada mines.

But in the end the great "camel dream" of the Southwest proved to be a total and costly failure. The famous reputation these animals had on the plains of Asia did not—perhaps through no fault of the camel—assert itself on the arid wastes and lava-beds of the American desert. Whether it was the climate, the drivers, or just what, is hard to say; but, as James Guinn has remarked: "The mild-eyed pensiveness of the Arabian burden-bearer was exasperating." Horses and mules hated and feared them and many stampedes resulted when one of the "humped-

backed brutes" chanced to pass too near. A general feeling of antipathy prevailed, which was shared alike by men and beasts.

The mistake seems to have been made of not importing Oriental drivers in sufficient numbers. For it is true that nobody seemed capable of managing the animals except "Greek George" and "Hi Jolly" (Philip Tadio) and the other foreign drivers. The teamsters and army men lacked the necessary patience and understanding to manage the spirited and high-strung creatures. It was like trying to "teach an old dog new tricks." No doubt, had the experiment been allowed more time, the succeeding generation of these camels would have proved more adaptable.

But it didn't continue. Yet, notwithstanding the vexations and serious difficulties experienced by all concerned, there is every reason to believe that real and lasting success might have been the reward of Major Wayne but for one event that dominated everything in American history, the Civil War. This dealt it its mortal blow, just when the enterprise seemed to show greatest promise. Wayne resigned his commission to take command of a squad of Georgia troops, and Congress became engrossed with "more serious matters than camels."

What began as an earnest experiment resulted in dismal failure. As the War raged between the North and South, the camels began to disappear. Those at Fort Tejon and Yuma were taken to Benicia and auctioned off to the highest bidders; others were taken to the great Comstock mines, to carry salt. But wherever they went, horses and mules refused to stay, and disastrous runaways frequently occurred. The board of aldermen in Virginia City adopted a resolution that "no camels should appear on the streets except between midnight and dawn!" Eventually every one of the poor, unwanted beasts were cast adrift on the great Arizona desert, where they wandered aimlessly, to the vast annoyance of prospectors and teamsters, whose horses and cattle were constantly being stampeded by sight of them.

The Apaches had, in the meantime, developed a fine taste for camel steak, and many wandering remnants of the herd fell victim to the warriors' arrows. Regular hunts were organized, and as late as 1905, some were captured for exhibition purposes; later than that it was not unusual to catch a glimpse of one or more of Greek George's "ships of the desert" streaking across the sand, making away from the creatures he had come to hate.

It is extremely unlikely that there are any survivors today; but until life itself flickers out, the veteran prospector, as he trudges the desolate solitudes between ancient claim of yesterday and hopeful strike of tomorrow, will continue to see, around his lonely fire, the phantom herd, dimly stalking across the moonlit spaces. And if the leader be whitened with age, even as the old prospector himself, that is not strange: Time and the desert do many strange things. The story is told of one hunter who "saw a red camel in the wilds of the desert with a saddle on its back to which was lashed a human skeleton."

Unusual tales are the rule rather than the exception in a country that is filled with the glamor of past days and present. It is safe to say that the most unique stories have never been told and . . . never will be told. Yet now and then one hears of circumstances that lend credence to the belief that the lore of the desert holds perhaps more truth than fiction.

Strange things indeed tread the vast solitudes, and whether they be fact or fancy, such is the heritage of the desert, which holds many incredible truths—and mirages!

MEETING JAPAN'S CHALLENGE

By Ralph Townsend



IGNORANT news readers, fed upon circulation-boosting sensationalism, suppose Japan's challenge to America is military. There is not the slightest shred of evidence to support this view.

In actuality there is less cause for friction between America and Japan than between us and any other nation. During the last fifty years our relations with Japan have been better than our relations with any other world power. Not once during this period have the Japanese offered us serious offense.

Meanwhile we have fought two wars with European countries. We have participated in a civil war in Russia. We have had armed clashes with Mexico. We have suffered from wholesale anti-foreign massacres directed by government officials in China. We endured with patient protests all sorts of trespasses upon American rights by the British prior to our entry into the World War. We have since squabbled with nearly all the world, Japan excepted, over unpaid debts to us.

The Japanese have paid obligations to us faithfully. In all other respects, compared with our luck with the world in general, our relations with Japan have been a happy idyll of amity.

As for the Japanese planning to attack us, we might give them credit for a fair amount of prudence. Japanese ambitions face westward, not across the Pacific in the direction of America. For Japan, the going is vastly easier on the mainland of Asia than this way. If they want to fight, Chinese or Russians are logical Japanese choices rather than America.

If they want more foreign wealth, the Japanese can get plenty more without any fighting to speak of. They can buy an entire crop of Chinese officials, and get any

territorial or other concessions they think they can handle in China, for the price of a week's warfare against a first class power like the United States. For justification of this last statement, consult any frank history of China covering the last few decades. Ever since Li Hung-chang gained a fortune by fixing up the Russians with a nice terminal for their trans-Siberian railway in 1897, almost anything anybody has wanted at any time has been for sale by Chinese officials. And much the same was true long before then. Right up to date the French have been mysteriously successful in getting privileges in Yunnan.

With expansion in Asia a fairly simple problem for any nation territorially on the make, and willing to face a few international frowns, fighting for foreign wealth by a big war is senselessly extravagant. The economical, humane and discreet procedure is to deal privately with the right individuals and pay cash, right over the counter, for value received. That saves billions in money and millions in man power. It's the best plan yet devised for averting wars. As many speakers tell us, the Western World has much to learn from China. We're still bungling novices in certain fields.

The immediate point is that if we are determined to ascribe to the Japanese all the ambitions commonly listed when they are mentioned, we may as well give them credit for intelligence in trying to realize them. The Asiatic mainland offers more acres and other values per dollar, so far as the Japanese are concerned, than any other territory. Risks there are vastly less than in efforts against America. According to many Chinese spokesmen, Dictator Chiang Kai-chek is right now in Japanese pay. There is inferential evidence supporting this contention. Chiang has never once led an army against the Japanese. He has hindered in every way possible those Chinese generals trying to fight Japan. He has seen to it that the central government he heads in China treats the Japanese ten times as well as it treats any other foreign power, including the United States. Small fry Chinese leaders can be bought at bargain prices any day. One by one, in 1933, those pretending to fight Japan made separate and private "peace agreements" with the Japanese. Some of them then promptly went over to the Japanese side to fight for Manchukuo. Others of them, like Feng Yu-hsiang, the former pride of the missionaries, who as a Christian general baptized his troops wholesale with a fire hose, started fighting against their own Chinese central government, demanding heavy extortion to withhold action upon their own people.

With such a brilliant field for opportunity in China, why should the Japanese tackle the United States?

And in dealing with the Russians, too, the Japanese know money is cheaper than men and bullets. The Chinese Eastern Railway, formerly Russian, is being sold to Japanese. The Soviets can find ready uses for the money. For the Japanese, the outlay is only a fraction of the cost of a military campaign.

Common sense must dictate to the Japanese that as long as they can advance by leaps and bounds without it, there is no sound prudence in risking a serious war. The

Japanese have as much as they can manage for some time to come in Manchukuo. When the absorptive capacity of Manchukuo for Japanese emigration and investments is complete, doubtless there will still be less risky areas than the United States for further Japanese expansion. Assuming self-interest alone on the part of Japan, we need not fear an unprovoked Japanese attack upon us any time soon.

Every alert observer concedes that the Japanese might readily gain initial successes, at least in outlying possessions, in event of war. But no war with us would end quickly. The chances of a favorable outcome for an aggressor over five thousand miles distant would be slim. Japanese know this. So allowing that the Japanese might some time wish to attack us, simple prudence would serve as a restraining force.

Our superior naval and air power remains at a decided advantage ratio to Japan's. With America fighting defensively, the advantage of this ratio is multiplied by the distance at which the aggressor fights away from his home base. This is a familiar military formula, worked out according to the speed of transport over a given mileage in relation to the amount of supplies necessary for an attacking force of given numbers. Defensively, at good internal efficiency, we possess strength almost to impregnability against an attacker from more than five thousand miles away, who must win quickly to win at all.

Thus as a military challenge, Japan may be counted out upon the two main points to be considered in discussing any possible war. One point is the absence of economic motive, and the other is the extreme risks of the conflict even if it were at heart desired.

BUT Japan is now confronting us with a challenge more serious than that of warfare. Japan's challenge is the spirit of the Japanese people. We may believe it will remain a pacific challenge unless we ourselves choose to regard it otherwise.

As a stark confession, we must admit that we are exhibiting less with which to meet this pacific challenge than if it were one of outright warfare. For in physical conflict, by all past performance and present indications, we could show up very well. We rally splendidly in emergencies when the obstacle is concrete and external. We have the courage, ingenuity, and sense of co-operation required for that kind of crisis. Our national temperament is admirably attuned to speedy efficiency in such a case.

But Japan's challenge of the hour calls for a different answer. Japan, the nation, is growing internally stronger while we are growing internally weaker. We pay too much attention to the way Japanese trade is ousting ours in many important fields. A circumstance of vastly greater importance is the swift shaping of a Japanese empire not only of Japanese soil and Japanese subjects, but of Japanese minds, solidified together with a cohesion of Japanese spirit binding beyond anything we in the western world can understand. The achievement is proceeding steadily, coolly, without the noisy ballyhoo of endless parades, without 72-point headline publicity day and night, without movie stars kissing bond buyers in front of city halls, and without the various other concomitants we Americans seem to need to stir our best national energies. There is special significance in this amazing Japanese development because it is not a momentarily whooped-up frenzy. It is going forward with the smooth naturalness of tremendous inherent forces in consolidation, like some great merger of many tides and currents, gathering incalculable strength for mighty accomplishments ahead.

Unlike Russians, Japanese do very little shouting and drum-beating over their accomplishments. They are satisfied themselves, and they are not much concerned with applause from the rest of the world. Their material accomplishments are impressive—in fact, advances during the last five years are startling to persons reading the figures for the first time. But Japan's empire of national spiritual forces, impossible to commit to paper indications, is more startling still.

To analyze this new Japanese spirit—perhaps it is merely an intensification of the old Japanese spirit—would be beyond the competence of the present writer. It is a merger of many traditions, from Samurai to Shinto. We may most conveniently define it as something composed of an unbounded capacity for hard work, a mystic, instinctive faith in the national destiny, fanatical patriotism, an almost religious self-dedication of loyalty to approved leaders, pride in the past, and a feverish enthusiasm of co-operation—whether one's role is large or small—in the great national whole.

Meanwhile the western world's industry is stagnant. Our unemployed spend their time listening to all manner of economic quacks, disagree with one another over who and what is to blame for present conditions. Japan's wheels are humming. Japan's figures in nearly every significant statistics table are swelling.

Administrative efficiency is such in Japan that 70,000,000 people derive a livelihood from a few rocky islands which any American farmer would consider hopeless. In Japan, there are 2,774 persons for every square mile of arable land. This number is about 50 per cent greater than that of Belgium, and about six times that of France. We commonly think of Japan as intensely industrial, because from its scant resources and small size we cannot imagine it being anything else. Yet 46 per cent of Japan's population is agricultural. This is in the face of the fact that only 15 per cent of Japan's tiny area is arable.

But in manufacturing, Japanese are sweeping one market after the other. In the Dutch Indies, Malaysia, and many other areas, Japanese have practically a price monopoly. They can undersell anybody else. At the same time, living standards in Japan are rising fast. Balances in Japanese savings banks increased from a total less than 700,000,000 yen in 1924 to 1,803,602,000 yen in 1933. In an index of public attitude toward the government in Japan, postal savings deposits mounted from 1,131,250,271 yen in 1925 to 2,748,620,646 in 1934.

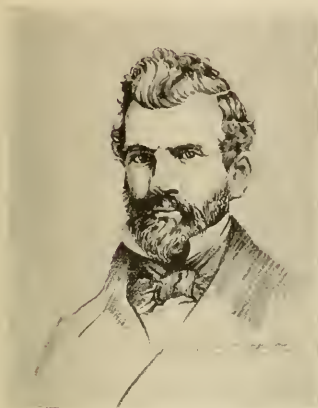
Interestingly, the number of depositors in 1934 was 37,765,173—out of a population of seventy million. The number of depositors engaged in farming fell off, for agriculture has suffered in Japan. Deposits from persons in manufacturing nearly trebled between 1925 and 1934. As further indices of advances in Japan, we note that use of electricity has more than doubled there in the last ten years, that production of gas has about doubled, that insurance has more than doubled in amount of contracts in force, and a variety of other items together representing most amazing financial and industrial progress.

This progress is more remarkable because it has been made in the face of ruinous declines in Japan's vital industry—silk. By reason of the depression in America, plus rayon competition, the value of Japanese silk exports fell from 124,736,000 yen in 1928 to 63,542,000 in 1933. Seeing this, what did the Japanese do? They adapted themselves to the change. They jumped their own rayon production from eight million yen in 1928 to seventy-seven million yen in 1933. At the same time,

(Please turn to page 33)

BANKING BEGINS IN CALIFORNIA

By Zoe A. Battu



JAMES KING OF WILLIAM

The first of a series of articles in which is set forth the background of California banking in four chief periods: The Gold Rush Period; the Comstock Lode Period; the period from 1879 to 1900; the period from 1900 to the present.

THE history of Western banking began in the California gold rush of the 1850's. For some years it centered exclusively in San Francisco, that turbulent mainpring in the development of a Western commonwealth.

The fabulous possibilities of the western Eldorado had become amply known East as well as West, and as early as 1855 there appeared in Ballou's Pictorial a front-page article dealing with the newly found wealth of California.

In these later years, banking centers of considerable substance and power have arisen in the Northwest and Nevada. The comparatively recent rise of Los Angeles and the Southern area of California have created a swirling current of speculation and a sizeable crop of millionaires to focus attention on this section and to seem to overshadow San Francisco's old obvious supremacy.

But the appearance is deceptive. In the days of the gold rush vast quantities of golden metal flowed into the city. In the Comstock boom days even vaster quantities of silver flowed into it. Huge tonnages of commodities continually move in and out of its harbor. It has a magnificent position in the Western coast line. These factors created and still create a foundation of wealth and capital not easily swept away. San Francisco remains today, as always, the financial capital of the West. Any study of Western banking must begin in this city, radiate from it, and continually return to it.

Banking in California falls naturally into four broad periods or divisions: The gold rush period, the Comstock Lode period, the period after the adoption of the Constitution of 1879 and until 1900, and the period from 1900 to the present. In each period, with the possible exception of the third, there was some one dominating spirit, a man of such driving aggressiveness and positive traits that he created, as is the way of such men, followers of undying loyalty and enemies of equally undying enmity.

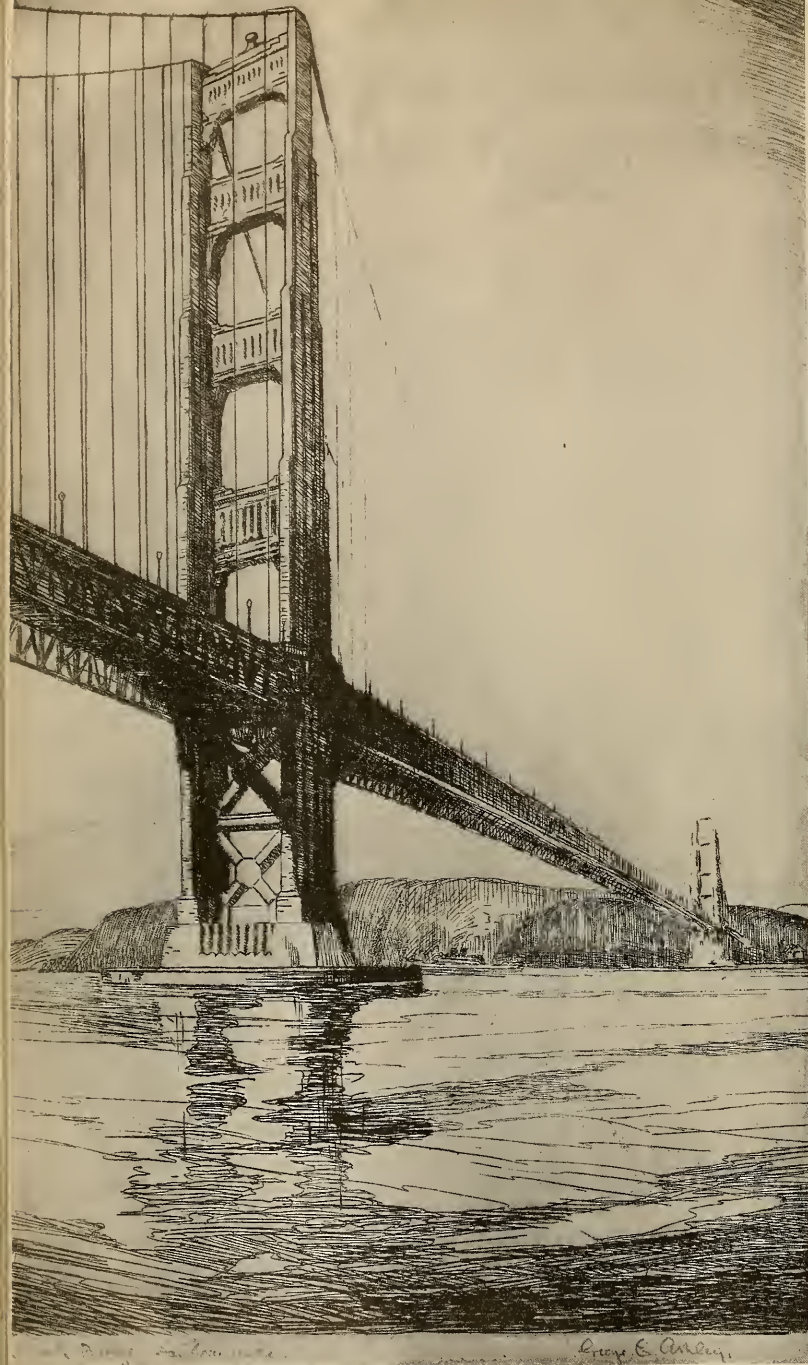
James King of William, a gentleman to whom we will presently return, was the dominating figure of gold rush banking. In the boom phase of the Comstock Lode, William Ralston monopolized the stage and spotlight. In the background moved Thomas Bell, William Sharon, Lucky Baldwin, James Keene, Adolph Sutro and a host of lesser men. When Ralston passed tragically from the scene, it appeared that these men had been the power behind his throne. They, indeed, had reared his throne. Ralston played the game with a magnificent flourish—and lost. The others played shrewdly; Sharon with incomparable ruthlessness; Sutro with incomparable doggedness. When the silver bubble burst, these men emerged with their fortunes intact. In the fourth period, that of our own time, A. P. Giannini provides the brilliant highlights of San Francisco and Western finance. His building of an empire of state banking, his development of an investment trust of world-wide and colossal proportions caused him to be hailed as a miracle man of modern finance. In the economic collapse his empire was rudely shaken, but Giannini himself did not fall apart with the falling of the rest of the world. He functions as resourcefully and with quite the same old flair for the spectacular when he swims with the tide fully against him as when the current runs with him.

This briefly sketches the background of Western banking. We have here a clash of personalities, creating drama of the first order. There is gun play, sombre and often sordid tragedy. There are highlights of comedy and humor. The social moralist may pronounce wrathful and stern judgment on the leading men of Western banking, but he must admit they produced a show that is never dull, that never falls into a weary recital of checks and balances.

DURING the 1850s, conditions under which banking was conducted in California were a banker's idea of paradise. The first state constitution, which became operative in September, 1850, placed only a few loose restrictions on banking. There was very little formality about setting up as a banker. A man needed only a few dollars capital, a knack, on one hand, of inducing people to deposit money with him, and, on the other hand, of finding enterprises to promote with the deposits. Anybody could open a bank and a great many people proceeded to do so. Insurance agents, notaries, saloon keepers and small shop keepers ran banks as a side line.

Nothing now survives of these smaller banks but fragmentary records of interest only to strange people who find joy in what is known as research. Their quick passing was inevitable. However, not even the "big banks" of the gold rush days fared much better. Most of them failed as ingloriously as the mushroom banks, although one or two of them do survive as great names and great memories. In this class were Adams & Company, Page-Bacon Company, and Wells-Fargo Company, founded between 1849-'52. Of the three, Wells-Fargo is the only one that remains a power in the land. The activities and resources of these three banking houses caused older banking centers to look with astonishment on California

(Please turn to page 34)



THE GOLDEN GATE
B R I D G E
An Etching ✓ ✓ ✓
By George C. Ansley

THE BRIDGES WE'RE BUILDING

World's Greatest Bridges at the Half Way Point

By Earl Lee Kelly

Director of Public Works of the State of California

THE underwater portion of the \$77,200,000 San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge that attracted international engineering attention has been completed, and another of the "big jobs" has passed into history.

The substructure of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, extending farther below water than any concrete has heretofore been poured, now takes its place in the annals of American construction, alongside the other great chance-taking contracts that "made" and "broke" many contractors of the last century.

The substructure of the Bridge as a whole consists of 51 concrete piers. Of these 51, eight are ordinary concrete columns built on land. Three of these to be at the western end of the bridge on the San Francisco shore, and five on Yerba Buena Island in the center of San Francisco Bay. Seventeen piers are ordinary concrete rectangular and cylindrical structures, set over fir piles which brought the bridge down to a sand fill in the tidelands northeast of Oakland. But the remaining 26 concrete piers are all major units in the substructure of the bridge, and of these 26, six break previous records for depth of concrete submarine construction.

The deep piers of the bridge, their dimensions and depths, are indicated on this page.

Of the cost of the bridge proper, the California State Toll Bridge Authority has let contracts for a total of \$37,094,980.48, of which \$12,500,000 is the cost of the substructure, including the land and subpiers, as well as those great underwater edifices extending as far as 242 feet below water.

The contracts were let under great difficulties during the period of the bank holidays of March, 1933.

Actual construction was started in July, 1933.

At this writing the bridge construction has metamorphosed from the substructure to the superstructure stage, with all its concrete underwater jobs completed. The 288-foot double deck truss spans, at the east end of the bridge, have been erected, and also the first of the five 500-foot spans. The four structural steel suspension towers, which will support the 28¾" parallel steel wire cables over the West Bay crossing, have been erected.

Some \$15,000,000 has been spent, the money for the construction of the bridge being largely obtained

through the sale to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation of California Toll Bridge Authority bonds.

The superstructure sets no bridge building records other than that it is an 8¼ mile bridge, 4½ miles of which is over water. Likewise it bears the huge weight of two decks of automobile, heavy truck and electric railway traffic, with complicated tentacle-like ramps curving off the 185-foot elevation of the decks to the street levels at the west end. At the eastern end is an equally complicated and carefully engineered elevated structure sending traffic out in three directions.

The superstructure also claims some attention in its versatility. This involves the construction of concrete arch trestles and a set of twin suspension bridges over the two-mile West Bay channel, with a common concrete monument for a central anchorage in the middle of this two-mile crossing, which is new to bridge building.

The East Bay also has a variety of bridge types embracing a 1400-foot double-deck cantilever span, five 500-foot through truss, or railroad type, bridge spans, and fourteen 288-foot deck truss spans. These come to a fork at the east end of the bridge where the lower deck divides to

permit the upper deck to go down between the two forks of the lower deck.

But the deep-water piers, like underwater buildings of concrete and steel erected upside down in floating caissons, by the same highly successful gamblers of construction who built the Boulder Dam, lend something more than mere bigness to the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

Piers W-3, W-4, W-5, and W-6 of the deep water of the West Bay channel, which support the towers and center anchorage of the twin suspension bridges, were built within open-dredging-well caissons, modified to permit flotation by compressed air. The resulting caisson, designed by Daniel E. Moran and Chief Engineer Purcell and his staff, is an important addition to subaqueous engineering.

The largest caisson of this type is that of Pier W-4, the concrete center anchorage. The completed concrete pier is a rectangular structure 220 feet high from bedrock to water surface and, roughly, 200 feet wide by 100 feet

WEST BAY CHANNEL

Pier	Type	Average Depth	Greatest Depth	Dimensions
W-2	Sheet pile cofferdam	- 88.6	-100.1	52'-0" x 121'-4"
W-3	Compressed-air-flotation caissons (open dredging well)	-231.16	-240.7	74'-6" x 127'-0"
W-4	Compressed-air-flotation caissons (open dredging well)	-217.4	-222.4	197'-0" x 92'-0"
W-5	Compressed-air-flotation caissons (open dredging well)	-110.4	-114.2	57'-0" x 127'-0"
W-6	Compressed-air-flotation caissons (open dredging well)	-172.1	-177.3	74'-6" x 127'-0"

EAST BAY CHANNEL

E-2	Sheet pile cofferdam	- 46.0	- 56.6	42'-8" x 121'-5"
E-3	False bottom flotation caisson (open dredging well)	-235	-242	79'-5" x 133'-10"
E-4	False bottom flotation caisson (open dredging well)	-177.8	-183	59'-5" x 89'-8¾"
E-5	False bottom flotation caisson (open dredging well)	-177.2	-183	59'-5" x 89'-8¾"

The cost of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge as a whole is divided as follows:

Bridge proper, superstructure and substructure	\$55,000,000
Bridge railway system	15,600,000
Approaches to the bridge (trestles, etc.)	6,600,000
Total	\$77,200,000

thick. This concrete structure, the height of an 18-story office building, is cellular, or honey-combed.

Piercing the concrete block are 55 vertical holes, each 15 feet in diameter—the size of a large circular room. The walls around these 15-foot vertical cores are of concrete, reinforced with a network of reinforcing steel. The cores are hollow and the pier is opened at the side to permit sea water to slop in to these 15-foot wells.

In all the other piers, save this anchorage pier, all the cores are hollow, but in Pier W-4 three of the 15-foot wells at each corner, or a total of 12, were filled with concrete from bottom to top as the structure was being completed. For the first 40 feet of this pier at bedrock, the structure is solid concrete, a seal of concrete having been poured upon the rock ten feet below the bottom of the caisson and up each well 30 feet. Like the non-tipping smokers' stand, the pier is weighted solid with concrete at the bottom.

To build this structure in water 80 feet deep, with a six-mile-an-hour tide, the compressed-air-flotation caisson was designed. The outer walls of this caisson are of plate steel at the bottom for some 17 feet, which is known as the cutting edge because it is beveled on the inside to facilitate sinking through mud. Above the cutting edge the walls are of timber caulked water tight. Inside this rectangular floating structure, box girders divide the first 17 feet at the bottom into 55 square cells. Over these square cells transition cones, or adaptor sections, like steel collars, render the square cells circular. To the adaptor section is welded 15-foot steel pipe and at the top of this pipe a plate steel hemispheroid dome is welded on water tight. On the dome is a pressure gauge and a valve for compressed air hoses.

Thus the caisson consists of an outer wall around a cluster of 55 vertical tubes, domed at the top (during the floating stage) and open to the sea water at the bottom.

Anchored at the site by concrete anchors on four sides, this caisson is sunk by the simple process of pouring concrete into it around the 55 steel tubes. When concrete has been poured almost to the top of the tubes, a portion of them are heightened by cutting off the dome and welding on a 20-foot section of pipe. The dome is thus re-welded on while other pipes are being similarly treated, until the height of the outer walls and the steel tubes within are all increased. Another pour of concrete can then be placed within the structure to sink it still farther into the water.

When the caisson's cutting edge is within two or three feet of the mud, the air is reduced within all the tubes and the caisson drops suddenly into the mud and, when solid, the domes are removed and clamshell buckets are lowered down the open wells to the mud beneath the caisson. These buckets undermine the mud beneath the rectangular structure and permit it to sink by its own weight to within ten feet of bedrock where it is stopped and the bedrock cleaned off for the concrete seal floor that is laid on the rock beneath the caisson. No men worked under air pressure below water on any of the piers on this bridge. Sand hogs were eliminated by the clamshell buckets.

Pier W-4 cost approximately \$3,000,000 and contains 200,000 cubic yards of concrete, which is more than enough to build an Empire State building.

The false-bottom open-dredging-well caissons are similar except that the cells are square rather than circular, and flotation during the first stage is obtained by timbering over the square wells at the bottom of the caisson to keep the water out and maintain buoyancy. When these caissons land on the mud, the timbers are jerked out of each of the wells, which produces the same result as cut-

ting off the domes at the top of the compressed-air-flotation caissons.

The other underwater concrete piers of the bridge were built within steel sheet piling cofferdams, like stockades, of plate steel tongue and groove pilings. These piles are driven deep into the mud and the mud excavated from the rectangular space within. On most of the piers built by this method, some 300 timber piles were driven into the sand-clay strata, and the concrete pier built within the cofferdam and on top of the butts of these piles. This was used where rock in the East Bay tidelands was beyond reach, (some 500 feet below sea level).

Future Construction

THE superstructure of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge involved a \$20,000,000 United States Steel Company order, said to be the largest ever given. This order involves the entire steel work on the bridge—the spans, the steel towers, the suspension cables, suspender ropes, the cantilever steel, the other truss spans, and the deck truss spans, which are already erected.

Superstructure work overlapped during the last half of 1934 and will be in full possession of the field in 1935.

The schedule calls for the bridge to go into service January 1, 1937.

The erection of the foot bridges and equipment in preparation to spinning the main cables of the suspension bridge between San Francisco and Pier No. 4, the Concrete Center Anchorage, has already started. The actual spinning of the first wires will probably take place sometime after the first of May.

The East Bay spans are well under way and will be half completed by the middle of 1935.

The huge vehicular tunnel, 76 by 58 feet, through Yerba Buena Island is now half completed by hard rock miners drilling and blasting. Yerba Buena is a military reservation, occupying a 400 acre outcropping of sandstone that rises 375 feet above the bay. The tunnel, which is claimed to be the world's largest bore, would permit a four-story building to be towed through it upright were it not for its two decks.



Conquering the Golden Gate

By Norman Benson

THE part played by mountain barriers and by wide reaches of ocean in the development of peoples and nations has never been fully told. Greece, surrounded on three sides by water and on the fourth by mountains, was left free from intrusion to advance her civilization untrammelled. Italy, washed by the waters of

(Please turn to page 36)

Salt Water FRIENDLY ENEMIES

By Jack Densham

AUGUST 10, 1914. War raging in Europe. Off the Golden Gate the Nuernberg and Leipzig. A funny old Canadian cruiser had just come into the harbor for supplies and had gone out again.

From the South Side coastguard station came word to me, just as I had my column in, that warship wreckage had been picked up on the beach. The managing editor asked me could I tell was it a warship or not, if I went out there. And I answered him, "Yes."

So I went out in a car and, being almost young in those days, I ran the mile along the beach and found the South Side captain with a lot of wreckage. I took one look and knew immediately it was just stripping for action. Of course when I got back I did not let on to the M.E. I led him to think there had been a terrific battle and wrote a story to that effect.

The next day they sent me out in Harry Johnson's sea-going launch "Active", to see what we could see. Bob Carey, now master of one of the big Dollar liners, was running a Paladini fish tug at the time and he hailed us and said he had heard gun fire and there were two Germans in the offing.

With me was Harry Coleman, artist and photographer. We talked things over that night and Harry made an exquisite suggestion.

"Say, Jack," quoth he, "what's the matter with getting the German Consul to chaperon us, then we could get aboard one of those Dutchmen and get a story?"

No sooner said than done. The Consul was a very aristocratic German, Prussian rather, who wore a monocle and we got him on the phone and he said he would be tickled to death. He did not know I was a limie.

We made a date for early the next morning and told them where to get aboard the "Active." Then I rang up Carnegie Ross, the British Consul General and told him all about it and he said "Fine".

I took the old bulldog, Berkeley Craig, who was human and followed me all around the front and would speak to no one unless he was introduced. We joined up on the "Active" and away we went to sea, with this lanky Prussian. Along with me was a Lavengro, Van Leer Ribbink, recently joined the paper. He was a Boer, but naturally a British subject like me.

Dear old Harry Johnson, now gone out to the far Sargasso, took us outside and we tooled around and decided to go to the lightship. So we went aboard and all got seasick. A lightship has the damndest rockings. But they had picked up a six-inch cylinder floating around and I matched Harry to see if he got it for an umbrella stand, or I. He won.

Then we went over to the pilot boat and were welcomed by a dear old salt, who a few years later died of heart failure, in the water, when the dingy capsized alongside the pilot schooner. He told us there was a limejuice barque coming in and we might get some word from the pilot. Another grand old salt gone.

Well we found the big barque; the pilot hailed me and said the two Germans were in the offing, because the skipper had told him that a German heavy cruiser pulled up alongside and he had dipped his ensign in salute and the German did the same.

"Of course," said the skipper of the barque, "I didn't know as 'ow war was declared. I wonder if he thort I was atelling 'im for to kiss my transom."

(Please turn to page 37)

TOMMY ATKINS

By Jack Densham

MR. ATKINS, first name Thomas, was a man of great renown; He lived around the Islands and his skin was darkly brown; He wore a lava lava—that's the native name for kilt— And a subtle Chinese dentist made his smile a glowing gilt. On his head he wore a pillbox like, when Kipling first began Acclaiming Tommy Atkins, graced each military man. In the ribbon of the pillbox stuck a dirty short clay pipe; If you smoked a panatella, he would grovel for the snipe.

I first met Mr. Atkins on a schooner in Rabool. When it came to donkey engines, Mr. Atkins was no fool. I was the donkey driver on the schooner and I learned A tome of native nature by the tricks this Atkins turned. He had half a dozen niggers all arunning to his bid; They stoked and fussed and chattered, every one the busy kid. Mr. Atkins did the bossing, by the throttle took his stand And you should have seen those natives jump around at his command.

Well, I bought a trading schooner, and from Sydney, we set sail. We caught the trade winds early, romping down before the gale; And when we reached the Islands, with the anchor down all snug, Came along a fussing gas launch with its evil smelling chug. Came a curly bob of black wool, with a pillbox perched atop And appears this Mr. Atkins, "Marster, pocket boy he stop." That's the funny native pidgin to explain in words to me That he knew that I was coming and my servant he would be.

So I took this Atkins over and he treated me right well; My linen always spotless and a pleasant dinner bell, For he cooked with perfect knowledge of my Island-tainted taste And I really got to thinking of the lines around my waist.

So we traded down the Islands and the game was very good; Trocha shell was badly needed and my credit balance stood Down at Carpenter's in thousands, so my feet began to itch, For I craved a trip to Sydney, now I knew that I was rich. So I steered her bow for Faisi, where I'd turn my trocha in; Rather nervous for the knowledge that the Monsoons should begin.

Oh, it came all right, that twister and we piled upon a beach, With the hull all smashed to pieces, canvas ribboned to the leach And we found a gang of natives who were nastier than gall; For the headman said "Much monee, or with thees me keel you all." Raised he then an ancient Snyder, to the muzzle filled with lead And I had the queerest feeling, for I saw myself quite dead. Of course I had no money and, while trying to explain, The headman pulled the trigger—but 'twas Atkins who was slain.

That queer old, ugly native, with a funny sideways jump Had landed right between us; I could hear the horrid thump As two pounds of driven bullets hit him squarely in the chest— Oh, well, that ends the story. Frenzy made us do the rest, For we rushed those beastly niggers and I always stop to gloat, When I think of how my fingers got that headman 'round the throat. When those natives saw I'd killed him, they departed, on the run For, without their fiendish leader, they were cowards, every one. So we buried Tommy Atkins, with a tear and silent prayer; And, when later, we were rescued, left him sweetly sleeping there.

BRINGING IN THE BACON

Hunting Wild Boar on Santa Cruz

By Oliver Bainbridge

RESTING peacefully in the Pacific, off the Coast of Santa Barbara is beautiful, precipitous Santa Cruz Island—one of the five Channel Islands. Santa Cruz is an unimportant adjunct to the state of California; its thirty miles of length and eight of width are noted more for their rugged beauty than their fertility. Sheep and grapes are raised with some amount of profit to the owners; but it is the wild boar that were left there by Sir Francis Drake and Cabrillo in the 17th century that accounts for the present popularity of this old smuggler's haven.

On the far side of Prisoner's Bay are the remains of an old settlement and a church. Much of it was built in the early days when California was part of Spain and when the wine of Santa Cruz was famous for its flavor. Some dozen men bunk there today to watch the herds and till the small vineyard that has been maintained throughout prohibition days.

One afternoon my friend, Harrison Ryon and I were sitting in "The Sportsman" in Santa Barbara, discussing the success of a certain archer in killing wild boar on Santa Cruz with bow and arrow. The conversation grew more interesting and heated when the subject of lancing or spearing boar was introduced. It was my contention that to spear pigs on foot offered thrills and obstacles never encountered by the archer. On this point Harrison quite agreed, but thought the sport hardly worth the dangers.

A few years ago while in the South Seas I spent much time practicing with spears and as a result killed several razor-back hogs with native spears. In those experiences I learned a vital lesson—not to throw the spear but to stand my ground and kill the boar on the charge with a properly placed thrust in the jugular.

Perhaps it was this experience, plus my normally adventurous spirit, that led me to wager Harrison I could spear any boar on Santa Cruz, using dogs, and spears of my own design.

After returning to San Francisco I discussed the subject with Hugh McKenzie of the Dollar Line, a well known big game hunter. He agreed to accompany me with his rifle, to cover me in the event of mishap. Pig-sticking on foot has never been recommended as a safe sport; in fact one of the rules of the Indian Army is never to dismount while hunting wild boar with lances. The dangers are too great and the average human is considered helpless in the face of attack unless properly armed and mounted. Even on Santa Cruz, where the pigs do not reach the size of those found in India, several hunters and their horses have been severely torn by the tusks of enraged hogs.

The sun had not yet risen when Hugh and I left the train in Santa Barbara to board the schooner we had chartered for our adventure. She was laying-to at the yacht landing on Stearn's Wharf. My old friend Homer Woodward was waiting for us with an I-didn't-want-to-get-up look in his eyes. With him was a young man (to serve as a spear-bearer for me), while on the stern of the schooner stood Cap Eaton, and Red, who was to handle the dogs in the

hunt. The trip of thirty miles over to Pelican Bay was uneventful, most of the fellows catching a little sleep while I put in the time sharpening the spear-heads and bringing the equipment into satisfactory condition.

We dropped anchor in Pelican Bay around nine and went to Cap Eaton's Camp for breakfast. It was in this bay that one day I saw a rare sight: two killer-whales scratching their backs and sides on a jagged rock, attempting to remove the barnacles. Their sharp, pointed snouts and shark-like mouths testified to the killer instincts that have branded them the most dangerous of water mammals. It is seldom indeed they are seen so far north, their usual habitat being the cooler waters of the South, extending into the Arctic.

Santa Cruz has for several years been a stamping-ground of mine. Originally because of the early California Indian remains to be found there, and later because of my attempts to explore the Painted Cave. As far as I know, this cave, which is

what is known as a water-cave, is America's nearest approach to Capri's Blue Grotto.

This time as I stood overlooking the vast Pacific from the cliffs of Eaton's Camp, I realized that the adventure before us might well end in disaster. Hunting with spears gives animals more than a fair break, with the odds decidedly against the hunter, if the quarry be in the big game or dangerous class. It is true that the Massai of Africa hunt lions with spears, but there are as many as fifty men engaged in the hunt and no one man is entirely dependent on his own efforts. The only individual to have gained any degree of fame as a spearsman is the Tiger Man of Brazil, and he stands alone in his class, spearing jaguars for their hides. But with due respect to the dangers accompanying the spearing of "cats" I very much doubt if the risk is equal to the many problems confronting the pig-sticker.

In the first place an enraged wild boar is one of the fastest animals on earth. He moves on his short, stubby legs with the rapidity of an express train, wheeling and swerving without any check in his speed, intent only on ripping to pieces with his long razor-like tusks the enemy in front of him. A full grown boar will weigh as much as an average lion, and has on more than one occasion emerged triumphant from a skirmish with the "king of the jungle."

These thoughts crowded through my mind as I stood watching the sun rise higher and cast shadows into the back-wash of the ground swell, rolling on its way to the sandy beaches of Santa Barbara and Ventura. The rest of the day was spent leisurely with a short unsuccessful hunt at sundown. Our primary object was to limber up and give the dogs a run. They were eager for sport but we were too near camp for them to find any boar trails.

It was three o'clock the following morning when we again embarked on the schooner for Valdez Harbor, which was chosen as the anchorage and beginning of the

(Please turn to page 38)



Art and Artists

APPRECIATION OF CONTEMPORARY PAINTING

By Emerson Lewis

This article by Mr. Emerson Lewis is the first of a series by Western artists dealing with several phases of art appreciation. Others will follow in ensuing issues.

THE art of the painter is supremely an art expressed in technique as well as in emotional value. Fundamentally, emotional values can be appreciated by practically any one, be he artist or not. The technique of the artist however can only be appreciated by those who understand something of the mechanical means employed by the artist whereby he creates the effects he feels. It is with reference to the latter factor that we may well speak of "educating the public to the painter's art."

Immediately the question arises: What is good art? That, of course, is debatable, depending on our individual viewpoint, upon the measure of our mental and emotional capacity. Yet, somewhere along the line there must be a basis for criticism; there must be a standard of comparison or at least a common denominator according to which the emotional and mental value of a painting can be appraised. It would seem small satisfaction to state that a certain work of art is good for no other reason than that other people say so. We are too easily influenced to form opinions that are not based on what we honestly think but on what we are supposed to think. Our opinions are too often custom-made. As a nation we are too young to have traditional standards. Moreover the race for material opportunity forces us to burn the midnight oil, so to speak, and correspondingly decreases the leisure necessary for cultural development.

Yet, in spite of all this, it must not be supposed that the layman is an altogether unreliable critic. After all, people who buy paintings are not necessarily "educated to the painter's art"; they buy them because they feel within themselves a certain "response," even though technically they understand none of the problems the artist has had to overcome. They linger before a canvas because the scene recalls to them similar scenes within their own experience, or because it stimulates their own imagination, or because it appeals to their sense of color, or because of any number of psychological reasons. In short, they "understand" the painting, though this "understanding" may not have the remotest connection with the technical aspect of the work.

This inner response to the work of the artist is, we believe, a criterion that we cannot afford to minimize; in fact, it is a standard of comparison that the artist may well heed with profit. It is perhaps somewhat paradoxical to state that art has advanced though the artist may have lost sight of the purpose of art. We believe that art should give pleasure and not perplexity, that it should touch our emotions and not tax our credulity. No one who has listened to conversations of visitors to art exhibits could possibly fail to be impressed with what the public does or does not appreciate. No matter what technical elements are involved in the appraisal of a painting, in the last analysis it is the layman who marks it with the stamp of approval or disapproval. It may be worth consideration that public acceptance is more important than what we may think the public ought to accept. No artist as yet has gotten very far in forcing the sale or acceptance of his work with the aid of a shotgun, it is not likely that



the layman would believe that the gun was loaded. It would seem readily acceptable that any canvas that stirs our emotions—no matter what medium or subject may have been used—is a successful work of art.

Another phase relating to the appreciation of contemporary painting is one that lies within the domain of art exhibits. It is a well-known principle of art criticism that the intention of the artist must be known. Thus in a general way his work must be classified as symbolical, allegorical, illustrative or decorative painting. Yet this classification is being ignored in most art exhibits today. It is somewhat startling to see the works of the sur- and super-realists in grotesque proximity to those depicting the serenity of still-life or pastoral quietude. Others, manifestly intended as poster designs, hobnob with portraits by other contemporaries. There may be a method in this madness, but if there is, it is none too obvious. It would appear that the effect is bewildering to say the least and that the impression thus created is not conducive to a meritorious appreciation of contemporary painting. Though reasons for this method of exhibiting may be advanced none would seem sufficiently valuable from a layman's standpoint.

These and many other factors enter into the intelligent appraisal of contemporary painting. Still, when all is said and done, public appreciation is born of what the layman "feels," and unless or until human nature changes it is the most practical as well as the surest way of discovering the merits of contemporary art.

HOW DOES MUSIC GET THAT WAY?

By Karel Mansfield

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Mansfield in which he discusses with startling frankness modern exploitation of music and musicians. The next article will appear in an early issue.

IN CASE you haven't the slightest idea that anything is amiss with the musical set-up in this our country, let me suggest that a summary of press-accounts, a perusal of musical magazines and a perhaps more intimate knowledge of the "back-stage" methods of the Powers-that-be will most certainly reveal the poor Muse in her present deplorable and harrowing condition.

Stabbed in the back, hollow-eyed, emaciated, haunted by the memories of former more glorious days, she drags herself along—stringless harp under listless arm—hoping for a friendly hand-out, and barter, for the mere right to exist, the last weary tune.

This picture may seem a bit stark to those who are in the habit of taking their music for granted much in the same way as we accept our religion and our government, it's here and it's nice to have. We have become accustomed to music as part of our atmosphere. We leave its creation, its development and its direction to a coterie of people whom we vaguely suspect of knowing more about this sort of thing than we do. Here and there we have picked something of the professional parlance and proceed to glibly prattle about critics, managers and publicity agents, programmatic music, the Russian "Lady Macbeth" and Mr. Toscanini's singular ability as a box office attraction. And all this in the most blissful ignorance as to the actual conditions that obtain in the field of music exploitation and, mayhap, caring less.

Yet, the fact that music is sick, very sick, can be readily traced to the gullibility and the almost incredible disposition of the American public to be "Barnumized" in matters musical.

This statement may be challenged by those who mistake the journalistic gyrations of certain press agents, the multiplicity of musical ventures—many of extremely doubtful merit—and the imposing amount of money involved, for indications that music in this country is on the up and up. And so it might be and would be, except for the trifling fact that at last music, like so many other necessary factors in social and economic life, has fallen into the hands of social, financial and political racketeers. And, needless to say, they do not exploit it for art's sake. The ills to which musical art has fallen victim are so entrenched, their ramifications so far-reaching, that no casual diagnosis could establish their cause, nor for that matter indicate their cure. Nor is it our purpose to attempt to play Atlas to a musical world; we shall merely state the facts as we see them, nothing more, and likewise nothing less.

Only recently there have come from a very few highly authoritative sources barbed protests, revelations or pertinent inquiries. Questions are being asked about methods whereby music racketeers foist upon the "dear" public whatever masquerades under their so-called standard of musical art. It is high time that inquiries are being made as to the system of promoting artists, many of whom cannot and should not attempt to commend themselves seriously to public consideration. What is the sys-

tem of this closed corporation of artists' managers, who are hard-eyed, cool-mannered business men, most of whom think that a viola is a flower and who do not know the treble from the bass cleff?

Mind you, we are not railing against the injection of legitimate business methods into the field of music. The business end of music is a necessary adjunct, but the system or method employed is quite another matter.

Yes, we know it takes money to make music, but the people who know that it takes music to make money, and plenty of money at that, are not the artists themselves nor the financial backers of young budding talent. Many of the former could make a more profitable living washing dishes, to which calling, by the way, some could have dedicated themselves without causing much of a ripple on the ocean of the musical sum total. And the financial pains which backers take with their proteges turn mostly into sick headaches.

There was a time when music flourished in spite of the absence of financial abundance, when its free expression and its eager acceptance were based on merit. Impresarios were men who were willing to stake their means on their own judgment of the qualifications of an artist, and thereby either made fortunes or lost them. There have been many who have had the ability to pick with unerring precision artists who have proven eminently successful, and these artists were not asked to pay through the nose for the privilege of becoming box office attractions.

Publicity "build-up" was a minus quantity, yet great artists managed pretty well to become famous without it. It is no longer vocal perfection that makes an operatic star, nor does perfection of musical understanding and leadership make a conductor. These are myths, as any manager can tell you. But we are a long suffering public and it is not strange that we have become the dupes of those who know how to convert our apathy into cash at the expense of music and musicians.

In spite of all this super-organization necessary, it is claimed, to place music on a business basis, we are faced with terrific deficits. Almost every major musical organization in this country finds itself in a precarious condition. Yet clever publicists call attention to the increased popular demand for high-class performances. As if popular demand for great artists had ever been less than it is now. It is not a question of popular demand, but very much a question of dollars and cents.

"Fortune" for March discusses the financial experience of New York's Philharmonic Symphony Society and comments that it currently loses \$150,000 a year "without half trying." In a current issue of "Musical America" (February 25, 1935) it is stated that Mr. Paul Cravath, chairman of the board of the Metropolitan Opera Association, announced that the Met "could not continue to give opera on the basis of the enormous deficits of the past two seasons." Which deficits, according to his statement, consumed a \$1,000,000 sinking fund and some \$300,000 more. On the other hand Mr. Irving R. Sussman an-

(Please turn to page 37)



THE HEATHEN CHINEE

BY BRET HARTE

[From the Overland Monthly, September, 1870.]

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinees is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain

金銀不換
金銀不換
金銀不換
金銀不換

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply.
But his smile it was pensive and childlike
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft were the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise.
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small
game,

And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by
the table.

With a smile that was
childlike and bland.

金銀不換

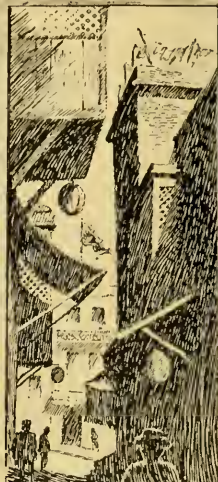


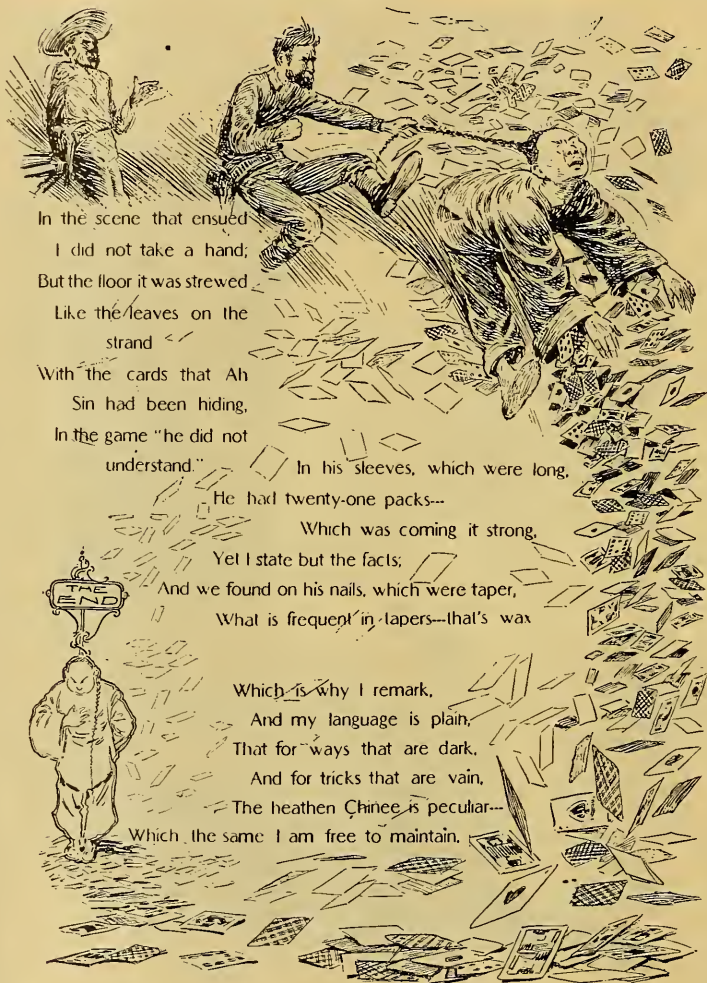


Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By the heathen Chinees,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see----
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"--
And he went for that heathen Chinees.





In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the
strand

With the cards that Ah
Sin had been hiding,

In the game "he did not
understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,

He had twenty-one packs--

Which was coming it strong,

Yel I state but the facts;

And we found on his nails, which were taper,

What is frequent in tapers--that's wax

Which is why I remark,

And my language is plain,

That for ways that are dark,

And for tricks that are vain,

The heathen Chinese is peculiar--

Which, the same I am free to maintain.

HAVE YOU READ?

ZAMORANO: CALIFORNIA'S FIRST PRINTER

Review by Oscar Lewis

CALIFORNIA has always been a fruitful field for the historian. Its varied past has attracted the pens of scores of men and women, and their books—as every collector of California knows—mount into the hundreds.

Yet, any book on California's history, if it is accurate and readable, is a welcome addition to the literature of the state, and the book that presents important new facts deserves a particularly cordial welcome. George L. Harding's "Don Agustin V. Zamorano" is emphatically such a book. Mr. Harding chose for his subject one of the most shadowy figures of the pre-Conquest days; a man who, because of the high public offices he had held, was obviously a person of importance in the territory, but who had always received puzzlingly scant treatment by the historians. Even Bancroft, thorough to the point of tediousness on most points, had little to say of Zamorano. Moreover, the little he did say was, as Harding amply proves, colored by prejudice—the fault not of Bancroft alone but of those on whom he was forced to depend for information.

Not the least important, and interesting part of the book is that which treats of the reasons for Zamorano's achievements having hitherto been so little emphasized even by the more conscientious of California's historians. Harding expresses the reason for this tersely: "The cause of this neglect . . . was that Zamorano, although not a Mexican by birth, did not consider his Mexican citizenship lightly and, consequently, was never in sympathy with, or a party to, the continual political intrigues carried on by those native Californians who achieved prominence in later years and who supplied in great part, in dictated memoirs and histories, the materials from which American historians have written the history of California."

Zamorano died in 1842, four years before the American Conquest, and the side to which he had given his support during his entire political career had in the end been the losing side. When Bancroft and other American historians, a quarter of a century or more later, began reconstructing a very complicated political situation, they of necessity had to turn for information to the men who had been leaders in the ultimately successful effort to win independence from Mexico—that is, to Zamorano's political enemies—for these were the influential men in the territory up to the time of the Conquest in '46. Many of these—Vallejo, Alvarado, Castro—gave Bancroft access to their records and correspondence, dictated reminiscences to his agents, and supplied him with a wide variety of information. None of these was eager to minimize either his own importance in the affairs of the territory, or the justice of the cause to which he had given his support. And naturally, the men who had held opposing views, who as the defeated were not present to state their side of the case, often had both their accomplishments ignored and their motives misconstrued. Under these circumstances, it is easy to understand why Zamorano received less than justice at the hands of California's historians.

This situation Mr. Harding has set about to correct. The fact that he has succeeded so convincingly makes his book a welcome contribution to our understanding of the period. But it is more than merely a defense of a misunderstood man. In playing the part of devil's advo-

cate, the author has given a well ordered picture of California between the years 1825 and 1838—the period of Zamorano's residence in the territory. Likewise he has thrown important new light on what has always been popularly regarded as his subject's most notable achievement: the introduction of printing into California.

Zamorano's introduction of printing into the territory is related in an interesting chapter that fills some gaps in the history of this episode. Most important of these is Harding's definite identification of the Zamorano type and press as of American manufacture, his discovery of printed sheets dated as early as 1826, and his findings, proved beyond doubt, that the press and materials came, not from Mexico, as has been almost universally claimed, but from Boston.

Zamorano's interest in printing seems originally to have been in the nature of a hobby, though his equipment was presently put to practical use in printing official forms, letterheads and, in several instances, small books. The early specimens of Zamorano's press are today the rarest and most sought after of California imprints. Harding's book contains, among a variety of interesting illustrations, a group of facsimiles of these first pieces printed on the Pacific Coast.

"Don Agustin V. Zamorano" is an excellent piece of work; a detailed and convincing evocation of one of the forgotten men of California "before the Gringo came"; a worth-while piece of research, and a necessity in any collection of California history that makes claim to completeness.

DON AGUSTIN V. ZAMORANO: Statesman, Soldier, Craftsman and Printer. By George L. Harding. Los Angeles: The Zamorano Club, 1934.

THE MISSION BELLS OF CALIFORNIA

Review by Lester Enfield

THE matter-of-fact title of this volume by Marie T. Walsh made us apprehensive of several hours of mental exasperation for those to whom the subject of bells, be they mission or any other kind of bells, has no special attraction except, perhaps, their sound. We confess that our approach to Miss Walsh's volume was fraught with trepidation based upon our personal axiom that bells are bells for all that. The author has adequately convinced us of the error of our ways.

Glancing through the book somewhat gingerly we were attracted by its copious foot-notes, its numerous illustrations, its bibliography, its alphabetical appendix and its excellent press-work, all of which gave it an academic appearance that promised much more than the title implies, and it is only fair to say that the book lives up to that promise.

In the first few pages the author sets herself to the task of telling us something anent the history of bells and at once proceeds to convince us that the element of authority in her writing is based upon the original study of the facts and not upon the literary airing of other people's fancies. Having thus made interesting preparation she then makes us listen to "las campanas" along

(Please turn to page 40)

HUNTIN' FISHIN' AND SUCH

By Tod Powell

IN the spring, the angler's fancy—if he happens to live in California—turns to trout, and not so lightly, either, for although the Golden State is one where some sort of fishing can be enjoyed practically the year around, this trouting is serious business. The salmon, the steelhead, the black bass and the less aristocratic but none-the-less gamy striped bass all have their devotees and all, at their appointed seasons, receive the attention of fishermen. Right now the focus of interest is Trout—that's right, spell them with a capital; they're important.

All up and down the state fishermen of all descriptions, armed with everything from willow poles and the traditional bent pin to the finest products of the rodmaker's art, and feather flies and gear that cost a fortune, are hieing them to the streams. Each week, as the season advances and the game law ban is lifted on waters higher and higher up in the mountains, the army grows, albeit the lateness of the winter and the cold weather of the spring have kept snow on the ground and made it difficult to reach many of the choicer spots, as, for instance, one I had the good fortune to fish most enthusiastically last year.

It was Huckleberry lake, well up in the Sierra. The season opens there July 15, but there may be some doubt as to whether the snow will have melted sufficiently for anglers to visit this choice spot so early this year. We packed out from Douglas, a resort on the Stanislaus river—thank God there are still some parts of the state where no motor roads run, no honking automobiles disturb the woodland silence and no foul odor of gasoline pollutes the mountain air!

We packed out, then—with good, honest horseflesh and a 20-gallon hatted guide who could make a frying pan do tricks the great Henri Charpentier might envy—and every mile was sheer delight. Rough country? Of course, but if we'd wanted concrete we could have stayed in town. There was all the scenery a man could enjoy; more, really, than his appreciative faculties could digest. I could write an article about that scenery, but this tale is supposed to have something to do with fish.

And we found them! We passed near Relief lake, paused to wet a line at Emigrant lake, traversed Sheep Meadows and Horse Meadows, trailed down the canyon of the Cherry watershed and camped for a fortnight's stay, at Huckleberry lake. Eight thousand feet up—air like champagne—good forest growth to scent the atmosphere—deer drinking from the lake at dawn—bear tracks not a hundred yards from camp—and plenty of fightin', rarin', twistin', wrigglin' rainbows in the lake if you knew how to get 'em!

Now, I've heard a deal, these last years, about the efficacy of certain purportedly deadly baits and lures. I've heard the anchor-and-hawser type of meat-killer fisherman defend his tackle roundly on the ground it got results. I've heard laughter and derision poured out on sporting tackle and small-size flies. But this time I got even.

The art of angling, friends, is to reduce the odds in favor of yourself to a point where Mr. Fish has a sporting chance; then to use your brains, to figure what your finny opponent is going to do or not to do, to out-guess him, to lure him to your artfully cast fly, to hook him, to fight him, and to land him, in a fair and equal combat. I've been derided, often, for giving the fish a chance.

But this time the meat-hunters lost out and it was old

John Sportsman who brought home the bacon, by doing precisely the things the others thought were fol-de-rol and silly, and in doing knew a world of sporting thrill. Man, is there anything in the world like the strike and rush of a fighting cold-water, able-bodied competent trout!

Whilst the others tried with worms and lures, and grasshoppers, to tempt the denizens of the mountain paradise to their hooks, all bent more on fish than fun, fished vainly, Yours Truly lounged in camp, fattened on the contrivances of that guide—the world lost a great chef when he refused to leave his beloved mountains—spun yarns, tramped the nearby hills with a camera, or just plain loafed.

Then in the evening, when the weary fishermen returned to camp with all too few trout to show for their day of effort, Ye Scribe hid himself unobtrusively to the lakeside, waded in, and, carefully matching his tiny fly to the coloration of the insects then lighting on the water just in time to provide the trout with their evening meal, cast as shrewdly as might be. A little manipulation of the fly, a second cast, perhaps, and lo! The finny friends provided him with the sport of kings! In half an hour while the trout were acquiring their insectivorous supper, it was easy to take as many trout as the entire company could eat for supper!

Again at early morning, before the activity of the day had disturbed the hush of the still water, another half-hour of sheer joy would produce as much fodder for the frying-pan as six hearty adults and Bear-Bait, the guide's twelve-year-old, could eat at a meal.

Well was the secret kept; carefully was the artfulness of angling concealed, and great was the credit enjoyed by your writer—all because he used a light and sporting tackle that Mr. Trout really did not see, a light and easily manipulated rod, a long fine-drawn leader and a fly so tiny it actually compared in size with the natural insect food of the trout—a No. 18, in fact. Name, brand and description? A yellow-bodied gray hackle—nothing fancy; any sporting goods store can supply you replicas in dozens. The art, friends, was not in superior angling, but in choosing a fly that looked more or less, both in size and color, like the insects on which the trout feed, then on choosing as a time for fishing the period when the trout were feeding.

Or if you be so minded, hike up from the lake forty-five minutes of fairly steep trail over the ridge to Twin Lakes, just across the border-line of Yosemite National Park, and there enjoy equal sport. Or perchance you will take a longer trip, farther up into the mountains where you may cast your fly for California's unique Golden trout. They're there, friends, and belike, year after year, there'll be more, for I saw last year the beginning of something that may well mean doubled and trebled trout population in a matter of but a year or two.

Check dams, they call them—just little earthen and masonry dams thrown across various lake outlets to check the flow and hold back the too-eager run-off of spring rains, or over-rapid melting of snows on the higher peaks. The state and a staff of CCC boys were building them in quite some numbers around Huckleberry and many other lakes. You will probably see them this summer.

(Please turn to page 34)

EDUCATION IN THE SOVIET UNION

By Frances N. Ahl

EDUCATION in the Soviet Union is utilitarian and materialistic. It is dedicated to the service of industry and of war. It is not a search for truth but instruction in and application of the fundamental principles of Marx and Lenin. Education is under state control and Communist direction. It is the "cultural front" of the Five Year Plan. It is propaganda and propaganda is education.

The chief purpose of Russian education is the preparation of new citizens for a new society. The schools are to prepare the youth for their life work in industry, in agriculture, in commerce and in everything else that makes up Soviet life. They are also to prepare loyal soldiers of the Revolution. The edict of the Communist party is that "Every young person must become proficient in some branch of military science and battle practice. Every young worker, every young clerk, every young office employee must learn to handle a machine gun."

Since 1930, when compulsory education was instituted for the first time in Russian history, the people have been almost fanatically devoted to the cause of popular education. Today more than one-third of the population is engaged in study of some sort. But this is not sufficient. In the Soviet Union there are sixty million children under seventeen years of age.

According to the Chairman of the Institute of Communist Education, two big problems confront the Soviet school system. The first is quantitative—to get the largest proportion of the population into the educational institutions. The second is qualitative—to emphasize the collective side at the very start even in the pre-school years.

The same driving force is used in the schools as in the economic system. The farm and the factory are a part of the educational system, and the educational system is in turn a part of the industrial system. Labor is the basis of education. Youth is taught that it can change the world through knowledge and work. The aim of education is to produce the situation which will thus change the world.

None realize more fully than the Soviets that the foundations of a new culture must be laid in the younger generation. From the lisping babes in the nurseries on through the kindergartens, elementary and intermediate schools, secondary schools and universities all is propaganda. Everywhere the atmosphere is intensely military and intensely political.

In the nurseries groups of children less than two years of age give the communistic salute, "ever ready". As the American child starts the day with the pledge to the flag and the singing of "America", so Russian children in the kindergartens sing the following song—

"I am an atheist.
I do not believe in God.
I do not believe in religious festivals.
I want to work and study."

Groups of young Pioneers—boys and girls between the ages of ten and sixteen—sing with fervor the refrain of the Communist song:

"Build, build, build,
We build the new state."

The schools of Russia give preference in admission to the children of workers and the poorer peasants. The



higher institutions of learning are flooded with the laboring class. It is indeed difficult for a rich man's son or daughter to enter university.

At the present time the kindergartens are not able to accommodate more than one per cent of the children who seek admission. For the great majority of the Russian boys and girls, therefore, school begins at the age of eight. For the country population it lasts four years, which is the regular period of the elementary school. For the city children there are seven and nine year schools, which combine the work of the American elementary and secondary schools.

Practically all the secondary schools of Russia are affiliated with industry. Education assumes a technical aspect as soon as the student enters the high school or technicum as it is called. There are technicums affiliated with the state farm at Verblud, with the collective farms, the Stalingrad tractor plant, the Gorki factory, the Rostov factory for agricultural machinery, etc. Courses in the technicums are for two and three years.

At the top of the Soviet educational system are the universities with an enrollment of more than half a million students. In Russia the state assumes the burden of higher education. Seventy-five per cent of the students receive stipends ranging from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty rubles a month. The only limitation is age. No person over thirty-five years of age is admitted to a university. This year in one university, one million three hundred thousand rubles out of a budget of two million rubles is for stipends alone. Twenty per cent of the national budget is devoted to the cause of education.

Yet Russia has much less equipment than is needed in her universities. She could easily use twice as much as she now has. Throughout the entire educational system conditions are dreadfully overcrowded. Many of the schools must operate in two or three shifts. There is serious lack of equipment.

The most revolutionary reform in Russia's higher edu-

cational program is the combination of practice and theory for all students. From one-third to one-half of the time is taken up with practical work. Valuable as such a system may be, it is dangerous to the best interests of theoretical and scientific education. Furthermore, it is costing Russia an enormous apprenticeship premium.

The college student of Russia has a distinct advantage over the American college student in that he does not need to worry about a job when he finishes college. There is no unemployment in the Soviet Union. Jobs are waiting for college trained men and women. In addition to the regular work, there is social service to render. Everyone in Russia is a social worker.

In the secondary and higher schools, Greek and Latin have been practically abolished.

Home economics has no place in the school program. There are no classes in home management, clothing or foods.

The Russian language, literature, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, sociology, history, music and physical culture are the main subjects of the curriculum. All the social sciences are taught from a strictly Marxian standpoint.

Military discipline is maintained in all the schools. All sports in Russia are conducted with a view to military usefulness. In the words of Antipov, head of the Moscow Physical Culture Council, "physical culture in the U.S.S.R. has become a great movement, a movement of millions of workers and collective farmers."

Each year an annual physical culture parade is held in the Red Square. This year one hundred and thirty thousand worker-athletes participated. To quote from the Soviet press, "They were a demonstration of the physical culture work of the past year, of strength and beauty disciplined into readiness for whatever lies ahead of labor and defense."

With the inauguration of the Five Year Plan, military training was made a vital part of the curriculum from the grade school through the university. "A minimum of military training of a character that can be put to practical use at any time" is required. Lenin urged as the very cornerstone of the Soviet educational system "a military-technical background" for every boy and girl. Every factory and mill, every collective and state farm is the nucleus of a military educational circle.

Each afternoon and early evening the streets of the Russian cities resound with the tramp of marching soldiers singing communistic songs. The Red Army administers education together with military training.

I know of no country in the world that makes such widespread use of visual instruction as Russia. The American visitor is simply amazed by the endless charts, diagrams and other pictorial representations. They are seen everywhere—in the schools, in the hospitals and clinics, in the factories and on the farms, in the parks of culture and rest and similar institutions.

The moving picture has a real educational value in Russia. Many of the productions are built about ideas associated with the program of industrialization. The individual is subordinated to the mass. The cinema is a powerful weapon of propaganda in building a socialized state.

In no other country does one find such a constant stream of working people thronging the museums, the art galleries and the theaters. Frequent excursions under the leadership of trained guides form a part of the unceasing campaign for education.

The amount of sheer factual knowledge that the Soviet students possess surprises the American visitor. One of my Intourist guides, a girl just seventeen years of age,

expounded the doctrines of Marx and Engels with amazing clarity and understanding. She was especially interested in art, and her interpretation and appreciation of the Russian masters was out of the ordinary.

Russia is making a noble fight against illiteracy. Her people have been seized by an insatiable hunger for knowledge. The periodical has a more important part than in any other country in the world. The wall newspaper, with all kinds of controversial comments, is an interesting feature of the educational program. Russia has the greatest book publishing business in the world. The entire country is like one vast army. The home, the nursery and the kindergarten, the factory, the school and the farm, the cinema, the museum and the press—all are centralized in one great educational program under the dictatorship of the Communist party and the proletarian state.

Not only has religion been abolished from the state, but all education is anti-religious in character. Every possible effort is being made through the schools, the youth organizations, the anti-religious museums, the motion pictures and the press to build an absolutely atheistic society.

There is a deliberate misrepresentation of foreign peoples and conditions. Only the darkest phases of American life—unemployment, lynching, gangsters, strikes and tear bombs—are pictured. No foreign newspapers are allowed to cross the boundary line. Foreign periodicals, except perhaps a few movie magazines, are confiscated. When in Russia, one is completely cut off from all outside sources of world affairs.

Bigotry, hostile propaganda, deliberate misrepresentation of foreign peoples and countries—these form the seamy side of education in the Soviet Union.

GO CRUISING

This Summer

TO OLD

MEXICO

9 days at sea—10 days ashore
all inclusive cost \$205 up

NEXT SAILINGS

JUNE 2 - JUNE 16
JUNE 30 - JULY 26

Ask for Descriptive Folder

**THOS. COOK & SON
WAGONS-LITS, INC.**

318 STOCKTON ST. - Kearny 3512
CLIFF HOTEL - - Prospect 4700

INDIAN LIFE AND CUSTOMS

By Chief Eaglewing



INDIAN HOOP DANCE

THE NAVAJOS—Our Largest Tribe

NOWHERE in the world is it possible to see a more picturesque gathering than on an Indian reservation. Color is everywhere. Women and children dress in bright colored costumes. On a festive occasion the men will be a riot of color in their ceremonial costumes. One notes this particularly at the "Inter Tribal Ceremonial" at Gallup, New Mexico, every year. More than a hundred tribes gather there surrounded by a group of low hills on the outskirts of Gallup. There the Indians do their tribal rites, and participate in their sports and games.

Among the most colorful of the participants, are the Navajos. The Navajo tribe is numerically the largest tribe of Indians in the United States. There are over 50,000 Navajos living in Arizona and New Mexico. The country is desert land, yet the Navajo men have great herds of sheep. During the spring and summer there is very little grass, so the men let the sheep wander at will. Wherever the sheep go, there the entire family follows. In the fall the family returns to its own *hogan*. Hogan is the Navajo word for house.

The hogan is built of poles, covered with mud and grass. This mixture of mud and grass is packed between the poles. At the front of the house is a low door. As you enter the hogan you observe a fire place, on the floor, in the center of the room. In the roof, directly over the fire place is a large hole. This causes a draft from the door, which takes out the smoke, and keeps the air fresh at all times.

Since the Navajos have so many sheep there is plenty of wool. You will find the women making rugs and blankets. After the wool is shorn from the sheep it is washed many times in order to clean it thoroughly. It is then spun, carded and dyed. There are never two blankets with the same design. The Navajo women carry their designs in the mind all the time they are making the rug or blanket, and sometimes it takes months and even years to complete a blanket. The women make their own crude looms out of sticks, branches of trees or any wood they chance to pick up.

The designs in the rugs, usually have as motifs, mountains, clouds, lightning, the Thunder Bird, the Great

Spirit eye, feathers, or the dragon-fly. The colors are those of the painted desert of Arizona and New Mexico—red, grey, brown, black, blue, yellow, light green, and white. The Navajo Indians learned the art of weaving from the Pueblo Indians.

The Navajo Indians are lovers of beautiful ornaments, and have developed to a high standard the art of making silver jewelry. Their tools are most simple. Each man makes his own dies by hand out of iron, with stone drills. The jewelry is made of Mexican money. Before the Spanish brought silver to this region, the Indians used copper.

The Navajos have large turquoise mines, and mine the beautiful blue stones by hand, and use them to set in their jewelry. The turquoise was used for their wampum even before they had the silver. The Navajo Indians learned the art of silver work from the Spanish.

The women wear their hair, which is very long and black, in a figure eight at the back of the neck. Where it crosses they bind it up with bright colored wool, to hold it in place. Their waists are of bright colored velvet, made with long sleeves. The waists are worn outside of the skirts. The skirts are made of plaid wool. They reach to the floor, and frequently have as much as sixteen yards of material around the bottom.

The shoes are made of buckskin, and regardless of the color of the buckskin when the shoe is started, it will be brown when it is finished. The Navajos wear only brown shoes. The soles are made from the hide of the neck of the deer, as the neck is the toughest part of the deer skin, and wears longer. The shoes are fastened with silver buttons. If the Indian is very rich he will have his buttons set with turquoise. A Navajo's wealth is measured by his sheep, turquoise, silver and blankets.

THE PUEBLOS—Famous Ancient Builders

THE Pueblo Indians, who have been living in our own Southwest for five thousand years, include the Hopi, Zuni, Taos, Acoma, San Domingo, Santa Clara, and twenty other tribes now living in New Mexico. At one time these tribes had a marvelous civilization. They had large villages with buildings from four to seven stories high. Each village had from twenty to forty kivas. The kiva is the place of worship. The Indian peoples were always a deeply religious race. They had cremation for their dead.

The descendants of those early people still live in the Southwest. The villages are the same, only not so large. The Pueblos were the first Indians to have sheep, which they got from the Spanish. They were the first Indians to weave, and wove cloth out of wild cotton, before they had wool from the sheep. They were and still are excellent agriculturists, and raise corn, melons, pinon nuts, squash, beans, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, tobacco, and peppers. Graineries were so large that they could store enough grain in them to last for a hundred years.

The Pueblos build their two-story houses of adobe. The first floor is used for storage. They go in and out by means of a ladder. Some of the old Pueblo ruins that have been unearthed, have houses, 150 feet high, 400 feet long and with 250 rooms.

The Pueblo women are the pottery makers. They use clay for their pottery. It is all shaped by hand, then put in the Indian oven to bake. After it has been thoroughly

baked, it is ready for the designs, which are mostly conventional. The designs are painted on in black, and many pieces are highly glazed.

Near Santa Fe, New Mexico, there is a tribe called the San Ildefonso, who make the beautiful black pottery. This pottery is made from red or grey clay, but what the San Ildefonso Indians put in their clay to make it black, is not known. That is a secret that has been handed down for hundreds of years among the San Ildefonso, and not even the Indians living next door to them know the secret of making black pottery.

The Pueblo women are very picturesque, having their hair cut in bangs across the front and bobbed on the sides. At the back it is left long and is done in a figure eight, much as the Navajo women do their hair. Over her head she wears a bright colored shawl, which has been adapted from the Spanish. Her waist is of white wash material. Her skirt is of bright colored wool, and is short, just reaching below the knees. Over the skirt she wears a white apron, and under the skirt a white petticoat, with white embroidery on the bottom. The embroidery always hangs below the skirt an inch or two. Her leggings and moccasins are of white buckskin. Dressed thus she is a lovely sight, and especially so when a group of women are together in their colorful village.

ECONOMIC LIFE OF THE NAVAJOS AND PUEBLOS

THESE two tribes have developed a system of barter and credit to a fine point. It is seldom that any hard cash passes through their hands. These Indians are much like our farmers in the Central States, their crops being seasonal. But in between times their arts and crafts bring a small income, sufficient for current needs, such as butter, eggs, and staple groceries.

The credit system has helped these Indians to be self supporting, and has kept him from calling on charity. However, hard times and a severe winter will place the Indians on the lookout for hard cash. The traders in the Southwest have recently suffered also, as the Indians have been unable to redeem articles pawned with the traders for cash and merchandise. Then, too, the prices of wool, sheep, pinon nuts, and hides have dropped. And the blanket and silver work has not sold so readily as before.

Since the new administration at Washington, the Indians have been working on various projects in their own country, and are no longer dependent on the sales of arts and crafts articles for spending money. What effect all of this will have on their arts in the future, we do not know.

COMPARISON OF TYPES

TRAVELLING overland across the broad reaches of our country many interesting places unfold to view. There are varied types of people, styles, homes, food, manners and customs, scenery, strange to us. To study the life and culture of our various families of first Americans would be instructive.

There are lessons to be learned from primitive peoples and primitive times. The story of how people traveled over this vast territory from sea to sea, without the use of trains, automobiles, airplanes or horses, even, would be as interesting as fiction. That there were in the early days no stores, no restaurants, no factories; and no money, such as we now use, with which to purchase things—even such necessities as food, clothing, shelter, transportation—is something to claim our attention.

All too little is known by the average person of the life of the American Indian. Comparison of a tribe of middle west Indians with those of New Mexico and

Arizona will bring out many similarities and contrasts. And the dry, barren lands of the Southwest are vastly different from those of the Mississippi Valley.

THE OJIBWAYS OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA

DOWN the road comes a dilapidated Ford car, carrying an Indian family. However, before we see the Indians we know we are in their country as nowhere in the United States are there such poor roads as on an Indian reservation. But regardless of the rough roads, the country is so restful and beautiful that one forgets the physical discomfort of being bounced from one side of the car to the other, dodging flying baggage.

On both sides of the road are forests of tall Norway pines, literally alive with deer and other wild game. Sometimes one has to stop the car to let a porcupine lumber over the road, or a beaver go across. There are hundreds of maple trees, and high bush cranberries, and acres of wild raspberries. But most interesting of all are the graceful white Birch trees, which contribute so much to the life and culture of the Ojibway Indians in Northern Minnesota.

Minnesota boasts ten thousand lakes, and most of them are filled with fish of all kinds. On the shores of many of these lakes are great wild rice fields. Near Ponemah, there is an old deserted village of original Ojibway huts, made in a dome shape of the outer birch bark, and put together with bass-wood thongs. The Indians cook the bass-wood until it is soft, then make rope of it, that never breaks. This was used in building their homes, and birch bark canoes. The beds were built-in fixtures.

The Ojibways were not agriculturalists, but depended on their own skill as hunters and fishermen, for their livelihood. The men fished with spears from their birch bark canoes; hunted the deer, elk, pheasant, rabbits, and buffalo; harvested the wild rice by beating the rice stalks over the boat. The rice fell inside and was taken ashore where the women finished preparing it. The Ojibway women gathered the wild cranberries and raspberries; made maple syrup and maple sugar cakes; gathered the herbs for medicinal purposes. They constructed large containers for the storage of food, out of birch bark. A delicious desert was concocted by placing a layer of raspberries at the bottom of a container, then a layer of maple sugar on top of that, and so on till the container was filled. It was then set in a cold place for the winter.

Hundreds of years ago when the Ojibway women went to the woods to make the maple syrup, they did not carry their cooking utensils back and forth. After the syrup was finished, they cleaned the utensils, put them in a birch bark container, and left them. The next year they would be found intact. Since the white man has come into that country, everything must be kept under lock and key. The women made lovely blankets, extremely warm and quite lasting, by braiding rabbit fur.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

BEFORE the white man came to the Ojibway country, the Indians had no beads. They did their decorating with vegetable and bark dyes, and painted with it on buckskin. They also used porcupine quills, dyed with the same dyes, and embroidered with them on the buckskin. But when the white man brought in colored beads, the old dyeing process was unnecessary. From that time the quill work gradually went out of use until it is now a lost art among the Ojibways. The designs in their bead work run to flowers, maple leaves and curved lines. The French influence is noticeable in their art and their language likewise reflects the French. The women make various articles

(Please turn to page 40)

Overland

M O N T H L Y

Since 1868

OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHERS
MONADNOCK BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO

Managing Editor	Emerson Lewis
Editor	Karel Mansfield
Circulation Manager	Al Heatherington
National Advertising Manager	A. J. Norris Hill
Art Director	Emerson Lewis

AS A MAN THINKETH . . .

It has been rightly said that the most successful achievement in life—and withal the most difficult of attainment—is to **create** thought. Most of us seldom pass beyond the stage of mental pigeon-holing.

Human experience is everlastingly expanding its illimitable circle. It taxes our time as well as our intellectual capacity to absorb, observe, imitate, obey and practice the thought originated by others. We can do no less, even if we covet only the most humble "place in the sun." Civilization—which is but another name for competition—beckons haughtily while pointing scornfully at the bleached bones of those who paused to rest.

And well may we be so busily engaged, if, for all that, we are disposed to do a little thought-creating of our own, rather than to make of ourselves inert, though useful, intellectual filing-cabinets.

Still, we may as well confess that we shall not take up our own challenge within the scope of this editorial page. While we may be ambitious we are not pretentious. We shall be content . . . oh, well, we must be content to modestly offer an idea or two, though we may sometimes so far forget ourselves as to become a bit meddlesome.

Then, too, in a real sense a magazine is a composite of the thought, the ideals, the aspirations of its readers. It must interpret and analyze the trend of the day, it must anticipate the events that become the as yet unknown factors in the life of tomorrow. We believe that no publication can long survive unless it maintain a policy of "tomorrow-mindedness." To this policy Overland Monthly stands committed.

We shan't indulge in literary vagueries, neither shall we dispense the petty dogma of intellectual white-wash, and, last but not least, Polly-Anna has passed to what we hope is a just reward.

As to the past permit us this bit of sentiment. There is a thrill in following, no matter how humbly, in the footsteps of great men. The thoughts of these men, compressed within the imposing tomes of Overland Monthly, have been since 1868 the media of culture and human happiness—they still are. They engender within us pride in such worthy parentage, and solemn resolve.

Yet, we know quite well that mere promise will not become the talisman whereby we open the door of our destiny, nor will Overland's continued success depend on antecedents but upon the thought that gives each issue being.

The chains that are the hallmark of failure are wrought upon the anvil of public appraisal. Likewise the golden laurels that crown our worthwhile doing. As we think, so shall we be.

NO BEGINNERS WANTED . . .

In the classified advertising section of a large daily newspaper, there appeared the ad of one of its contemporaries, requiring the services of a writer whose intellectual equipment renders him capable of stimulating, via the editorial room, the thought processes of its readers. Conservatively, it may be assumed that he is expected to be a keen observer, he must be a student of philosophy, he must know what the term "political economy" means, he can be expected to know how human beings react, he must have tact; above all, he must be able to think, and unlike the very great majority of us, he must be able to think independently and originally.

Heaven—or whatever supreme power will you—forbid that he be a mental imitator, an intellectual busybody who never pays the price of travail for the brain-children he purloins from others, and whose shrinking gray-matter rattles emptily in an otherwise vacant cranium. He must be able to write logically and concisely and respect himself sufficiently to refrain from resorting to the meaningless prattle that periodically and sporadically appears camouflaged as the expression of editorial wisdom. He must be an essayist without being dogmatic, an idealist without being impractical, an individualist without being heedless of the fact that there are a hundred and twenty-odd millions of others like him in these United States; he must be the standard bearer of progress in the holy name of a free press without being an intellectual mountebank or a literary charlatan. We grant that he must not be a story writer, for story writers have, or should have, a slant that is diametrically opposed to directness and are hence unsuited to the purpose of the editorial page.

So far, we have not the slightest desire nor reason to quarrel. Should we engage an editorial writer, he must be able to satisfy us that he has his brains in the right place.

Now, undoubtedly, there must have been many so equipped whose eager eye caught the classified invitation referred to, and to whose high ambition and greatest desire opportunity now seemingly beckoned. Hope clung tenaciously as they read on and then; yes—no—helas . . . Hope, despite brave struggle, wrecked itself upon the adamant rock of editorial dictum, and with a last gurgle sank beneath the icy waters of oblivion. The voice from the sanctum has spoken. "No beginners need bother", and this statement, so coldly tossed amidst the otherwise portentous contents of a six-line ad, drives experience itself to suicide. For a man, though he possess all the qualifications to write editorial copy, may not per se have risen from the ranks as a copy boy or a cub, he may never have rested his feet upon the editorial desk, he may never have played with two fingers of each hand upon the much-abused keyboard of the editorial typewriter, and he may never have hit, "kaplunk", the editorial cuspidor.

And still, we have no quarrel with the voice from the sanctum, for it may quite properly be assumed that it knows what it is about. Our back is up because the ad illustrates a tendency of what has become something of

(Please turn to page 40)

THE WRANGLE

In keeping with its policy the Editor of Overland Monthly invites the opinions of its readers. Come as may, we shall not parry the rocks nor decline the roses. Address all communications to the Wrangle Editor, Overland Monthly, Monadnock Building, San Francisco.

NO SMOKE AND NO FIRE

RALPH TOWNSEND'S article in your December number is a gem. With pointed irony he delivers a much deserved blow to the chins of the sentimentalists and the jingoists in this country. To them Japan belches smoke and fire from superheated nostrils, which, to people that know something about Far Eastern affairs, is rank nonsense. If Japan is ambiguous in its political statements she has good reason so to be. No foreign country is more sanely progressive than is Japan and I think no nation is more misunderstood. It has always been a tough job to have to convince others of your own integrity without feeling that you are making an apology for your existence.

San Francisco, Calif.

Chas. L. Wardley

BUNK, SAYS BOILING BRINKMAN

YOUR article about the Japs makes me boil. I never liked the Japs and Mr. Townsend does not make me like them any better. It must have been the Japanese who invented the saying "he has not got a Chinaman's chance". All this talk about the Chinese not being loyal to their own country is a lot of bunk. There are a lot of Americans that are not loyal to their country either, but that does not prove that we want Germany or some other country to come over here to make us loyal to the United States. That would be a lot of bunk, too.

Los Angeles, Calif.

M. Brinkman

LIVE AND LEARN

I AM quite unable to understand how Ralph Townsend—or anyone else—can take up the cudgel in behalf of Japan such as he did in your December, 1934 issue. Why waste all this sympathy on the Japanese, who seem to be abundantly able to formulate their own alibis. It is rather difficult to condone their cold-blooded attitude in regard to China, even though Japan states that such policy is in the interest of Asiatic peace. The Japanese are past-masters in the art of saying one thing and meaning something quite different. Their recent diplomatic releases challenge their own sincerity in the eyes of other nations. The very fact that the Japanese is a stern nationalist gives precious little comfort to those who have watched the gradual expanding of his national domain, no matter under what pretext.

Moreover, John Chinaman has been for many years and still is a useful unit in our economic system. He has helped to build the West, he has cooked and shoveled and slaved and smiled, and in his own country he has never hailed himself as the savior of the Far East, much less ventured to tell us to mind our own business; and that's a great deal more than can be said about the Japanese.

Seattle, Wash.

J. M. Knight

MORE TOWNSEND THIS ISSUE

PERMIT me to pen my approval of Mr. Townsend's article "Let's Stop Baiting Japan" in your December last issue. His statements indicate that they are the result of personal observation and not of hearsay, which latter is always of dubious value. I understand that Mr. Townsend is, or was, in the American Consular service in China and therefore his arguments should be recognized as those of one who by training and experience is qualified to state the facts. I for one agree heartily with the writer's viewpoint which I think is altogether timely. A short time ago, when the gold bullion was removed from the U. S. Mint in San Francisco, it was also rumored that the Boeing plant in Seattle was to be transferred to somewhere in Idaho. At once it was heralded far and wide that these were precautionary measures against an anticipated invasion of the Pacific Coast. Such gossip, of course, had not the slightest foundation of fact. I shall be interested to read more from Mr. Townsend's pen.

Tacoma, Wash.

Truman J. Allen

Subscription Agents Wanted . . .

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Be our local representative in your community. Liberal commissions offered.

Thousands of homes and persons will be sure subscribers.

You can represent us in your community as a part time representative. Write for subscription blanks and particulars.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Gentlemen: I want to be your local representative in my city. Mail me particulars.

Name.....

City.....

Dept. C State.....

any chance you've heard of the love that lies in woman's eyes?"

"And lies and lies," he added playfully.

"Carter Robeson, I think you're horrible!"

"Phyllis De Long, you win! I think you're adorable!"

After the "Home Sweet Home" Carter went to his roadster alone. Gaily he whistled snatches from Shadow Waltz, his mind awlirl with intoxicating memory of the charm of Phyllis. He released the clutch slowly, waving a cheery goodbye to a number of departing couples.

Out on the highway his whistle ended abruptly. Darn it! Why couldn't Ruth Ann be more like Phyllis?

As he drove by the large Italian home of the Harrisons he noticed a light in the garage. Not upstairs, where the chauffeur had quarters, but downstairs where the laundry and small room built for a dog formed one side of the building.

Wonder if anything's wrong, thought Carter, bringing his car to a stop against the curb. He walked quietly down the driveway. Through the window of the garage he saw Ruth Ann bending over the Scotty. She held in her hand a spoon and a bottle of medicine.

"Don't be frightened. It's just me," Carter said, opening the door and entering.

"Oh! How nice of you to come back!"

She turned from him and looked down at the dog, patting its head and gently stroking its black fur.

"Poor little thing!" Carter sympathized. "I had no idea it was so sick."

He got down on his knee beside Ruth Ann and with his finger pushed back the lid of the puppy's eye and looked into the dull, brown iris.

"Don't worry, Mufti," Ruth Ann's voice was soothing, "I won't leave you."

The stump of a tail wriggled in gratitude.

"What," Carter asked, "do you intend to do?"

"The doctor said to give him this medicine every two hours." She looked at her watch. "It's one now. I'll wait and give him the next at three and at five."

"You don't intend," asked Carter incredulously, "to stay out here in this garage all night?"

"Oh, yes; why not?"

"Because I won't let you. What would your parents say? You run in the house and get your sleep. I'm the best little veterinary this side of a dog hospital, and I'm parking here for the night."

"That's sweet of you, Carter, but I wouldn't think of having you do that."

There was a knock on the door. Carter opened it and Seno, the Japanese chauffeur, stepped in.

"What can I be doing, Miss Harrison, please?" he offered.

"I tried to be quiet, Seno, and not wake you," Ruth Ann answered him.

"I stay with dog," he announced.

Ruth Ann got up and handed him the spoon and bottle.

"Thank you, Seno. I want Mufti to have this medicine at three o'clock and five o'clock—a spoonful each time. I'll be down at seven myself."

Ruth Ann shivered. Carter tucked her wrap around her shoulders and led her to the front door.

"And to think," he exclaimed, "you might have sat up with that pup all night!"

He climbed into his roadster and started the engine with a jerk, disgusted with life in general and himself in particular.

Ruth Ann is pure gold, he told himself. What a fool I was to fall for Phyllis!

(Concluded next month)

they have introduced labor-saving inventions—their own inventions—to get ahead of foreign competition in textile manufacture. We used to say the Japanese couldn't invent. The number of patent applications by Japanese jumped from 8,000 in 1924 to 12,000 in 1933. Some of their recent inventions have been of enormous importance commercially. In climbing out of a depression, the Japanese have done well. Their per capita exports have moved from an average of 16 yen in 1931 to 25 yen in 1933.

The Japanese have advanced in this fashion by looking world conditions in the face and acting accordingly. They have displayed prompt willingness to produce for less than former wages. In the five years 1928-1933 the general wage average by an index number declined 20 per cent. This means that when export prices began to fall abruptly, the Japanese did not do what we are inclined to do under similar circumstances—shut up shop and wait for them to rise again. Much of the western world did just that, and is still doing it. The Japanese answer was to accept the situation in terms of reduced wages rather than reduced employment, or wholesale unemployment.

Simultaneously with lowered wages living costs descended 20% in a nearly exact parallel. So in purchasing power Japanese workers lost nothing by the measures which insured continued employment.

THIS is not an article on economics in general. It is a brief collection of facts on Japan's challenge. Possibly there are inferences in what Japan is doing that are worth our pondering.

Japan made a general reduction of about 20 per cent in all wages, and on that basis has captured many world markets. We refused to reduce, to the necessary point, but after several years of doing nothing, launched a code scheme to raise wages. Meanwhile unemployment taxes of one sort or another levy a total on Americans now working which may be computed as at least 20 per cent. So instead of everybody in wage ranks taking a 20 per cent cut, we put the burden on a few, who must feed those doing nothing. Meanwhile, because of forced high costs of production, we are making poor headway in regaining export trade. Foreigners can't pay our prices. So our unemployment continues, with millions getting nothing in wages, and the others cut more than Japan's workers in actual percentage by what they must contribute to prevent starvation. General stagnation resulting here has decreased the national income of America by 50 per cent since 1929.

In effect, by all sorts of labor union dictation, codes and what not, we maintain that in many basic industries we shall not let a man work at all if somebody can't give him a job paying the old luxury wages. Those who get these high wages—a few—must promptly hand a good part back in high taxes to feed those forbidden to work at a wage they'd be glad to have, or should be glad to have. Even in public projects, where work is devised purely to get some return in services from those who must be aided, there is now a tremendous drive to make the government pay "prevailing" rates. This means perhaps union skilled rates of a dollar an hour or so, with labor leaders privileged to do the classifying as to skill.

Our dissensions, union dictation, political wangling, incompetence of administration and so on, with everybody and every group working, if working at all, at cross purposes with every other, are too well known to need discussion. We are fast becoming worse enmeshed in progressive chaos. Leaders fear mob reprisals politically,

so any kind of mob hokum is respectfully considered, and even flattered. In contrast to the smooth administrative efficiency of Japan, our predicament speaks for itself as a comparative study in national character. We can hardly hand ourselves the palm.

We hear much of Japan's not being "liberal", etc. Well, what penalties do the Japanese pay for the lack in a crisis? And what privileges are we gaining from our present timidity and incompetence of leadership, which is most tactfully termed "heeding the will of the masses"? The will of the masses, as many pandering politicians define it, is poor provender upon which to live in critical times, a circumstance attested by our continuing distress amid plenty. We need to distinguish between the real need of the masses and familiar political versions of the alleged will of the masses.

As for the horrors of Japan's alleged absence of liberalism, we are reminded of a delegation of old women who called on Abraham Lincoln to protest with indignation that General Grant was known to be a whiskey drinker. At the time Grant was winning the Civil War.

"Try to find out what kind he drinks", Lincoln answered, "so I can order a barrel of it for each of my other generals."

HUNTIN', FISHIN' . . . from page 26

They stabilize the run-off, minimize flooding and keep many streams running all summer which otherwise would go dry, with consequent mortality among the trout. Just think what that means! Keep adult trout from being done to death by drying streams and they'll more than double in just a little while. All of which is all to the good, to say nothing of benefits to our ranchmen friends and others.

Now the moral of this dissertation, friends, if it has a moral, is that it's not only more fun, but sometimes a deal more profitable in trout encreedled, to play the game the angler's way.

On your way, troutmen, and don't try the saddle and packhorse business too far the first day.

No man has greater kinship with the out-doors than has genial Tod Powell, journalist, author, lecturer. His articles are a regular feature in Overland Monthly beginning with this issue.

BANKING . . . from page 13

and marvel at the financial miracles and explosions produced by a state so young and so far away from the rest of civilization.

Banking in this early period was purely private. What a bank did with the money of its depositors was a buried secret. There were no banking code or commission to dictate the running of its affairs. There were no bank examiners to look into its books, find fault with its shaky loans, and demand that the condition be corrected. If a bank overloaded itself with Banana Oil Common or used its depositors' funds to promote financially dubious enterprises, there was no one to say it nay. In those days, in fine, banks and bankers were a law unto themselves in a golden paradise.

But human nature being what it is, troubles accumulate even in paradise. As the winter of 1853-'54 set in, fear crept upon San Francisco, hitherto arrogant and prodigal of her substance. The city began slowly to realize that it had built more wharves than there were ships to tie up to them, more office buildings and hotels than it had tenants to occupy them, more homes than it needed. It had issued incredible quantities of stocks on enterprises with no visible means of yielding a return. The banks had diluted their gold and strained credit to the breaking point. Politically the city was in an even worse condition. With a population of around 75,000, San Francisco averaged a murder a day. Thievery, brawls and slugging were so common they aroused no comment, and a brace of pistols was as much a part of a man's wardrobe as his shirt and trousers. If an occasional killer or other malefactor were brought into court, neither judge nor jury could be found to convict him. The city's authorities cynically looted its treasury and corruptly bargained with the public enemies they were supposed to put down.

In attempt to correct their financial difficulties the banks and industries tugged hysterically at the brake of retrenchment. At first it jammed and slipped. But finally it brought the whole town to a stop with violent suddenness. One day in February, 1854, San Francisco found its fortunes crashing to ruin. Frenzied depositors rushed to Adams & Company to demand savings that no longer existed. Page-Bacon Company clapped its doors shut before the mob got to them. Six other large banks did likewise. A score or more business houses closed their doors, and in all, the year saw some 300 mercantile failures. Wells-Fargo Company was the only large bank to withstand the crash.

The rank and file of the town's citizens now clamored to have details of what had gone on behind the scenes of finance and politics, and they demanded that something be done about the situation. James King of William, former banker, undertook to give them, as the saying goes, the "low down" on what had happened.

JAMES KING of William was a native of Georgetown, D. C., who had come to California in the gold rush. For a time he was associated with the Sacramento mercantile firm of Hensley & Reading, but came to San Francisco some time in 1850 or '51 and established a banking house, bearing his name. King was an experienced banker, having been connected with the Eastern house of Corcoran & Riggs before coming to California. For a time he did exceptionally well. From all accounts he was a man of considerable personal charm and cultural background, a gracious host, whose home was one of the young city's social centers.

King had learned his banking in the conservative school. Banking in San Francisco was not then really banking:

AMERICAN LEGION PILGRIMAGE

★
VETERANS'
HOME
OF
CALIF.



★
"ON
TO
NAPA
COUNTY"

★
SATURDAY, JUNE 15th
SUNDAY, JUNE 16th
★

AUSPICES SAN FRANCISCO COUNTY COUNCIL

speculation, gambling, promotion would more accurately describe it. It was not long before King was in disagreement with the methods of his fellow financiers, and presently his bank was in difficulties. In an attempt to salvage some of its assets, Adams & Company took over King's firm, and King entered the employ of this house. His failure, which rankled deeply, had, so he felt, not been due to any faults or shortcomings within himself alone, but to the legal, financial and political malpractices then so prevalent in San Francisco. While he was with Adams & Company, King published several pamphlets and a number of newspaper articles setting forth this view. The writings were anonymous but the identity of their author was generally known about town.

With the failure of Adams & Company, King was left virtually penniless. He now reasoned he had nothing to lose and possibly something to gain by openly entering journalism and making war upon the forces responsible for his financial downfall. In October, 1855, he established "The Bulletin".

There were many men in San Francisco who knew the causes of the city's ethical and financial bankruptcy. King not only knew about these things, but he could write about them clearly, boldly, courageously. His journalism was intensely personal. He dealt openly in names. He was definite about plots and manipulations and who was behind them. He established a "Rogues Gallery" column. In it appeared the pictures and an account of the misdeeds of judges, lawyers, bankers, politicians, gambling house and saloon keepers, who were involved in aiding, abetting and profiting from the lawlessness and corruption. San Francisco literally waited at King's door to snatch his paper as it came from the presses. It read his issues straight through—from the first word on the first page to the last word on the last page.

KING won the support and confidence of the "man on the street," the small investor and shop keeper, who had had the fruits of hard labor and small economies wiped out in the wholesale bank failures. But he earned, of course, the enmity of the politicians and gambling house element. He grew increasingly daring, over-played his hand, perhaps. In the spring of 1856 an election was held in which a certain James Casey was elected supervisor of a ward of which he was not even the legitimate candidate. King exposed this ballot box fraud, and incidentally brought out that Casey had once sojourned in Sing-Sing prison. Casey's wrath flared hotly at these exposures. As the upshot of the quarrel between the two men Casey shot King on May 14, 1856. Six days later King died of the wound.

Within a few hours of King's death, the Second Vigilance Committee was organized, and quickly placed the city under strict military law. Within an incredibly short time, the Committee set up a tribunal, tried Casey for King's murder, found him guilty and sentenced him to be hanged. At the same time the Committee's court tried Charles Cora, a gambler, for the murder of William Richardson, United States Marshal. Cora was also judged guilty and sentenced to hang. He had previously been tried for the killing of Richardson but the jury had disagreed, and King had violently denounced the trial as a sham and "fixed deal". Cora, at the time King was shot, was being held pending a second trial.

Casey and Cora were hanged on the same day King was buried. The funeral and joint hanging were public events. The funeral was held in the morning, the hanging in the afternoon so that the interested public could conveniently attend both. This it did in large numbers, and thus ended in San Francisco the first chapter in California's banking history, but by no means the last.

Professional Artists League of San Francisco

JOHN GARTH - - - - - President
EMERSON LEWIS - - - Vice-President
JOHN THATCHER - Executive Secretary
LEO FOX - - - - - Treasurer



A CORPORATION FOUNDED FOR PROTECTING AND FURTHERING THE INTERESTS OF THE PAINTERS, DESIGNERS, AND ILLUSTRATORS OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. BY UNITED ACTION THE MEMBERS OF THIS LEAGUE ARE OBTAINING FOR THEMSELVES AND FOR THE PROFESSION AS A WHOLE VALUABLE BENEFITS IMPOSSIBLE THROUGH INDEPENDENT EFFORT.

Headquarters: 507 MONTGOMERY STREET
SUtter 9523 DOuglas 2778 DOuglas 4919

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



SUMMER RATES, Now

\$2 per day single
\$2.50 per day double

Special weekly and monthly rates

All rooms with bath and shower. Every modern convenience.

Look for the "Doorway of Hospitality"

Chas. Danziger Mgr. Eugene Stern Pres.

VINE AT HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

the Mediterranean and Gulf and with a protective mountain barrier on the north, was thus cut off from invasion. For Egypt, the desert served to ward off intruders. In more recent centuries England furnished a notable example of physiographic protection. The "tight little isle", cut off from the mainland of Europe by the English channel—"the Silver Streak"—was protected from foreign invaders. And the United States, beyond the broad Atlantic, could laugh at foes from without. Rivers, too, in days of primitive war-fare and meager transportation, played their part in protection and development.

Water has as well served as a highway for travel and to bring groups together. More than once a river has, in fact, been the "bridge" by which an enemy has reached his goal. The St. Lawrence, for example, was the watery bridge which brought Wolfe to defeat Montcalm on the plains of Abraham, on the heights above Quebec. And it is this same St. Lawrence that now has been conquered through a feat of engineering by throwing across it a modern bridge.

Golden Gate was first entered by sailing vessel on August 5, 1775, the year before the fires of revolution burst forth on the Atlantic Coast. Although Portola discovered San Francisco Bay in 1769, it remained for the San Carlos to drop anchor in the Bay six years later. Thus it was that for two centuries following the visit of Drake to the shores of the Pacific, San Francisco Bay, because of its land-locked position, had been passed by. When, after a sojourn of several days, the San Carlos weighed anchor, heavy seas broke over the bar and the little ship with difficulty made her departure. In his report to the Viceroy, Ayala stated that the Bay was one of the best he has seen in those seas from "Cape Horn up", and that it was "not one port but many, with a single entrance."

In this connection it is interesting to recall that the name Golden Gate was given to the entrance to the Bay by General John C. Fremont. It was suggested to him by the "beauty of the sunset, the gate-like entrance to the Bay and the value of the harbor to the commerce of the world."

Just as the bridging of the English channel has long been the dream of laymen and engineers alike, so men of vision and imagination have planned to throw across the Golden Gate from the San Francisco to the Marin shores a connecting pathway. This project is now well on toward completion. Its magnitude can scarcely be realized. At times the strip of water lying between the open sea and the Bay, known as the Golden Gate, is calm and peaceful. At other times when the Pacific belies its name and the waves "roll in from China", the gate is lashed into spray and foam. No easy task, therefore, confronts the engineers in building over this neck of water a bridge 6,450 feet in length or one and one-fifth miles. In addition to the bridge proper there are two side spans each 1,125 feet in length. This gives the Golden Gate bridge the longest single span in the world—four-fifths of a mile or nearly three times the length of the Brooklyn bridge. The greatest single span ever built heretofore was for the famous Washington Memorial bridge in New York, which is shorter by 700 feet than the long Golden Gate span.

Other figures are interesting. The width of the bridge is 90 feet. This gives 60 feet for a roadway with six vehicular lanes and a commodious walk on either side.

Figures, however, are inadequate to convey a partial idea even of this engineering enterprise. The difficulties incident to construction can scarcely be overestimated. The plan involves the romance of discovery, as it is the first bridge to be built across the extreme outer entrance

of a major ocean harbor. Many engineers shook their heads. Heavy seas would tear out the work before it could be completed. Storms would wreck the structure should it be finished. An enemy air force could destroy the bridge and the ruins would bottle up our fleet anchored within the Bay. But the persistence and determination of San Francisco and the skill and vision of famous engineers prevailed.

To even partly visualize the picture, think of approaches stretching out on the Marin shore and far back from Fort Winfield Scott on the San Francisco side, making the bridge project a total of 7 miles in length. The center span, swinging as if from the sky, receiving the side spans. Mighty steel towers supporting the two massive main cables, each cable 7,660 feet in length between anchorages. The sag of the cable at the center, like a mammoth skipping rope, is 470 feet. These cables are each more than 3 feet in diameter, made up of 27,572 separate wires, two-tenths of an inch in diameter, and weighs 11,000 tons. If the wires of one of these cables were stretched out, end to end, they would reach three times around the earth and then on from San Francisco to London.

As marvelous as are these cables, the steel towers upon which these mighty ropes are strung are equally so. They stand 846 feet above base rock, thus projecting far down beneath low water level. At base, these monoliths are 121 feet square. The amount of concrete in the bridge would build a solid shaft 25 feet square and reaching 2 miles in height. The tonnage of steel in the bridge is over 100,000 tons, which would require a freight train 20 miles long to carry. These figures may well tax one's imagination.

One of the most marvelous features of the Golden Gate bridge is its flexibility coupled with its stability. The towers are so constructed as to withstand high velocities of wind, much above 90 miles per hour. The superstructure, far above the surface of the water, will allow for a sway of 20 feet. This will provide against the terrific wind resistance, as the storm sweeps in from the open sea.

The activities of a municipality will be carried on within the bridge structure when completed. In addition to having the first United States life saving station of its kind in the world, the bridge will maintain its own independent telephone system, a fire and police department, elevators, a traveling platform, below the deck, for work of repair and for inspection.

At night the bridge will present a spectacle of rare beauty as seen from San Francisco, the mainland and the sea. The bridge towers will carry beacons that will shed their beams to a great distance. The modern lighting effects, which are part of and adorn the design, include the flood lighted towers, and the cables outlined in lights over their entire length—all will combine to produce an electrical display never before duplicated.

The Golden Gate bridge will, of course, bring Marin county within easy reach of San Francisco. Even with the present ferry system Marin is included in the Metropolitan area. Many persons who hesitate to commute by ferry will take advantage of the bridge and take up residence far removed from the populous center where they daily transact business. But the bridge will do much more than that. It completes the highway from the South to the North. It will bring within much closer proximity than before the redwood country on the North Coast. It will increase the stream of traffic flowing into the resorts of Northern California and on into Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, and as well, will bring into San Francisco greatly increased business.

So that bucked us up and we headed for the Farallons and the resident manager came down and told us where we could find the Leipzig. North and west we steered and suddenly the great gray hull loomed up and Harry and I cheered and wept a little on each other's shoulders.

We got alongside and clambered up with the old dog following faithfully, for he could climb a Jacob's ladder like a sailor.

We had a good laugh at the gangway with the officer on watch, about two limies coming aboard. Then they opened the ship to us. They posed gun crews in every manner for Harry to take pictures. We went in the ward-room and drank grand old German beer to both the Kaiser and the King and decided that war was lots of fun, but why?

So then the German Consul came and said there were two very sick men aboard and could we not take them ashore to the German Hospital. By that time I had so much good beer under my belt I said sure and the lads were lowered into the "Active."

We headed in and I told Harry Johnson to let me off at the point where the Golden Gate ferries are now and I would ring up the hospital and have an ambulance meet the boat at Pier 26. The old dog and I jumped off and away up to the Dutchman's at the foot of Hyde street, until Mr. Berkeley Craig stopped at a telephone pole.

Into the Dutchman's and an open telephone. Three loungers looked like good eggs, so I simply said "Fellers, be sports and don't give me away. Listen in and get a thrill. The Dutchman knows me."

So first I phoned the hospital. Then Carnegie Ross. Then the paper and told them I would be in pronto—it was then 8:15 p.m.—and write a bonehead for the first edition. Which I did.

nounced in the "American Spectator" of May, 1934 that it cost the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce \$75,000 to get its songbird, evidently meaning Marion Talley, into the Metropolitan. Furthermore, it is claimed that Mr. Stokowski's earnings last year as conductor and musical director of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra amounted to \$280,000. Mr. Dobrowen's contract as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra called for a seasonal stipend of \$35,000. We are told that he compromised, because of the orchestra's recent demise, for a figure close to \$10,000, and, not willing that this transaction, though perfectly legitimate, should be interpreted as stealing candy from a baby, Mr. Dobrowen consented to exhibit his pianistic prowess before a more or less select elite audience. The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra was getting along pretty well, thanks to nothing but Mr. Clark's munificent support, but his death all but wrecked that organization.

And now city art commissions, notably in San Francisco on the Pacific Coast, are going to improve the music situation by a special tax levy whereby the taxpayers will be made responsible for footing music's bills as well as votes. This, at least, will insure its financial support within limitations. Yet every musical organization, good, bad and indifferent, will make a play for some of the municipal funds, and art commissions will have plenty of headache.

Manifestly, there is something radically wrong with an artistic enterprise that seems to call for more nurses than a musical score has notes. In subsequent articles we shall try to unravel the mess that has made artists wonder if the art they love is really worth the sacrifice, or if suicide is not a quicker and a more painless exit. About that we shall have to say more anon.

No Traffic Tags For Me



RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in-garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, soundproof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

Today's Rates Are Most Moderate

Single, \$2 - \$2.50

Double, \$3 - \$3.50

**NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC**

230 EDDY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Coffee Shop and Dining Room

Breakfast 25c-35c

Lunch 40c

Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

"PBX"



Professional Telephone Switch-Board Operator

Fascinating Short Course. You can qualify as a professional switchboard operator in TWO WEEKS at our morning or afternoon classes.

OTHER SHORT COURSES

Filing - Indexing . . .

Time: SIX WEEKS

Multigraph Operator

Time: THREE MONTHS

Professional Typist . . .

Mornings or Afternoons, \$7.50 a month.
Monday and Thursday Nights, \$3.50 a month.

MACKAY BUSINESS COLLEGE

612 South Figueroa Street
LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

hunt. The ten dogs were rowed aboard and soon we were sailing up the west end of Santa Cruz to Valdez. The morning air was biting cold, greatly intensified by the spray that drifted aft as the stem clipped into the swell.

Long before sun-up we were landing in the mouth of the old Valdez cave through which we emerged on the beach. The landing completed, we took coffee from the thermos bottles while determining on the ground for the hunt. Hugh, Homer, Red Bill (the spear-bearer) and I together with five dogs, were to take the upper ridge, while Cap and another fellow with the other dogs were to follow along the base of the mountain.

Few trips I have ever made have proved so laborious as that morning's climb in the dawn, over the rocky "hog-backs" and spurs to the two thousand foot level which represents the crest of the chain of mountainous hills that form a backbone to the island. As we paused to catch our breath the sun showed over the peaks of the Sierra Nevada some fifty miles distant. The breeze died away under its warming influence and a quiet peace was everywhere.

Suddenly the air was shattered by most unearthly sounds. They echoed up one canyon and down another. We were on our feet in a moment, excited, bewildered. Red turned and checked the dogs; the Old Man was missing. He must have followed

a scent on his own and was trying to handle a pig alone. For a second the dogs sniffed the air, their hair bristling; then they were off, yapping encouragement to the Old Man to hold on until they arrived. Red gave a yell and dashed along the ridge, the rest of us following as fast as our legs would allow. The mountains of Santa Cruz are volcanic and we slipped and skidded over the loose, lava shale, guided by squeals and grunts and the excited barking of the dogs, coming from a "draw" a quarter of a mile away.

From the blood-curdling sounds I imagined all the pigs on the island were being bayed and tormented by the dogs. As I ran I took the short lance from Bill and told him to follow closely with the other. Red was in the lead but as we cleared a swale and started the descent into the "draw", my longer legs carried me past him and brought me sliding into the dense underbrush almost on top of the boar. There he was, coal black between the red trunks of the Manzanita bushes. The dogs had him by the ears and the snout, balancing their weight to keep the head straight and so avoid a dangerous chance thrust of the vicious, curving tusks. Boar hounds have to understand their work or their usefulness is short lived. The best of them are constantly being torn and ripped, and often require many stitches and considerable rest before they can hunt again. Even the Old Man, veteran of many en-

counters, nearly came to an end before the morning was over.

Making sure we were, for the moment, in no danger of losing the boar, I crawled through the brush to locate an area sufficiently open to allow for the use of the spear. It seemed unbelievable that any one animal could make so much noise. By this time he was frothing at the mouth, and his small blood-shot eyes sent chills down my spine as I glanced his way. As boars go he was not large, weighing, I judged, in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds, but he was tall and lean, with long hair standing up from his shoulder blades, giving him the appearance of being larger than he actually was.

Some ten yards down the hill I selected a spot that seemed suitable. By this time the others had arrived and while Red stood encouraging the dogs, Bill helped me clear away the wood and rocks sufficiently to allow me sure footing when the boar charged. It was only a matter of minutes to clear the ground and for Red to urge the dogs to drag the boar down the hill to a point about twenty feet from where I stood. One of the men took up his position with a rifle to cover me in the event I missed the thrust and was knocked over by the pig. I took the scabbard off the fourteen inch blade and threw it to one side.

The moment for which I had planned had arrived. During the excitement of preparation I had never actually ceased to watch the boar, but now as I stared intently at him, the spear point down and the shaft firmly held, I was gripped by a tension that bordered on fear. Every nerve and fiber of my body contracted and for a short but seemingly endless period I was "frozen". The sun was now sending shafts of light through the matted foliage overhead, and in the gloom the polished steel reflected the rays like a mirror, intensifying the significance of the scene.

In hunting with a rifle one's sensations are totally different. The shot is quickly fired. Except for taking aim there is no particular preparation, while the danger to one's self is in most instances quite negligible. The thrill of hunting is inbred in most of us; it has come down through the ages, but the modern rifle gives us an advantage never dreamed of by our ancestors.

As I stood in the shadows of the canyon in the mountains of Santa Cruz Island, I turned back the pages of time. I was no longer a modern; I was fighting for my life, depending on my own strength and agility, as

**HOTEL
MANX**
SAN FRANCISCO

NEW
Innovations, Service
and Comfort

The Most Convenient
The Best Accommodations
The Finest Meals

Tub and Shower Baths
Circulating Ice Water
350 ATTRACTIVE ROOMS

Rates
\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 SINGLE
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 DOUBLE
SAMPLE ROOMS from \$2.50

SPLENDID RESTAURANT
EXCELLENT COFFEE SHOP
GARAGE SERVICE AT DOOR

"Meet me at the MANX"
HARVEY M. TOY, MANAGING. OWNER
POWELL AT O'FARRELL "IN THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO"



HE SAYS MY FAN DANCE TICKLES HIS FANCY

our forefathers fought and as the savage races still fight their natural enemies. Perhaps it was a reversion to those early instincts that held me for that short moment before I shouted to Red to call off the dogs and give the boar his head. One by one they fell away under his commands, leaving at last only the Old Man who held on to the tip of the pig's snout, keeping it all the while pointed in my direction.

I slowly bent my knees to absorb the impact. In a flash the Old Man was away, the boar stood alone, unhampered. There was a second of tense silence and then with a snort he bore down on me, his head lowered to allow for the murderous upward thrust of the tusks and long white teeth. His short, powerful legs closed the distance between us with amazing speed. Except for the beat of his hoofs on the rocky ground there was not a sound—even the dogs, held back by Red, ceased their barking.

It was over almost before it began. Judging the distance I lowered the

point of the spear and gave it a slight forward thrust. The blade was well placed, passing through the heart and out between the ribs on the right side. The impact, that I feared most, was far less than I anticipated. As the blade entered, the boar stopped, stood still for an instant and fell dead. No rifle made can kill so quickly and cleanly as a well thrust spear. Releasing the shaft I caught the long spear that Bill threw to me, as prearranged, in case the kill was not complete, but it was not needed. The boar was as dead as he appeared to be.

We all stood silent a moment and then pandemonium broke loose. The dogs rushed up and the air was filled with barks and growls and a babble of voices. I walked over and sat down on the trunk of a tree, a little shaken, but enormously relieved. It was years since I had done this type of thing and my nerves were reacting to the strain. My muscles, too, ached from the mad dash over the hills and from the tension under which they had been held during the spearing. It was

with languid satisfaction that I watched Red skin out the cape and head of the boar in such a way that it could be properly mounted.

During the spearing of the second boar the Old Man was seriously hurt, and had to be carried down to the ship. It happened almost without our knowledge. The dog stood back while I placed the spear, and in his excitement broke away from Red and lunged at the boar's throat, jaggng himself severely on the point of the projecting spear, as well as ripping himself on a tusk. The spear point, however, did the most damage, penetrating almost to the heart and severing one of the main arteries. It was impossible to find the severed vein and in the end I was forced to dig down several feet in the ground for clean dirt with which we filled the wound. We worked over him for hours, trying to stop a flow of blood into his lungs. We succeeded so well that, as far as I know he is still chasing wild boar on the island of Santa Cruz. A more loyal and sporting dog never ran a chase.

the Camino Real, through forgotten Tejas and Nuevo Mejico, along the barren shores of Loreto and La Paz. We see the Santa Tomas, one of three ships under command of Don Sebastian Vizcaino, sail up the coast of Baja, California, from which moment the author unfolds before us all the romance so intimately connected with the mission bells of early California.

Not content to give to her readers the facts—and they are facts—she adds for good measure several chapters, notably those on mission towers, mission bell legends, California bell collections and an exceedingly interesting account of Russian bells in California.

Obviously the nature of this work precludes a detailed review in the space allotted, nor could any review do ample justice to the author's exhaustive study, the time consumed in the compilation of this great mass of material or her ability to successfully stimulate the reader's attention and to actually command his interest in what may be considered a somewhat remote subject. Yet, all this and more Miss Walsh has achieved.

Even in this day of woman's technical knowledge it is somewhat amazing to have Miss Walsh walk up to a Carmelo mission bell, scrutinize it for a few moments and then have her quite casually announce that it contains a great amount of copper and that it was probably made in 1824. Countless indications of her expertness abound in the volume and modestly she proceeds to prove her statements by indisputable evidence.

Yet through all this array of technical fact there dart through its chapters a subtle humor and an atmosphere of romance. Much of her California lore is the result of her personal investigations and she offers it with an honest take-it-or-leave-it attitude.

In spite of the fact that here and there its literary form is not beyond criticism and that there is an apparent need for sub-titles in chapters 3, 4 and 5, this unique book is altogether delightful reading and in our opinion is much, much worth while.

THE MISSION BELLS OF CALIFORNIA. By Marie T. Walsh. Harr Wagner Publishing Co., S. F. \$4.00.

a national policy. Please God, where is it that beginners begin? What has become of the perspicacity of executives who once were so versed in what we are pleased to call human nature, that they considered a man's experience the previous five years much less important and a far more unreliable criterion than his ambitions and his use of the intellect God and his parents conspired to give him. Shall we deem a doctor's or a lawyer's five years of professional experience a guarantee that the former has the brains to keep us well, or the latter, the ability to win our case in court? Shall we say that the experience of a stockbroker guarantees us against loss, or that a new writer cannot write a best-seller?

We have heard of animals of the lower order, who, upon finding themselves within the limited confines of an egg, nonchalantly kick a well-aimed toe through the shell and step forth completely and adequately equipped to lead a more or less choosy existence. We admit that our amoebic human civilization has not progressed that far as yet. If we want a pilot or a pianist, we shall look for somebody whose past experience guarantees his skill—but an editorial writer?

Give us a man who can think and who has the ability to write what he thinks, and when, after having dotted the last "I" and crossed the last "T", he bequeathes his own best, we shall give him the decision over the man who, with smug complacency, smiles the smile of the self-satisfied though he may know all the picturesque lingo of the editorial room.

INDIAN LIFE . . . from page 30

out of the second bark of the birch tree, and use sweet grass with it for decoration. Foods are prepared fresh for each meal. The floors of their houses are covered with grass mats, of all colors and designs.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES

BECAUSE the religion of the Ojibway Indians is exceedingly ancient, all their prayers, and songs are in the ancient Ojibway language. Very few of the medicine men themselves know the meaning of the words and prayers. These have been handed down for so far back that the meaning is all but lost to the majority. The Grand Medicine Ceremony is the oldest of all their religious rites, and folk lore. Tradition says that as a little boy was walking through the woods one day he had a vision. In the vision appeared the songs, dances, and prayers of the Grand Medicine Ceremony. The boy carried the message of the Great Spirit back to his people, and this furnished the basis for their first religion.

This ceremony is held for each person one year after death. It lasts ten days with the last day starting before sunup and continuing till sundown, being the most important of all.

When the women gather the herbs for medicine, they take only enough to last till the following spring. As she gathers the herbs she talks to them because herbs are living things. Only as these herbs are living and growing will the Indian depend on them for cures. If at the end of the year there are any herbs left, they are buried with much reverence in clean dirt, not thrown carelessly away.

Life for the Indians in Northern Minnesota approaches perfection, as they are not hampered by fish and game laws, as are other Indians. They can fish, hunt, gather wild rice and berries. They are welcome to all the lumber they wish for building. Even in this time of great depression, the Ojibway Indians are the luckiest of all people in America.

TYPEWRITERS FOR HOME USE FREE

DAY AND NIGHT STUDENTS provided with typewriters for home use, free, for six months.

BETTER JOBS . . . Ordinary stenographers trained in the insurance business, rates and policy writing, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Qualify as Insurance Secretary or Office Manager in . . . **TEN WEEKS.**


MONDAY AND THURSDAY NIGHTS . . . For beginners in Stenographic, Secretarial, and Bookkeeping courses. Hadley system of Accountancy.

SELF-HELP PLAN . . . Day students who can type pay \$5 a month, earning balance of tuition by half-day office work. Maximum cash outlay of \$5 a month for a complete training.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

1010 Metropolitan Bldg., Cor. 5th & Broadway





TOWN AND COUNTRY

Live above the tree-tops...amid
truly continental atmosphere...
at truly continental rates.

Evening . . . the CONTINENTAL
GRILL, brilliantly redecorated,
for dinner and supper dancing.
For luncheon and tea in the
European manner . . .

RUMPELMAYER'S

THE *St. Moritz*
ON-THE-PARK

50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH • NEW YORK

Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR

CAMPUS RUFFS



*For the man who wants
perfect-fitting trousers
and the utmost in service*

What handsome all-wool
slacks! CAMPUS RUFFS have
that "easy-drape"! Their style-
right design makes them pop-
ular on university campuses.

CAMPUS RUFFS
and CAMPUS FLANNELS . .
are the choice of the man who,
willingly, would pay a higher
price!

Available in all the new, pop-
ular shades—gray, tan and those
heathery, rough-weaves so
favored this season.

[*Also: CAMPUS CORDS, now as always, the favored*
corduroy trouser among university men.]

A LEADING STORE NEAR YOU IS DISPLAYING
THEM NOW - - - ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

ELOESSER-HEYNE MANN CO. - Manufacturers

1161-1165 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

PORTLAND

SEATTLE

LOS ANGELES

Overland

M O N T H L Y

Since 1868

10

O U N D E D B Y B R E T H A R T



JULY

IN THIS ISSUE

Storm's Adventure

By

Edmond Du Perrier





Only GRACE Cruises visit Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Panama, Colombia, Havana and New York and offer shore trips

Three superb new "Santa" ships offer unduplicated luxuries in a cruise of Old World fascination through the romantic Spanish Americas to Havana and New York. Exceptional speed permits only the magnificent Grace sister ships, "Santa Rosa," "Santa Paula" and "Santa Elena," to sail this exclusive Route of Romance, reaching New York in only eighteen days.

Fortnightly Sailings.

With restrained good taste, the "Santas," newest and fastest ships between California and New York, embody luxurious features never before found in an American liner. All outside rooms, mechanically ventilated, each with private fresh water bath and telephone . . . built-in tile swimming pool of unusual size (20 ft. by 35 ft.) . . . a charming Georgian living room offering comfort and relaxation before a homelike fireplace. The dining room, exactly amidship, with tall casement windows, offering cooling breezes and an unobstructed view of tropical seas, is over two decks in height. A roll back dome ceiling opens to the sky. The Club, with every sophisticated appointment of a smart night club, has a dance floor which does not follow the contour of the deck.

Pre-release movies, fully equipped gymnasium, sports deck, library, novelty shop, barber shop and Dorothy Gray Beauty Salon combine to make the "Santa" Route of Romance a cruise of tropical luxury.

Consult your travel agent or address

GRACE LINE

New York
10 Hanover Square

2 Pine Street, San Francisco

Los Angeles
525 W. 6th Street



A PLEDGE

THE JESSE MOORE HUNT CO., LTD., was first established in 1857, and since prohibition has passed, we are re-establishing all our well-known brands, as they were prior to prohibition. Our motto now, as since 1857, is continuity of **QUALITY** and **SERVICE** which will be absolutely maintained.

The best American and Imported whiskies are supplied, all under our own proprietary labels. The trade is giving our brands a very good reception and our clientele is increasing daily.

With continuous increasing sales, and with the continued public support, we confidently expect to be once more one of the leading liquor houses on the Pacific Coast, featuring our old previously established brands in which our dealers and the public can have complete confidence and the fullest satisfaction.

In order that you may be convinced of the merits of our merchandise, we urge you to try out one of our brands. We feel positive once tried, you will be a continued user of our whiskies.

With best wishes and assuring you our continued support of the industry for the good of all concerned.

If your dealer does not supply you—write us and we will!

Respectfully,
JESSE MOORE HUNT CO., LTD.

HENRY WEISS.



Plates by S. F. Photo Engr. Co.

CRATER LAKE, the beautiful, the enchantress—one of the lovely jewels that attract thousands of visitors to the Pacific Coast. Reaching the crest of its crater-like border, one stands in utter amazement—speechless—as its exquisite loveliness suddenly surges into view. Its island—like a ship that is eternally anchored—stands guard over its placid, blue waters, unplumbed by man and over it all there hovers the spirit of mystery that holds one breathless. Unexhaustible is the charm of its color, unforgettable the picturesqueness of its setting. Its magic somehow makes credible the countless legends that date back long before the white man came and . . . will linger mayhap until time shall be no more.

Overland

M O N T H L Y

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868

Vol. 93. 10c per Copy.

JULY, 1935

Published Monthly, \$1.00 per Year. No. 4

Contents of this and all previous issues of Overland Monthly may be found in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature at any library in the United States. The magazine is also included in the International Index.

Address all communications and manuscripts to the "Overland Monthly," Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco. To insure return of manuscripts a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.



SPECIAL OFFER

The color reproduction on the opposite page may be obtained — while they last — ready for framing, by addressing your request to the Art Department of Overland Monthly, Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, and enclosing 50c in stamps or coin.



Next Month

"The Crimson Fuchsia"
by Baradon Bogart

"A. P. Giannini"
by Zoe A. Battu

"The Strong Man of the Olympics," by Harriet Geithmann

"America's Last Frontier"
by Ashley E. Holden

WE SALUTE THE STATE OF OREGON

NEXT MONTH WE GO TO WASHINGTON

Contents

	Page
MOON WHIP—A Serial by Baradon Bogart	7
STORM'S ADVENTURE—By Edmond Du Perrier	9
EASING THE PACIFIC TENSION—By Ralph Townsend	11
WESTERN INDUSTRIES—Finance, Days of the Comstock—By Zoe A. Battu	13
THE DAM WE ARE BUILDING—The Columbia River Project— By L. F. Henshaw, Assistant United States Engineer Department	15
SALT WATER—The Mordaunt Splice—By Jack Densham	17
HUMAN BARBECUES—Cannibalism in the South Seas—By Oliver Bainbridge	18
ART AND ARTISTS—Art Is Vision—By John Garth	19
MUSIC—A Modern Composer—Sascha Wolos	20
BRET HARTE—An Editorial Sixty-seven Years Old	21
OREGON CAVES—A Pencil Sketch	22
CRATER LAKE—A Pencil Sketch	23
THE OVERLAND BEAR—How He Got That Way—By Sarah R. Heath	24
HAVE YOU READ?—By Laura Bell Everett	25
LET'S GO TO MEXICO—By Newton H. Bell	26
PLAIN GIRLS BORE ME—Concluding Installment—By Grace Reini	27
KNIGHTS OF THE SADDLE—By Wallace Coburn	28
EDITORIAL PAGE	30
THE WRANGLE	30



"WE CALL HER MAY WEST"



In this story Baradon Bogart brings to intimate view the luscious atmosphere and vibrant romance of tropic climes. Yes—and intrigue, too—which proves that human nature is human nature, where'er you find it.

IT WAS one of those nights when magic flowed in the moonlight, in the scent of the flowers and the plaint of steel guitars. Stars were winking when the trade winds rustled the tall coco-palms. It was a night for romance and dreams, and yet . . . Natalia regarded her companion soberly.

"You have all the earmarks of a married man, Blacky Talbot," she declared. "So sit up and be a good boy. I'll be in enough trouble as it is, what with going to dinner with you, and dances, and what not."

Blacky kissed her fiercely. "You're wonderful," he repeated for the dozenth time, "and I'm mad about you! I don't see why in the devil I couldn't have met you a year ago, before . . . it was too late."

Talya pushed him away triumphantly. "I told you so," she exclaimed, "all the earmarks! Only I wish I'd known it sooner. I don't go in for this wandering husband stuff. And that crowd of people blundering in on us at dinner tonight . . . No," she said with finality, "I don't go in for married men. And if you're really married, Blacky, then I'm through."

Blacky Talbot sat up a minute, and surveyed the beach and the restless waves. A big yellow moon hung over Diamond Head, and the air was soft and warm. He turned to her savagely: "Good Gad, Tally! do you think I'm made of iron . . . ? And anyway, what difference . . ."

But she held him off. "That married business goes, Blacky. I mean it. If your wife . . ."

He turned away. "How do you know I have one?"

"I don't," she declared. "You've certainly kept her in the background the last week, but you're not denying it now."

"And if I have?" he flung at her. "How do you know whether I'm in love with her or not? It wouldn't be the first marriage to go on the rocks." He dug his fingers moodily through his hair and glared up unseeing at the coco-fronds over his head. "God knows we all make mistakes," he said bitterly.

Talya sat up. This had gone far enough. He had been a cad not to tell her. To lie about it. "Listen, Blacky," she said in annoyance, "this is about all I can take. That breaking up of the home stuff is out. You know that you don't mean anything in my life and never will—oh you know how I mean. And you . . . well, go back to your wife where you belong. You're giving her a rotten deal. I don't know who she is, but she can't be such a bad sport to put up with you. Thank your stars you aren't married to somebody like that blond woman we saw tonight. Then you *would* have something to complain about!"

"What blond woman?" he asked moodily.

"The one with the doll face and Southern drawl. In that bunch of people that burst in on us at dinner. You know, she was six sheets to the wind, and they dragged her back."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Matter?" Talya's lip curled. Matter? Matter with Florabel Greer? She looked at him unbelievably. "Nothing's the matter with her . . . only she's one of the most notorious women in the Navy . . . our end of the Navy, at least."

"Yeah?" Blacky's interest sharpened.

Tally shrugged disdainfully. "Everybody knows Florabel! She's been married three or four times, and she uses

MOON WHIP

By Baradon Bogart

Illustrated by Emerson Lewis

each one to boost herself a little higher. She's out after money . . . but when she gets it she runs through it like water."

"How do you know so much about her?"

Tally sifted some fine white sand through her fingers. "I used to know someone . . . once, in the Navy." How hard it was to be casual about it! "I knew lots of people in Pedro and along the coast. And everybody knew about Florabel. She has a reputation that reaches to China and back, and across the country to the East coast. I don't know what she's doing here . . . except chasing Nichols the 'Sugar King'."

Blacky was silent. "My God!" he said at last.

Tally stood up and shook the sand out of her shoes. "Here, help me with this steamer rug. Please move . . . I'll have to be getting under way. Have to meet Chick Bartlett at ten for the dance . . ."

"Tally, tomorrow night—"

"No, and not any night, ever. And I don't think it was very square of you . . . Don't ever bother to ask me to go out places again, because I won't."

He followed her sullenly along the seawall to her cottage at the "Halekulani."

"Here's your rug, Tally, I . . ." Suddenly he crushed her ruthlessly in his arms. "I'll be around to see you tomorrow . . . married or not married! Good night!" He tramped off vehemently.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"Over to get drunk! There isn't much else for me to do!"

"Oh Blacky, please!"

"Oh, it's okay. I'm old enough! Dammit, what difference does it make?"

Tally sighed. What was the use? "Good night, Blacky. You've worn me out for Chick, now."

He turned back. "I could spend the rest of my life wearing you out . . ." he began hotly, but she slipped in and shut the door in his face.

"Hello, hello!" cried a cheerful feminine voice from the bed. "Enter the Queen of Hearts! Who was that you had out there all steamed up?"

Tally grinned and eyed the pillows piled on the bed. "What's the matter? Lose all your skin on the courts? You old champion! You must be down to your bones . . ."

"Come on," Noddy cut in eagerly, "skip the game. Who was the stavedore outside my window with a voice like a foghorn on a rainy night?"

Tally's grin widened. "That was Blacky Talbot." Then she sobered. "Darn it, Noddy . . ."

"Yeah. I know. He's nuts about you all right. Save your breath. I've got ears. When they turn base on you, and honk about wishing they could spend their lives wearing you down, then it's time to haul in the sails and throw out the anchor. When's the wedding date?"

Tally selected a wine-colored evening gown from her assortment and began changing. "Noddy," she said slowly, "there's always something wrong with everybody. He's married."

"Married?" Noddy stared. "Are you sure?"

Tally nodded. "He always lied about it . . . that is, well, you know . . . until tonight. And even now he wouldn't admit it . . . quite . . . but . . . Say, do you know anything about him?"

Noddy lit a cigarette slowly. "Nope. Never heard of him except from you—and I don't see much of you these days. I've heard of a Blacky MacMillan. Were you dancing with him last night at the 'Moana'? This Talbot creature?"

"Yes."

"Well, gee, I don't know . . . But if he's the guy I saw you with out by that bougainvillea bush, that wasn't Blacky Talbot. That was this Blacky MacMillan. He's a fellow in the importing business here. And he's married . . . and how!"

"Are you sure, Noddy?" she asked sharply.

"Well sure I'm sure. He was pointed out to me."

Tally sighed gustily. "Well, that cooks his goose! I'll never go out with him again! What a mess," she said. "But why all the mystery—Talbot—MacMillan?"

Noddy shrugged. "Well, what's wrong with being Blacky MacMillan?—Or Blacky Talbot, for a change? It's the same old story. He looked at you and fell, and he didn't want you to know he was married—you're always broadcasting your objections to married men. Of course it didn't get him anywhere. He didn't even get to first base with you anyway. But you can't blame him for trying. And boy! Is he married? Whooley, what a dame!"

Tally sat down on the edge of the bed. "But gee, Noddy, this is awful! I told him tonight it wasn't any good for me to be running around with him . . . if he's married. People are going to talk!"

"You're telling me!"

Tally shook her head. "That settles Blacky. And thank the Lord I found out. "And so saying, she drew to a close another chapter in her life." . . . Well . . ." she got up and went to the dressing table. "This isn't dressing for the dance. And there's nothing wrong with Chick." She picked up the mirror and started industriously on her eyelashes. "What's Blacky's wife like, did you ever see her?"

"Blacky's wife?" Noddy grimaced. "Wait till you see her! The face in the old village choir—only a little shop-worn. One of those bewildered popeyed pans that play the devil with fellows brought up to be polite—especially when she starts the 'big strong man' stuff!"

Tally stared at her. "Go on," she urged.

Noddy shrugged. "Well, of course, they all fall on their ears to play with her, bring her dolls and take her places, and . . . oh nertz! on top of it all she has one of those wheedling Southern drawls!"

"A Southern drawl . . ." The mirror slipped from Tally's excited fingers. A Southern drawl. A baby face. Who else but? "Noddy!" she cried, "Oh don't you see? That's Florabel! Florabel Greer! She's his wife! No wonder—Oh, poor Blacky . . .!"

Noddy grinned slowly in enlightenment. "Yeah? So that's the score! Florabel! Good ol' Florabel! So she's the ball and chain! Well, I'm a . . .! Say, I've heard pul-enty about her! No wonder Blacky—"

Tally clutched her arm excitedly. "Noddy, I'm sunk! Don't you see? Florabel is Blacky's wife. Don't you see what that means? She saw us tonight at dinner—she'll have it all over Honolulu by morning. Maybe she'll use it for an excuse to get a divorce from Blacky. So she can grab off Nichols the 'Sugar King'. And that'll get me mixed up in the mess! Oh my God," she groaned, "you don't know what it means if she goes on the warpath!"

Noddy's grin sickened. "Yeah. I can imagine. Of all the people in this cock-eyed world to have to be his wife! Gee, kid, you sure have my sympathy. You better get yourself a couple of steel corselets, and some gilt paint for your reputation. You'll need it when she gets through."

"But Noddy, of all people—! Why did I have to get mixed up with her? Why, she's famous for doing things like this!"

Noddy nodded slowly. "Yeah, I know. And if she does turn on the fireworks—mammy! you haven't got a chance!"

(Please turn to page 31)

Storm's Adventure

By Edmond Du Perrier



The dusk deepened . . .

Salmon-fishing off the Oregon Coast, dope-smuggling, Coast-Guard officers and the inevitable hero and heroine—these are the ingredients in this fascinating tale by Edmond Du Perrier.

DISCOURAGEMENT bowed Curt Johnson's broad shoulders. With utter lack of enthusiasm he forked the frozen Chinook salmon from the iced hold of his gasoline troller the "Shark", into the weighing box at the Oceanic Canning Company dock.

He deftly pitched out the last fish, clambered to the dock and approached the slim man peering at the notches on the scale.

"How's she run, Dave?" he asked.

"Thirty-eight hundred, Curt . . . nice catch."

"Yuh, a swell catch if I got any money for it. What's the price today? A cent?"

"A cent she is, Curt. And maybe we'll have to store these."

Curt Johnson shook his head wearily. "A cent a pound! Thirty-eight dollars! And fifty per cent of those fish are prime splitters. Five days on the water! Gas! . . . Oil! . . . Wear and tear! . . . Slim's wages! . . . All for thirty-eight dollars! I must love fishing, that's all I've got to say!" He leaned against the scales and fashioned a cigarette with tobacco and brown paper. He lit it solemnly.

Dave shrugged his shoulders. "It's tough."

"Tough's no name for it; cost me fifty dollars to make the trip. Give me a slip on that. I've got to pay Slim. Where did he say he was going?"

The weigher coughed. "Said he was going over to Hi Jensen's store." He wrote out a slip of paper and handed it over.

"I'll move her a little later. Nobody else coming in, is there?"

"Nobody else went out."

"No. They were too smart. Well, see you some more."

Curt crossed the dock, walked through the empty cannery shed to the office, where a meticulous old man silently counted him out thirty-eight dollars in worn bills, and headed for Bandon's Main Street.

People said that Curt Johnson was "steady." That steadiness, coupled with the trust of his fellow men, had netted him two things in the past five years. The "Shark", and a little house on the bluff overlooking the town. That is, with the exception of the final payments owing on both boat and house.

He had battled hard to win these things—now he felt the impending possibility of losing them. To work five years and lose—he slowly shook his head at the thought.

He turned the corner to the main street and saw a smart roadster heading toward him. It came to a stop beside him.

"Hi, Curt," from the man and girl in the roadster.

"Hello, Rick. Hello, Storm."

Storm Addison smiled at him. It upset him, as her smile had always done in the past five years.

She was truly named. She had been born during a violent storm off the Aleutian Islands. A storm that had cost, ere it had blown out, the lives of her father and mother. That strange birthing characterized her whole existence. The currents of life within her were like the rip-tides boiling on the rocky coast. "She's a wild one," people said, and shook their heads.

"How's business," Rick Hamilton asked. He was sleek, debonair—like his expensive car, and his powerfully-motored cabin cruiser.

"Terrible," Curt admitted. "Cent a pound for salmon. I'm losing money every time I go out."

"That's no business," Rick answered with sardonic amusement. "Why don't you put that boat to some good use? Come around and see me sometime. I'll tell you how to make some money. It means you've got to take a chance, though. It's the guy who takes a chance that makes the dough these days."

"Maybe you're right," Curt agreed. "But I'll stick to salmon-fishing." He turned to Storm. "Still going to climb the 'Head' with me tomorrow?"

"But you promised to go to Eugene with me tomorrow," Rick cut in.

"Oh, yes—that's right. You won't mind, will you, Curt. Rick and I are going places."

Curt shrugged his shoulders as the car rolled away and then walked on to the hardware store.

He found Slim, a slivery, skinny youngster, talking to Hi Jensen. He gave him a ten-dollar bill and said, "I'm going out again Thursday, Slim."

The kid reddened and mumbled. "I ain't goin', Curt. I got me a job here with Hi. There ain't nothin' in fishin'."

"Okay, That's your business." He turned and walked from the store.

"Sure breaking against me," he said to himself. "Even the kid quitting—and he was the best I ever had. I can't ask Storm to marry me—being broke the way I am. And maybe she's going to be taken in by that Rick fellow. Anybody in the world would be better than that bird. I know what he is—and I can't tell her."

Worry gripped him. With money he could maybe help her over the wild years. Without it—?

"To get it I guess I've got to take a chance," he muttered. "But I'll take it in my own way."

STRANGE cargoes filled the "Shark's" hold in the weeks that followed. From deep water and shallow he caught specimens of every type of sea life procurable off the Oregon coast. There were long wolf eels or wolf fish, with monkey-like heads and wide mouths filled with vicious teeth. Fish sharks, little herring, sea trout, every variety of salmon, rock-sea and black-bass, halibut, flounders, pogies—

The Coast-Guard cutter, with its crew of silent, sea-tanned men, often stopped alongside the "Shark" for a gam. They spoke to him in guarded tones, and then went on their way. Occasionally too, the sleek high-powered "Kestrel", Rick Hamilton's cabin cruiser, would roar by.

The blue waters, the sunny skies and fleecy clouds of summer gave way to the green-gray seas, bleak skies and the threatening black-browed clouds of autumn—

It was on such a day—the seas whipped to whitecaps at the crests and blanketed here and there with banks of fog—that Curt Johnson set out once more on his unusual quest.

Men were working on Rick Hamilton's craft as his deep-lunged troller chugged by the wharves. His eyes narrowed as he consulted a shipping list laying on his small chart table. At Cape Blanco light he passed the Coast-Guard cutter and exchanged salutes with an officer leaning on the rail.

By noon he was circling a deep net at a point offshore that he knew as well as the location of his own house. He drew in the net with long, powerful swoops.

"Got him!" he shouted, as the net drew taut, protesting under the weight of its victim. An onlooker would have had cause to wonder at Curt's pleasure; it was a hideous, writhing eight-armed squid.

This task disposed of, he was stowing the net when the hum of motors made him lift his head. Cutting the sullen waters, throwing great waves of spray on either side of its knife-like prow, came the "Kestrel".

It bore down on him, hove to, and rocked gently on the waves a few yards away. A look of surprise filled Curt's eyes.

Standing at the rail with Rick was Storm Addison. She was dressed in sea clothes which added to her turbulent beauty.

"Hey, Curt," Rick shouted. "Haul over—we want to come aboard."

The two vessels breasted together. Two hard-looking young men of Hamilton's crew wielded boat-hooks, holding the "Shark" below the "Kestrel's" rail as Hamilton and the girl leaped to the troller's deck.

The eyes of the two men met in unspoken hostility. Curt, imprinted by the sea, towered over the visitor. "Well?" he demanded.

"What are you doing out here?"

"It's a free ocean."

"I want to know," Rick went on, angrily. "This fishing idea of yours is a stall—you're hangin' around for a cut, I know. What's the idea?"

"It's a good place for fishing," Curt replied, dangleously quiet.

"Yeh? Well, let me tell you something. I bought up the two contracts you've got—on your boat and house. You be away from here at sundown—or I'm goin' to collect—and I know you're flat."

Curt's eyes hardened with contempt.

"Rick," he said slowly. "I know what you are. I am going to take your orders when the Pacific Ocean goes dry, and not before."

He whirled on the girl, who had been listening, eyes wide with interest. "And you're staying here, Storm."

"Since when, Curt Johnson, have you been telling me when and what and how?"

"Since right now," Curt snapped. "Do you know what this man is?"

"I think I do!"

"You know how he makes his money?"

"Yes."

"And you still want to go with him?"

"I'm with him now, am I not?"

Curt saw the flaring temper sear the girl's features, rising in a tumultuous gale. She spoke with explosive passion.

"You're a damned old woman, Curt. Old and pious. No wonder you'll never get anywhere. Never take a chance. Always spoil everybody's fun. I think—"

"You're staying here, nevertheless."

He heard Rick give an order in flat, harsh tones; he felt the boats pull together again. He reached out and grasped Storm's arm.

Suddenly the world went black. He felt himself flung backwards, reeling. He heard the increased tempo of the "Kestrel's" motors. His head cleared, he saw the "Kestrel" moving rapidly away.

"The little fool," he muttered. "She doesn't know. She can't know!"

THE dusk deepened. He could barely see the smoke of a distant steamer. He rested, smoking on the forepeak. Trouble filled his eyes.

Suddenly, with the swift vagary of the sea, the fog enveloped him. He started his motor, began to chug slowly south, parallel with the invisible shore. Once he thought he heard the deep rumble of motors. Once—twice—something like heavy shots. His brows narrowed.

Darkness came. All his lights including a powerful searchlight, were turned on. They sank into the fog eerily. After traveling thirty minutes south he turned and came north, bucking cross winds and heavy seas; soon he ran into a belt free from fog. His far reaching searchlight raked the water. It picked up something that made him jam on full throttle.

Not far distant, her head sinking deep with every sea, waves washing over her rails, was the "Kestrel." He saw her crew desperately trying to launch a boat.

"Ohoy, 'Kestrel'!"

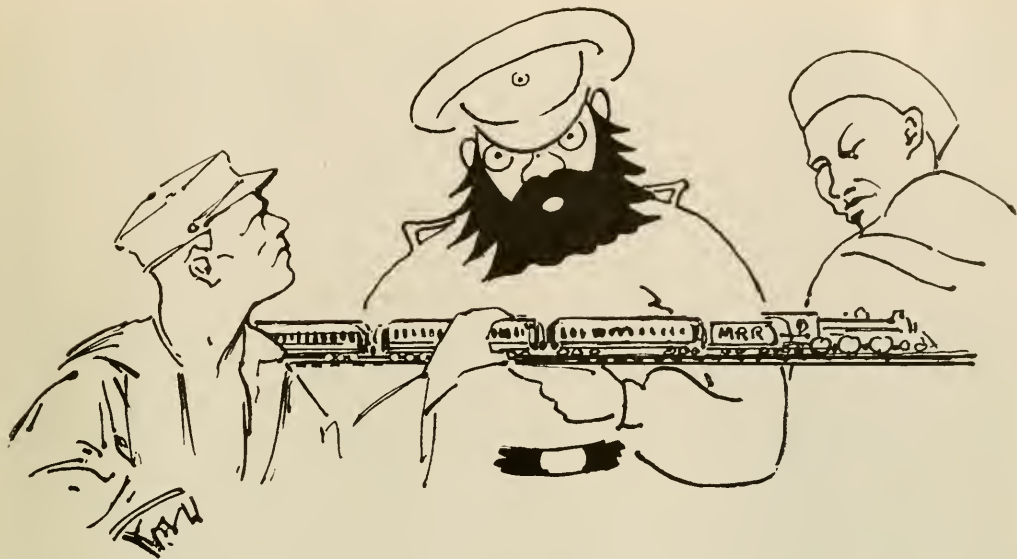
"Hi. It's Curt." He heard Rick's voice raised in triumphant relief. He heard him address the crew. "All right . . . It'll go along . . . A break." Then to Curt again. "Lend a hand. She's about gone."

Delicate work, with the "Kestrel" about gone, but he got the "Shark" to the other's rail. As the crew jumped aboard bringing loads of dunnage with them, the "Kestrel" lurched. But everybody was safe aboard the troller.

Curt eyed Storm. Her eyes were wide, filled with excitement.

"Glad it was you, Curt," Rick said. "It'd been a long row ashore. Thanks. Forget what I said this morning."

(Please turn to page 16)



EASING the PACIFIC TENSION

This is the third and last of a current series of articles by Mr. Townsend on Far Eastern problems

By Ralph Townsend

CHINA, Japan and Russia are all at last on fairly cordial terms with one another. That is the fact of most importance in the Far East now.

In February of this year the Soviet Union finally concluded arrangements for selling the Chinese Eastern Railway to Japanese interests. The transfer terminated a vexatious issue persisting since Japanese troops occupied Manchuria in September of 1931.

In May of 1933 the Chinese and Japanese came to terms. The pact signed by the two brought an end to conflict which had lasted 20 months and which resulted from Japan's expansion in Manchuria.

In December of 1932 the Chinese and Russians came to terms. They had been at outs following a dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway—the same causing friction between Japan and Russia. There had been trouble, too, because of a Soviet seizure of nominally Chinese territory in Mongolia.

There are background particulars leading up to this finally tranquil state of things that are worth reviewing. They show trends which assist us in measuring the prospects ahead and in appraising the most prudent role for the United States.

It may be explained that preceding Japan's seizure of Manchuria, the Soviets had grabbed an even larger chunk

of what was theoretically Chinese soil. The difference was that the Russians grabbed theirs to save the inhabitants from capitalistic exploitation, so the business was wholly altruistic. Also, the piece that Russians took was well inland, off the beaten path of foreign journalists, and rather risky territory to venture into in search of horror headlines. In addition, editorial sentiment in America was swinging more and more pro-Russian and more and more anti-Japanese.

So the Soviet occupation gained nothing like the attention devoted here to the same action on the part of the Japanese, though the territory taken over was larger, and was for international diplomatic reckoning almost equally important. Backed by Soviet troops, Mongolians "seceded" from China and set up what they called an independent government. Backed by Japanese troops, Manchurians "seceded" from China likewise. Russia is the only nation that has thus far recognized the new Outer Mongolia and Japan is the only nation that has thus far recognized the new Manchuria, renamed Manchukuo.

As an index of the power of pro-Russian sentiment in press circles in the United States through recent years, and also as an index of the power of anti-Japanese sentiment in the same quarter, we may remark the difference in reactions to identical procedures on the part of Russia and

Japan. Today not one American newspaper reader in a hundred knows of the Russian grab of Outer Mongolia, whose capital, Urga, was renamed Olan Bator Khota—"City of the Red Hero"—after the country became a Socialistic Soviet Republic.

Another circumstance is worth mentioning here. This is that the Soviet Union consented to sell the Chinese Eastern Railway to the Japanese only after negotiations by Moscow for an American loan failed. In the months preceding the sale, every time prospects brightened for Moscow in trying to get a loan from us, Moscow assumed a more belligerent attitude toward Japan. Every time prospects for the loan waned, Moscow became more conciliatory. This means that Russia was ready to become provocative toward Japan, even to inviting conflict, perhaps, provided America would put up money on the Russian side to start the fighting. While news readers were being treated to all sorts of headlined extravaganzas about the tension between Japan and Russia along the Manchukuan frontier, the key to the whole business was right here at home, in Washington. In the light of Washington's past record of eagerness to dive headlong into any obvious trap, how we escaped this one remains a mystery and a miracle.

The Chinese Eastern Railway was not worth much intrinsically. But as a diplomatic pawn it was worth a good deal. It is a short-cut terminal of the Trans-Siberian, traversing Manchuria from west to east. By a treaty with China it was operated under Russian auspices. When Manchuria came under Japanese control the line was embarrassing to Japan, its Soviet employees naturally providing a shield for unwelcome plans Moscow might wish to hatch in opposition territory. The rolling stock of the railway was in woeful disrepair, and long continued bandit attacks had rendered maintenance of service a losing proposition. The Soviet Union could have no practical need of the line, being unable to protect it in foreign territory, and facing the probability that while it remained in Soviet ownership the Japanese would not strain themselves to prevent further bandit attacks. Moscow was divided between an urgent need of cash and a wish to keep the sale of the line a dangling issue to worry the Japanese. As related, Moscow sold as soon as American money and American diplomatic backing against Japan failed. Persons who had the good fortune to hear George Sokolsky on his recent tour were treated to an explanation of this aspect in much greater detail.

Here another item of significance intrudes. No sooner was the proposed loan to Russia by us called off early this year that certain elements in this country started renewed pressure on Washington to effect a loan for China. The exact source of this pressure was not made clear in such news as was available. It is not the purpose of our remarks here to cast any hints.

Fortunately the loan to China has not yet been made, at least no news of such has become public, and despite all the clamping down and what not in our government now, it is not easy to lend large sums officially without public knowledge.

If a loan to China were made, it might not be as immediately provocative of trouble as a loan to Russia. But it would stir up trouble of some sort, exactly as every loan to China in the past, by any power or group of powers, has stirred up trouble. China is full of rival factions. Loans to those momentarily in authority are made the occasion of renewed anti-foreignism by those in rivalry for power. The outs shout that the ins are selling out the nation to the foreign devils. Sometimes the very regime eagerly soliciting foreign cash, after it gets it, makes a double-handed deal to win the support of the

anti-foreign element and points to the loan as evidence that aliens are trying to get a financial stranglehold on the country. This tack is not confined to China—it is somewhat characteristic of rickety governments in many parts of the world. But it is particularly conspicuous in China, where dislike of foreigners is always a good rallying ticket in military politics. Immemorially Chinese leaders have pursued the dual role of getting what they could from foreign governments or foreign firms, promising all sorts of friendly concessions, while at the same time campaigning among their own people to win followers by promises to confiscate the wealth of the foreign devils.

Furthermore, when a regime changes in China, an occurrence not infrequent, the newcomers commonly resent making any recognition of obligations contracted by predecessors. The only loans to China providing any reasonable assurance of repayment are those carrying an agreement for foreign supervision of some revenue, such as the present foreign supervision of the salt tax collection. This arrangement, however, is mischievous. Average Chinese know nothing of the loan details, and see merely a swarm of foreigners taking a toll from them in taxes. The possibilities in the spectacle, for ambitious schemers ready to whoop up an anti-foreign drive, are obvious. In actual practice they are abundantly acted upon, and a considerable amount of American property and a good many American lives have been lost in consequence.

We may believe that money lent without some sort of tax supervision would not be repaid. Persons who like to think of foreign loans sentimentally—as good will gestures and so on—might well read the repudiation publicity loosed by the present Chiang Kai-shek Nationalist Government shortly after it came into power in 1927. Their presumption in seeking another foreign loan in the face of its past record of anti-foreign outrages—with many Americans killed and injured by order of its higher officers at Nanking and elsewhere a few years ago—merely shows the extent to which any group of overseas politicians can trade upon the short memory and the gullibility of the American public.

There is no good reason why every Oriental nation should not float its own loans at home. Under present conditions it is impossible to lend money anywhere there without stirring hostility in some quarter. Not a dollar can be lent west of Honolulu but it will breed somewhere antagonism and hatred that will cost a hundred to repair.

In China every large city is alive with Chinese capitalists of great wealth. The catch is that they don't relish buying the bonds of their own government, and in the face of that distrust there is no sound reason in our doing so. A few American firms might benefit temporarily from a commodities-credit loan. But the default would in the end be made up by average American taxpayers, and that is hardly a fair proposition.

Bad as the financial aspects of a loan to China are, the diplomatic aspects are worse. Japanese think Russian sympathizers are behind the move, the aim being to prop up anti-Japanese or potentially anti-Japanese forces in China if not in Russia. Americans who know contemporary Washington are unwilling to say the Japanese are all wrong in this suspicion. Washington's expensive hotels are today full of friends of the Soviet Union busy making themselves congenial to congressmen and cabinet members. In any event, a China loan at this time would seriously affront Japan. It is not directly any business of Japan's where American money is lent. But it is directly the business of the average American where his share of the public revenue goes. If it goes into a worthless foreign debt he loses and if it goes to generate factional or inter-

(Please turn to page 31).

FINANCE IN THE GREAT DAYS OF THE COMSTOCK

By Zoe A. Battu

WILLIAM C. RALSTON, the leading banker of the Comstock Lode period, has been in his grave these sixty years. Looking back over the intervening years, one perceives that the man was but a passing incident in a larger canvas. This canvas is of epochal proportions. A goodly number of the men and women who appear upon it have long been identified with the national and international scene. The legends that have grown up about them provide the country with some of its choicest reading. The canvas is still in process of painting. The after-glow of the great days of the Comstock has not yet faded, and every now and again our public prints carry entrancing tales that have their origin in the lode and San Francisco of the 1860s and '70s.

Had William Ralston lived out his life to its natural end, his memory and reputation might now be obscure and vague. He might occupy a minor spot in that larger canvas and be recalled, if at all, as a man who died slowly and miserably of that most terrible of all diseases—frustration. But he was fortunate in the manner of his death. William Ralston died dramatically and at a dramatic hour. His passing placed him safely beyond the reach of those men who were bent on destroying him and who, had he lived, would surely have thrust him into poverty, obscurity and disgrace. By his death, Ralston confounded his enemies and defeated their purposes.

Of Ralston's origin and younger years very little appears to be known or recorded, beyond the facts that he was born in Ohio in 1825 and educated in the public schools of his native state. At the time of the gold rush he was in his middle twenties and like many another youth he turned westward in quest of fortune. He began the journey to California, in 1850, by way of Panama. At Panama he made a connection with a steamship company, operating between this point and San Francisco. He did so well in this position that the company sent him, early in 1853, to manage its San Francisco office. Shortly after his arrival, the steamship company entered the banking business, and realizing Ralston's abilities, made him a partner in the house, known as Garrison, Fretz & Ralston. In the panic of 1853 and '54 this bank, along with many another in the city, was all but annihilated. Ralston, however, contrived to save the business, reorganized it, and operated it under the name of Fretz & Ralston.

For several years Fretz & Ralston operated profitably. The junior partner gained in experience, widened his acquaintance among men of means and influence, increased his capital, expanded in ambition. In 1864 he determined to found a bank of his own, and interesting Thomas Bell, D. O. Mills, William Sharon and several other financiers in his project, he organized the Bank of California, an institution of various fortunes, which now

In this second article Zoe A. Battu extracts the glamor and romance of banking in the early "boom days" from the Pacific Coast's financial history. The concluding article, equally authoritative, will appear in August.



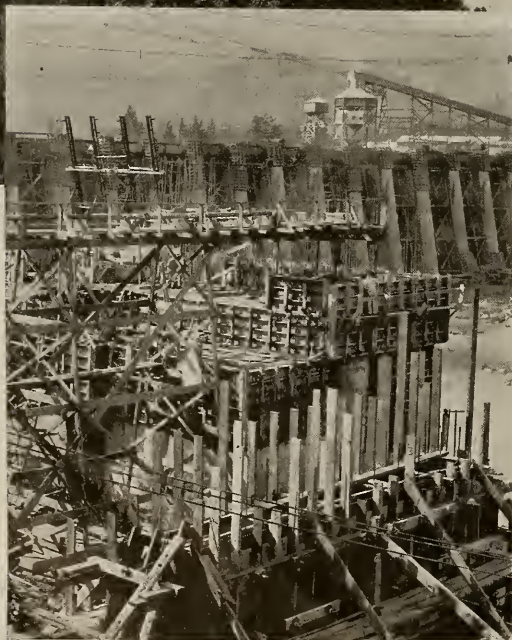
WILLIAM C. RALSTON

stands as a sturdy pillar of conservatism. Mills was the first president but Ralston presently succeeded to that office.

The early days of the Bank of California were of even and steady growth. The 1860 decade was for San Francisco a period of recovery from the excesses of that of 1850, although those who had witnessed the miraculous rise of the city in the gold rush days did not share this view. They lamented that the troubled pre-Civil War days and the war itself placed a check on enterprise and drained off California's surplus gold. Comparing the restricted gold yield to the first abundant flood, they were filled with gloom and dark predictions and they bewailed the passing of the army of placer miners and their pans. They failed to see that these picturesque speculators and "hit and miss" methods were replaced by groups of men and concerns whose adequate financing, better equipment and improved methods gave gold mining a sounder industrial basis. The pessimists failed to perceive that, in this decade, in spite of war and troubled times in the nation at large, San Francisco replaced its flimsy construction with substantial structures, paved its streets and put them into passable shape, was provided with a street-car system and with gas for lighting its homes, streets and public buildings, extended its school system and acquired sundry basic industries to make it more self-sustaining and less dependent on Eastern sources of supply. The fact that agriculture, throughout the state, made tremendous gains in these years was likewise lost on the pessimists. And finally, the prophets of doom were blind to the fact that the Washoe Valley, in Nevada, was shipping silver into San

(Please turn to page 34)

The DAM WE ARE BUILDING



ABOVE: BIRDSEYE VIEW OF BONNEVILLE PROJECT SHOWING LOCATION OF LOCK AND POWER HOUSE. TO THE RIGHT IS SEEN THE COFFERDAM ON THE SITE OF THE BIG SPILLWAY DAM.

TO THE LEFT: LOOKING ACROSS THE UPSTREAM END OF LOCK TOWARD POWER HOUSE INTAKE. NOTE CONCRETE MIXING PLANT IN THE DISTANCE.

BONNEVILLE POWER

Navigation Project on Columbia River

By L. F. Henshaw

Assistant Engineer, U. S. Engineer Dept.

The great Bonneville Dam project is now at the peak of construction. This article by Mr. Henshaw gives authoritative data as to its progress and its ultimate gigantic scope.

CONSTRUCTION of the \$42,400,000 Bonneville Power-Navigation Project, started in November, 1933, by the United States Engineer Department, is well along and progress is ahead of schedule. This project will form one of the units of the comprehensive plan of development of the Columbia River, formulated under authority of Congress (H.D. No. 308, 69th Congress, 1st Session). The Bonneville project was adopted as Federal Public Works Project No. 28 by the Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works on September 30, 1935. Since that time the engineers have prepared designs, plans and specifications for practically the entire project.

The site of the project, Bonneville, Oregon, is located at the lower end of the Cascade Rapids section of the Columbia River about 42 miles east of Portland. Through this 5 mile section the Columbia River falls almost 40 feet, making navigation difficult and sometimes impossible. The Bonneville project will concentrate this fall at one point and provide slack water navigation to above The Dalles, Oregon.

At the site of the project the river is divided by Bradford Island into two channels. The north or main channel, which normally carries most of the flow, will be closed by the spillway dam. An earth fill levee across Bradford Island 1200 feet in length, will join with the powerhouse which forms the closure in the south channel. The navigation lock is located on the Oregon shore south of the powerhouse.

The main spillway dam is of the concrete gravity type, 1250 feet long, 180 feet wide at the base and 170 feet in height above the deepest foundation. The dam is divided into 18 50-foot bays separated by 10-foot piers. The flow over the dam is to be controlled by twelve 50-ft. by 50-ft. and six 60-ft. by 50-ft. steel vertical lift gates located between piers. The gates will be operated by either of two 350 ton electrically operated gantry cranes which run along the roadway across the top of the piers.

Because of the large quantity of water to handle during construction the spillway dam is to be constructed in two steps. The south half of the dam area has been enclosed by a series of timber cribs in a "U" shaped cofferdam. The work of building and handling 60-ft. long by 60-ft. wide and 60-ft. high cribs in swift water was accomplished without a mishap or a single fatality. The cofferdam area was unwatered for about two months prior to the annual spring rise and much of the excavation finished within this area. Following the summer flood of 1935 the cofferdam

area will again be unwatered and the actual work of building the dam will begin.

Following the completion of the south half of the dam the south cofferdam will be removed and the north cofferdam will be built. The flow will then be diverted through diversion openings left in the south half of the dam.

The final step in construction of the dam will be the concreting of the diversion openings which will be done by closing off groups of two or three bays with small movable cofferdams.

The powerhouse is located at the lower end of the south channel, the site being chosen to obtain the maximum head for the water wheels and because of the desirable foundation rock. The powerhouse, now under construction, is about 180 feet high by 608 feet long by 207 feet wide with provisions for six 60,000 H.P. units. The initial installation will be only two hydro-electric units, although foundations are being built for an additional four units. The ultimate installation will be ten units developing a total of 600,000 H.P.

The type of turbine that has been selected as the best suited to the conditions of Bonneville is the Kaplan adjustable blade propeller type. This type occu-

pies less space per horsepower and suffers less loss of power at reduced heads than any other type. Each main unit will have a capacity of 60,000 H.P. at 50-ft. head; the diameter of the wheels is 23 ft. and the diameter of the shaft 40 inches. In addition to the main units there will be installed a 5000 H.P. station service unit to supply power for operation of the project.

The work on the powerhouse has been carried on between two earth fill cofferdams placed in the south channel.

Since the unwatering of this cofferdam area—begun a little over a year ago—the powerhouse excavation has been completed and about 70% of the concrete and steel has been placed.

When the project was authorized plans were made to construct a double lift tandem lock; this design was later changed to a single-lift barge lock. After further study and investigation, it was considered more favorable to construct a single-lift ship lock. With the ship lock and channel improvement between Vancouver and Bonneville ocean-going vessels will be able to go up the Columbia River as far as The Dalles, 187 miles from the mouth, thus tapping the great Inland Empire.

The ship lock will have a width of 76 feet and a length of 500 feet. The depth over the miter sills will be 26 feet or more 98% of the time.

The chamber excavation for the ship lock is a deep cut in andesite rock, the exposed vertical sides to be faced

ESTIMATED MAJOR QUANTITIES

An idea of the gigantic proportions of the work in connection with the Bonneville Project may be gained from the following figures:

Common excavation	4,400,000 cu. yds.
Rock excavation	2,000,000 cu. yds.
Fill in cofferdams	330,000 cu. yds.
Other fill	1,800,000 cu. yds.
Concrete	900,000 cu. yds.
Structural steel and castings	9,000 tons
Reinforcing steel	20,000 tons
Rails	1,600 tons

The cost of the Bonneville Power-Navigation Project is divided as follows:

Spillway dam	\$13,500,000
Powerhouse	11,500,000
Lock	4,400,000
Fishways	3,200,000
Railroad and highway relocation	5,700,000
Land acquisition	2,400,000
Miscellaneous	1,700,000
	<hr/>
	\$42,400,000

with concrete and thoroughly anchored to the rock. A concrete structure on top of the rock will furnish the additional height required for the wall. The chamber will be filled through an intake at the upstream end of the north wall containing two 7 by 11.5-foot tainter gates leading to a 14-foot diameter longitudinal culvert beneath the floor with branches leading to 41 floor parts. Emptying will be accomplished through the same ports and culvert system leading to 7 by 11.5-foot tainter gates in each wall near the lower end of the lock and, thence through culverts to five 6 by 7-foot floor parts located downstream from the lower miter gates.

Mitering lock gates of silicon steel will consist of horizontal girders 44 feet long, framed with verticals and intercostals, faced with plain and buckle plates. The lower gate is to be 102 feet high, each leaf weighing 525 tons.

An emergency dam consisting of nickel steel, horizontal bulkheads of 80-foot span operating in grooves recessed in the walls will be provided to close the waterway in case of injury to the lock gates.

Floating mooring bits recessed in the lock walls will hold vessels while they are being raised or lowered through the high lift in a short period. The lift at low water, 66 feet, will be the highest ever constructed anywhere; at normal flow the lift will be 59 feet. The second highest lift is in the Welland Canal, with a lift of 47 feet. The normal time required for either filling or emptying the lock has been estimated to be fifteen minutes. Guide Walls 500 feet long at both ends of the lock will enable crafts to tee up while awaiting passage through the lock. The lock will be connected with the river with an approach canal about one-quarter mile long.

An idea of the quantity of water required to fill the locks may be gained when it is realized that the water for one filling is sufficient to provide for the domestic water supply of an average city of 200,000 people for one day.

The problem of providing for the passage of fish over the dam has been carefully studied and every practical provision has been made to insure the continuation of the

migration of fish. The plan provides for three fish ladders and two double fish locks. On the Washington side of the spillway dam, a ladder, having pools 40 feet wide and 16 feet long with one foot difference in water elevations will be constructed. In addition to the fish ladder, a double fish lock is to be provided on the Washington side.

On Bradford Island a ladder with branches leading to the spillway dam and to the powerhouse is to be built. The pools in the branches are to be 16 ft. by 40 ft. and in the main upper portion 16 ft. by 42 feet.

Across the lower end of the powerhouse will be a fish collecting system leading to the Bradford Island ladder and to a double fish lock on the Oregon shore.

Another fish ladder is to be provided from the mouth of Tanner Creek about one-quarter of a mile below the powerhouse to the forebay passing to the south of the navigation lock.

The construction of the dam has necessitated the relocation of portions of two transcontinental railroads: the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway Co. on the north bank and the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Co. on the south bank. The work involved in relocating the S. P. and S. R.R., now completed, was primarily raising 5 miles of track back from the river on an earth fill.

The work on the O.W.R.R. & N. consists of relocating about 4 miles and raising about 15 miles of track.

The 4 miles of relocation necessitated the construction of a 900-foot concrete multiple arch bridge, a 620-foot double track tunnel and a two 180-foot truss-span steel bridge in addition to hazardous side hill cuts. The work on the O.W.R.R. & N. is about 50% complete and will be finished by May, 1936.

The project is being constructed under supervision of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. Col. T. M. Robins is division engineer, North Pacific Division; Major Charles F. Williams, district engineer, Second Portland District; Major H. A. Skerry, executive officer, Second Portland District, and Captain J. S. Gorlinski is resident engineer at Bonneville. Mr. C. I. Grimm is chief civilian engineer.

STORM'S ADVENTURE . . . from page 10

Curt did not answer. He swung the "Shark" toward the shore, his inscrutable eyes resting on the compass. The crew remained silent except for rare whispers. Once he heard two of them at the rail. His sharp ears picked up the words. "Lucky break . . . oh, sure, he'll get by now . . ."

Curt stayed at the wheel; once he glanced at Rick and the girl on the fore-deck. Rick was enjoying himself, it seemed. In spite of the loss of a very expensive boat, he did not seem put out. He might be posing in front of the girl, Curt thought.

They turned and came to the cabin door. "How long before we'll be in?" Rick demanded.

"Not long—about an hour now," he replied. "Then, smart fellow with the brass knuckles, I'm going to punch your head for you." Rick laughed harshly, and Curt went on, "How'd you get stove up?"

"Ran into something that wasn't on the charts."

"People often do just that," Curt said.

IN A MISTY fog they ran slowly past the jetty and headed for Curt's wharf. Rick had lost his nonchalant pose; he was tense. His crew was bunched behind the cabin.

Rick's orders, in the flat harsh tones he used with his crew, came back to Curt at the wheel. Curt fumbled with one hand in the chart case for something.

"Get that stuff!" Rick barked in low tones. "Hit the dock the minute she touches."

Curt cut the throttle and maintained a space between the wharf and the boat too wide to jump. He stepped upon the deck and ordered with brisk authority: "Don't move, any of you—you're staying here."

"What?" snapped Rick. "You've gone nuts!" The boat slowly edged toward the dock of its own momentum. "Okay!" Rick shot at his men.

But the men did not move—nor did Curt use his gun.

A Coast-Guard Captain and a squad of men in pea-jackets thudded to the deck. "So you picked 'em up, eh, Curt?" he asked.

"Yeh, I picked him up."

Rick had recovered from his shocked surprise.

"Say, weren't you fellows out there tonight?" Rick demanded with a snarl.

"Yes, Rick—we were there."

"Then what was the idea of throwing those shells at me. You foundered my boat."

The officer straightened. "Why didn't you stop when ordered? You'd have gotten worse if we hadn't lost you in the fog."

"Why should I stop? On a pleasure cruise?"

"Pleasure cruise, eh? I don't suppose you'd be picking up anything dropped out of the 'Maritanita's' portholes? She passed just before."

"Me?" Rick was all injured innocence. "I wouldn't

(Please turn to page 25).



SALT WATER

By Jack Densham

The Mordaunt Splice

There are more ways than one to splice an eye-splice and thereby hangs this tale by Mr. Densham, told in his inimitable way.

THIS story, which shot its way around the world, has never been really told and there is so much to it, so much intensity of drama and action that it cannot be told briefly. But here are the inside facts.

Foot of Powell street, San Francisco, January 6, 1920. Sunrise. It had been raining and the clouds were fleeting away over the Berkeley hills. Sausalito loomed up in sheer loveliness. The "China" was coming in.

I had come back from British service and had started the Shipping Register for a lousy bird who beat me out of my share in it. But I did not know that then.

At the foot of Powell street was a little old coffee-and joint and, gee, it was shivery. I was stuck in Halifax half a year after the armistice and swore, if I ever got back to California, I'd never feel cold again. But I was cold that morning.

The car stopped at the foot of the street by the big gas tank. Then two things happened suddenly. A gink got off the car and looked at me and said I was a long-legged and quite useless limejuicer and I said "go to hell" or words to that effect and then Lee Yat came out of the coffee-and joint and grabbed my arm.

The first person was Captain Jack Cadogan. Pukka Sahib. He like myself was on his way on the customs boat to visit Captain Dobson, another pukka limejuicer. The "China" had been taken over by the China Mail from the old Pacific Mail, sold out by Schwerin. Remember, prohibition had just gone in and they were asking fifteen bucks for a quart of whiskey. I will never forget that little shop across the Embarcadero to the barge office.

So we started, Captain Jack Cadogan who had handled my submarine outfit, on one side and four-foot-eight Lee Yat on the other side.

There are so many angles to this story, one cannot keep it short. If you want all that is in it, you will have to keep reading.

Lee Yat, about whom there is a present-day romance,

reporter for a dignified Chinatown paper, insisted that I listen while I was aching to query Captain Jack.

"You gettem radio about Chinees got deaded aboard? He not no deck-hand. He very beeg man work for Chinese Company stop dope. He deaded. Me I think something bad. You look see. Where Albert Porter, where Bob Roberts? You work weekly paper no daily he come. What is matter?"

So I told Lee Yat right-ho and began to talk to Captain Jack. He told me he had gotten himself a job as traveling investigator for Lloyd's, the coffee house. There was a shipment of nearly \$20,000,000 in gold aboard the "China" and he not only wanted to see Dobson and get a drink of real liquor without paying \$15 for it, but also to see that the gold was brought ashore safely.

So we got down to the barge office and Jim Foley said I was useless and did I have my 1920 pass and I said "Yes." So then the daily birds turned up and we went out. It was getting good and light by that time and, hanging over the rail and waving to us, was a vibrant, lovely girl. She recognized me and Bornemuller the tanglefoot photographer of the "Chronicle". And then it all came back to me.

Five years before—oh why revive names—a red-haired kid of fourteen had gone out to Borneo and places with her dad on the "Siberia" and I had dubbed her Titiana and made a little jingle about her.

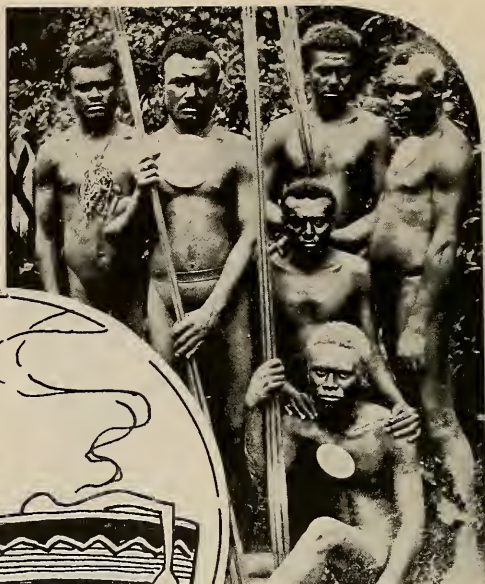
So we went aboard and Titiana told me about how her dad was killed fifty miles from Balik Papan and how she ran down a mountain to the river and got a native to take her down to the port. The way she did it is another story by itself.

Not being petrified by the necessity of early copy I hummed around and talked to the chief, both engineer and steward, and had a grand breakfast of broiled bloaters.

Then I went up to see dear old Dobson. We had been shipmates on the "Essex County" many years before and

(Please turn to page 36)

Human BARBECUES



By
Oliver
Bainbridge

How one feels when he is being contemplated as the "piece de resistance" of a cannibal dinner, is herein described by Mr. Bainbridge. He also tells how, thanks to his "lucky stars," he escaped before the cook had a chance to burn the roast.



"THESE bad fellah too much savvy kaikai long pig. More better we look out." Rama whispered these words to me. Not that he needed to modulate his voice, because none of the savages surrounding us understood a word of English; to his native mind the hushed tones were in keeping with the conspiracy that was slowly drawing its net tightly around us. The realization that these cannibals intended to capture and possibly eat us came too late for any immediate action. The fifteen sharpened spears held by a similar number of hungry warriors spoke more eloquently than words of the murderous intent of our hosts.

All my life I had heard stories of the South Sea Islands and cannibalism but never until this occasion did I think of myself as the subject of a human barbecue.

The island of New Britain where I was captured lies to the North of Australia and Papua in the Mismarck Archipelago. It is the largest of a group of almost unexplored and unknown islands. I had sailed down to this Arowe village to secure some stone images for the British Museum, little dreaming that my efforts would result almost fatally to myself and the native boys. As I sat under a palm-tree watching the preparation for a sing-sing, I thought of the stories I had heard of the atrocities practiced by the Fijian natives and of the way they captured slaves, took them back to the village and often kept them in huge cages and fattened them that they might attain sufficient weight to satisfy the fastidious taste of some chief. I could imagine the chief in deep thought probably considering the method in which he would have the slave prepared for his dinner.

It might be his whim that the victim should slowly

bleed to death while his blood was being drunk by the villagers from cups made of banana leaves. It was quite common to make slaves gather wood and build the fire in which they were to roast. Another very popular method of execution was to crush the heads on braining-stones, several of which may be seen in Ovalau today, and trees bearing numerous notches remain, tangible records of savage revelry.

If the royal larder could not be replenished by the spoils of war, it was the duty of the king's purveyors to go forth, lie in ambush by the mango swamps and seize some of their own fishermen as they manned their canoes to put to sea, or if game was scarce in this direction they would scout for a company of women who were perhaps on their way to bathe, stealthily creep up behind and strike them on the back of the head with a stone concealed in the hand. The bodies were then carried back in triumph. It was the custom to strike all victims from behind in order to make sure of their quarry and avoid the indignity of chasing them all over the place.

At times a chief's vanity led him to erect a stone for each person consumed. Ra Undre of Raki Raki in 1849 bequeathed to future generations eight hundred and seventy-two of these prized memorials, and handed down to posterity many stories of barbaric achievement. In building a new house he had each pillar set on a human being, and made others stand in the holes to hold them in place while earth was shovelled in and pounded down. Their moans and muffled cries were unheeded. His new canoes were launched over human rollers who were crushed and mangled to death by the weight of the timbers, and

(Please turn to page 38)

ART Is VISION

By John Garth



ALMOST any factor in the experiences pertaining to life permits more readily accurate definition than that which we call "art". To define art is such an intricate thing, contains so many elements that it is almost easier to say what art is not. Yet, in order to substitute positive opinion in the place of negative let me say that art is more than a mere surface ornament to life, more than the facile performance of a difficult technique. Art is a subtle and significant language capable of conveying thoughts and emotions for which there are no other forms of expression. Art is history, uniting the present with the past. Nations rise and fall: only their art endures. It may be intentionally or otherwise, but art is always propaganda, political, religious or personal. Art is vision: the artist sees and helps others to see what is usually merely looked at. Art is a source of health: beautiful forms and stimulating colors have definite therapeutic values. Art can and should be a moral force, lifting us, through beauty, to a higher plane of thought and feeling. Finally, art is the expression in some beautiful and permanent form of the emotional life of the artist and through him, of the race. By giving expression to the yearnings, hopes and aspirations of humanity, art becomes the highest manifestation of the human spirit.

What makes a great artist? Four things: Talent, temperament, health and opportunity. He must have gifts and the opportunity to develop them, vision and the strength to give it expression in permanent works of art. All these attributes are seldom brought together in the same man, consequently, neat artists are rare.

The genius is the artist raised in the Nth power of human possibility. It is his fate to see humanity with an agonizing clearness with which humanity never sees itself. He sees the politician without his power, the dowager without her diamonds, the sage without his poverty. With supremely uncommon sense, he penetrates our conventional shams and hypocracies, he sees man against the background of eternity and reveals humanity to itself and humanity is shocked and frightened by the revelation. Hence he is denounced by his age as mad and immoral. But the supreme morality of the genius usually lies in his understanding of and deep sympathy for all life, his toler-

ance and tenderness toward everything. He is devout as St. Francis of Assisi was religious, who lived simply, in the sunlight, in the companionship of animals and birds, delighting in the harmony of natural things.

The City of St. Francis has been well named. Despite its early Gold Rush days, it could not long remain a wicked city: it is too beautiful. Hill-crowned like classic Athens, regal as Rome on her seven hills, San Francisco will unquestionably become the great art center of the New World. It is time we stop walking backward, stop leaning on Europe for our authority. Let us give our own living artists a chance to express our own life and times here and now. The richest nation in history, we spend enormous fortunes to erect stately mausoleums in which to inter, in solemn grandeur, the dead art of the dead past. We pay a king's ransom for a Rembrandt and far too often allow our own living artists to die in their poverty-stricken garrets, alone, as Rembrandt died. We need and want our great galleries and museums, of course, but when will humanity stop crucifying its living artists? Given their chance, our own talented men and women could make the bare walls of our San Francisco buildings blossom like the rose. However, the situation is by no means hopeless. The recently organized California Society of Mural Artists is a step in the right direction. Clubs like this for the free discussion of art subjects are excellent. Organizations like the Business Men's Art Club, where men not actually engaged in art as a livelihood may find out by personal experience the problems of the artist, are a fine thing. As an outgrowth of the P.W.A.P., our national government, for the first time in its history, is now conducting nation-wide competitions among American artists for the decorating of public buildings and California is receiving its share. But the present competition would employ, at most, four men and there are over 1,000 registered artists living in San Francisco alone. Yet all these things point to a brighter day for our painters and sculptors. Let us hope that these highly gifted men and women will be given an increasingly wider opportunity to add their rich contribution to the glory of San Francisco and to the sum of human culture.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Alexander Glazounow

By Sascha Wolas

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sascha Wolas, noted violinist, gives you a word picture of this well-known modern composer on this the anniversary of his seventieth birthday.

WHEN Mr. Emerson Lewis, of the Overland Monthly, asked me to write something on music, I thought of my friend, Alexander Glazounow, the famous Russian composer who celebrates his seventieth birthday this month. This great man has done more for music in Russia than any of his contemporaries.

He is extremely popular. I remember seeing him, tall and stout, exceedingly slow of movement, leaving his office at the Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg where he was director, and literally wading through a sea of people waiting to shake the hand of the great Glazounow. His delight in this display of affection was apparent as he beamed on his admirers, calling most of them by name.

"The little Father of Russian music," he is a truly paternal in his handling of potential musicians. During visits to outlying districts he is mobbed by ambitious parents and their numerous prodigies. Only his truly understanding nature enables him to be both kind and truthful with them, and to cull from among the many, the children who are really talented.

He is worshipped by the musicians, and although he is a poor conductor, his concerts are always great events. His men have a deep respect for him, and give him their best. At times, not being a disciplinarian, there is an unusual amount of hilarity among the musicians. Glazounow only needs to tap gently with his baton for order to get it immediately, such is the adoration his men have for him.

My acquaintance with this great composer started through my violin studies at the Royal Conservatory of Music in St. Petersburg, under the famous instructor, Leopold Auer, who was a member of the faculty during the time that Glazounow was director.

When I played his exquisite violin concerto, he spent many delightful hours coaching me and the accompanist in the manner in which he desired it played. My most cherished memento of that occasion is a photograph taken of us together and doubly autographed, first with an inscription and his signature, and then with the first few bars of the violin concerto which I played.

Memories come crowding into my mind of our friendship—incidents—the narrow street in which he lived—the tall house that exuded the warm personality of its owner—the rooms filled with art treasures—but space is limited and I must desist.

Alexander Konstantenovitch Glazounow, to give him his full name, was born July 29, 1865, the son of a well-to-do book dealer whose family had founded the firm in 1782.

Alexander attended the St. Petersburg schools until the age of eighteen. Since that time he has devoted his life

to music. At the age of nine he studied the piano under Jelenkowsky, a talented pupil of Felix Dreyshock who influenced the boy to an unusual extent. He had a thorough training and developed great skill in reading and preliminary knowledge of harmony.

His first attempts at composition were made when thirteen. In 1880 he commenced studying under the great composer, Rimski-Korsakoff. He continued for a year and a half studying harmony, counter-point, form, and particularly instrumentation. During 1880 he unsuccessfully attempted several symphonic compositions, but finally completed an allegro movement which was not published. While still working on this movement, he planned his first Symphony. He finished it in 1881, and it was played at a concert directed by Balakirew in St. Petersburg, March 29, 1883 with brilliant success. Glazounow scored this work no less than four times, the last time in 1887. Though catalogued as Opus 5, Glazounow considers this his initial work.

In 1884 while in Weimar to hear his first Symphony performed at the musical festival "Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein" under the direction of Muller-Hartung, he met Franz Liszt whose praise and encouragement spurred him on to greater endeavor.

In 1889 Glazounow conducted two of his works in Paris at the Trocadero: his second Symphony in F Sharp Minor, and his Symphonic poem, "Stenka Raisin."

Among the most important of his works I would include a ballet suite, six string quartets, nine symphonies, three ballets, i.e., "Raymonda" in three acts, "The Four Seasons," and a smaller one, "Russ d'Amour" in one act; one violin concerto, Opus 82, and two piano concertos, two sonatas, and several other brilliant compositions.

Critics and musicians consider Glazounow is ranked as one of the great composers of Russia. He is fantastic, imaginative, and knows the orchestra and its resources.

In addition to being the head of the Conservatory of Music in St. Petersburg, Glazounow has been Professor of Instrumentation at the Conservatory of St. Petersburg. He is a member of the board of directors of the Royal Music Society, as well as an honorary member of the following societies and organizations: The London Philharmonic Society; the St. Petersburg Philharmonic, and the St. Petersburg Chamber of Music Society.

His only appearance in this country was made in the Metropolitan Opera House in 1929, where he successfully conducted a concert of his own symphonic compositions. He was enthusiastically received by a large audience that came to criticize and remained to acclaim him one of the greatest modern composers.

Sascha Wolas will write for the August issue of the OVERLAND MONTHLY . . .

"Modern Music and Its Relation to the Average Audience"

July, 1868

... it falls to my lot at the very outset, to answer, on behalf of the publishers, a few questions that have arisen in the progress of this venture. Why, for instance, is this magazine called "The Overland Monthly"? It would perhaps be easier to say why it was not called by one of the thousand other titles suggested. I might explain how "Pacific Monthly" is hackneyed, mild in suggestion, and at best but a feeble echo of the Boston "Atlantic"; how the "West", "Wide West" and "Westerner" are already threadbare and suggest to Eastern readers only Chicago and the Lakes; how "Occidental" and "Chrysopolis" are but cheap pedantry, and "Sunset", "Sundown", "Hesper", etc., cheaper sentiment; how "California"—honest and direct enough—is yet too local to attract any but a small number of readers. I might prove that there was safety at least, in the negative goodness of our present homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Turn your eyes to this map made but a few years ago. Do you see this vast interior basin of the Continent, on which the boundaries of States and Territories are less distinct than the names of wandering Indian tribes; do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations, whose names are familiar, but of whose locality we are profoundly ignorant? Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East closer together. Do you think, O owner of Oakland and San Francisco lots, that the vast current soon to pour along this narrow channel will be always kept within the bounds you have made for it? Will not this mighty Nilus overflow its banks and fertilize the surrounding desert? Can you ticket every passenger through to San Francisco—to Oakland—to Sacramento—even to Virginia City? Shall not the route be represented as well as the termini? And where our people travel, that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandise, and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle inflowing current of Eastern refinement, and shall we not, by the same channel, throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?

Bret Harte, sixty-seven years ago this month of July, founded *Overland Monthly* and wrote his first editorial. We herewith reprint it, and in so doing we re-affirm not only its name but as well the purpose to which it has been committed since 1868.



Oregon Caves National
Monument, near Grants Pass,
Josephine County, Oregon.



Crater Lake, Oregon's lake
of mystery with Wizard
Island in the center.

The Overland Bear

How the Grizzly Came to be a Familiar Feature upon the Cover
and Masthead of the Overland Monthly

The following letter under date of February 4, 1926, will be of great interest to Overland readers. The letter follows:

My dear Overland:

Possibly the history of the original vignette for the cover of the Overland may not be known to your readers of later generations. I am therefore taking the liberty of calling your attention to a paragraph that greatly interested me in a letter from Mark Twain to Thomas Baily Aldrich, of which the following is an extract (see Mark Twain's letters, Volume I, Page 182).

... "do you know the prettiest fancy and the neatest that ever shot through Harte's brain was this. When they were trying to decide upon a vignette for the cover of the Overland, a grizzly bear (of the arms of the State of California) was chosen. Nahl Bras carved him and the page was printed with him in it looking thus: (rude sketch of a grizzly bear).

"As a bear he was a success—he was a good bear. But then it was observed that he was an objectless bear, a bear that meant nothing in particular, signified nothing, simply stood there snarling over his shoulder at nothing—and was painfully and manifestly a boorish and ill-natured intruder upon the fair page. All hands said that—none were satisfied. They hated particularly to give him up, and they hated as much to have him there when there was no point to him. But presently Harte took a pencil and drew these two simple lines under his feet and behold he was a magnificent success! The ancient symbol of California savagery snarling at the approaching type of high and progressive civilization—the first Overland locomotive. (Sketch of a small section of railroad track.) I just think that was nothing less than inspiration itself. . . . Signed, Sam'l L. Clemens."

Note by Albert Bigelow Paine: "The two simple lines, of course, were the train rails under the bear's feet and completed the striking cover design of the Overland Monthly."

"As a former contributor to the Overland please pardon what might otherwise appear officious."

Yours sincerely,

SARAH R. HEATH.

LOOK FOR THE OVERLAND BEAR
ON THE COVER OF THE NEXT ISSUE



BRET HARTE, IN FIRST ISSUE OF OVERLAND MONTHLY, JULY, 1868

The bear who adorns the cover may be "an ill-favored" beast whom "women cannot abide," but he is honest withal. Take him if you please as the symbol of local primitive barbarism. He is crossing the track of the Pacific Railroad, and has paused a moment to look at the coming engine of civilization and progress—which moves like a good many other engines of civilization and progress with a prodigious shrieking and puffing—and apparently recognizes his rival and his doom. And yet, leaving the symbol out, there is much about your grizzly that is pleasant. The truth should, however, be tested at a moment when no desire for self-preservation prejudices the observer. In his placid moments he has a stupid, good-natured, "fry" tranquility, like that of the hills in midsummer. I am satisfied that his unpleasant habit of scalping with his fore paw is the result of contact with the degraded aborigine, and the effect of bad example on the untutored ursine mind. Educated, he takes quite naturally to the pole, but has lost his ferocity, which is perhaps after all the most respectable thing about a barbarian. As a cub he is playful and boisterous, and I have often thought was not a bad symbol of our San Francisco climate. Look at him well, for he is passing away. Fifty years and he will be as extinct as the dodo or dinornis.

A commemorative tribute to the founder of
THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

HAVE YOU READ

THE PROUD SHERIFF. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. With an Introduction by Henry Herbert Knibbs. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00.

The name of Eugene Manlove Rhodes suggests his admirable *Good Men and True*, *West Is West*, his *Once in the Saddle*, *Copper Streak Trail* and *Stepsons of Light*, his *Bransford in Arcadia*, *The Trusty Knaves*, *The Desire of the Moth* and *Beyond the Desert*.

The Proud Sheriff, just published, will be read and reread by those who like a good story, well told. "The greatest writer of Western tales," Rhodes has been called. Like Dickens, he thought, worked, and wrote for the underdog. Oppression he fought against. This is well brought out in the Introduction by Henry Herbert Knibbs, a fine recognition of the man, Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

New Mexico was his land, wherever else he might live. It is of interest to know that some of his earlier stories were written in collaboration with Agnes Morley Cleaveland, another enthusiastic New Mexican, now a resident of Berkeley.

The writing of Eugene Manlove Rhodes is not of the ephemeral sort. His stories will remain a part of the history of the Southwest. He was as careful as Sir Walter Scott of the truth of his locale. He was discovered by Charles F. Lummis, who encouraged him in the development of his style. Readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*

will miss the stories from the pen now laid aside. A volume of his letters is projected and should be demanded, for the humor of his friendly notes should be shared. To know New Mexico, and to be entertained at the same time by vivid action, read Rhodes.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

WHERE NOTHING EVER HAPPENS. By Lee Shippey. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00.

After the slapstick of stuff written to the order: "Something must happen every minute," there is real pleasure in reading Lee Shippey's story of the California town "Where Nothing Ever Happens." Here is a well-written book, with a delicate ironic humor running through it, and here, too, is the writer who knows so well how to make his people interesting and how to tell a story that he does not have to fall back on the expedients of shocking his reader or disgusting him. Both devices are failing from over-use, but the good old way of really telling a story as well as Lee Shippey tells one, cannot go out of fashion.

Lee Shippey's column in the *Los Angeles Times* has introduced him to a wide circle of readers, and his new book will make friends of many who do not know the column. (Warning: Keep a tight hold on the book. It is so interesting that someone will borrow it before you finish it.)

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

STORM'S ADVENTURE . . . from page 16

know anything about that. Weren't we just on a pleasure cruise?"—turning to Storm.

"Yes—that's all," she said slowly.

Rick's voice went suddenly hard and flat again. "Curt here picked us up—though we'd have gotten in all right. So we weren't the only ones out there. I don't see why I should protect him. I know—I've known ever since he started this fishing blind that he wasn't on the square. He's the one you want."

"You're sure of that?"

"Sure I'm sure. Hasn't he been laying right out there in the sea-lane all summer. Fishing—nerfs! And I can prove it—just look over there. What's that cargo he's carrying?" Rick pointed to the bundles that his men had brought from the "Kestrel". "I guess there's evidence enough for you right there."

Curt heard the girl gasp, saw that she was about to speak. He laid his hand upon her arm. His laughter, short and abrupt, made Rick turn his head.

"You're not clever, Rick," he said. "A pleasure trip with Storm was a good blind. And you thought nobody would bother my boat when it came ashore. You didn't mind losing the 'Kestrel'—if Curt Johnson would freight a hundred thousand dollars worth of dope ashore for you."

"Dope!" Storm gave a horrified gasp. All eyes turned to her. "Oh, it can't be! He said they were jewels—silks—little things that everyone tries to smuggle. But dope!" She shuddered.

"You—squealed—you—"

Curt stepped in front of him. "That's enough out of you. As he flung open his coat he showed a Coast Guard badge. "You didn't know about that. I thought you'd trap yourself some day. But I didn't hope for any luck like getting you and your evidence aboard my boat."

Rick Hamilton knew how useless would be any effort to escape. Yet, he shoved the captain aside and leaped for

the rail. But he never made it. Strong arms caught him. The rest of the squad followed with Rick's crew.

"As far as we're concerned," the Coast Guard captain said, "Storm wasn't involved. She was Rick's blind—and I guess she didn't know anyway. She helped us out. So we'll just forget it." He turned and went ashore.

Storm was sobbing.

"I didn't know," she said. "I thought it was smuggling—like the old freebooters, with jewels and silks. It seemed wild, free, dangerous . . . but dope!" she shuddered.

"We've been wise to him for a long time. They let me work on the case. It was my first—and last. They missed him out there . . . I knew they'd run in. I had to get him."

"And I said you were afraid to take a chance. If he'd known—you'd have been—"

"Never mind, it's over now."

"No, Curt. He can still get you. Your boat, your house. Even from prison—"

"Don't worry. I'm well fixed now. Well enough to clean up what I owe and wait for salmon to come back."

"A reward?"

"No," he said. "I wouldn't take it if there was one. I've been collecting Marine specimens for a museum of Oregon coast fish. I got the last one today—that octopus. They've paid me well."

"Oh, Curt," she said, "I've been foolish. They named me right. A storm. You're like a safe harbor. Curt, I don't want adventures any more."

He held her close. "There's adventure in safe harbors, too, sweet. Home, the sea, kiddies, living. Do you want to sign on?"

She did not answer, except in her kiss and her arms that clung tightly to him.

"He makes me sick—he's always blowing."

"Yeah, he's just an ill-wind."

Let's go to MEXICO

By Newton H. Bell



THE "Great Trek" of 1935 is from the United States to Mexico. They go by sea and by land and through the air—school teachers with red guide books; Rotarians and Kiwanians and Lions en route to conventions in Mexico City; students of archeological research or iconoclastic political philosophies; tourists seeking to forget the cares of everyday life in the glamor and exoticism to be found south of the Rio Grande. And they do not look to this ancient land of Aztec and Conquistador in vain, for Mexico is an inexhaustible treasure-house where the Old World meets the New, where a romantic Past combines with pulsating Present, where the people, the languages, the manners and customs, the food, the dramatic quality of the natural scenery all create vivid impressions that can never be forgotten.

Most people unfamiliar with the subject believe that all of Mexico is insufferably hot during the summer months. They do not realize that Mexico City is almost a mile and a half above sea-level and that, on account of the altitude, it enjoys a salubrious climate the year round. Apart from the "tierras calientes" along the seacoast, the deserts of Northern Mexico and the jungles south of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, most of the country is subject to climatic conditions comparable to those of the San Francisco Bay region in the most delightful months of the year.

Another misconception is that Mexico is infested with bandits, ferocious fellows with curving mustachios who shoot travelers every now and then for sheer love of it. The truth in the matter is that the bandit in Mexico is as rare an object as the gangster carrying a sub-machine gun in any of our large metropolitan centers. The European who sees a few gangster movies and comes to the United States expecting to be murdered in the streets is as logical as any person who goes to Mexico with the idea that he is risking his life in any way whatever. On the contrary, the people in all strata of Mexican society manifest kindness and hospitality to an amazing degree. It is necessary, however, that the foreigner possess "la simpatia", which is not exactly "sympathy" but rather a friendly point of view and a capacity for understanding and appreciation.

It is characteristic of Mexican hospitality that when one enters the home of a friend or even an acquaintance, the salutation is usually "Usted está en su casa" or "You are in your house". Whether the host be the owner of a great hacienda or an impoverished peon in a mud hut, this quality of friendliness is the same. It contrasts favorably

with an Old World adage, "Fish and guests smell after three days". "What is your name?" I asked a ragged urchin in a small Indian village in the State of Michoacan. "Juan, para servir à Dios y usted" (John, to serve God and yourself) he answered, smiling shyly. Such courtesy is almost an anachronism in our modern hard-boiled world. And the ordinary pronoun "Usted" (You) is a contraction of the two words "Vuestra Merced" (Your Grace).

Even the desolation of the desert land in Northern Mexico is fraught with strange beauty. The cactus sometimes resembles ghostly fingers pointing to the heavens; sometimes writhing snakes, sometimes fantastic trees out of some nightmare of childhood. And the zopilote, or Mexican Vulture, flying overhead adds to the weirdness of the landscape. When the sun goes down, the great masses of cloud banked against the western horizon seem to take fire. And as the sun disappears, the sky behind turns to scarlet and gold, soon changing to purple and violet with the swift descending night. And through the luminous dusk, the stars appear one by one and, on account of the rarefied atmosphere, they seem ever so much closer than elsewhere in the world.

The cities of Mexico are in most cases like bits of old Spain superimposed upon the New World. The "Churrigueresque" architecture of such towns as Guadalajara is of lyric beauty and in the old cathedrals, the ritualism of the ancient Spanish church may be witnessed today. The rites and ceremonies have often been changed with the passing of centuries and the spirits of the pre-Columbian divinities seem to lurk in the shadowy aisles where the Indians came to worship. The child-like piety of the Indian frequently expresses itself by dressing up saints and madonnas in fancy lace skirts and little embroidered hats.

Each important town has its traditional costumes and characteristic dances, its fascinating history and rich folklore, even its own particular varieties of food.

(Please turn to page 40)

PLAIN GIRLS BORE ME

Concluding installment of a short romance by Miss Reini. The story so far: Ruth Ann, the plain girl, is in love with Carter, but Carter's devotion to Ruth Ann is seriously jeopardized by the fascinating Phyllis De Long, whose scintillating come-hitherness matches Ruth Ann's utter sincerity. The latter leaves a dance where all are present in order to take care of a sick dog. Carter escorts her home and subsequently returns to the dance and Phyllis' charms. Still later he passes Ruth Ann's home, sees a light in the garage, and decides to find out what it is all about. He sees her taking care of the dog. Her devotion touches him and he leaves, calling himself a fool for falling for the wiles of Phyllis.

THE dance was on Wednesday. Friday noon he and Ruth Ann had luncheon together at Montmartre in Hollywood.

"Please," Ruth Ann, in a low voice instructed the waiter, "may we have a table that is not too conspicuous."

"I think I'll have to nickname you Tortoise," Carter smiled at her across the narrow expanse of white tablecloth. "You're so fond of hiding in your shell and not wanting to be seen."

A waiter soon hovered over them, serving their plates with savory spaghetti from a steaming hot chafing dish. Suddenly a feminine voice of rich cadence, interrupted, "Well, look who's here!"

An intriguing fragrance of perfume came to Carter's nostrils. He and Ruth Ann looked up surprised. Phyllis stood before them, radiant in a paddy green jersey sport suit with yellow Angola collar and cuffs. A striking bit of green hat barely covered one side of her shiny black hair. With her were three smartly groomed young men, Phyllis' eyes were like two bright stars that lighted for an instant on Ruth Ann, then beamed upon Carter.

"How is that precious dog?" she enquired politely of Ruth Ann, drowning out the latter's, "Much better, thank you," with her words to Carter.

"Oh, I'm so terribly excited!" Phyllis bubbled. "Coming up the stairs I bumped right into Clark Sable. After luncheon one of my boy friends is going to introduce me. Am I thrilled or am I thrilled!"

The four of them went on towards the head waiter who deferentially beckoned them to a center table at which four chairs were being pulled out.

All eyes in the room were focused upon the brilliant figure in the paddy green suit. All eyes except Ruth Ann's. They were intent upon the Parmesian cheese, which resembled snow upon the heaping mound of spaghetti, the spicy fragrance of which fell from her spoon.

"She's certainly a knockout, isn't she?" praised Carter. "Makes everyone sit up and take notice!"

"Yes," Ruth Ann agreed, "It's quite an art. Phyllis is able to keep in the spotlight constantly."

Carter was pleased that he was facing the rays of that spotlight. He enjoyed watching the artist who held the rapt attention of three men and the interested glances of many others. He noticed how the three leaned forward to catch each one of her clever words.

How very particular she was of her makeup! Nearly every time Carter looked at Phyllis she was studying herself in her mirror, seeing that her small nose lost none of its powder, and that her mouth kept its perfect carmine.

He didn't believe that Ruth Ann had on either powder or rouge. A girl certainly looked queer without makeup. Especially in Hollywood. He wished Ruth Ann would use a little rouge. Even if her cheeks were naturally pastel pink—brighter color would probably be the making of her.

On Carter's plate beside the pressed veal and pate de foie gras, the waiter endeavored to find room for a crisp green vegetable salad taken from a bed of shaved ice.

"You're not eating a thing," Ruth Ann reminded him, as her fork daintily pierced a curl of cold shrimp.

"Not a bit hungry," he said, "Joan Crawford and William Lloyd are taking the next table to Phyllis."

"That will please Phyllis," Ruth Ann did not turn around. She finished buttering a small piece of roll, then looked up at Carter.

"You don't know how relieved I am, Carter, that Mufti is better. By the way, you haven't given me that address yet." Ruth Ann patted her lips lightly with her napkin. "I do want to find out the kind of food that agrees with him."

Well now, actually, thought Carter, that was the limit! Couldn't she think of anything more interesting to talk about! How he envied those men at Phyllis' table! What a whale of a good time they were having!

After luncheon Carter left Ruth Ann at the foot of the stairs while he went for his car at the parking station.

At the curb, directly in front of her stood a Rolls Royce beside which a uniformed Filipino boy walked back and forth leading a Scotch terrier on a leash.

As Carter backed in his car behind the Rolls Royce he noticed the Scotty's happily wriggling body struggling to reach Ruth Ann, and the dog's attempt to lick her face as she stooped to pat it.

"Affectionate little rascal," a voice spoke behind her. Ruth Ann looked up into the smiling face of Clark Sable.

"He must be a twin to my Mufti," she laughed, dodging with quick upward jerks of her head to avoid the too affectionate laps from the tongue of the friendly dog.

Waiting at the curb, Carter watched the movie star's hand ruffle the fur of his pet which had jumped into Ruth Ann's arms. Sable's face was dangerously near Ruth Ann's and they were both laughing at something which Carter could not hear.

Why doesn't she put that dog down and come on? thought Carter . . . Now what is Sable doing? . . . Writing something in a notebook . . . What are they talking so long about?

Phyllis and her three male companions had come down and were standing in the doorway watching. Phyllis' mouth was slightly open.

Carter tooted the horn.

CLARK SABLE put the book into the pocket of his brown coat and bowed to Ruth Ann with the manner of one at court bowing to a queen.

"Delicious luncheon, wasn't it?" was Ruth Ann's only comment as she stepped into the car.

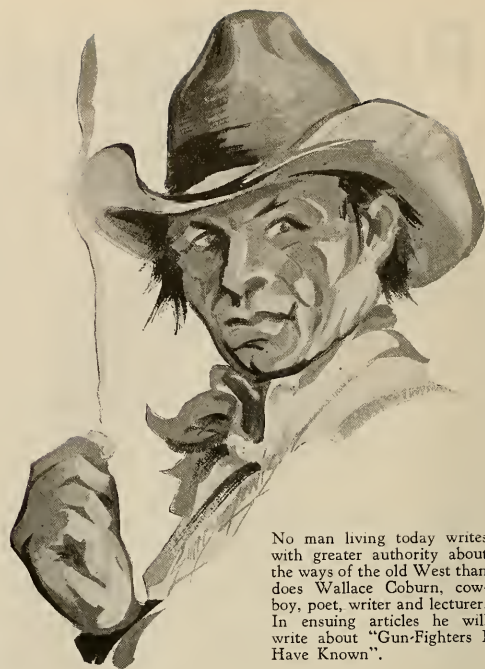
"What did you find so interesting in that movie actor?" asked Carter, weaving his way in and out of the line of traffic on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Oh, nothing . . ." Ruth Ann's feet instinctively braced themselves against the floor board as Carter very nearly

(Please turn to page 32)

Knights of the Saddle

By Wallace Coburn



No man living today writes with greater authority about the ways of the old West than does Wallace Coburn, cowboy, poet, writer and lecturer. In ensuing articles he will write about "Gun-Fighters I Have Known".

IN ORDER to destroy the erroneous impression that all range-riders were gun fighters, I wish to state most emphatically that even in the old days when the West was new, there was many a cow-hand who never wore a gun. If he did own one, it was generally carried, tucked in the head of his bed roll at camp and used only in cases of emergencies such as rustler trouble or protecting his own personal property. Most personal disputes were settled verbally or in the good old American way—with fists. Of course there were many exceptions to this rule.

Cow-land was always sparsely inhabited. It had to be, in order to make good cattle and horse range. Consequently ranches and winter line-camps were many miles apart and were as far from towns as possible. The pioneer law of the gun was often necessary and more just than that meted out by framed juries of the towns.

Those were the days of the big herds, when the long-horn and cow-horse were kings and cowboys were the knights of the saddle with rope or six-shooter in hand instead of lance and sword.

I believe the range-rider of cow-land was the proudest and best dressed wage earner as well as the most loyal employee in existence.

It is an outstanding fact that there never has been a labor union in cow-land. When work started, 24 hours out of every 24 was devoted to the interests of the cowboy's employer—without question. His loyalty was like that of a soldier. Day or night—rain or shine—during plenty or famine he could be depended upon to stick and do his best.

The brush-country cowboy had to wear strong jumpers (jackets) and overalls to protect himself from having his clothes torn off by the brush, much of which carried thorns. His legs and boots were further protected by bull-hide leather chaps with tapaderos covering his stirrups. "Taps", as they were commonly called, were made of sun-hardened raw-hide or neck leather. In Southern countries cowboy equipment was much less expensive, due to the less rigorous climate.

The cowpuncher of all climes, however, practiced the same range ethics, held the same loyalty for his employer's interests and was always ready at the "drop of the hat" to fight or suffer for those interests.

The cowboy always felt himself on an equal footing with his boss or any other man living and was apt, if occasion arose, to tell the guilty party just where to go, in language any nationality could interpret.

Cow countries were big, the life in them was big and free and clear as the clean ozone we breathed. Hearts seemed to be big like the herds and country; big, generous, and yes, tender and brave. A man would never hesitate to leap from his warm bed in the middle of a stormy night and ride into the teeth of the worst blizzard, or swim rivers of floating ice, with no thought of his own life, in order to go to the aid of anyone in distress or peril or to save the running cattle in a stampede.

Was it the life we led, with plenty of time to think and analyze it; was it the freedom of a big, new country with its pain and pleasure and hardships that made friendships? You rode and depended upon yourself and the sure-footedness of your loyal cow-horse. Sometimes over a hundred miles from medical aid and always in hand-shaking proximity to death you generally became so familiar with grim fate that you could laugh in its face. Or—was it just God who always rode at your side in Divine protection, guided your pony's feet and mellowed your heart toward your fellowmen?

I have always felt this great protecting power closer to me, alone in the mountains, on the desert, in the heart of a storm, in my blankets gazing at the stars; or on night-guard riding around the sleeping herd listening to their contented breathing and cud-chewing.

The mystery of the night was frequently broken by the hunting or love calls of wild prowlers of the night or of the crooning voice of my fellow guard singing a night-herd lullaby.

Many cowboys worked for the same outfits most of their lives and unconsciously acquired the feeling that he himself owned an interest in everything the boss had.

These men were generally rewarded by being taken in as partners or financed for a cow outfit of their own and charged nothing for roundup expenses while at the same time they were kept on the pay roll. In that way they were his neighbors on the same range and his loyal friends, which meant protection from rustlers and which kept rival outfits or sheep-men from encroaching on his range.

Sheep were the scourge of the ranges, as they overran and destroyed the grass, killed the roots with sharp hoofs and made the water-holes unfit for other creatures, including man. You could smell a band of sheep or their bed-ground miles away. Other animals, like cattle, horses, antelope, elk or deer would die of thirst before they would drink from the same water hole.

Even the very nature of a man seemed to change as soon as he got into the sheep business. Sheep-herding was considered the lowest kind of employment. Was it a wonder that the cattle-men who pioneered the West and fought the dangers and endured untold hardships to establish a clean business which made rich states, were bitter foes and made war against the devastating sheep scourge and the men who brought it? The wild Indian was a highly esteemed neighbor compared to the sheep-man. However, I knew some sheep-men who did not lose their self-respect and decency, but they were few and far between. However, I am not writing this story about sheep-men and their ways, much as I hanker to do so and probably will some other time, as my pen drips to tell the tale!

The native hospitality of cowmen was proverbial. Any stranger could ride up to a cow ranch in the old days and without the formality of an invitation, put his horse in the stable or corral, feed him hay and grain; eat, sleep and stay for days if he was half decent and carried no whiskey or lice. He was welcomed without question. Furthermore the host would feel insulted if his guest offered to recompense him.

Those were the modern days of chivalry. This last word brings to mind a statement published some years ago in the Chicago Stock Yards Journal, the author of which—a prominent live-stock commission man—had slightly remarked “that the cowboys of the ‘eighties’ held small respect for womankind in general.” This ugly and false statement of a man who should have known much better, caused bitter feeling in cowland, resulting in Ted Abbot, (alias Teddy Blue, or Droop Horns) of the Judith Basin, Montana, to promptly write a reply to the Journal in which the Live Stock Commission writer was verbally “roped and tied,” winding up his scathing rebuke with the dead-center shot—“Why dammit! the cowboys of the eighties even treated the women of the redlight districts of the cow-towns with a lot more respect

than Mr. So-and-So and some of his high-toned friends treat their own wives.”

In cowland women and children were esteemed, revered and protected. A man could send his wife or daughter on long wilderness journeys alone with a cowboy as escort and rest assured that she would be safe, not only from any discourteous conduct on his part, but safe as well from any other harm as long as her escort had life. Of course there were “blacklegs” in cattle land as in any other part of the globe.

Getting back to the subject of fire-arms, I desire to state that there were many excellent reasons why it seemed most wise for a range-rider and ranch-man to have a gun handy at all times. Danger was his constant companion in the vast lone reaches of the cow-range.

The cow-man’s duties necessarily made him a lone worker in a lone country. He might be out after cattle or horses with a bunch of men but it was always compulsory for them to scatter in order to find what they were seeking, often miles apart and the weather many degrees below zero.

Under these conditions, in case a man was set afoot because of his horse stepping in a badger or prairie-dog hole, slipping on the trail or side hill or getting lost in a blizzard a good old “forty-five” was a mighty valuable and comfortable companion for the purpose of firing signals or securing the meat supply. Again a handy gun might save a man or companion from a fighting steer or other wild animal. A man never knew when he was liable to ride smack into a cattle-rustler branding or butchering; or a bunch of wolves

killing or eating high-priced cow or horse-meat. On which occasion a gun would get more of the enemy. I myself roped a good many wolves; my highest score on any one occasion was two out of a bunch of eleven, while a companion caught one. I once ran across four big greys and killed all of them with my saddle gun. During my career I shot or roped many big grey buffalo-wolves and their smaller, calf-killing, fleetfooted brothers—the prairie wolves or coyotes. The majority of victims of said slayings fell to the credit of the gun, although using the rope was more fun though not requiring greater skill. Both gave keen, hilarious sport.

I could enumerate numberless other good reasons why a man on the old cattle ranges, with their big herds and continuous big round-ups, long nights and days and sometimes months, camping, riding snaky or green horses, much of the time absolutely alone—was a “chump” if he did not carry a gun of some kind. If he did, it was never primarily for the purpose of dealing sudden death to the one whose trigger-finger was shown than his own—cowboys in those days were “Knights of the Saddle”.

The cowboy of the big prairie or grass ranges was generally equipped as follows:

Own saddle horse and pack horse.....	\$100.00
Saddle (often made to order).....	40.00 up
Saddle blankets for both horses.....	6.00
Bed—wool blankets and quilts.....	20.00 "
Best woolen pants, 2 pairs.....	7.00 "
Overalls—2 pairs—1 pair lined.....	6.00
Flannel shirts (2).....	6.00 "
Wool underwear.....	10.00
One good overcoat.....	25.00 "
Bed tarp.....	18.00
Chaperahos.....	18.00
Spurs.....	25.00
Bridle bit.....	25.00
Slicker.....	3.00 "
Hard twist lass rope.....	3.00 "
Bridle.....	5.00 "
Hat.....	5.00 "
Total.....	\$322.00

HOLLYWOOD . . .

Overheard in the studio lunchroom:

"Who did you take last night?"

"A lot for granted. She never showed up."

TODAY'S SOUL COMFORT . . .

You may be in hock for life---still you're not unRedeemed!

Keep the Golden Rule. For what this world needs now is more of the Golden Rule—and less of the rule of gold!

Overland

MONTHLY

Since 1868

OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHERS MONADNOCK BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO

Managing Editor - - - - - Emerson Lewis
Editorial - - - - - John L. Koeppler
Circulation Manager - - - - - Al Heatherington
National Advertising Manager - A. J. Norris Hill
Art Director - - - - - Emerson Lewis

TO KNOW THY NEIGHBOR

FOR more than a hundred years Mexico has been our nearest sister republic, but she has been our sister republic only in name. Pathetically, she has been to us just another strange land, enshrouded in mystery, lying unhappily if not helplessly across the Rio Grande. But the revolution that ended the regime of Porfirio Diaz burns searingly on. Old concepts shattered, barriers of isolation fall away as a new nation rises, to be judged, as all nations and men are judged, simply by what she aspires to be. In youthfulness Mexico is today the outstanding nation of this hemisphere. Her position in a world of fast-changing values is unique. But, as out of intense suffering intelligence is born, Mexico, emerging from four hundred years of conflict, serene and purposeful, merits faith in her ability to meet life anew, with resoluteness not only but with wisdom as well.

Amado Nervo saw even the scenery of his country reflected in the culture of his countrymen. Though their jagged peaks form the loveliest silhouettes against rare azure skies, the Mother Ranges seemed still not content with their creations. So Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl and Orizaba became their master symbols—snow-capped, tranquil giants that in a sunset glow unsurpassed beckon men to the eternal chalice to drink the essence of nobleness, that tears may flow into perfume, sorrow into song. Cul-

ture is more than a word. The purpose of it is that understanding may be born, that men may cast away the burdens alike of the past and the present, and that by living freely today they may not create for themselves barriers in the morrow. Living close to nature; looking somewhat askance at modern civilization, the Mexican people retain their pristine rurality. And if it seems strange it is nevertheless true that La Golondrina and Cuatro Milpas and the other songs that carry now far beyond the borders of their native land were sung first by peasant boys and girls, treading the earth with sandalled feet.

To the traveller that wanders quietly along, seeing, listening, Mexico yields her significance. Old civilizations have left more than ruins. They have left also a residue of human experience. In Zapoteca peace was maintained for a thousand years uninterruptedly. Thomas Jefferson held that, though unsuited to thickly populated regions, the community government of the Indian was the best the world had seen. Henry Thoreau thought that in soulfulness the Indian transcended the white man.

In Mexico today, in a population of fifteen million, live perhaps five million pure Indians. Their need of isolation having ceased, they are participating again in the affairs of their country, mingling with the other races and continuing the birth of a new race, a race that makes for completeness, translating modern inventions into terms of human happiness and ushering in a peace that in freedom will find eternal and orderly renewal.

Left alone, Mexico will bring forth a society of great consequence, neither surrendering to fascism nor plunging into communism but breathing the spirit that "the free create their own necessity." Through the centuries young Cuauhtemoc is still speaking: "Better to die once for freedom than every day a slave." This last King of the Aztecs paid the price; and Mexico became rich.

THE WRANGLE

In keeping with its policy the Editor of Overland Monthly invites the opinions of its readers. Come as may, we shall not parry the rocks nor decline the roses. Address all communications to the Wrangle Editor, Overland Monthly, Monadnock Building, San Francisco.

THANKS FOR BOTH

Under separate cover I am sending you enlargement of Overland Monthly display, which we featured this week. Enjoyed the Overland very much.

Boise, Idaho

Ballou-Latimer Drug Co.,
Melvin Smith, Mgr.

SO WE ARE PLEASED, TOO

Congratulations! I stopped in this morning and got a copy of June Overland Monthly. The appearance of the new Overland is very pleasing.

San Francisco, Cal.

Grace T. Hadley

PAGE MORE FACTS

I do not agree with Francis Ahl's article "Education in the Soviet Union." There is no "deliberate misrepresentation of foreign peoples and conditions." This misrepresentation originates outside the Soviet Union and is directed against it by people who form opinions not based on all the facts.

Denver, Colorado

Alvin Johnson

YOU SAID IT, WE DID IT

I would much enjoy articles on travel. Such articles are often the inspiration necessary to make a decision as to where one might want to go.

Spokane, Wash.

Mrs. Wm. H. Hancock

Tally sat in gloomy silence . . .

Noddy crushed out her cigarette and blew some ashes off the coverlet. "But if I were you, old girl," she advised, "I wouldn't cross bridges till the horses were stolen. Keep your chin up and your nose in the air and look dumb. Let her make the first crack."

"I guess you're right," Talya admitted. "Maybe."

"Gee, Tally, seems to me you're always getting mixed up with a lot of men. And you never gave a hang for anybody—except Bobby."

Talya pivoted jerkily, and began pawing over a box of costume jewelry. Bobby! Why did Noddy have to remember everything?"

Noddy squinted at her curiously. "Say . . . What do you think ever happened to Bobby? Did you ever hear from him again?"

Tally screwed in an earring—slowly.

"No. I never heard from him."

"Funny," she mused. "He got married, didn't he? And he was sure crazy about you! You know," she went on, "there's something fishy there. He couldn't just . . . stop caring like he did. And go bolting off with something he picked up on a bargain counter. Oh, I s'pose he's like any other man, but . . . Bobby, oh I don't know . . . Gee!" she sighed, "he sure was handsome. And I mean!"

Talya flung around. "Oh Noddy," she cried, "don't talk about Bobby! Can't you let me forget him?" Her face quivered a little. "But why couldn't he have waited—oh Noddy, just a little longer . . .? As soon as I went away, I wanted him. And then, when I got home, he just—wasn't there any more . . ." Her voice trailed off. She couldn't have finished it. Thinking about Bobby was like that. It always made her throat feel like a rough board.

"So you *were* 'that way' about him, really . . . And you didn't know for a long time he was married, did you?" Noddy asked softly.

"No. I came home, and heard that he'd been married for months and gone away some place to live. Some people outside the Navy who used to know him when he was stationed on the East Coast, they told me. I hadn't heard from him, and I'd been gone so long. He must have been married . . . a few days after I went away. And I've never heard from him since."

"Who was the dame?"

Tally shook her head.

"How long has it been now?"

Talya looked away. "Five years," she said dully.

Noddy sighed again. "Gee, he looked slick in his uniform! Lieutenant . . . senior grade. Why didn't you marry him then, you pill, when he wanted you to? He certainly pestered you enough!"

"Because I didn't love him—then. Oh, Noddy, sometimes it seems—" she broke off, and fished for her handkerchief.

"Aw, honey, please . . .! You couldn't just make up your mind to love him if you didn't! He was just a sap, that's all—to run off with someone else. Why didn't he hang around a while, you weren't going to be gone forever. Gee, I never could understand that guy. He was nuts over you!"

Tally sniffed slowly. "It looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Say, I bet he doesn't give a rap for that dame he married. He couldn't, and be like he was to you. Of course, I don't know what his idea was, but, well . . ." she shrugged, "I'll bet he hasn't forgotten you, kid! . . . Gee, and some subs came in this morning, too."

Tally looked up. "Why the 'too'? What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, he was in the Navy, wasn't he? I thought maybe—"

"Well, he isn't in the Navy now. And he wasn't in subs anyway. I . . . I didn't like subs."

"Oh. Well, that's that. My error." She flopped over on the bed. "Look here, you better get going. You're late now, and after all, Chick's an awful nice kid. He's all lathered up about you, too. Gee, what a Venus you turned out to be! All the men are kept busy throwing apples at you!"

Talya grinned and felt better. She wiggled into the crimson dress and dove resolutely into the powder box. "Gosh, Noddy, I don't know what I'd do without you!"

As she screwed in the other earring someone knocked smartly at the door.

(To be continued next month)

EASING THE PACIFIC TENSION . . . from page 12

national trouble he may lose even more seriously. Relations between ourselves and Japan are already a little taut. It is to be remembered that Japan is twice as good a customer for American exports as China.

At the outset here it was remarked that the three governments immediately controlling Far Eastern peace are now, for the first time in years, upon cordial terms with one another. The outlook for continued harmony there is much brighter than in Europe. By all evidence we may believe that if this harmony is disrupted by any one within the measurable future, it will be by accident, and not by design. Continuing civil strife may be expected in China, but in respect to a major international clash, there is nothing in the evidence to warrant faith in the rumors which are the livelihood of a certain class of journalists.

With China, Japan, and the Soviet Union having worked out a degree of harmony among themselves, the main need now is that the United States—the nation next in importance to Far Eastern peace—avoid any commitments which might possibly upset this tranquility. The imprudence of loans to either Russia or China has been discussed. The imprudence of continuing to bait the Japanese in newspapers was discussed in an earlier article.

As an estimate of affairs just ahead, we may believe that entirely aside from any indiscretion on the part of our government respecting the Far East, relations between the United States and Japan will remain slightly short of perfect accord for some time to come.

Reasons for this lie in issues endemic here, not in issues external to us. American politics is much disturbed just now by what is called the conflict between liberalism and non-liberalism. Of course either term can mean anything, but as factional policies are shaping, the implication is of something akin to Communism and its opposition. Japanese institutions are not liberal, according to the meaning of the word in America now, and so ardent liberals tend to vilify the Japanese by way of expressing hostility for non-liberals in America. Similarly, a large group here vilifies Russia, not primarily because of regret over events in the Soviet Union and personal enmity for Stalin, but as a way of voicing distaste for pro-Communists in this country. The effects of this kind of polemics are obvious in our international relations, and tend to embarrass those charged with maintaining harmonious relations where desired. But however irrational the procedure may be, we know that it will continue. Nobody seems able to oppose Fascism as an American plan without building first a campaign of violent hostility

(Please turn to page 33)

bumped into a delivery truck. "He, he took my number and is going to phone me."

They drove several blocks in silence before Ruth Ann volunteered,

"Mr. Sable said—Do be careful, Carter, you almost hit that roadster—Mr. Sable said that when his Scottie was a pup it had indigestion, too, just like Muffi. He's going to phone me the name of some dog food."

THE following Wednesday was to be the gala premiere of **Jazz Babies** at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Carter telephoned to Ruth Ann.

"I have two tickets for **Jazz Babies**. Don't make another date for Wednesday night."

"Sorry, Carter, but mother and I are going to the Symphony in the Hollywood Bowl."

"You wouldn't turn down a swell Premiere for a Symphony?"

"I've never been very crazy about jazz, Carter."

"But this is a whiz! Biggest show ever! Every seat sold out."

"Why don't you turn back your tickets," suggested Ruth Ann, "and come with us? You'll get a thrill sitting outdoors under the stars listening to real music."

"Not me! Well, so long, see you later."

He rang the telephone in the hotel suite where Phyllis and her mother were staying.

"Carter, darling, how are you?" purred over the wire.

"Listen, Phyllis, how'd you like to see the Premiere of **Jazz Babies**?"

"Oh, darling, I'd adore it!"

That was the way to respond to a swell invitation. Thank goodness he'd have one keen evening to look forward to. No one would ever be bored with Phyllis. She had it all over on Ruth Ann. Phyllis was alive, vivacious, enthusiastic, full of pep. She'd get a big kick seeing so many movie celebrities in one evening; the gorgeously dressed movie queens; the handsome heroes; the brilliant floodlights. Ruth Ann could sit in the cold outdoors in the dead silence of the Bowl and listen to an orchestra if she wanted to. But he and Phyllis preferred life and light.

As far as Phyllis was concerned the night of the Premiere came up to all expectations. She was thrilled from the moment they became entangled in the web of luxurious motor cars inching their way to the Chinese Theater. The street was so filled with spectators eager to catch a glimpse of their favorite actor, that policemen were forced to stand on the running boards of cars of famous stars to escort them safely through the crowd.

Carter scanned the sea of faces during the intervals that he was forced to wait in the blocked traffic. He judged that there must be at least thirty thousand people packed on the sidewalks and street in front of the theater. When he and Phyllis had finally stepped from their car, he thought that they would never be able to squeeze through the mass of men and women who rudely jostled against them. But Phyllis didn't seem to mind. "Isn't this fun?" she said.

In the foyer down a roped-off aisle walked the stars, pausing before a microphone to say, "Hello, Everybody, I'm so thrilled to be here tonight. I know it's going to be a marvelous performance." And again pausing while a camera-man took their picture.

It was gratifying to watch Phyllis's enjoyment. Of course, thought Carter, he couldn't be expected to get the kick out of all this thing that she did. He had lived in Hollywood most of his life. It was not new to him. And he couldn't help being a little peeved when the

Premiere was so late getting started. But Phyllis didn't mind the long wait. She kept up a constant stream of wisecracks. He wondered if she were ever tired. He had never seen her when she was not fairly effervescent with energy.

Carter was rather quiet on their way home. He had just remembered that tomorrow he was to go on a yachting party with Ruth Ann. He had completely forgotten until he and Phyllis had left **Jazz Babies**. In fact he hadn't phoned Ruth Ann for three or four days. Her brother-in-law and sister, Commodore and Mrs. Grant Wagstaff II had invited them over a month ago, and Ruth Ann had reminded him of it last week.

He had his idea of a day on a yacht with a girl as lifeless as Ruth Ann. Goodnight! He remembered they were invited for a week's cruise. They'd probably sit on the deck most of the time and play Contract. Well, that part wouldn't be so bad. Ruth Ann played an excellent game.

"A penny for your thoughts," Phyllis offered as the car came to a stop when the red lights flashed on.

"I was just wondering, Phyllis, do you play Contract?"

Phyllis laughed. "Of course not, silly. I've never sat still long enough to learn even bridge." She tapped the ashes from her cigarette out the window of the car. "Don't tell me you're thinking of taking up cards! That's for the old codgers with nothing left to do but sit by the fire."

Carter sent the car dashing across the street at the first flash of green. "Nothing tame for you," he commented.

"You're telling me. I hit the high spots and let the rest of the world go by."

Phyllis had the right idea, concluded Carter. He'd do the right thing by Ruth Ann. He'd endure the yachting party. And then! He'd break with her. A man doesn't have to marry a girl simply because all their friends expect it.

When he called the following day to motor with Ruth Ann to the harbor she was not ready. He sat down on the davenport impatiently. He smoked a cigarette. Then he got up and walked back and forth with quick, long strides. He smoked two cigarettes. Three.

Finally a maid came in to inform him that Miss Harrison would be down in ten or fifteen minutes. Come to think of it, he had never had to wait for Ruth Ann before. But this was all right, she probably had last minute things to pack. He was about to light the fourth cigarette when he was conscious of a bubbling tone that was Ruth Ann's and yet was not Ruth Ann's.

"Oh hel-lo there, Carter, darling! Terribly sorry to have kept you waiting. But, of course, you didn't mind."

When he turned he batted his eyes to see if it were really Ruth Ann. She was dressed in the flashiest sport suit he had ever seen. Were those black and white stripes actually a foot wide? Were those bright red saucers all the way down the front of the suit actually buttons? And fingernails, black enameled!

She walked leisurely to the davenport and sat down. "Don't—don't you think we'll have to hurry," he reminded her, picking up his hat, "if we expect to reach the harbor in time? Commodore said he wanted to make Santa Cruz Islands and back to Catalina for dinner."

Ruth Ann arose slowly.

"Just a minute," she drawled, deliberately remaking her mouth before a black and red compact.

"Okay, let's get going," came from lips unbelievably scarlet.

When they got into the car Ruth Ann was all enthusiasm.

"Oh, Cart! I've got the duckiest new yachting outfit! Burnt orange flannel skirt, green coat with brass buttons, orange and green sport shoes and my hat's a knockout! I'll jump into them just the moment we get aboard." She talked on incessantly all the way to the harbor, about clothes, styles, sports, the latest song hits.

Aboard the **Cheerio** she went directly to her cabin and reappeared in the orange and green sport suit which brought forth a low whistle from Commodore Wagstaff.

"Wowie!" he exclaimed.

Ruth Ann bounded over to the phonograph and radio and turned on both.

"Ocean's smooth as glass. Divine for dancing!" she shouted above the noise.

"Please," her sister begged, "not so loud!"

"What," asked Carter, "is the idea of both at once?"

"Don't get cagey, Old Dears," answered Ruth Ann, "Just trying to get some peppy music!"

Carter strolled over toward the phonograph. His finger slid carelessly around its top, and in a moment two crooners were stopped suddenly in the middle of their song.

Ruth Ann flung herself into his arms.

"Come on, Cart. Get the old man off of you. Let's have more life around here," she said, starting to dance.

Her eyes weighted with green eyeshadow and heavily fringed with mascara, flashed love messages into his.

"Darling, you dance divinely!" her voice purred in his ear.

All the way to Santa Cruz Islands the sunny blue air was filled with laughter and jazzy music. If at any time jazz could be had on no station, the phonograph supplied it.

Mrs. Wagstaff had cotton stuffed in both ears. Commodore Wagstaff II sat in a wicker chair and watched with a twinkle in his eyes the curls of blue smoke that came from his meerschaum pipe. Finally Mrs. Wagstaff interrupted them to announce,

"We'll reach Catalina Island around seven, for a dinner dance at the St. Catherine Hotel. We've invited quite a number of your friends."

When the outlines of Catalina came into view, Ruth Ann and her sister went down to dress.

Agas later Ruth Ann emerged, gowned in a purple taffeta with an outlandishly large bow sash of King's blue.

Carter's lips parted but no words came. Commodore and Mrs. Wagstaff had already descended to the small motor boat and sat waiting to go ashore.

Myriads of lights from the Island rose and fell in the water as the **Cheerio** lay at anchor in front of the St. Catherine Hotel. Carter led Ruth Ann to the railing and they both stared into the gold-flecked waters.

Neither spoke. After a while Carter shot his arm out rather vehemently and gathered Ruth Ann to him.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "I've been the biggest dumbell ever turned loose."

"You said you wanted me to dress and be like other girls. Don't you like my dress?" she asked archly.

"Well, it's, it's all right. We'll go on to the dance, dear."

"Because if you dont," she continued, "I have others, I can change."

"Would you really, dear?" Carter hesitated. "Darling, did you by any chance bring along that plain, little pink dress, the one you wore to the Beach Club?"

Ruth Ann squeezed his hand.

"It will only take a minute," she said, "to slip into it."

toward those nations where it may be to the tastes of the inhabitants. Similarly, the antis and the pros of everything else illogically make an international issue out of what should remain at most a domestic controversy.

Proponents of "liberal" legislation here detest the Japanese because the Japanese relish a strongly centralized and highly authoritative government, with the private profits system backed to the limit. There is no evidence that the Japanese have ever undertaken to alter our institutions to their own model, and until there is evidence of such, we might well leave them free from constant denunciation to enjoy what apparently fits their traditions and temperament.

There are other American issues with international echoes—immigration restriction and others. In these, again, it would be desirable to avoid making a distant nation of 70,000,000 people the unnecessary target of local controversy. But we know better than to expect it. The thinking student of the Far East must for some time ahead take these minor sources of Japanese-American friction for granted. He can only trust that militant factionalism in this country will not exert such pressure on Washington that diplomatic moves on our part would undo in any way the encouraging status of things in the Orient now.

In this series of articles, only a few of what seemed to the writer main points could be discussed. If the selection has been fair—and I have tried to synopsize what seemed most significant in the minds of many people of excellent Far Eastern experience—it is apparent that there is much in the situation in the Far East now that is interesting, but very little that is startling. It is my own opinion that our newspapers are guilty of a grave offense in educating the reading public to expect something sensational every time the Orient is mentioned. Certainly on the scene the impression is not of momentous events bursting bewilderingly all around every minute. Rather, there is a feeling of oddly rhythmic routine in the happenings there. The force of even very significant changes seems somehow absorbed by the immense numbers of people involved and dissipated by the great distances spanned. There is a vast resistance of inertia, too, so that events which may be described in cabled news as gigantic upheavals will in actual effects seem only superficial, affecting hardly at all the visible currents of life about. It seems fair to say that there is not in the Far East now the excited expectation of something big about to happen—by all accounts characteristic of Europe now, and certainly to be noticed in America. Terms like "volcano" and "tinder box", belying something ready to explode, seem excessively suggestive of trouble in present trends, at least for the immediate future.

Persons interested in forming a balanced appraisal of trans-Pacific developments may well check back a little and classify according to their reliability those writers who in December of 1933 were talking of war between Japan and Russia "within six weeks", and who a little later foretold all sorts of conflict brewing in Sinkiang in Western China, and so on. By such back-checking, the thoughtful reader can discount the recurrent dispensing of such sensationalism by the same critics in the future. The principal obstacle to improved international relations is the shortness of the public memory. The journalist guilty of repeated errors seems to lose nothing in reader confidence when he embarks upon further absurdities. For mob tastes, of course, hokum is always more interesting than cool factual survey. But there is plenty of news that is quite reliable everywhere for the thinking reader. The only requirement is the use of a salt-shaker.

Francisco in increasing quantities. Gold had so hypnotized them that for silver they had only contempt. They did not readily grasp the significance of the silver shipments.

In this activity Ralston participated shrewdly. His banking in these days was not spectacular, but he did build up a reputation as a man with unflinching judgment in picking potentially profitable enterprises to promote and finance, as a banker who could drive a close bargain for a sure, large profit. In their earliest stages he realized the importance of the silver mining operations in Nevada, established a branch bank in Virginia City, judiciously extended credit and backing to those whose claims and personal capabilities promised returns. He established connections with the leading banks of Europe and became the California agent for the London House of Rothschild. Ralston, in short, during the 1860s, made the Bank of California the state's leading financial house and a symbol of integrity and solidarity.

At this point, we must turn to the Comstock itself. The story of how California miners in search of new placer deposits slowly ascended the Sierras, found and tossed aside increasing quantities of bluish ore and rock, made their way into the Washoe Valley, in Nevada, found to their greater disgust and profanity even more of the strange blue stuff, is a lengthy one. To make this long story short, the "damned blue stuff" that clogged the rockers and cradles and messed up the recovery of gold was identified in 1859 as almost pure silver that assayed around \$5,000 a ton.

The astute, quickly translating the silver into \$5,000 in gold, gained proper reverence for the white metal, rushed to the Washoe and staked out claims. The move was only a beginning. The mountain did not readily yield its treasure to the claimants. There were deep shafts to be sunk, long tunnels to be bored, and the work was made perilous by intense heat, gases, water, slides and cave-ins. It required expensive machinery, large crews of workmen and more money than the average claim holder commanded. He had to organize a company and sell stock to gentlemen who skeptically pointed out the odds against making money in silver mines.

It was no business for the easily discouraged; they fell by the wayside. The aggressive persisted. They persuaded the skeptical to finance their trials and errors. In good time they forced the mountain to yield its silver. They wiped out the losses of trial and error. The dividends they paid mounted steadily.

San Francisco was profoundly impressed with the dividends. It suddenly realized that men, whom it had accepted casually and viewed indifferently, controlled vast wealth and power. Two saloon-keepers, James Flood and William O'Brien, against whose bar the town was wont to lean, had, it seemed, quietly financed two miners, *John* Clarence Mackay and James Fair, in a Comstock claim. The claim was pouring out more money than could conveniently be counted, causing the four partners to be hailed as the Bonanza Kings of the Comstock. There was George Hearst, whom no one had hitherto taken very seriously, who now turned up as the owner of the world's most notable and richest silver mine. There were, besides, scores of others, who had been nobodies, but who had filled their pockets with silver and became persons of position and consequence.

With the dawn of the 1870s, San Francisco clamored to participate in the profits of the Comstock. This it found surprisingly easy to do. Broker's offices blossomed on Montgomery street like wild flowers in the spring time. The brokers were agreeable gentlemen, never too busy to spend time with the humblest of customers, provided, of course, that the customer had some savings. Stock prices moved upward in a sharp curve; the tide of buying and excitement mounted rapidly. Between the years 1872 and '75 San Francisco lived in a delirium of speculation that surpassed even the hysteria of the late Coolidge boom days. Small shop-keepers, street-car conductors, messenger boys, ladies of joy, ribbon-counter clerks, servant girls, even newsboys played "lucky tips" and became millionaires overnight. Men with millions plunged in the market and became paupers overnight.

The stock exchange opened at 11:00 but trading began as early as 8:30 in the morning. The early bird buyers and brokers gathered every morning on the north side of California at Leidesdorff street, where they held a sidewalk curb market, and where there was given and received, before the exchange opened, orders for thousands of dollars worth of stocks. Police regularly patrolled this corner to keep it reasonably open for traffic. Other police were stationed in and around the stock exchange—at that time on the south side of Pine street at Leidesdorff—to clear paths so that those with business in the building could enter and leave it. The building and board-room resembled a mad house. Brokers rushed about hatless, coatless, perspiring, rejoicing, cursing. Telegraph wires into the city were choked with buying-orders from New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, from obscure and little known names on the map.

At the pinnacle of the frenzy sat the banker Ralston, a handsome and massive man, to whom the brokers of the city looked for the financing of their market operations; who gave quick decisions on matters involving millions, a dozen times a day. In these years, with the immense resources at his command, Ralston organized the Mission Woolen Mills, the Kimball Carriage Works, West Coast Furniture Company, the Grand Hotel, San Francisco Sugar Refinery, Reclamation Works at Sherman's Island, the dry docks at Hunter's Point, an irrigation system in the San Joaquin Valley. He financed the cutting through of New Montgomery street and the Rincon Hill cut. He planned and began, to astound the world, the Palace Hotel, which was finished by William Sharon.

JOIN THE AMERICAN LEGION

★
363rd
INF.
POST
408
★



★
363rd
INF.
POST
408
★

"FOR COMMUNITY,
STATE, AND NATION"

Membership Open to All Eligible Veterans

For himself Ralston built, at Belmont, on the Pininsula, a lordly mansion and estate. He filled the mansion with art treasures from all over the world, staffed it with 100 Chinese. To his mansion, to be wine and dined in sumptuous style, came royalty, international financiers, diplomats, writers, artists, and scientists of world renown. Ralston was California's most lavish host.

To all this pomp, to the lust for sudden wealth that possessed San Francisco an end came with startling swiftness. There were causes, of course, that had been in operation for some time. Production of silver in the Comstock diminished. Production of new companies and stock issues by promoters in the San Francisco market increased. Prices rose to levels where there was no conceivable relation between this factor and earnings. The mine owners paid more attention to stock speculation than to prudent operation of their properties. Ralston's expenditures, his grandiose plans for new enterprises, alarmed the conservative who feared for the future of the Bank of California. Finally, his connection with the Great Diamond Hoax, the most fantastical incident in all Western finance, was a rude shock to public confidence and convinced the conservative that the man had become a menace.

There can be little doubt that Ralston's removal from the presidency of the bank was the result of a deliberate plot. It was so well and secretly laid that its exact details will probably be never fully known and few people realized, at the time, that something was afoot. Almost without warning, on the afternoon of August 27, 1875, there was a run on the teller's window and the great Bank of California closed its doors. The following afternoon Ralston handed in his resignation as president. He left the bank about four o'clock and went to North Beach, from where it was his daily custom to swim in the bay. He entered the water as usual. In less than an hour his lifeless body was borne from the bay. Whether his drowning was by intent or accident remains a mystery.

His erstwhile associates immediately set about reorganizing the affairs of the bank. Thomas Bell deposited \$5,000 with Western Union, requesting that they keep the wires between San Francisco and London open for his exclusive use. For hours he and the House of Rothschild, whose agent the bank was, cabled back and forth. Finally, Bell got the Rothschilds to agree to guarantee the bank's paper, and within a week the bank reopened. Within six months it repaid in full the losses of all creditors and depositors, involved in the crash.

As for the aftermath of the Comstock, it is another and long story. Too long to even suggest the high spots here. But if you would absorb the essence and spirit of the period, we recommend several books. In "Eilley Orrum, Queen of the Comstock" an author, who masks his or her identity under the *nom de plume* of Swift Paine, relates with rare irony the tale of Mrs. Sandy Bowers, gives many a detail of Thomas Bell, Mammy Pleasant, William Sharon, the Floods, the Fairs, the Mackays, and a host of the lesser known. Charles Caldwell Dobie in his "Less Than Kin" and "San Francisco, A Pageant", casts further light upon the Bell family and Mammy Pleasant, surely the strangest characters in the Comstock procession. In his "Saga of the Comstock" George D. Lyman presents a splendidly written chronicle, historically authentic, of the earliest beginnings, the development, and daily life in the Comstock Lode region.

WORDS OF WISDUMB . . .

A word to the wise is sufficient—a word to the unwise is a waste of time!

HOLLYWOOD PLAZA



SUMMER RATES, Now

\$2 per day single
\$2.50 per day double
Special weekly and monthly rates
All rooms with bath and shower. Every modern convenience.

Look for the "Doorway of Hospitality"

Chas. Danziger Mgr. Eugene Stern Pres.

VINE AT HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Announcement:

Plans are now going forward for San Francisco's great exposition in 1938 and membership in the P.A.L. of S.F. is still available for a limited time to all those Bay Region professional artists interested in holding the art work for the Bay Bridge Exposition in San Francisco. For further particulars apply to any of the following officers: John Garth, president; Emerson Lewis, vice-president; John Thatcher, executive secretary; Leo Fox, treasurer.



Professional Artists League of San Francisco

A CORPORATION

Headquarters: 507 MONTGOMERY STREET

Phones: SUtter 9523 - DOuglas 2778 - DOuglas 4919

THE MORDAUNT SPLICE . . . from page 17

had suffered under a remarkable second greaser whom Dobson finally bopped. But that again is another story.

So the skipper told us about where the Chinese was found dead. It was directly in front of a big go-down safe in the after 'tween decks.

"You know," said the skipper, "when I reached Hong-kong I had orders to take on a go-down safe as we had no specie-tank. To go direct to Yokohama and take on gold and then take the Great Circle around to San Francisco, best speed, no stops. She can always make 21 knots when we put her to it.

"So I got the huge iron thing and had it lowered down the after, number three hatch, and seized into place with wire right opposite the baggage master's joint where he grafts cumshaw and keeps dogs. There were no dogs because we had only six passengers."

About that time a dignified representative of the Six Companies came aboard and told Dobson that one of their leading lights had been bumped off. He had been planted as bosun and comprador, etc., to find out why the United States had to fine the China Mail Company so much for smuggled hop. He got his.

That was serious enough and I took another long sip of Cappie Dobson's excellent liquor.

Then all hell broke loose. Never mind names; there is some intimacy about shipmates. The purser came baring up and yelling that about 250 pounds of the bullion taken on in Yokohama had disappeared.

That much weight avoirdupois in gold bullion is a lot of money. Where had it gone?

Then Captain Jack got busy and wanted to know who had discovered the dead chink. Dobson said it was the second officer and Titiana.

"Get 'em," says Captain Jack Cadogan.

So the two of them were brought up and they told their story. They said that they had fallen in love with each other and she had inveigled him into taking her down and showing her the treasure chest, which was just aft of the engine-room. They had opened the steel door, stepped over the high coaming and had seen the body of the chink. Titiana, being used to tragedy did not even screech. She

went up and told the skipper while the second officer called hands.

Jack Cadogan was brutal. He did it for a purpose. He said: "You two brats went down there to open the safe and sneak a lot of gold and Mon Yin came in and found you so you beat him to death."

They both said "No" and I knew they weren't lying.

Then Captain Jack winked at me and told some of the deputy United States marshals, who had arrived, to guard the two prisoners and not let them ashore. Then he and I went down to take a look at the safe. Here is where I could have made a famous newspaper beat. But, thank God, I am a sailor before being a newspaper man.

We looked inside the safe which was a funny old contraption. It had two swing doors and a huge bolt on the port side worked by an enormous key.

The purser came fussing around and showed us where the extra tiers of wooded gold-bricks had been seduced away.

Then Captain Jack reached in and pulled up a loose wire eye-splice from the deck of the safe. He handed it to me and I looked at it.

The big safe had been seized down into place by a number of wire lines rove through the ventilating holes at the top. Somebody had passed a wire through, roven in an eye-splice and set it over the finger of the big bolt. All he had to do to open the safe was yank on the wire and the doors would open. Apparently he had yanked the bolt, got out as much gold as he could carry and then had been discovered by Mon Yin who was browsing around for dope. So he beat him over the head with a gold brick and went about his business.

So Captain Jack found out that the second officer had charge of fixing up the safe and seeing the gold put in. It looked bad. But I had the spliced eye.

So I told Captain Jack something and we went up next day and watched the second officer and Titiana get all married up. He is now skipper of a big dollar liner and young John Norman comes sometimes to see his godfather and hear about how his poppa and mamma nearly got made out for murder. And he calls me Uncle Jack and Titiana grows lovelier with the years. Oh, well.



NEW

HOTEL MANX

SAN FRANCISCO

Innovations, Service and Comfort

The Most Convenient
The Best Accommodations
The Finest Meals

Tub and Shower Baths
Circulating Ice Water
350 ATTRACTIVE ROOMS

Rates

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 SINGLE
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 DOUBLE
SAMPLE ROOMS, from \$2.50

SPLENDID RESTAURANT
EXCELLENT COFFEE SHOP
GARAGE SERVICE AT DOOR

"Meet me at the MANX"
HARVEY M. TOY, MANAGING-OWNER
POWELL AT O'FARRELL "IN THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO"

TREES

By Homer Rogers

I think that I shall never see

Along the road, an unscrapped tree,
With bark intact and painted white,

That no car ever hit at night.
For every tree that's near the road,
Has caused some auto to be towed.

Sideswiping trees is done a lot
By drivers who are not so hot.
God gave them eyes—Why can't they see
That any fool can hit a tree.

Subscription Agents Wanted . . .

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Be our local representative in your community. Liberal commissions offered.

Thousands of homes and persons will be sure subscribers.

You can represent us in your community as a part time representative. Write for subscription blanks and particulars.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Gentlemen: I want to be your local representative in my city. Mail me particulars.

Name.....

City.....

Dept. C State.....

"PBX"



Professional Telephone Switch-Board Operator

Fascinating Short Course. You can qualify as a professional switchboard operator in TWO WEEKS at our morning or afternoon classes.

OTHER SHORT COURSES

Filing - Indexing . . .

Time: SIX WEEKS

Multigraph Operator

Time: THREE MONTHS

Professional Typist . . .

Mornings or Afternoons, \$7.50 a month.
Monday and Thursday Nights, \$3.50 a month.

MACKAY BUSINESS COLLEGE

612 South Figueroa Street
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

After seeing Titiana get wedded and happy we went back aboard ship and, after what I had told Captain Jack, he advised the skipper to give certain forecastle hands shore leave next day. The skipper said he had to go into drydock and make a quick turnaround and the Chinese were raising hell about the murder on account of Mon Yin being such a big bug. But he finally consented.

Next morning Captain Jack and I took a wop fishing boat ostensibly to get on Santa Lucia bank and catch rock cod. Instead we took bearings from the log of the "China" where she dropped anchor in quarantine.

Sure enough there was a small launch mooching around and presently Captain Jack gave almost a scream of delight. Something had suddenly bobbed up from the water. It was a small buoy. The small launch made for it and Captain Jack pulled out an automatic.

"International," he said, "I have all the privileges of a federal officer in only seven countries. I hope, with sufficient provocation to save the State of California the expense of a trial and hanging."

We eased up and there was one of the "China's" quartermasters hauling in on a line. Captain Jack told him to drop it and put his hands up. Instead the man reached for a gun and Captain Jack, a perfection shot, stung him in the right shoulder.

His name, which does not matter, happened to be Jack Crawford. We dragged him aboard our launch and then hauled in on the line. Up came the missing bullion.

Before he was hanged for the murder of the Chinese he told us the whole thing. He had been on the watch to seize the safe down and had realized his chance. He had shoved a length of wire through one of the ventilation holes, had quickly thrown in an eye splice and had put it over the finger of the bolt. Then he had sneaked down when off watch, had opened the safe and taken all the gold he

thought he could carry. Mon Yin came creeping in and he banged him over the head with one of the bars. Then he had carefully made up a parcel with regular deep rope-twine and a buoy.

This is an old story. They coil up the float line and seize it with certain rattan twine. One coil for one day, two for two, and so on. The water rots the twine and up comes the float. All he had to do was wait until the side port astarboard of the safe was opened to give out the mail after they were in quarantine, dump his package overboard and go out two days later to collect.

But he made the eternal mistake. He might have gotten by with killing the chink and with the gold—only—

When the war came along and I joined up in the Canadian Navy later to be loaned to the Imperial submarine service, I was A.B. on a mother ship and the Cockney warrant-officer told me to go get some wire pennants for the davit hammer seizings. I got the wire, cut it into right lengths, threw a splice around each hammer eye and one at the other end for the hanger on the davit arm.

It was only small wire and a matter of seconds almost to throw in the splices.

The Cockney warrant-officer came up and looked at me at work. Said he:

"I didn't know as you knew 'ow for to make a splice. I thort you could just seize she with some rovings. You done a good job which I will say. But you done wrong for 'is Majesty's Navy."

So I asked him respectfully how come. And he told me that I had made the wire splice like is done all over the world, following the lay of the strands instead of across them as you do with rope.

"In the British Navy," said he, "we always splice wire across the lay like you does wiv rope. It was done in Nelson's time and we still do it. Though I shouldn't say

to a henlisted 'and such things, I think with the lay is much better."

Naturally I had seen the eye splice in the safe was across the lay and I knew the man who had done it had been brought up in the British Navy. It did not take Captain Jack long to find out which of the crew fitted, for there were only four white quartermasters—all the others were Chinese.

I did not go to see Crawford hang. After all, bopping a chink and stealing gold is a combination adventure that all of us yearn for. I was paid half a crown a day for killing Boers and I never hated Boers except those who would not wash once a week. Of course trenches are out. Aw let's forget it.

HUMAN BARBECUE . . . from page 18

the decks were washed with human blood prior to any important expedition. He was, himself, rushed from his deathbed to the grave by his next of kin before the breath had left his body, and his wives, of whom he had many, were strangled to line his grave so that he might rest in comfort and not be lonesome on his journey to the spirit world. There also existed a superstition that the slaughter of the women would please the gods and thereby assure his happiness forever.

My father, Oliver Bainbridge, the explorer and writer, who spent many years in the Pacific living among the various cannibal tribes, gathered much information regarding their customs and religions. Among some of his papers I found a rather interesting account of his visit to Fiji some years ago. "The small, peaceful and beautiful Island of Mbau, lying near Viti Levu to the east, was the scene during the fifties of murders and orgies beyond description.

"This island was the birthplace and residence of Thakambau and his father Tanoa, two of the vilest rascals who ever breathed. No other island in the Pacific can show a record to exceed its carnival of crime. After a successful war-expedition Tanoa would return to Mbau, his canoes loaded with captives dead and alive, and from the yard-arms dangling the bodies of infants he had

taken as tribute. Thakambau was a great cannibal but he never reached the blood-thirsty eminence of his father Tanoa. His initiation took place at the tender age of six when he clubbed to death his first victim, a lad somewhat his senior. When his miscreant of a father died, Thakambau began his reign with the ceremony of strangling his mother with his own hands.

"Old Tom", the most infamous cannibal of the Fiji Islands, who enjoys the unique and diabolical distinction of having participated in something like forty-eight cannibal barbecues and missionary pot-pies, told me that human flesh tastes like young pork—and 'Old Tom' should know. He was a withered, stooped old man of eighty years or more, and his deeply wrinkled face brightened as he related the deeds of the cannibal chiefs of old. One evening as we sat beside the village fire he became wonderfully talkative and drawing his lava-lava a little tighter around him, he extended his bare arm toward the ocean and said, 'It is meet, O friend, that you learn something, now that you are here among the silent homes of the Ancient People, or your journey across the dark ocean would be an idle one. The Ancient People held commune with the gods who ate the souls of men. The man-eating gods are the greatest, for they have absorbed the power and wisdom of all who have been gathered in the spirit-net, but they cannot catch the souls of men who are killed—only those who die naturally. The souls of men who are killed are absorbed by those who eat them. Chiefs eat only special parts of great men, for the flesh of a common man is degrading to them. Cannibalism is sanctioned by the gods and the hair of those killed is used to strengthen their magic net. Armlets of hair are sure to bring good luck to the wearer. Many of the gods wear a necklace of teeth of men whose souls they have eaten, thereby gaining a double power. The great gods never drink water but a secret beverage from a skull drinking-bowl. The homes of these great gods are far across the mountains where the sky hangs low."

"It would take endless columns to do justice to the weird and repulsive tales of man-eating and strange gods with whom 'Old Tom' is quite familiar. His voice grew husky with emotion when he recalled those happy cannibalistic days and he eyed me with a very significant glitter that might have meant the grill or stew-pot a few years ago."

I shuddered as I thought of this experience told by Old Tom to my father and I'm sure if I had recalled this before landing on the beach that morning, I would have been more fearful of following the old Tul-tul (chief) along the jungle trail that eventually led to this village.

As we started up the partially grown trail I arranged for my four native boys to follow closely behind me, allowing the several hundred villagers to bring up the rear. I had understood that our destination was only a short way inland, but when we passed up one deserted village after another without stopping, my heart began to sink. A deserted village on almost any South Sea island is a bad sign to the visitor and in New Britain it meant trouble. In spite of the efforts of the missionaries the Arowe natives had a lot to learn before they understood that human flesh was not meant for kai-kai. *I could not help wondering just how much they relished it as we walked along that trail.* True, I had a revolver with several rounds of ammunition, but what would that avail me against so many cannibals. Rama and the boys had their spears—we might account for eight or ten in a fight but the end would be inevitable.

As quickly as these thoughts came, I banished them. For the moment I was more interested in the surroundings as we approached the head village and here and there I

TYPEWRITERS FOR HOME USE FREE

DAY AND NIGHT STUDENTS provided with typewriters for home use, free, for six months.

BETTER JOBS . . . Ordinary stenographers trained in the insurance business, rates and policy writing, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Qualify as Insurance Secretary or Office Manager in . . . TEN WEEKS.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY NIGHTS . . . For beginners in Stenographic, Secretarial, and Bookkeeping courses. Hadley system of Accountancy.

SELF-HELP PLAN . . . Day students who can type pay \$5 a month, earning balance of tuition by half-day office work. Maximum cash outlay of \$5 a month for a complete training.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

1010 Metropolitan Bldg., Cor. 5th & Broadway
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



noticed strange faces peeking out from the foliage. In a second they were gone and I knew that they had rushed back to the jungle to tell of the strange white man that was coming up the path.

Between the long row of thatched huts the Tul-Tul led me straight to House Boy (batchelor's quarters), where a small group of chiefs was assembled waiting my arrival. I gave out some bright beads and trinkets to assure them of my desire for friendship and received in return heaping armful of food placed carefully at the feet of my boys and myself.

In spite of my liberal offers the chiefs denied any knowledge of the stone images I sought. I did not for one moment believe them and hoping to find some way of discovering them later I accepted their invitation to stay that evening for the sing-sing.

As the short tropic twilight faded a series of large fires were lit and then began one of the most stirring dances I have ever seen in my life. Hundreds of the village fighting-men, armed with long spears, trooped out to the fires. Their faces and bodies were painted with stripes and circles of red, white and black; around their waists were tied small grass skirts, while on each ankle and wrist was a bracelet of large hollow beans that rattled like castanets. The younger boys and girls and the women were grouped in the background, beating tom-toms and chanting harsh monotonous songs. Their hands clapped in rhythm with the nerve-straining base notes of the drums. When the spirit moved them, the old men, scattered at various points, would swell the fearful din with yells that made my blood run cold. Out beyond the firelight the black jungle seemed alive with a thousand strange noises, which were in reality echoes in the hills. Now and again a dancer would stop to take some food or eat some betelnut and then back into the line as fresh as if he had just begun.

My boys and I were sitting with our backs to a small thatched hut on the edge of the village. The jungle began possibly ten or fifteen feet from the rear of this dwelling. To this circumstance we undoubtedly owe our lives.

On and on without end they danced. I sat, held fixed by this pagan abandon. Drunk with emotion, every villager, young and old, shrieked with delight as the orgie increased in tempo, every villager except those who had gradually formed a cordon around us as we sat hypnotized by the picture. It must have been near midnight when we first noticed them. I happened to glance in the direction of a noise that had subconsciously attracted my attention. For a moment or two I was not even aware that I was looking at four natives lounging some fifteen feet away. Perhaps I thought them part of the sing-sing and expected them to dance and whoop or clap their hands and yell. It was their very stillness that sent the idea that we were captives crashing through my mind. It was impossible. I looked to the other side, there were several more, armed and alert. I knew they were alert because they appeared altogether too disinterested in us to be convincing. It is the native's way of doing things. Very often when they intend to kill a person they will walk past him with their gaze fixed on some distant point, then suddenly when the victim suspects nothing, they will turn and strike him on the back of the head.

It was in response to my nudge that Rama whispered his warning. He passed the word along to the other three boys and there we sat—ready but helplessly waiting for what appeared inevitable. I did some quick thinking and at last concluded that our only possible outlet for escape lay through the palm-hut. I took a long chance on there being no guards at the rear. The close proximity of the jungle and the darkness, coupled with the native's fear of ghosts—especially on a night like this—were suffi-

GO CRUISING *This Summer* TO OLD MEXICO

9 days at sea—10 days ashore

all inclusive cost \$205 up

NEXT SAILINGS

JUNE 2 - JUNE 16

JUNE 30 - JULY 26

Ask for Descriptive Folder

THOS. COOK & SON
WAGONS-LITS, INC.

623 So. Grand Avenue

Los Angeles, Calif.

No Traffic Tags For Me



RUN your car into Olympic's drive-in-garage—forget all parking worries. Take a fast elevator to your floor. All rooms are outside, soundproof, with bath and shower—and radio reception. Metropolitan in service, residential in tone.

Today's Rates Are Most Moderate

Single, \$2 - \$2.50

Double, \$3 - \$3.50

NEW HOTEL
OLYMPIC

230 EDDY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Coffee Shop and Dining Room

Breakfast 25c-35c

Lunch 40c

Famous Steak or Chicken Dinner 50c

cient reasons for avoiding the place. Then, too, they would perhaps not make allowance for our reasoning along different lines. What *they* feared, they probably supposed we feared and providing these points held true we had a slender chance.

Feigning weariness Rama yelled goodnight to the natives nearby and without the slightest haste or apparent concern we walked into the hut. The boys had gone in first while I stood facing the warriors, then, for the moment that my back was turned as I followed, I held my breath. To jump through the door would give the whole show away, to grab for my gun would likewise show them that we were aware of their intentions. I restrained my movements, though to this day I often wonder why I didn't yield to the impulse to make a dash for the darkness of the protecting undergrowth.

Once inside we put our heads together and discarded six or eight plans before deciding on our line of action. If we could only make a hole in the back of the hut, large enough for a man to pass through, we could clear the short, open space and be in the jungle before anyone realized that we were gone. This all depended on the fact that this section was unguarded. We would find out soon enough. The boys were very excited, however. Rama kept a cool head and managed to calm their nerves somewhat before commencing work. The two who were to break the cocoa-nut thatching away, were to be guarded by the third, while Rama armed with a heavy spear backed me up at the entrance in case the guards attempted to rush us.

Without saying a word we held our places, ready for the slightest hostile movement. The perspiration was standing out in beads on my body as I fingered the .38 caliber revolver and studied every shadow on the ground outside the doorway. Beyond in the light of the fires I could see the dance in all its savage glory. On the ground several score of natives lay unconscious—exhausted from the strain. Their spent bodies would jerk convulsively, and now and then one would shout, sit up, then flop back to the ground more dead than alive. And here, in this cannibal fastness, we were sweating and working against time for our lives. The whole thing was too fantastic to be real, but the seriousness of the situation became startlingly apparent—there was a loud crack behind me. To my taut nerves, it sounded like a pistol shot. I listened intently—not another sound. For five minutes we sat like statues, then the boy behind Rama whispered that the others had had to break a small bamboo stay—the hole was finished. Finished! good God!—it seemed as if they had just started. Rama stood by the doorway while I crawled back to see the opening. It was quite large enough for a man to pass through without dragging his clothes on the sides. Cautiously I looked around, moving first my head, then my shoulders into the open. After the darkness of the hut I could see quite clearly—there was not a native in sight. The clearing, as near as I could judge, was eleven feet wide, while directly opposite at the base of a large tree there appeared to be a trail. I gave Rama and the boys instructions to make for that point and wait. Rama went first, making his way with the stealth of a cat. We watched, fearing to breathe, as he glided across the avenue and reached the tree safely. One by one the boys followed while I brought up the rear. As I spanned the short distance, I felt sure my white clothes would attract attention but if they did we didn't wait to find out. As soon as I met the others we raced down the path, Indian fashion with Rama in the lead. As soon as we thought ourselves a safe distance from the village we found a fairly open part through the jungle and leaving the trail, cut directly for the coast. Once among

the thickets we knew we were safe—no native would dare venture there, in fact it was only the fear of a worse fate that made my boys overcome their terror for the "spirits that travel at night."

Dawn was breaking, but ahead of us the schooner was riding peacefully at anchor—waiting.

LET'S GO TO MEXICO . . . from page 26

In Mexico, all roads lead to Mexico City or "La Capital" as it is usually called. This year the transient "Yanqui" population will be increased by many thousands. Already the question of hotel reservations is a serious one, and anyone planning a visit should consult some travel organization such as Thos. Cook & Son in order to avoid the rather unpleasant possibility of being without available hotel accommodations in a foreign country. Mexico City is the oldest and surely the most glamorous capital of the Western Hemisphere. Built on the foundations of the ancient Tenochtitlan of the Aztecs, it resembles a modern European capital with its out-of-door cafes and wide streets lined with trees. In the heart of the city is the historic Rock of Chapultepec where Montezuma watched the coming of the Spaniard and where the Emperor Maximilian lived as he played his ill-fated part in the gas-lit tragedy of the Second Empire.

From the top of Chapultepec, one may look down upon hanging gardens of bougainvillea, azaleas, Jasmin and roses with here and there artificial lakes where white swans glide noiselessly beneath rustic bridges. Beyond is the broad plateau of Central Mexico and, towering against the sky, stand the twin volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtlacchiuatl. Mont Blanc from Chamonix, Everest from Darjeeling, Aetna from Taormina and Fuji from Gotema are comparable in breath-taking beauty but not one exceeds the glory of these twin giants of the Mexican plateau as seen from the parapet on Chapultepec.


Close to Mexico City is Xochimilco with its floating gardens, a flowery Venice where one may pass deliciously idle hours drifting in the piraguas or native gondolas. The air is heavy with perfume and at night when the moon is mirrored in the still waters, the Mexican gondolier sing and their voices echo and reecho in the scented dusk. It is not surprising that the tired business man is turning to such places in Mexico these days to forget his manifold woes begotten by the depression. In another direction only a couple of hours away is the romantic city of Puebla with its tiled churches and calm atmosphere of a by-gone day. Here, as in Cuernavaca, the traveler finds the indefinable charm which captivates the imagination of all who visit the ancient cities of Mexico.

To describe adequately the delightful experiences in store for anyone going to Mexico is quite impossible. The people of the United States who enjoy foreign travel are rapidly becoming Mexico-minded. The advantages of favorable exchange and the low cost of efficiently organized tours have brought trips to Mexico within the means of thousands who can afford neither the time nor the money to go to Europe or the Orient. The Great Trek is under way!

Alex. Duffer Printing Co.

Since 1896

853 HOWARD ST. Phone GARfield 7931
SAN FRANCISCO



TOWN AND COUNTRY

Live above the tree-tops...amid
truly continental atmosphere...
at truly continental rates.

•

Evening . . . the CONTINENTAL
GRILL, brilliantly redecorated,
for dinner and supper dancing.
For luncheon and tea in the
European manner . . .

RUMPELMAYER'S

•

THE *St. Moritz*
ON-THE-PARK

50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH • NEW YORK

Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR

CAMPUS RUFFS



*For the man who wants
perfect-fitting trousers
and the utmost in service*

What handsome all-wool
slacks! CAMPUS RUFFS have
that "easy-drape"! Their style-
right design makes them pop-
ular on university campuses.

CAMPUS RUFFS
and CAMPUS FLANNELS . .
are the choice of the man who,
willingly, would pay a higher
price!

Available in all the new, pop-
ular shades—gray, tan and those
heathery, rough-weaves so
favored this season.

[*Also: CAMPUS CORDS, now as always, the favored*
corduroy trouser among university men.]

A LEADING STORE NEAR YOU IS DISPLAYING
THEM NOW - - - ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

ELOESSER-HEYNE MANN CO. - Manufacturers

1161-1165 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

PORTLAND

SEATTLE

LOS ANGELES

